

TIME THIEF

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - CELL - DAY - 2035

It's pristine, sterile. A small bed, a high tech toilet/bidet and a flat screen that only shows placid images continuously.

PHIL MACKLIN (54), thin, wiry, poker face but with deeply-lined forehead, wearing a white prison jumpsuit, puts his writing pad down and stares up at taped pictures on the wall.

One is of his wife LESLIE (then 23) and their daughter CRYSTAL (2). The other pic is of Crystal from a few years ago (30). She has short hair and a defiant face.

From inside a library book, Macklin pulls out a paperclip and puts it in his pocket.

PA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Rec-call!

Macklin sighs. His cell opens.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON (62), crusty, appears wearing the same jumpsuit, but it's blue and he wears a helmet. Phil falls into line with the other CONS (20 - 30s mostly).

EXT. PRISON - COURTYARD - DAY

PRISONERS work out, play basketball or enjoy virtual gaming in the center square.

Macklin sits on a bench as two other CONVICTS play a 3-D game of Jenga in the courtyard. Guard Captain Johnson watches on with interest.

CONVICT
Who you got your money on, Johnson?

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON
You, big mouth. Concentrate.

The Convict pulls out a wooden peg. The teetering hologram tower trembles but stays assembled.

Macklin walks closer to the old Guard Captain. He looks at the Guard Captain's cell phone which sits in a skin-glove (super thin pocket layered into his forearm). Macklin waits.

The other Convict pulls out another piece and the tower collapses. The Guard Captain jumps up and down.

Macklin carefully snatches the long, thin phone out of the Guard Captain's skin pocket.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Pay up, Satterlee!

Macklin shoves the phone into his uni and heads for the gate.

PA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Rec-time over! Get back!

INT. PRISON - CAFETERIA - DAY

Macklin stands at the head of the line. A COOK pulls some aluminum foil off one of the food containers. Quickly, with sleight of hand, Macklin manages to tear a corner of the foil off and crumple it into his pocket.

Macklin smiles as the Cook drops some eggs and bacon onto his plastic plate. He puts the bacon in his pocket.

INT. PRISON LAUNDRY - DAY

Macklin puts a white suit with a blue uni into the washer and throws in some blue detergent. Then he looks about and turns the washer on hot.

LATER

Macklin opens the washer and both jumpsuits are blue.

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Macklin puts on the blue jumpsuit.

He cracks open the Guard's cell phone and rewires it with the bits of foil he absconded from the cafeteria. He pulls his flat screen off the wall and yanks wires out.

ON PHONE SCREEN - Macklin has broken into the security mainframe. He triggers a "ROUTINE LOCKDOWN." Then he BUZZES open the door in his cell.

INT. PRISON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Macklin casually walks down the hallway. He sees a large employee exit sign and increases his gait. Sweat forms on his forehead.

There's a code panel gate required to exit. Macklin types in numbers scribbled on a paper in his pocket. The door opens.

INT. EXIT HALLWAY - NIGHT

There's a final walkway to the exit with a laser grid requiring a badge. Macklin pulls out the paperclip and uses it to block the transmission of the lasers.

A BUZZER SOUNDS - BREAKOUT ATTEMPT!

EXT. EXIT - DAY

The exit leads to a final walkway to the gate.

Guard Dogs immediately race for Macklin but he tosses them the strips of bacon from breakfast. He spies a security camera overhead.

The side gate opens for the WASTE MANAGEMENT TRUCK and Macklin runs along side of it.

EXT. GATE - DAY

Macklin races away from the prison. He's free! He smiles--

But then - CLANG!!! His prison door opens loudly, waking him.
IT'S ALL BEEN A DREAM!!

INT. PRISON - CELL - DAY

Macklin looks up from his bed as Guard Captain Johnson enters. There's a small suitcase on his floor.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON
This is the day, Macklin. After ten
years, you're free as a bird.

MACKLIN
Free to do what, Johnson?

The Captain shrugs. Macklin pulls the two pics off his wall and puts them into his suitcase. He follows Johnson.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON
You know, I always figured a big
time thief like you would try to
escape. At least once.

MACKLIN

Maybe I'm reformed.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON

Nah. Not you, Mack. Your fingers
are too itchy.

MACKLIN

Maybe I regret scratching that
itch.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON

Regret is one thing. Change is
another. Look at me. I swore I'd
quit this job after a month. I've
been walking these floors for
thirty five years.

MACKLIN

Ever wonder why?

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON

Do you ever wonder why you got
locked up, smart guy?

MACKLIN

Simple. I got too cocky.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON

Yeah, I remember. You overplayed
your hand and didn't check a
breaker.

MACKLIN

Live and learn.

Johnson laughs and escorts Macklin into the corridor.

