

SKIP

By

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EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Early afternoon. MARA, 19, bikes down streets and turns sharp corners, dodging pedestrians and lampposts. She wears an all-black waitress uniform, a matching apron stuffed messily in her bag.

EXT. MARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A few blocks down, she brakes to a halt in front of her apartment, where her roommates are struggling to load bags in their respective cars: CHRISTINE and NATASHA.

CHRISTINE

Natasha, where's my makeup bag?

NATASHA

I don't know.

CHRISTINE

I let you borrow it!

NATASHA

Yeah, like two days ago.

KELLY leans out of the window from the fourth floor.

KELLY

Can someone help me carry my stuff down?

MARA

Just throw it out the window!

KELLY

Ha ha.

MARA

Did anyone happen to do the dishes, maybe?

KELLY

Mara, we've known each other too long for questions like that.

Kelly withdraws.

NATASHA

Hey Mara?

(CONTINUED)

MARA

Hm?

NATASHA

Now look, I'm not trying to pressure you or anything, but I talked it over with my folks, and--

MARA

(moaning)

Natasha!

NATASHA

I know, I know! But they want you to know that the guest room is totally available in case you wanted to come spend the holidays with us.

MARA

I--it's not--it's--you know, I've got to work and stuff, I mean I'm behind on my share of the rent, and I should probably study or whatever.

NATASHA

But what are you gonna do for Christmas?

MARA

Oh, you know, just whatever.
(off of her expression)
I mean--the restaurant staff is having a Christmas party next week.

NATASHA

Oh, really? That sounds fun.

MARA

Yeah, it's just a little thing, you know.

NATASHA

Are you gonna--?

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

(shouting)

Nat!

NATASHA

What?

Christine's head appears from the fourth floor window.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINE
Where's my toothbrush?

NATASHA
How would *I* know?

CHRISTINE
You cleaned the bathroom!

MARA
You did?

NATASHA
Well, I packed all my facial stuff.

MARA
(understanding)
Ah.

NATASHA
(at Christine)
But I didn't *steal any*
toothbrushes!

Mara's cellphone RINGS.

NATASHA
Uh oh.

MARA
It couldn't be.

Mara pulls out her phone and reads the screen.

MARA
Oh my *gosh*.

NATASHA
Don't answer it.

MARA
I have to, she'll know I'm avoiding
her.

NATASHA
You just got back from work!

Mara answers the phone. Christine and Kelly come out carrying/dragging their luggage. They load it into their cars as Mara and Natasha, Kelly struggling mightily.

MARA

Hello? Hi, Martha. Oh, I see. Well, actually I'm busy with...right.

(sighs)

Sure, yes. I can do that. Five o'clock, I'll be there.

Mara hangs up.

NATASHA

You can't be serious!

MARA

I've got nothing to do, anyway.

NATASHA

It's the principle! I don't know how she keeps up that stupid restaurant. She goes through employees like toilet paper.

CHRISTINE

You should quit and be really loud about it. During dinner hours, when there's a lot of people there.

KELLY

Imagine a mass exodus from the restaurant, customers and all.

MARA

Imagine the dishes being done.

Natasha laughs. Kelly makes a face.

EXT. MARA'S APARTMENT: GARAGE - DAY

Mara stands at the gate and waves as three separate cars pull out. Christine leans her head out the window.

CHRISTINE

Don't forget to feed my fish!

MARA

Okay!

Kelly sticks her tongue out as she leaves. Natasha puts her pinkie and thumb to her ear and mouths, "Call me."

NATASHA

And take your car to work if you're working late!

(CONTINUED)

MARA

Yes Mom.

Mara waves after them until they're all out of sight.

Mara looks alone and a bit despondent in front of the apartment building.

INT. HOUSE OF BURGERS - DAY

It's 5:00pm, same day. Mara ties her apron on as she hurries into the restaurant. The evening rush hasn't quite started yet; only a handful of tables are occupied by CUSTOMERS.

JERRY, 21, the host, greets her.

JERRY

Better steer clear of the boss.

MARA

Any reason in particular?

JERRY

An old couple didn't tip Ethan.

MARA

Shoot, again?

MARTHA (O.S)

Mara.

Jerry and Mara stiffen. MARTHA, 51, marches up to them, wearing unusually formal attire for a burger joint. She glares at Mara.

MARTHA

You're late.

Mara glances at Jerry for help.

MARA

No, I--you said five o'clock.

MARTHA

I assume you knew to be here earlier.

MARA

I--uh, I'm sorry. I'll...do better next time.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Yes, you will.

Martha nods, apparently satisfied, and walks off. Mara shares a disbelieving look with Jerry, who just shakes his head in an "I know, right?" way.

JERRY

I think Sarah left table six hanging.

MARA

I got it.

Mara goes over and quickly takes their order, then heads for the counter.

ETHAN, 20, nearly runs into her with a tray of drinks.

ETHAN

Whoa! Sorry.

MARA

Careful!

Mara catches the drinks on his tray that threaten to topple and rights them.

MARA

I hear you're on the chopping block already.

ETHAN

Yeah, didn't you hear? My head is tomorrow's lunch special.

Mara smirks.

MARA

Very funny.

Mara continues toward the counter. Ethan awkwardly follows, still balancing drinks.

ETHAN

What are you doing here? You finished your shift today, right?

MARA

Yeah, and then got called in to cover for someone.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

I...don't think there's anyone missing today.

MARA

What? Really?

Mara looks around.

ETHAN

Yeah, I mean I think Evelyn's training a newbie tonight, some kid from the high school.

MARA

But we would've been understaffed if I hadn't shown up.

ETHAN

Hm, yeah, looks like it. Wow, so she banked on you being available and didn't even schedule you for it.

Mara busies herself with drinks.

MARA

Probably. Doesn't matter. It's not like I got anything to do.

ETHAN

Well, what do you usually do?
(suddenly sheepish, fumbling)
I mean--Like, do you have anything planned that might...interfere with *other* plans that...you might want to make in the future?

A confused, slightly awkward pause.

MARA

Uh...do you mean--?

Martha appears out of nowhere.

MARTHA

Mara, Ethan, strike two for both of you, and in less than an hour. Impressive.

Mara and Ethan jump into action. Ethan takes his drinks and heads to a table, making a face at Martha's back. Mara turns to hang her order and finish the drinks.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Mara, a word.

Mara cringes, expecting the worse. She turns slowly.

MARTHA

I know I don't give out praise, so I'm sure you'll believe me when I say I appreciate you as an employee.

MARA

You...really? But you just--

MARTHA

You exhibit a work ethic that's not very common in the usual employee, particularly a college student. The way you dedicate yourself to work is admirable.

MARA

Uh...thanks.

MARTHA

I'm expecting an assistant manager position to open soon.

MARA

Oh? Is Greg quitting?

MARTHA

Something like that. I don't like to make promises, but I encourage you to keep it up.

MARA

(stunned)

Oh...wow...Thanks, Martha.

Martha points out at a couple Jerry just seated.

MARTHA

Would you take care of table four, please?

MARA

(scrambling)

Yes! Sure, uh--thanks!

Mara fumbles for her pad and hurries to the table, allowing herself a small, surprised smile.

INT. HOUSE OF BURGERS - NIGHT

LATER. The dinner rush has come and gone, and the staff are now collecting the last of the dishes, wiping off tables, and propping chairs on top of them.

Mara maneuvers the VACUUM CLEANER around the others as they work, looking deadbeat tired. Ethan comes up behind her and grabs the vacuum handle.

ETHAN
Hey, I'll finish this.

MARA
No, I got it--

ETHAN
You've been here, like, all day. Go home.

MARA
(relieved)
Really?

ETHAN
Yeah.

MARA
Oh man, thank you so much. I'm so tired I'm going cross-eyed.

Mara unties her apron and pulls it off. She takes her keys out of her pocket as she heads for the door.

ETHAN
I'll bet. You've got the lunch shift tomorrow, right?

MARA
Yeah, and I'm sleeping until eleven, for sure. Thanks so much, Ethan, I owe you one.

ETHAN
Nah, you don't. Unless, you know, if your not busy, say--

MARA
(oblivious)
Goodnight!

Mara exits the restaurant, Ethan staring dejectedly after her.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN
(belated)
'Night.

Jerry walks past with a bin of dishes and smirks knowingly.

JERRY
A bit slow on the draw there, man.

Ethan grimaces.

EXT. MARA'S APARTMENT: GARAGE - NIGHT

Mara drives down the still busy streets of downtown. She pulls up in front of the apartment building's garage and swipes a card in the reader. The automated doors open, and she pulls in.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT: GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage is poorly lit, full of cars, and devoid of people. Mara pulls into a spot and parks.

INT. MARA'S CAR - NIGHT

Mara collects her purse and phone when something THUMPS and makes the car bounce slightly. Mara whirls around, looking around the car towards the back, but there's nothing there.

She pauses, considering, then hurries out the car.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT: GARAGE - NIGHT

Mara makes sure to lock the car as she looks around the garage, fully alert. She scans the garage, checks the back of the car, and even kneels to check under the car, but there's nothing.

She stands and heads for the exit.

Something KNOCKS from within her car.

Mara drops her keys in surprise and whirls. Another KNOCK. A muffled voice comes from the trunk:

MAN
Where am I?

(CONTINUED)

MARA
Holy cow.

Mara backs up from the car, looks around for help.

MAN
Is there someone there?

MARA
Are--are you in my car?

MAN
Is that where I am?

MARA
How did you get in my car?

MAN
That's quite a trip. How long have I been in here?

MARA
I don't know, I--
(catches herself)
I--If I let you out, will you leave?

MAN
Well, I suppose. Where am I?

MARA
In my trunk.

MAN
Yeah but *where?*

MARA
Oh. Apartment building, downtown.

MAN
Hm, not quite what I was aiming for. Could you let me out? It's a bit stuffy.

MARA
Um, okay...

Mara looks for her keys and spots them on the ground. She picks them up and slowly, cautiously, opens the trunks.

MAN, 32, is curled up in the trunk. He looks ruffled and is dressed oddly. He stands, looks around the garage, then at Mara.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Hello.

MARA

Can you leave now, please?

MAN

Well, pleasure to meet you, too.
I--AAH!

The Man grabs his head in a sudden burst of pain. Mara reaches a hand to him, then snatches it back.

MARA

What's wrong?

The Man straightens, apparently recovered.

MAN

Nope, I'm good. I don't know
why--AAH!

He clutches his head again.

MAN

My head!

Man falls to his knees, crumpling in agony. Mara looks around desperately, then fumbles with her purse.

MARA

I'm calling 9-1-1.

The Man reaches to stop her.

MAN

No, don't! Don't call--!

MARA

Why?

MAN

I can't--be--be seen.

The Man collapses to the ground, unconscious. Again, Mara looks around, but still no one is there to help. She picks up her phone and dials 9-1-1.

OPERATOR

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

(CONTINUED)

MARA

Hi, I just, uh, saw this man stagger into my apartment garage and pass out. I think something's wrong.

OPERATOR

Is he intoxicated?

Mara turns as she talks, heading toward the garage gate.

MARA

I don't know, but he seemed in pain, I think his head hurt. There might be something wrong with him.

OPERATOR

Where are you?

MARA

Western Apartments, in the garage.

OPERATOR

All right, an ambulance is on the way--

A hand taps Mara on the shoulder. She SCREAMS and whirls around. The Man is standing behind her, completely fine.

MAN

Excuse me.

OPERATOR

Ma'am? Is everything okay?

MARA

(recovering)

Yeah, yeah, it's fine. Thank you.

She hangs up.

MARA

(struggling for words)

You...I thought...

MAN

I don't mean to be rude, but where am I?

MARA

I...In the parking garage? Downtown apartment building?

(CONTINUED)

MAN
How did I get here?

MARA
(beat)
You were in my trunk?

MAN
Yes, but before that?

MARA
(suspicious)
You don't remember.

MAN
I...guess not. I met you before?

MARA
About three minutes ago.

MAN
Right, right. What's your name?

MARA
I didn't tell you my name.

MAN
Oh. What's *my* name?

MARA
Okay, I think you need to sit down.

MAN
I think there's something important
I have to do.

A SIREN interrupts them as an ambulance pulls up just outside the parking garage gate. Mara glances nervously between it and the man.

MAN
I could really go for a cucumber.
Or a root beer float. And the blond
has a gun.

MARA
What?

MAN
Who called the ambulance?

MARA

I did.

(confused)

What did you mean about the gun?

MAN

Hm?

Two EMTs exit the ambulance and approach them. Neither of them is blond.

FEMALE EMT

We got a call about a man who collapsed?

MARA

Yeah, that--that's him.

She gestures helplessly to the Man. The EMTs look him over.

MALE EMT

Sir, are you feeling all right?

MAN

I feel fine. Great, actually.

MARA

He doesn't remember anything. Apparently.

MAN

Well, besides that.

MALE EMT

Amnesia?

MARA

I guess, I don't know. Look, I don't mean to be rude, but I've had a long day. Are you going to take him, or...?

MALE EMT

Well...

FEMALE EMT

Well, we could drive you to emergency--

MAN

No, I'm fine. Fit as a fiddle. I think I could go for Coke. Yes, that bubbly sugar stuff?

(CONTINUED)

Man slings an arm around Mara. She stiffens.

MAN

I think this lovely lady offered to give me a Coke. You have a Coke, right? In your apartment? No? Pepsi works too, I guess. Pepsi. Pepsi...

He repeats the word as though trying it out for the first time.

Mara gapes at him, then at the EMTs, trying not to freak out. Male EMT salutes.

MALE EMT

All right, well, if there's no problem, then we'll head out.

The two EMTs leave while the Female EMT talks into her radio. Mara watches her go, looking wary.

MAN

Congratulations, by the way!

The two EMTs stop.

MALE EMT

What?

MAN

On the engagement!

Male EMT gapes; Female EMT looks confused.

FEMALE EMT

What engagement?

MAN

And don't worry about the in-laws, they'll take it better than you think.

Man punches the button to the gate.

MAN

Many happy returns!

As the gate closes, the two EMTs start talking, Male EMT looking rather sheepish. The man sweeps Mara back to the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Well, we got rid of them, didn't we?

MARA

I--you didn't--hold up. How did you--?

Man takes something from Mara's bag--her swipe card.

MAN

I need to borrow this.

MARA

Hey!

Mara chases him to the elevator. It opens and they get in.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT: ELEVATOR - NIGHT

MARA

I'm calling the police!

MAN

Oh, don't do that, you just called them, they'll think you're weird. What floor is your room on?

MARA

(beat)

Second floor.

MAN

Got it.

Man presses the button for the fourth floor. The doors close.

MARA

I said second floor!

MAN

Really?

MARA

How did you...?
(suspicious)
What's your name?

MAN

It's...uhh...My name is... I have no idea.

(CONTINUED)

MARA
(beat)
You're serious.

MAN
Am I? I don't know. I guess I don't
know anything. Fourth floor!

The elevator opens and the man marches out, looking lively but determined. He goes right up to Mara's apartment door and unlocks it with a swipe.

MAN
I could really use a nap, I think.
And that Coke, I could really use
some sugar. Can I use your
computer?

He marches into the room, Mara trailing behind.

MARA
(muttering)
Is this some elaborate prank?

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mara follows him into the apartment, where he's already rummaging through the fridge.

MAN
Dang it, why don't you have--ooh,
pizza--Why don't you have soda?
Coke? Sprite? What the goop is
this?

He holds up a glass drink.

MARA
(defeated)
Probiotic drink.

MAN
What?

MARA
It's supposed to be good for you.

The man swirls it around. The bacteria culture swirls on the bottom, looking like boogies.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Looks disgusting.

He pops the lid off and chugs it down. Mara takes a seat, clearly too exhausted to deal with this. The man continues to rummage through the fridge. He looks up.

MAN

Where's your microwave?

Mara points at it without looking up. The man promptly starts cramming food in it.

MARA

So you remember what a microwave is, you remember what pizza is, yet you can't remember your name?

MAN

Yeah, I suppose. I can remember how to talk and walk, too. Lundy, also seems important.

MARA

What?

He starts pouring himself a bowl of cereal.

MAN

Lundy. You think that's my name?

MARA

I don't know. Do you think that's your name?

MAN

No, but I kinda like it. It sounds Australian. Do you think I'm Australian?

MARA

I don't know...You don't sound Australian.

MAN

What do Australians sound like?

MARA

(frustrated)

My gosh, is this some kind of joke? Did Christine put you up to this? Kelly? You must know me if you know where I live.

MAN

I'm 96.3 percent sure that I don't know who those people are. I'm 34.8 percent sure that I don't know you.

MARA

Wait, why only 34?

MAN

Because I just met you. Remember?

MARA

Sure. Do you remember that barging into someone's place and raiding their kitchen is--*What did you do?*

Mara jumps up as the microwave begins to smoke and spark. The Man called Lundy looks at the machine reprovingly.

LUNDY

Is it not supposed to do that?

Mara runs to the microwave and unplugs it. She opens the microwave and waves a hand as a billow of smoke fills the kitchen.

Mara grabs a pair of tongs and pulls out a foil-wrapped piece of meat.

MARA

Really?

She places the meat in the sink and begins taking out more items from the microwave. Lundy swipes a slice of pizza from the pile, takes a bite, and recoils.

LUNDY

Egh! Do you think I'm allergic to olives?

Mara grabs the pizza from him and points the tongs menacingly.

MARA

Answers. I want answers.

LUNDY

Right, I promised those, didn't I?

Lundy sits on the counter, though there's clearly no room. Dishes and containers get shoved aside around him, spilling things and making a bigger mess.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

Thing is, I don't remember anything. Did I say that already?

MARA

But you knew about the EMTs and which floor I'm on, *and* you still haven't explained how you got in my trunk.

LUNDY

Ah, I remember that. I knew what I was doing, I think.

MARA

And then? What happened?

LUNDY

I got a splitting headache.

MARA

Right, and...?

LUNDY

And I don't know. I hate that phrase. I say it a lot. I could say other things.

MARA

You must have some kind of amnesia.

LUNDY

"I am uncertain." "I have no knowledge of that."

MARA

Apparently a very *specific* kind of amnesia.

LUNDY

"I am not privvy to that information."