EXT. MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON - DAY

Macklin and a few other CONVICTS walk out with Johnson.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON

Okay, you're done! Good luck.

Most of the Cons head for transports with LOVED ONES.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Ain't no one here to pick you up,
Macklin?

MACKLIN
Wife's dead. And my daughter's
sick. All my fault.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON
Don't bang your head on any more
walls. Try to make a fresh start.

MACKLIN
Too late now.

GUARD CAPTAIN JOHNSON
There's always the subway. They
still take cash.

DARBY
This way, Mack.

MACKLIN
Hey, Darby. I forgot you were
getting out, too.

DARBY JONES(44), pudgy, black, leads Macklin to the city.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Darby and Macklin drink in the sterile, mechanized city as
they head to the subway.

DARBY
Welcome to two thousand, thirty-
five!

MACKLIN
Same filthy city. Just more tech.

DARBY
More tech everywhere, baby!

They approach the subway gate. COMMUTERS form a line.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - DAY

Macklin bumps into a ROBOT SECURITY GUARD as he makes his way
inside. Macklin gives the mechanical man a double take.

ROBOT SECURITY
Please take your seat, citizen.

Macklin and Darby plop down next to a MOTHER(22) and her BABY
(1) who starts bawling.

Macklin looks at Darby with annoyance. Suddenly, a clear plastic dome comes down, covering the baby's crying.

MACKLIN
Now, that's progress!

Darby and Macklin watch the virtual ads on the subway.

DARBY
Can you believe it, man, time travel tourism?

An ad shows a group of time TOURISTS walking on a clear plastic path stretching over a scene from the Civil War.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Go back in time and relive history!

MACKLIN
So they figured it out.

DARBY
AI figured it out. You think humans could've made so much progress in ten years? Shit.

MACKLIN
New avenue for itchy fingers.

DARBY
Nah. They caught everybody going back buying Apple stock at ten dollars a share.

MACKLIN
Financial transactions are traceable.

DARBY
That ain't all. You change something in time, they're all over that shit. Mess with the money and you could cause financial upheaval. Change history and you could start a war. There's a black market trying to work it, but it's too hard. You change one little thing and there's turbulence on the return trip.

MACKLIN
How did you find out all this?

DARBY

I was on night housecleaning duty.
Got online using the Warden's
computer, if you can believe that
shit! I'm up to date, yo. Pulling
heists much harder now.

MACKLIN

I'm looking to go straight.

DARBY

I'm going back to what I know.
Being a driver. If it pays.

MACKLIN

Should've never asked you to be my
wheel man.

DARBY

Damn straight. You owe me big time.

MACKLIN

I'll to make it up to you.

DARBY

How, Mack? You done lost your
flair.

MACKLIN

I guess I have.

DARBY

Me, I got two baby mamas with grown
up babies. I need cash. Like,
yesterday!

Macklin pulls out his pic of Crystal. The subway stops.

MACKLIN

Stay clean, Darby.

DARBY

I'll catch you on the flip side,
Mack.

EXT. CITY STREET - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Macklin climbs the stairs out of the subway. He spies a
McDonald's on the corner.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Macklin tries to figure out the intricate ordering kiosk.

A.I. (V.O.)
Please insert your citizen ID
number and proceed to menu.

A large line forms behind Macklin as he attempts to order.

MACKLIN
I already gave you my number. I
just want a burger and fries.

A.I. (V.O.)
Please select from the lunch
options on the carousel.

CUSTOMER
Come on, old man. We're waiting.

MACKLIN
Which page am I supposed to... ?

The CUSTOMERS in line all GROAN.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Never mind. I'll just starve.

Macklin picks up his suitcase and leaves.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Macklin walks from the cosmopolitan area toward another block and the contrast is remarkable. From shiny office buildings to slums that haven't been bothered with since the 2020s.

Macklin bumps into another robot, this time a POLICE-BOT.

POLICE-BOT
Please watch where you are going.

MACKLIN
Shit, you tin cans are everywhere.

POLICE-BOT
Is there an issue here, citizen?

MACKLIN
Nah. I gotta find a place to flop.

The Police-Bot points to a run-down building with a digital sign that blinks "Rooms for Rent."

INT. CHECK-IN DESK - DAY

Macklin takes a key from the LANDLORD (60) at the desk.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Macklin throws his suitcase on the bed, pulls out some e-cigarettes and fires one up. He takes out the pics of his wife and daughter and sticks them on the mirror.

EXT. RUN-DOWN OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Grimacing, Macklin arrives at the grungy, parole office.

INT. PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

Parole Officer, ARCHIE GIPS (55), bored looking, weaselly face, scans Mack's file. Mack smokes another e-cig.

ARCHIE

So the great Phil Macklin is going straight again. I remember you almost pulled off that last heist.