MARA

All right, since you don't know anything and you won't go to the hospital, do you mind, uh, leaving?

LUNDY

Well, the thing that gets me is that I think my watch is important.

(CONTINUED)

MARA

Your watch.

LUNDY

Yeah, it seems important, doesn't it?

He holds out his arm and pulls the sleeve back, revealing a completely normal-looking digital wristwatch.

MARA

Look, Mr.--Lundy, whatever. I'm really tired. I want to go to bed.

LUNDY

But I need my watch fixed!

MARA

All right, then, here's the deal: I'll take you to the watch shop tomorrow, and you leave me alone forever. Deal?

LUNDY

Eh, I suppose.

MARA

Great, done.

Mara heads out of the kitchen to the bedroom.

LUNDY

Where do I sleep?

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT: HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lundy lies on the floor of the hallway with a couch pillow and too-small blanket. Mara stands in the door.

MARA

Goodnight.

She slams the door closed and locks it. Lundy shrugs and curls up to fit under the blanket.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT: BEDROOM - DAY

EARLY MORNING. Mara sleeps in her bed, slowly waking up to the sound of the TV in the next room. She checks the clock--it's way too early--and groans.

(CONTINUED)

Then she remembers--her roommates are gone. She should be alone. She sits up.

MARA

Hello?

She climbs out of bed and goes into the main room.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT: LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Lundy is sitting at the table fiddling with his watch. He has made a complete mess of utensils, an alarm clock, and her laptop. His watch, plugged in to the mess somehow, sparks as he prods them.

He's wearing a pair of Gogo-style sunglasses to protect his eyes. He looks up as she enters.

LUNDY

Morning.

MARA

How did you get in here!?

LUNDY

Through the door. I wanted to fix my watch.

MARA

I told you I would take you to a watch shop today!

LUNDY

A watch shop feels too obvious, doesn't it? I feel they'll be expecting it. Besides, this is fun.

Something on the table sparks dangerously.

Out of frustration, Mara starts cleaning up as much as she can, throwing things away that she doesn't recognize.

MARA

Who's "they"?

LUNDY

Can I borrow some duct tape?

MARA

Look, I'd like to help you out, but don't have that much money. Can I buy you some clothes or something? Shoes? A bus pass?

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

No no, I need this watch fixed.

MARA

Why do you need the watch fixed?
It's just a watch!

LUNDY

If I say it's a family heirloom,
can we get it fixed?

(beat)

Do you think it could be a family
heirloom?

MARA

It's digital and it works; it's
probably no more than a few years
old.

LUNDY

There are other kinds besides
digital?

MARA

Yes, there's the good old-fashioned
kind.

LUNDY

There's a watch shop a few miles
away, just off of third. It's
called Click Clock Care.

MARA

Your selective amnesia is getting
on my nerves.

LUNDY

Oh, I didn't know that. I used your
computer.

MARA

You *what*?

Mara whirls and spots her laptop under the counter, buried
under some pizza and flashing the blue screen of death. Mara
runs to clean it off.

MARA

What did you *do*?

Mara manages to scrape all the pizza off, but she can't get
the computer working.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

Well, I found out where a watch shop was--it only took an hour--and then I tried to plug my watch in.

MARA

How did you guess the password?

LUNDY

Katina the Orca in SeaWorld Orlando, been in captivity for nearly forty years. She's the most successful breeding female orca in captivity.

Lundy stops what he's doing, enthralled by what he knows for the first time.

LUNDY

You saw her at a show when you were six, and ever since then, you've wanted to be a Marine Biologist.

(beat)

But isn't your major in Business?

Mara stares at him, too shocked to say anything. She blinks, trying to figure out a reasonable explanation for how he could know this, but can't think of any.

Before she can say anything, Lundy snaps out of it.

LUNDY

Well, shall we go?

He hops out of his seat and heads for the door.

LUNDY

You should get dressed in normal clothes. Do you mind if I keep these sunglasses? I kind of like them. They match my coat.

Mara stares off, still in her own world. She shakes it off but says nothing.

EXT. CLICK CLOCK CARE - DAY

Mara's car pulls up in front of a small, somewhat dingy shop squished between more successful ones. Mara and Lundy get out of the car, and Mara puts a few quarters in the meter.

(CONTINUED)

MARA

This place looks...inviting.

LUNDY

I've got this horrible feeling that we shouldn't be here.

(beat)

Well, shall we go in, then?

Lundy leads the way. Mara follows.

INT. CLICK CLOCK CARE - DAY

The shop is just as drab on the outside as expected: rickety shelves host rows of watches on display, which are either in poor shape or too outdated to be of much use. The carpet is stained unpleasant colors. No one is behind the counter.

MARA

Hello?

A sudden CRASH from the back room startles them. The WATCHMAKER, a staggering, grumpy old man, staggers out.

WATCHMAKER

Yes, what, what do you want?

Mara stares at him, exasperated by his bad attitude. Lundy, however, is unfazed as he approaches the counter.

LUNDY

Good morning, sir! I would like you to fix my watch, please.

WATCHMAKER

Of course you do. You never want to buy a watch, just want me to fix them.

MARA

It's a digital watch.

WATCHMAKER

So?

MARA

So...can you fix it?

WATCHMAKER

Of course I can fix it. You think I'd still be in business if I couldn't?

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

Great!

Lundy takes off the watch and puts it on the counter.

LUNDY

Please fix it.

The Watchmaker picks it up, grabs a lens, and studies the watch. After a pause, he looks up at Lundy.

WATCHMAKER

Come back at two o'clock and I'll have it fixed.

LUNDY

Do you think you could do it now?

WATCHMAKER

Now?

LUNDY

Yeah.

WATCHMAKER

Right now?

LUNDY

Would be great, thanks.

WATCHMAKER

A rush order costs you more.

MARA

Of course it does.

LUNDY

Great, then it's settled. Let's get to it. I'll help.

WATCHMAKER

(confused)

You'll help?

LUNDY

Sure!

WATCHMAKER

If you can fix it then why'd ya come here?

As they work, Mara wanders around the shop, glancing over the watches without interest. She pauses by the window and looks out. Something catches her eye:

(CONTINUED)

Across the street, a BLOND MAN stands on the sidewalk, dressed in dark colors. He appears casual, but his gaze keeps flickering toward the shop.

Mara turns back to the men, walking slowly, keeping her head down, trying not to panic. She comes up beside Lundy and grabs his arm.

MARA

Hi, excuse me. Sorry to interrupt.
Lundy, can I talk to you for a moment?

WATCHMAKER

Yeah, get out of my hair.

The Watchmaker waves them off a few feet away.

LUNDY

Is this about the journal?

MARA

What journal?

LUNDY

I have no idea.

MARA

Listen. There is a man across the street staring at this store. He's *blond*.

She looks at him meaningfully, but his face is blank.

LUNDY

You...like blonds?

MARA

No! Look, you seem to know...things, and last night you said "the blond has a"--

The door to the shop opens. The Blond Man stands in the doorway. Mara clutches Lundy's arm, rigid with fright.

The Blond Man strolls in, looking politely interested in the merchandise. As he passes Mara and Lundy, he gives a small, acknowledging smile. Neither of them return it.

WATCHMAKER

Hey, two customers in less than five minutes. 'Bout time that lousy shop on eighth street closed. How can--

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

We help you?

Lundy wraps an arm around a stiff Mara and sweeps her forward, smiling at the Blond Man as widely as ever.

LUNDY

My assistant here is still trying to learn the ropes of business. She's a great watch mechanic, but sometimes the interpersonal relations prove a bit difficult. A prime example.

He gestures helplessly to the Watchmaker.

WATCHMAKER

Oi!

LUNDY

(to the Blond Man)

I saw you eyeing this nice piece here. A lovely choice, I fixed this up after getting it from an estate sale. I think a Congressman or something. Oh, but I think it's got a scratch there, and I can tell you're a man with particular taste. Let me check if we have a similar model in the back. Assistant? Mr. Watchmaker, why don't you show our guest some of the display items? I think he'll like those best.

As he talks, he makes his way around the counter, grabs his own watch, and gestures for Mara to follow him to the back room. She hurries after him, leaving the Blond Man with a very confused, exhausted Watchmaker.

WATCHMAKER

Maybe it's time I retire.

INT. CLICK CLOCK CARE: STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Mara follows after Lundy, looking frightened.

MARA

Lundy?

LUNDY

Stay close.

Lundy runs through the isles of watches and watch parts, Mara close behind. He pushes a cart out of the way and bursts through the back door.

EXT. CLICK CLOCK CARE: BACK ALLEY - DAY

Lundy and Mara run down the stairs and around the building.

MARA

Do you recognize that guy?

LUNDY

Not in the slightest, but I'm fairly confident that he's got a gun.

MARA

Why does he have a gun? Is he gonna kill us?

LUNDY

I doubt he wants to buy a watch.

They round a corner and skid to a halt. The Blond Man stands at the end of the alley.

BLOND MAN

Excuse me.

Mara clutches Lundy's arm, ready to run back, but Lundy remains where he is.

LUNDY

Do we know each other?

BLOND MAN

No, but my employer does.

The Blond Man starts walking toward them. Lundy and Mara start backing up slowly.