MACKLIN

Too arrogant to check the finer details. Or I'd be in Colombia right now.

ARCHIE

Someone with your brain could've been an engineer. Work with AI, robotics. Now you're competing with illegals to pick fruit.

MACKLIN

What can I say? My older brother was a software engineer and died of a coronary. So I took the other route. Easy money.

ARCHIE

No such thing.

MACKLIN

You're a real morale raiser, you know that, Archie?

ARCHIE

There's a warehouse job, Mr. Mensa.

MACKLIN

I'm aiming a little higher. Going to offer my services to security companies.

ARCHIE

Dream big.
(beat)
How's your daughter?

MACKLIN

I'm headed to the hospital as soon as we're done.

ARCHIE

The Big C, I heard.

MACKLIN

Damn thing.

ARCHIE

I don't remember so many young people getting it before. Must be something in the water.

MACKLIN

Ten years in the cooler and they still haven't found a cure! They made a tech wonderland but couldn't-

ARCHIE

I doubt the Pharma racket wants a cure.

MACKLIN

Thieving bastards.

ARCHIE

Okay, sign the form.

Macklin signs a clipboard.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)

Maybe third time's a charm and the rehab will stick, eh, Mack?

MACKLIN

I'm trying. My past-- it's been eating me alive.

ARCHIE

At least, you're finally thinking about it.

Archie hands Macklin a card with the Warehouse address.

ARCHIE (CONT'D)
In case, the other things don't pan out. And give Crystal my best.

MACKLIN
She never liked you, Arch.

PAROLE OFFICER
She never liked you either.

MACKLIN
You make a point.

Macklin leaves.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Macklin walks up to the hospital carrying a bouquet of flowers.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CRYSTAL Macklin (32), her hair still short, her gaunt, pale face still defiant, stares at the tubes that wrap around her like Silly Straws. A NURSE (55) welcoming eyes but stern mouth, pokes her head in.

NURSE
You have a visitor.

CRYSTAL
A friend?

NURSE
Your father.

Crystal looks out the window.

CRYSTAL
No.

Macklin pushes his way inside anyway.

NURSE
Hey, I said wait!

MACKLIN
Crystal, I know it's been a while.

CRYSTAL

Ten years is more than a while. You just get out?

MACKLIN

Yeah. Here, I got you these flowers.

NURSE

Should I call security?

CRYSTAL

No. It's okay.

NURSE

I'll put these in water for you.

The Nurse takes the flowers and leaves. Macklin walks slowly toward Crystal who stares out the window.

MACKLIN

Uh. There was a priest in the jug. Nice Irish guy. He said, "you're never more like God than when you forgive someone."

CRYSTAL

Seriously? You are going to preach to me?

MACKLIN

No. Just... passing on some wisdom.

CRYSTAL

You think if you say the magic mantra, we're all better.

MACKLIN

I just thought olive branches may be in season.

CRYSTAL

There's the problem. Your thinking. See, your brain is wired for only one thing-- to get what you want. And bad metaphor alert-- olive branches are always available. They retain their leaves all year long. You don't have to wait for a "season!"

MACKLIN

Don't get riled up. Please. I planned for this moment for so long. I hoped it would be... nice.

There's an awkward silence.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

I won't stay long. I just want you to know that I had some time to think things over in the can. All I had in there was memories. Well, bad memories.

CRYSTAL

I'm crying jugs of tears over here.

MACKLIN

And, well... I'm truly going to go straight this time. Get a real job.

CRYSTAL

Until Slats or Pomerantz or any of your other shady 'business partners' offers you a juicy heist. And then you make a score. And then you think giving me a lot of money makes up for years of--

MACKLIN

No, no.

CRYSTAL

Well, it doesn't. You've won the Absentee Father of the Year award for the last two decades straight. Congratulations on the record.

MACKLIN

Look, I better go.

CRYSTAL

You'd think after mom died that you would stop... but no. Another big heist. Another big sentence.

MACKLIN

I loved your mom. I was just tired of disappointing her.

CRYSTAL

She died of a broken heart. Sure,
she got drunk, slipped on a cork,
and hit her head on the kitchen
counter. But she was lonely.

MACKLIN

I was so...

CRYSTAL

You said you'd be there for me.
Nothing changed.

MACKLIN

I really am trying this time.

CRYSTAL

Now he tells me. When I'm on my
death bed.

MACKLIN

Don't say that. How... how are you
feeling, anyway?

CRYSTAL

What do you think? Like hell!

MACKLIN

You're going to get better.

CRYSTAL

No. My insurance--

MACKLIN

I'll get the money.

CRYSTAL

I don't want your ill gotten gains.
Just get out.

MACKLIN

I want to make it up to you.

CRYSTAL

I said, GET OUT!