LUNDY

I hate forgetting important things like vengeful rivals. Did he say why hired you?

BLOND MAN

No, but he did mentioned that you would have no memory of him.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

Really? That's odd. Do you know anything about him? A name, address, social security number?

BLOND MAN

Tell you what. I'll answer all your questions and more if you come with me without trouble.

Lundy and Mara have reached the back corner of the building. Mara looks around, desperate for some means of escape, but their only option is back the way they came.

LUNDY

That...is a reasonable offer, I won't lie.

(to Mara)

Why don't you go join the good Watchmaker?

The Blond Man draws his gun.

BLOND MAN

I'm afraid I need both of you.

WATCHMAKER (O.S.)

Oi!

More fumbling and crashing from inside the store, and the Watchmaker bursts from a side door. The Blond Man hurriedly hides his gun.

WATCHMAKER

(to Lundy)

You want me to fix that ugly watch or not?

LUNDY

Yes! Great idea, I do need that fixed!

Lundy hurries Mara toward the door and practically shoves her and the Watchmaker back into the shop.

LUNDY

(to the Blond Man)

Lovely chatting with you.

Lundy slams the door in his face.

EXT. MARA'S CAR - DAY

Mara starts the engine and shoots out into the street. An angry driver HONKS at her.

INT. MARA'S CAR - DAY

Mara trembles with fright and anger. Lundy starts fiddling with the watch.

MARA
(freaking out)
That man was going to *kill* us! He wanted both of us. What does he want *me* for? I didn't do anything.

LUNDY
You appear to be in cahoots with me.

MARA
Why does he want to kill *you*?

LUNDY
I don't know.

MARA
You don't know.

MARA
Well, that's just great. That's just *awesome*. I'm really looking forward to getting *shot*.

A pause as Mara runs out of steam. She looks at Lundy, who's still focused on his watch.

MARA
Are you still worried about your *watch*? We don't have time for--we need to--we should call the police!

LUNDY
(dead serious)
How do you think he found us?

MARA
Wha--I don't know, he's probably trained for that kind of stuff. Tracking and whatever.

LUNDY
But where did he track us from? How did he find us in the first place?

(CONTINUED)

MARA
 (calming down)
 He must've been tracking you before
 you lost your memory.

LUNDY
 But I don't know how I got in the
 trunk.

MARA
 He saw you at the apartment, then?
 But the only people that knew you
 were there were the EMTs.
 (beat)
 You don't think--

LUNDY
 I think it's a possibility. Until
 we know for sure...

MARA
 We can't go to the cops. Oh man...

LUNDY
 We'll have to hide somewhere for a
 while. Someplace he'd never expect.

INT. PRINCESS PARTY PALACE - DAY

The restaurant is full of moms and their toddler daughters
 running around, all dressed like princesses and fairies. The
 interior is pink, and sparkles litter the floor and tables.
 There is no surface free of glitter.

Mara and Lundy are seated at a pretentiously pink booth,
 Lundy still fiddling with his watch.

MARA
 Are you sure this is the best
 place?

LUNDY
 Why not? Glitter suits you!

MARA
 I *mean* being in public. Shouldn't
 we be holing up in a sewer or
 something?

LUNDY
 It'll be much harder to find us in
 a crowd, and if he *does* find it,
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY (cont'd)
he's less likely to shoot us with
witnesses around.

A WAITRESS dressed in a pink fairy outfit comes with two drinks.

WAITRESS
Here you are! Two Vanilla Soy
lattes. Enjoy!

She leaves. Mara takes a sip of her drink and recoils.

MARA
Ugh! Tastes like diabetes. I can't
believe this place is still
running.
(beat)
Could you put the watch down for
one *second* please!

Lundy tosses it on the table.

LUNDY
It's not working anyway.

Mara picks it up and examines it.

MARA
What are you trying to get it to
do? It looks like it works fine.

She holds it up to show the correct time.

LUNDY
I think that's the problem.

Mara puts the watch down.

MARA
I wish you made more sense.

LUNDY
Me too.

Mara realizes that, for the first time, Lundy looks fully dejected, and much older. She considers something.

MARA
Do you know if... Well, I guess you
wouldn't know, but do you think...
um, do you know if anyone...?

LUNDY

No. I don't think anyone's looking for me. At least people who don't want to shoot me. I think.

MARA

You don't think you have any family or friends or...a neighborhood laundromat guy?

LUNDY

(suddenly alert)
Laundry. Laundry...

MARA

What about it?

LUNDY

I don't know. I try not to be terrified by how much I don't know.

MARA

You know things. They're just really, really random.

LUNDY

But *why*? There has to be some unifying factor among them.

MARA

Does amnesia work like that?

LUNDY

Apparently.

A silence settles between them. A couple of girls SQUEAL a few booths away.

LUNDY

What about you?

MARA

Me?

LUNDY

Anyone to come visit you in the hospital if you get shot?

MARA

You know I went to SeaWorld when I was six but not whether I have siblings?

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY
Is that an evasion?

MARA
No... I have my roommates, and
coworkers...

She gasps.

MARA
Work! I'm gonna be late for work.

She checks the time and scrambles to put money on the table
and collect her stuff.

LUNDY
You can't go to work.

MARA
If I don't go to work, Martha will
kill me. Besides, how can he be
searching the city *and* staking out
the restaurant? And it'll be
crowded.

LUNDY
I really don't think--

Mara stands and puts money on the table.

MARA
I'll be back in a few hours. Drink
your diabetes.

She exits. A GIRL dressed like a princess comes over and
throws glitter on a distracted Lundy.

INT. HOUSE OF BURGERS - DAY

It's just after noon, and the place is packed with
CUSTOMERS. Mara hurries into the restaurant, struggling to
tie her apron behind her back. Jerry spots her from the
maitre d' station.

JERRY
Two days in a row? Can I write your
eulogy?

MARA
Is she here?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Probably. Ethan and I have a theory she sleeps here. Just can't decide if it's in a coffin or a cryotank.

MARA

Hilarious.

JERRY

Tables twelve through eighteen.

Mara hurries over to her designated section of the restaurant, passing a harassed SARAH.

SARAH

You owe me.

MARA

I owe you.

Mara pulls out a pad and begins taking orders.

INT. HOUSE OF BURGERS - DAY

SOME TIME LATER. The lunch rush has come and gone, though about half the tables are still occupied. Mara brings a plate of food to a table and grabs a few empty glasses.

MARA

I'll refill these for you.

CUSTOMER

Thank you.

Mara heads back to the counter to fill up the drinks at the soda fountain. Sarah approaches her.

SARAH

There's a guy at table five asking for you.

MARA

For me specifically?

SARAH

Yeah. Do you know him?

Sarah points to table five, where Lundy is seated, blowing bubbles in his water like a kid.

Mara sighs and hands over the glasses to Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

MARA
Unfortunately.

Mara goes over to table five, where Lundy eats ice.

MARA
What are you doing here?

LUNDY
Mara! I just had a breakthrough
with my watch!

MARA
I told you to wait for me at the
Party Palace!

LUNDY
They kicked me out when I couldn't
pay for the birthday cake I bought.
Listen--

MARA
Great.

LUNDY
I was fiddling with some of the
buttons and I must have hit some in
such a way where this happened!

Lundy holds up the watch and points to a small blue light
that flashes just above the time display.

MARA
(unenthusiastic)
Also great. Does it mean anything?

LUNDY
I have no idea. I would've looked
up this particular model but number
one, your computer's still broken--

MARA
Is it?

LUNDY
And I couldn't find a company logo.
Kind of odd, huh?

MARA
A real mystery. Look, you can't
stay here. If my boss--

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA (O.S)

Mara.

Mara cringes and turns.

MARA

Yes, Martha.

Martha walks up, dressed very similarly to yesterday.

MARTHA

You're spending an inordinate amount of time at this table. Is there a problem?

MARA

Oh, uh--

LUNDY

No trouble at all, ma'am. She's just helping me choose between the chili fries or the house salad.

MARTHA

We don't serve chili fries.

LUNDY

That makes my choice pretty easy then, doesn't it? I'll take a salad, thank you.

Mara scrambles to pull out her pad and pretends to write it down as Martha walks off.

MARA

(to Lundy)

You are the most high-maintenance hobo I've ever met.

Lundy returns to fiddling with his watch.

LUNDY

Dressing on the side, please. And not ranch--anything but ranch.

Mara stuffs her pad in her apron and heads back to the counter. She begins fixing a salad rather messily in frustration.

Ethan enters.

(CONTINUED)

ETHAN

Hey, Mara.

MARA

Hi. Your shift just start?

ETHAN

Yeah, and I could use a couple of easy tables. Martha saw me trip into customers on my way in.

MARA

Ah, sorry. I'd give you table five, but he's a pain. Table thirteen just got their drinks.

ETHAN

The party with the two-year-old?

MARA

Yep.

ETHAN

Perfect. What could go wrong?

Mara laughs and finishes up the salad. She heads towards table five, but Ethan stops her.

ETHAN

So, anyway, I've been meaning to ask you something.

MARA

Oh. My salad's not that ugly, is it?

ETHAN

No, no, it's nothing like that. It's, um... Well, I was wondering if Friday night--you're busy Friday night--Saturday, uh, mid-afternoonish, you'd like to--

MARA

Here comes the boss.

She points to Martha on the other side of the restaurant, walking in their direction.

Mara walks around a thwarted Ethan to go to Lundy's table, puts the salad in front of him, and pulls out her pad. Lundy is fiddling with his watch.

(CONTINUED)

MARA

Anything else I can get you, since lunch is on the house today?

LUNDY

Now, why'd you do that?

MARA

It's a salad, you're supposed to mix it up.

LUNDY

No, I mean interrupt that boy.

Lundy looks up.

LUNDY

He was going to ask you out.

MARA

(angry and fumbling)

You--that--

(harsh whisper)

That is none of your business.

LUNDY

It seems like you're quite fond of him as well, I don't see why you don't let him--

MARA

(too loud)

Stop!

(catches herself)

Just stop.

LUNDY

Oooh, touchy.

MARA

You want a milkshake or something? Fries?

LUNDY

Well--

MARA

Fries, great, I'll get you some fries.

She pretends to jot it down.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY
Actually, I think I'd rather--

MARA
Garlic fries instead? No problem
sir, I'll be right back with those.

She stalks off back to the counter. Lundy taps his head with the watch thoughtfully.

Mara comes back to the counter and hangs her order. All the anger has drained out of her, and she gets lost in thought as she considers what Lundy said.

EMILY (O.S.)
Mara?

Mara startles.

MARA
Oh! Yeah?

EMILY approaches and grabs a large platter of food and the stand.

EMILY
Can you handle table nineteen? I've got two toddlers at fourteen and I'm going to go insane..

MARA
(recovering)
Sure, no problem.

Mara starts filling glasses of water. When she's done, she puts the four glasses on a tray and heads towards the table.

She reels back, nearly spilling, as she almost runs into Lundy standing at the soda fountain, getting a drink.

MARA
Ah! What are you *doing*? Get back to the table!

LUNDY
I wanted some Coke. The service here is terrible.

Lundy starts filling up his glass with Coke.

MARA
Lundy you're going to get me in trouble. Will you *please*--

(CONTINUED)

Enter Martha. Mara tenses nervously.

MARTHA
(to Lundy, kindly)
Is there a problem sir?

Lundy tops off his soda and takes a sip.

LUNDY
(oblivious)
Oh no, everything's fine. Except
your ice tastes funny.

Lundy tops off his soda again and raises it to Martha.

LUNDY
Coke is wonderful, though. Carry
on.

He heads back to his table. Martha looks meaningfully at Martha.

MARA
I'm so sorry, I don't know that
he--

MARTHA
If you can't handle customers well,
then a managerial position is not
for you.

MARA
(beat)
Understood.

Martha walks off, looking dangerously displeased. Mara exhales, overwhelmed. She regains her composure, takes her tray of water, and heads for table nineteen.

Lundy pops up behind her.

LUNDY
Mara.

MARA
Unbelievable.

LUNDY
I think I'm on to something.

MARA
Like causes of sudden high blood
pressure?

LUNDY

You have an odd fetish for chronic illnesses. Look, I was playing with the watch.

MARA

Go back to your table, Lundy!

Ethan approaches from the other way.

ETHAN

Is there a problem here?

LUNDY

Oh, here and there, but the problem is yours, my friend!

Ethan frowns and looks to Mara.

ETHAN

Is this guy bothering you?

MARA

No, no. I mean yes, but I can handle it.

LUNDY

Mara, I'm talking to you.

ETHAN

Excuse me, sir, please return to your seat.

LUNDY

Yes, ma'am, as soon as you tell her something.

MARA

(forced sweetness)

Please go sit down, sir, and I'll be at your table shortly.

LUNDY

Look, I'm not a naturally pushy person, but I really need you to look at this and tell me what you think.

ETHAN

Sir, you need to go back to your seat, or I'm going to be forced to remove you from the premises.

MARA

Go back to your table, and we can discuss it--please that's not--

(CONTINUED)

Everyone starts talking over each other, and the aisle becomes too crowded. Mara's frustration peaks.

MARA

Stop!

Mara turns too fast, and the water on her tray goes flying, spilling water on herself, Lundy, Ethan, and the table next to them. The customers seated there cry in indignation, and the whole restaurant falls silent and stares.

Lundy is the only one who looks less than mortified.

LUNDY

Ugh, tap water.

Mara looks around in horror at the mess she's made.

MARA

I--I'm sorry, I--

Martha approaches.

ETHAN

I'm sorry, Martha, this is my fault.

MARA

No! No--it's mine. I wasn't--I didn't--

MARTHA

I see...Mara, you're done for the day.

MARA

What? No, I still--

MARTHA

You clearly have other priorities to attend to. Ethan, you'll cover the rest of her shift as well as your own.

MARA

No, no, it's not his fault, I'll take care of--

MARTHA

Leave now, take this man out of here, or your fired for good.

(beat)

I daresay I expected more from you, Mara.

Martha walks off. Mara stares after her, dumbfounded and embarrassed.

EXT. HOUSE OF BURGERS - DAY

Mara storms out of the restaurant, her face contorted with the effort of not crying. Lundy hurries after her, more concerned with the watch than anything.

LUNDY

Hey Mara--

MARA

I didn't sign up for this. I just try to help a guy out because hey-- the world stinks so why not try to make a difference in some way?

LUNDY

Mara--

MARA

But what happens? I'm *stuck!* I'm stuck with an idiot amnesiac who won't leave me alone, a ticked-off boss, and a debt to the Princess Palace for a cake I didn't even eat!

LUNDY

Yoo-hoo! We gotta fix my watch!

Mara whirls on him, absolutely livid.

MARA

I. Don't. Care. About. Your. *WATCH!* I don't care about *any* of it. I just want you to take your stupid watch and stay out of my apartment, and my job, and my *personal life!*

LUNDY

Personal life? I'm fairly certain that you are blatantly against the idea of a personal life.

MARA

That's...Why am I even listening to you? You literally know *nothing.*

She starts walking off again.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

I know what it's like to be alone.

Mara stops.

LUNDY

I know what it's like to feel like you've got absolutely no one and nowhere to go. What I *don't* know is why anyone would purposely push people away just to keep being alone.

Mara turns to face him, her anger waning under uncertainty.

MARA

(beat; slowly)

I don't push people away.

LUNDY

That boy in there seems quite smitten with you.

MARA

That's none of your--

LUNDY

And you seem to like him.

MARA

That's *definitely* none of your--

LUNDY

Your roommate asked you to come stay with her for the holidays, but you declined.

MARA

How did you know that--?

LUNDY

And now you want me to leave, because you're starting to warm up to me.

MARA

Don't flatter yourself--

LUNDY

Why do you insist on being alone?

Mara glares at him, thoroughly beaten but trying not to cry about it. She gives herself a moment to catch her breath and steel herself.

(CONTINUED)

MARA

Maybe so I won't have to deal with questions like *that*.

She stalks off to her car, wiping her eyes hastily. Lundy watches her go. She doesn't turn around.

Lundy heads in the other direction. He begins to fiddle for his watch, but soon gives up. A SHADY MAN in a dark trench coat walks up and stops right in front of Lundy, one hand in his pocket.

LUNDY

I take it you're friends with the blond.

INT. MARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

LATER THAT DAY. Mara ambles into her apartment, completely exhausted. It's still a mess of food and random electric parts, but the lack of light makes the scene look more depressing than ridiculous.

Mara closes the door and slides to the floor, too exhausted to bother cleaning any of it. For the first time in a long time, being alone bothers her. A lot.

A blinking blue light catches her eye. She looks up and sees that her computer is flashing something, though the screen is turned away from her.

Intrigue wins over despair: Mara hoists herself up and goes to the computer.

The blue screen is flashing. In the center of the screen, a small window says "PASSWORD" with a space to type it in. Just below that, a button that reads "HINT." Mara clicks it.

A new window reads: "It's your new favorite phrase."

Mara leans back, puzzling over it until she has a thought. She types: "I don't know" and hits Enter.

The screen flashes, loads, and then goes dark. A video window opens and plays.

Lundy, about the same age though in the same clothes, is seen turning on the camera and fiddling with things around a desk, clearly in a hurry. The room he's in is dark and difficult to make out.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

Hi. If you're watching this, then you likely--ah, one second.

Lundy lunges out of sight.

LUNDY

(mumbling)

Should I take the journal? I might lose it, but...Uhh, it's not worth the risk. Okay, listen.

He sits down in front of the camera again. Mara leans forward, completely intrigued.

LUNDY

This is you. Look in a mirror in case you don't remember, because you don't remember anything. Or you remember really weird things. You know how to drive a car but not what your name is. You remember 9/11, but not anything about family or friends that you might have. Which you do, by the way. A fiancée, even, and she's amazing.

Mara's jaw drops.

MARA

You're kidding.

LUNDY

The reason that you can't remember anything is because you're a time-traveler. From about...

Lundy fiddles with his watch--it's the exact same watch.

LUNDY

Sixty-three years into the future, give or take. You worked with...uh, can I just use first person now? My friend Carter and I managed to develop technology for active temporal displacement. In theory, we can travel *anywhen* in history, but there was a bit of a snag.

Lundy fumbles with some reports on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

We quickly learned that, for some reason, when the body time-travels, the brain has trouble keeping up. I can't determine if this is because the mind can't handle trans-dimensional travel, or if it's some kind of cosmic safeguard against paradoxes, but information that doesn't exist yet can't be brought into the past. At least, not unless it's protected in some way.

He leans out of view to grab something. He reappears with a handful of schematics that depict a helmet-shaped device.

LUNDY

I was attempting to create a time-travel piece that protected the mind. I don't think it was ready, but my friend took it for a *test run*. He should have returned soon after, no matter how long he stayed in the past, but he's been gone for two weeks now. I'm worried that he's messing with the past. He was more interested in the... personal applications of the tech rather than the cosmic implications. I didn't know what to do, until I got this.

He holds up a journal.

LUNDY

All I can say about it is that, I do do something. At least I try. This journal tells about everything that will happen when I go back. I meet two EMTs that are engaged, a blond hitman who tries to capture me--can't wait for that part. Of course, I'll forget all this as soon as I get there. Or maybe I'll remember things as they happen, because they'll be the present.

Lundy holds up the watch.

LUNDY

I'm going to have to go old-school. I am going to go back to about when
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY (cont'd)
he should have shown up. I'm not
going to remember a single thing
about my life, my name, or my
fiancee...

Lundy pauses, the words hitting him. He takes a deep breath.

LUNDY
But I got to go get him. I... he
doesn't have much in the way of a
family.

Lundy gives himself another moment. Then, much like the
Lundy we know, he's suddenly ready and full of energy.

LUNDY
All right, here we go! I'm going to
download this video file on my
watch, and then I'm off. Hopefully
I can figure out how to work it.
Good luck, me!

He leans forward and turns the camera off. The computer
screen goes dark.

Mara leans back in her chair, digesting everything.

MARA
Well, okay.

She tries fiddling with the file, but the layout is
completely different than that of a normal computer program.
Multi-colored circles float around the screen like a
screensaver. She clicks and types, but nothing happens.

Mara groans in frustration.

MARA
How do you work this thing?

COMPUTER
Please speak a command.

Mara freezes. She tries again:

MARA
Locate...uh...the watch.

COMPUTER
Please be more specific.

MARA
(struggling)
Locate...time travel device.

Something loads, and the computer flashes. A 3-D image of the globe appears.

COMPUTER
GPS tracker initiated. Seeking...
seeking...

The globe spins and pinpoints a spot.

COMPUTER
GPS tracker located.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Mara drives somewhat recklessly through downtown streets. A few cars HONK as she goes by.

INT. MARA'S CAR - DAY

In the passenger seat, Mara's laptop blinks with the location.

COMPUTER
Turn right at the next light.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

It's evening. Mara parks the car out of sight from an abandoned warehouse. She turns off the engine and looks out the window, confused. She exits the care and heads for the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

She pushes the heavy door open. The warehouse is run-down, dusty, and nearly empty. She creeps in slowly, suddenly nervous.

MARA
Lundy? Are you here?

Silence. Mara slowly walks further into the warehouse.

The place is full of boxes and crates. Towards the center, a table with a computer sits, currently on the screensaver.

(CONTINUED)

Mara goes to a nearby box and lifts the flap: It's full of money. Confused and a bit scared, she creeps to another box and peeks in. This one holds military-grade rifles.

Mara closes the box, her unease growing. She pulls out her phone and dials 9-1-1.

OPERATOR

9-1-1, what's your emergency?

MARA

(whispers)

Hello, I'm in an old abandoned warehouse just outside the city, and I think--

A hand reaches from behind Mara, takes her phone, drops it on the ground, and crushes it under his foot: It's the Blond Man.

BLOND MAN

What are you doing here?

INT. WAREHOUSE: FREEZER - NIGHT

The Blond Man pushes Mara into an unused walk-in freezer. The lock CLICKS behind her.

LUNDY

Oh good, you're here.

Mara whirls. Lundy waves from his spot on the floor. In front him is a collection of random junk items: things like copper wire, an old meat hook, a shoelace, a wrapper, etc.

LUNDY

Have you seen my watch? They took it.

Mara shakes her head dumbly.

LUNDY

Darn. I want something to fiddle with.

Mara slides to the ground, trembling.

MARA

Are they going to kill us?

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

Eh, doesn't look like it. Not yet,
at least. Otherwise, we'd be dead.

Mara folds in on herself, panic taking over.

LUNDY

How did you find me?

(pause)

Mara, look at me. How did you find
me?

Mara swallows.

MARA

My computer...Your watch did
something to my computer, so I
could track it like a GPS.

LUNDY

Hm, that's convenient.

MARA

Also, I found a video of you
explaining everything.

LUNDY

Oh?

MARA

You're from the future.

Lundy pauses for a moment, considering. He nods in
satisfaction.

LUNDY

That makes sense.

MARA

That doesn't make *sense*. That is
the last possible explanation to
ever make sense! Time travel isn't
possible!

LUNDY

Well, certainly not in your time.
But *my* time apparently has
progressed enough technologically
to traverse the fourth dimension.

MARA

You don't even know when your time
is.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

I'm curious as to the implications
of my selective amnesia.

MARA

You explained that. Something about
the mind being unable to handle the
trans-dimension something or other.

LUNDY

Hmm... fascinating.

MARA

(apathetic)

Exactly what I was thinking.

LUNDY

So why are you here?

MARA

Why--because I found that video! I
thought that...you'd like to know.

LUNDY

You came all the way out here and
risk getting caught by hired
killers just to tell me that
fourth-dimension travel is
possible?

A pause.

MARA

I'm sorry, for what I said. I
shouldn't have stormed off like
that.

LUNDY

Perhaps I shouldn't have bothered
you at work.

MARA

I doubt I would've reacted any
better.

LUNDY

(pause)

What's your family like?

MARA

(long pause)

My mom isn't...great. After Dad
left us, she changed. She drank a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARA (cont'd)
lot, said things you shouldn't say
to a six-year-old...

LUNDY
I have no idea what that's like.
(off Mara's stare)
No really. I think my family
is--will be?--quite loving.

MARA
I always felt like I only had two
options: Shut everybody out, or
turn into her. Looks like I managed
to do both.

LUNDY
Nah, I don't think so.

MARA
Oh really?

LUNDY
You're here, aren't you?

MARA
So?

LUNDY
How many people do you think
would've helped me if they'd found
me in their trunk? Or taken me to a
watch shop? Or stuck with me *after*
the watch shop?

MARA
What's your point?

LUNDY
You care. Not many people do.

Mara pauses, then smiles, appreciating his words. The lock
to the freezer CLICKS. She and Lundy jump to their feet as
the door swings open.

Enter ANDREW, 32. His expression and clothing are
intimidating, but the teched-out helmet on his head is a
little ridiculous. Two GUNMEN flank him. He looks at Lundy.

ANDREW
You don't recognize me, do you?

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY
I'm afraid I don't recognize many
people these days.

MARA
You're Andrew.

Lundy gives her a warning glance. Andrew looks to her,
intrigued.

ANDREW
And how do you know that?

MARA
(uncertain)
The watch. You're not going to hurt
us, right? You and Lundy are
friends.

ANDREW
Lundy? That's what you're going
by? You're not even close!

LUNDY
What is my name, then?

ANDREW
I think I'll just call you Lundy. I
like it. But to answer your
question, no I don't want to hurt
you.

LUNDY
Hence the two armed guards at the
door.

ANDREW
I have plans. With this technology,
we can make a positive difference.
We can prevent atrocities from
happening.

MARA
But you've got a bunch of money and
weapons in this warehouse.

ANDREW
I'm preparing.

LUNDY
Messing with the timeline is not a
good idea. You don't know the
effect it'll have on our time.

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

What, and accidentally erase myself from existence? Then nothing would change. It would be a paradox, and we've already seen how the universe prevents paradoxes.

LUNDY

You might change nothing. Or make things worse.

ANDREW

I can save a lot of lives. I can feed the poor, bring peace to *nations*. I can do anything! With this, how can I just sit around and do nothing?

LUNDY

You're playing God.

ANDREW

I'm saving the world.

LUNDY

By what? Playing the stock market?

ANDREW

Saving the world is expensive.

The Blond Man appears in the doorway.

BLOND MAN

Sir, the police are scouting the area.

ANDREW

The police? Are you sure?

BLOND MAN

I've seen three cruisers within ten minutes.

ANDREW

Have the men arm up and set up vantage points around the warehouse.

The Blond Man exits.

LUNDY

You're first step to saving the world is killing a bunch of police officers?

(CONTINUED)

ANDREW

I don't want to kill anyone. Why can't you get the bigger picture here? The tragedies that the world has seen in sixty-three years are devastating, and there are more to come. You may not remember, but I do. Why not make the changes now, while we know what to expect? While we can actually *do* something?

MARA

(thoughtful)

What happened to your family?

ANDREW

What?

MARA

In the video, Lundy mentioned that you didn't really have anyone. Did something happen to your family?

Andrew considers her, caught off-guard for the first time.

ANDREW

A lot of things happen that make children orphans. A lot of highly preventable things.

Andrew pulls out of his pocket Lundy's watch and holds it up.

ANDREW

Do you want to change the future?

Lundy considers him for a long moment.

LUNDY

I'd rather be sure there *is* one.

Andrew sighs, disappointed.

ANDREW

Even after forgetting everything, you haven't changed a bit.

Andrew drops the watch and smashes it under his foot.

ANDREW

You're just as selfish as ever.

(CONTINUED)

Andrew exits the freezer, and the gunmen close and lock the door behind him. Mara goes to the door and looks out the small window, while Lundy kneels to collect the remains of his watch.

MARA

Do you think he's really going to start a firefight with the police?

Lundy doesn't respond, too intent on fixing his watch.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew marches into the main room while GUNMEN scramble to arm themselves and take positions at the windows.

BLOND MAN

Two cruisers just parked in the front.

ANDREW

Stay out of sight. Don't shoot unless you absolutely have to, you understand? No one has to die today.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew exits the warehouse as two POLICE OFFICERS approach. The officers give his helmet an odd, confused look.

ANDREW

Good evening, officers. How may I help you?

OFFICER 1

We got a call that there were weapons stashed in a warehouse around here.

ANDREW

Weapons? What kind of weapons?

OFFICER 1

Not sure, just guns. Would you mind if we had a look?

ANDREW

Do you have a warrant?

The Officers exchange a glance.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER 1

No, we don't.

OFFICER 2

But considering the potential
threat of the situation, it
wouldn't be difficult to get one.

ANDREW

I see.

(beat)

Well, come on in, officers. Feel
free to take a look around.

The two officers follow him inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew motions to his men. As soon as the two Officers are
through the door, Gunmen knock them unconscious.

ANDREW

Tie them up and dismantle their
radios. We're going to have to do
this the hard way.

The Gunmen obey.

INT. WAREHOUSE: FREEZER - NIGHT

Mara paces by the door of the freezer, thinking hard. Lundy
still sits on the floor, busily fiddling with his watch.

Mara stops.

MARA

He's still wearing the helmet.

LUNDY

Of course he is. He'll forget
everything as soon as he takes it
off.

MARA

So if we just get it off his head,
or break it, we can stop him
without anyone getting hurt.

LUNDY

And then what? Bring him back to my
time so he can attempt the same

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY (cont'd)
thing again? Leave him here to rot
in prison for a crime he can't
remember committing?

MARA
Do you have a better idea?

LUNDY
No.

MARA
It's better than him killing police
officers.

LUNDY
Most things in life are.

A pause.

MARA
Do you really think he's wrong?

LUNDY
About what?

MARA
About changing history. If there
are a bunch of bad things that
should happen, why not try to stop
them?

LUNDY
Because you can't stop them.

MARA
Why not try?

LUNDY
Because the universe apparently has
a way of preventing that. I jumped
back in time, and my memory was
erased.

MARA
But you found a way to work around
that.

Lundy pauses in his work to look at Mara.

LUNDY
Let's say yesterday I bought a pair
of shoes. Today, they broke,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY (cont'd)
because they're very poor quality.
So I decide to travel back a day
and convince myself *not* to buy
those shoes. Now, even if that's
not a paradox in itself, I still
wouldn't remember ever buying the
bad shoes in the first place,
because I never *did*.

MARA
So?

LUNDY
I never learned from my mistake, so
I'm still likely to buy the same
shoes again. Undoing mistakes
wouldn't prevent mistakes; we would
just keep making them over and over
again.

MARA
(pause)
For someone who doesn't remember
anything, you sure are smart.

LUNDY
Well, I *did* figure out time travel.

MARA
Not yet, you didn't.

A POLICE SIREN sounds.

MARA
Oh no.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Outside the warehouse, more police cruisers pull up, their
lights flashing. More OFFICERS surround the perimeter.
OFFICER 3 speaks through a megaphone.

OFFICER 3
This is the police. Come out with
your hands up.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Officers 1 and 2 are bound in a corner, guarded by a Gunman. Andrew goes over to his computer, types in a few commands, and speaks. His voice is broadcasted through speakers.

ANDREW

We have two of your officers here.
Leave us now, and we will not harm
them. Attempt to enter this
warehouse, and we will kill them.

INT. WAREHOUSE: FREEZER - NIGHT

Lundy jumps to his feet, watch in hand.

LUNDY

Ha! Got it.

Lundy aims his watch at the lock and presses a series of buttons. The freezer lock opens.

MARA

How'd you get it to do that?

LUNDY

I was really hoping I made it that
way. Stay close.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Lundy and Mara quietly creep down the hall and peak around the corner. In the main room, Gunmen are stationed at the windows. Andrew speaks with a few Gunmen.

MARA

(whispers)

How're going to get the helmet?

LUNDY

I am going to do something
incredibly clever and heroic. You
are going to sneak out the back
door and get to the police.

MARA

I'm not going to leave you here.

Lundy pushes her back behind the corner as a Gunman passes.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY

Someone has to tell the police where they're keeping the officers and where the gunmen are stationed.

MARA

And how do you expect me to sneak out? They've got men at every door.

LUNDY

Hm...excellent point.

Lundy wraps an arm around her and pushes her forward, into full view.

LUNDY

(shouting)

Excuse me, gentlemen, I'd like to speak to your boss.

The Gunmen draw their weapons, but Andrew waves them down.

ANDREW

Get back in the freezer, *Lundy*.

LUNDY

(to the Gunmen)

Amorally inclined hired hands, I have a proposition for you. You can stay at witness your patron's head explode, or you can leave, perhaps escape the iron hand of the law in the ensuing chaos.

ANDREW

(beat)

Well, you still like to talk incessantly.

Lundy raises his watch, touches a series of buttons, and aims it at Andrew's helmet. The helmet bleeps and blinks dangerously.

ANDREW

What'd you do?

LUNDY

Rerouted the power with some fancy frequency manipulation. You all have sixty seconds to get out of here before everything in a two hundred-foot radius explodes.

(CONTINUED)

MARA

What?

The Gunmen exchange uncertain looks.

ANDREW

You made that up. You don't have any idea what you're talking about.

Lundy taps his watch.

LUNDY

Fifty-four seconds.

A beat of silence, then the Gunmen start to leave their positions and head for the back door.

ANDREW

No! Stop! He's lying!

LUNDY

Then you tell me what I did. Or was the helmet not really a group project?

Andrew watches the gunmen leave, not giving him so much as a parting glance.

ANDREW

If this is really a bomb, why aren't you leaving?

LUNDY

I'm giving you a chance, Andrew. Take off the helmet, and I'll undo what I did.

ANDREW

You can't do this. I won't let you do this. You've taken *everything* from me!

LUNDY

I don't know what you mean.

Andrew laughs, incredulous.

ANDREW

This would've been more satisfying if you knew what I was talking about. Maybe then you wouldn't have fought me so hard.

(CONTINUED)

LUNDY
You may be right.

ANDREW
And yet now you're willing to blow me up.

LUNDY
Just the helmet. You have twenty-three seconds.

ANDREW
(fearful)
I won't remember anything.

LUNDY
No, and that won't be fun. But I'll take you back with me and we'll work everything out. I promise.

ANDREW
You have no idea the promise you're making.

LUNDY
Eight seconds.

Andrew pulls off the helmet in a panic and throws it on the ground in front of him.

ANDREW
Okay, turn it off.

Lundy doesn't move. The helmet keeps beeping.

ANDREW
Turn it *off*.

MARA
Lundy!

The timer counts out. The helmet sparks and smokes, then shuts off harmlessly.

ANDREW
No. *No!*

Andrew falls down beside it and picks it up, trying desperately to fix it somehow.

ANDREW
What did you *do*? *What did you do*?
Ah--

(CONTINUED)

Andrew crumples under sudden head pain. He glares at Lundy.

ANDREW

You did this on *purpose!* You *ruined* me.

LUNDY

Mara, let's go.

He pushes her to the back door.

ANDREW

No, no--*Ahhh!* I won't let you...do this...

Andrew grabs a gun from nearby and aims. He FIRES.

Lundy falls.

Andrew collapses, unconscious.

MARA

Lundy? *Lundy!*

Mara runs to him and helps him sit up. The bullet wound in his lower abdomen bleeds profusely.

LUNDY

(grunting, in pain)
That's not good

MARA

Oh no, oh no, oh please. Okay, we can...we gotta get pressure on that.

Mara scrambles to take off her jacket and puts it on the wound. She looks around desperately.

MARA

(shouting)
Somebody help! We need help!
(to Lundy)
We'll get you to a hospital--

LUNDY

Mara...

MARA

Keep pressure on that, you're gonna bleed out. *Somebody help!*

LUNDY

Mara--

MARA

Shut up. You're not gonna...you're not...

She stares at him, realizing the obvious. She sobs.

MARA

I'm sorry, Lundy. I'm so sorry...

They sit in silence, the truth of the moment weighing heavy on them.

Mara has an idea.

MARA

The hospital.

LUNDY

Mara--

She scans around and lunges for the watch, dropped a few feet away. She falls down beside Lundy and grabs his wrist.

LUNDY

What are you--?

She fumbles to strap the watch on him and turn the dial.

LUNDY

Mara!

MARA

Hold still. Sixty three years in the future is...

LUNDY

We don't know what'll happen.

MARA

The future's got to have better medicine, right?

LUNDY

I meant *you*. If I lost memory going backwards--

Mara ignores him and slams her hand on the button.

FLASH

EXT. UNKNOWN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mara and Lundy FLASH into existence. Mara struggles to sit upright, dazed by the trip. Lundy lies on his back, barely conscious.

MARA
Lundy. Somebody--
(shouting)
Somebody help! *Please!* My friend
needs help!

She pushes her blood-soaked jacket back onto the wound.

MARA
Lundy? Lundy, stay awake. Come on,
stay awake. *Somebody help!*

A COUPLE coming from a grocery store run up to them.

HUSBAND
What happened?

MARA
He's been shot.

WIFE
Shot?

MARA
He needs help!

HUSBAND
Let's get him to a Care Center.

The Husband and Mara hoist him up and help him to a nearby electric car. They get in as quickly as possible and head off.

INT. STRANGER'S CAR - NIGHT

Mara hovers over Lundy in the back seat, pressing the jacket to staunch the bleeding, but there's so much blood now that it doesn't seem to make a difference. Lundy's head lolls against the back of the seat.

MARA
Lundy, Lundy, stay awake. Listen.
We're here, we're in the future, we
did it. Do you remember anything?
Your fiancée--what's your fiancée's
name? Lundy? *Ah!*

(CONTINUED)

Mara cries out as a sudden pain jolts through her head. Images flash in her mind's eye: A woman at a laundry mat; a Christmas party full of people.

Mara clutches the seat to steady herself.

The Wife turns in her seat.

WIFE

Are you all right?

MARA

Yeah, just a...a headache.

HUSBAND

We're here.

EXT. CARE CENTER - NIGHT

The Husband pulls up in front of the Center, which looks similar enough to a hospital. The Wife hits a button on the dashboard, and a light on the building flashes in response. The glass doors slide open as nurses rush out with a gurney.

The Husband parks the car in front of the door, and they all hop out. The nurses scramble to get Lundy out of the car and onto the gurney. NURSE 1 speaks into a small speaker in her lapel.

NURSE 1

Male, early thirties, with a deep wound to the lower abdomen. Heavy blood loss. Prepare a pint of O-negative and a Re-gen, immediately.

Mara trails after the nurses, the Husband and Wife staying by the car.

MARA

Is he gonna be all right? Will he--*Aah!*

Mara stumbles as pain shoot through her head again. More images: A science lab, a graduation gown.

Mara follows the nurses inside, a hand to her head as the pain increases.

INT. CARE CENTER - NIGHT

The interior is similar to a hospital, but the design is more streamlined, and the waiting room is far less crowded than a typical ER. Mara hurries after the nurses. A RECEPTIONIST looks up as they pass.

RECEPTIONIST

No unauthorized personnel, you'll have to wait here. Miss!

Mara hurries after them, struggling against her growing headache to keep up. She puts a hand to the wall as more images flash in her mind: A beach, a party, a wedding dress.

She slowly makes her way around the corner, in the direction Lundy was taken. Her vision is unfocused.

She passes a room and sees Lundy lying on an odd, blacklight table, his shirt cut away from the wound, which is nearly gone. Only a single nurse is present, checking the blinking monitors.

MARA

(weakly)

Lundy...

NURSE 3

Excuse me, miss, do you have permission to be here? Miss? Are you okay?

Mara stumbles against a wall and slides to the ground, the pain too much.

Images: A whole family by the pool, a young boy grinning.

Someone grabs her hand and straps a watch to her wrist. She looks up. Lundy kneels in front of her.

MARA

Caleb...

LUNDY

Take care, Mara.

He uses her other hand to press the button.

FLASH

EXT. MARA'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's morning. Mara startles awake. She's lying on the lawn outside her apartment. She looks around, but no one's there.

MARA
Lundy? Lundy.

She realizes that she's wearing the watch. The display is broken and the blue light's gone. She tries to take it off, but the thing falls apart. Though she can't remember, she knows: Lundy's gone.

INT. HOUSE OF BURGERS - DAY

Later that day. The lunch rush is just starting to pick up as Mara enters, her apron in her hand. Jerry looks up in surprise.

JERRY
(hushed)
What are you *doing*? You were supposed to be here half an hour ago.

MARA
Sorry, Jer. Is Martha around?

He gestures to the front.

JERRY
Like you even need to ask.

MARA
Thanks.

Mara proceeds to the bar. Jerry watches her go, confused.

Martha is hovering over a couple of waiters making salad, watching them with unnecessary scrutiny. She looks up as Mara approaches.

MARTHA
Mara, I didn't think you were going to show up for your shift today.

MARA
I wasn't sure, either.

MARTHA
(taken aback)
It almost seems like you want to be fired.

(CONTINUED)

MARA
You're almost right.

She holds up her apron.

MARA
I quit.

MARTHA
Do you, now?

MARA
I don't like the way you treat me
and my coworkers. You'd do better
to treat everyone like people
rather than machines. And maybe
wear some more comfortable clothes.

Mara sets down her apron and walks out, the entire staff
paused to watch her leave. She looks around the restaurant,
but she doesn't see who she's looking for.

As she passes Jerry, she gives a small grin. She exits the
restaurant.

INT. STORE - DAY

Later that day. Mara roams the rows of books and such,
talking on her cell as she does some Christmas shopping.

As she speaks, she finds herself near the greeting cards
section. She looks about and finds one starting with:
"Wishing you a special Christmas, Mom..." She takes it off
the shelf.

MARA
Would it be possible to change it
for the spring semester?... Great,
if I get enough of the right
classes, I shouldn't be too far
behind in my degree... All right,
I'll fill out the change of major
form and email it to you today...
Great, thank you. Merry Christmas.

She hangs up the phone.

Heading for the front of the store, a journal on the shelf
catches her eye--it's the exact same journal that Lundy had
in the video. She takes it off the shelf and stares at it,
figuring something out.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Mara walks the streets of downtown with job listings in her hand. She crosses another off the list and huffs in frustration.

She turns a corner and freezes. Across the street is a laundromat called "Lundy's Laundry." She gapes. She looks at the job listings, but she doesn't see it there.

INT. LUNDY'S LAUNDRY - DAY

The laundromat is relatively busy as CUSTOMERS load and fold and wait for laundry. She makes her way to the back of the room, where the LAUNDRY WOMAN sits at a counter, reading a magazine.

MARA

Excuse me.

The Laundry Woman reaches under the counter and produces a small container of laundry detergent.

LAUNDRY WOMAN

That'll be \$5.23.

MARA

Uh, no, I don't need soap. I was wondering if you had an open position available. A job.

The Laundry Woman looks at her disinterestedly.

LAUNDRY WOMAN

No, we don't have a job.

MARA

Are you sure? I was told by a friend that you might--

LAUNDRY WOMAN

If we had a job, I would say we had a job. We don't have a job.

MARA

Okay, sorry. Nice talking to you.
(mumbling)
Wouldn't want to work here anyway.

Mara heads back for the door, looking back down at the job listings. Someone backs into her.

(CONTINUED)

MARA

Oh, sorry.

ETHAN

Sorry! Didn't see you. Mara?

MARA

Ethan! Hi, how...are you?

Ethan carries a big basket of laundry. He is wearing a baggy sweatshirt and too-short shorts.

ETHAN

I'm good, how are you?

ETHAN

(realizing his appearance)
Uh, laundry day.

MARA

So I noticed.

ETHAN

So, um, I heard you quit.

MARA

Yeah, I did. It's too bad you weren't there. Martha's expression was very satisfying.

ETHAN

I bet. Jerry told me all about it. He quit soon after.

MARA

Really?

ETHAN

Yeah, a bunch of us did.

MARA

You did, too?

ETHAN

Yeah. I mean, there wasn't much reason for me to stay.

A self-conscious pause. Mara hides a smile.

ETHAN

So, uh, do you have any plans for the holidays?

(CONTINUED)

MARA
Uh...no, not really, actually.

ETHAN
None?

MARA
Not a one.

ETHAN
Well, some friends and I are getting together Christmas Eve for a party. Nothing big, you know. You're definitely welcome to come.

MARA
Okay.

ETHAN
Really?

MARA
Yeah.

ETHAN
You sure?

MARA
Yes.

ETHAN
Okay. Great, that's great. It'll be fun.

MARA
Yeah.

They stand awkward for a moment, both waiting for the other to say something. When Ethan doesn't speak, Mara deflates a bit.

MARA
Well, I guess I'll see you at the party. Text me the details.

ETHAN
Yeah.

Mara goes to leave, the joblistings hanging limply in her hand, when Ethan stops her.

ETHAN

Hey, Mara?

MARA

Yeah?

ETHAN

Look, I really want to ask you out. I've been *trying* to ask you out for ages, but the one time I get a clear shot, I'm dressed like this, so...

MARA

(understanding)

Well, you can ask me out at the Christmas party, if you like.

ETHAN

Yeah, okay. I'll do that.

MARA

Good plan. Merry Christmas, Ethan.

ETHAN

Merry Christmas.

Mara exits, biting back a smile. Ethan watches her leave.

Re-energized, Ethan rolls up his sleeves and gets to work on his laundry. A familiar black watch glints on his wrist.

THE END