The Nurse returns with the bouquet.

NURSE

They look so lovely.

The Nurse puts the flowers down and sees the stricken face on
Crystal and then frowns at Macklin.

MACKLIN
It's okay. I'm leaving.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

The Nurse catches up with Macklin.

NURSE
Mr. Macklin.

MACKLIN
I said I was leaving.

NURSE
You should know. Due to insurance not being able to cover the cost of her care and the operation... well, your daughter won't be able to stay here more than a few more days.

MACKLIN
Ah, hell. Look, what are her, you know, odds?

NURSE
She has Leukemia. She needs a bone marrow transplant. That's her only hope.

MACKLIN
And how much does one of those cost? In real dollars?

NURSE
Five hundred thousand. And there has to be a donor so tack on more for the wait.

MACKLIN
Holy shit.

Macklin turns and walks away, the lines on his face crunched up in worry. He nearly runs into a ROBOT ORDERLY but manages to sidestep him this time.

As he walks by one hospital room, he hears a familiar, whispery VOICE.

HEPNER (O.S.)
Mack! Mack is that you?

Macklin stops. He peers inside the room.

MACKLIN
Hep?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Macklin enters the room to see his old buddy, TOMMY "THE TANK" HEPNER (71) frail, pale, clinging to life.

MACKLIN
Hell, Hep. I didn't know you were sick, too. I'm sorry to see you this way. It's been years.

HEPNER
Please. Don't get sloppy.

MACKLIN
I'm just sayin'.

HEPNER
I'm damn glad you popped up. Listen, you were always square with me and I'm almost out of time.

MACKLIN
Jeez, Hep. Now you're the one getting dramatic.

HEPNER
Listen to me, now. Get close.

Macklin approaches his bed.

HEPNER (CONT'D)
I've got something you can use. I'm not getting out of here and I couldn't think of anyone else to-- I don't know, bequeath it to.

MACKLIN
What are you talking about?

HEPNER
My time machine.

MACKLIN
What? They're... illegal.

HEPNER
It's an old one. But it works! The TM-40. In my wallet on the stand there. I have the drive key.

(MORE)

HEPNER (CONT'D)
It's in a basement in an old office
building that ain't being used.

MACKLIN
What the hell am I going to do with
a time machine? My heist days are
over.

HEPNER
You don't have to pull elaborate
scams. They'd catch you anyway.

MACKLIN
But I'm not--

HEPNER
So use it for small jobs.

MACKLIN
Small scores?

HEPNER
You go back in time for a big job,
change events, the new permutations
hit you on the way back. Smack your
body up. Like hitting concrete
blocks. Like a spaceship flying
through a meteor shower. The time
stream gets screwed up. That's why
I'm in here. I got greedy. My body
couldn't take it no more. My
internal organs are banged to hell.

MACKLIN
I heard there was a physical--

HEPNER
Just listen to me. Do small jobs.
Steal small stuff. A year or so
back. Then it ain't so bad. You get
beat up a little. But you can make
some money.

MACKLIN
I don't think--

HEPNER
Take it, damn it!

MACKLIN
Hep, you gotta understand. I have
regrets. In the cooler, all I could
think about was--

HEPNER

Never go back too far. It only
hurts.

MACKLIN

I was talking about life.

HEPNER

So am I.

After a moment, Macklin reaches for Hepner's wallet and pulls out the small, slender drive key for the time machine.

HEPNER (CONT'D)

In my bag over there is the key to
the basement and a piece of paper
with the address.

MACKLIN

I'm going straight.

HEPNER

Sure, sure. Remember: small jobs
they won't bother tracking. Don't
go back seventy years and get
Mickey Mantle's rookie card. Got
it? Short trip and the physical
toll ain't too bad.

MACKLIN

I'm getting a real job.

HEPNER

That ain't no life for you, Mack.
Scrubbing toilets, driving a fork
lift. Just... take it.

MACKLIN

Okay, Hep.

Macklin reaches into the bag for the address and key. Hepner starts coughing.

HEPNER

I left instructions on how to use
the damned thing. There's an A.I.
assist but you don't want to get
some online presence involved.
You're smart, you'll figure it out.

MACKLIN

Shit, I don't know what to say.

HEPNER
Say goodbye and get the hell out of
here.

Macklin turns to leave. Hepner smiles at him.

HEPNER (CONT'D)
You're a good guy. I'm glad it's
going to you.

Hepner begins another round of coughing. The DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR
You'll have to leave now.

Macklin nods at Hepner who smiles again, his eyes glazing over.

MACKLIN
Thanks, Hep. And... goodbye.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Macklin is about to walk out the exit when he stops. He walks back to Crystal's room and peers through the window.

He sees Crystal wiping away a tear. He thinks for a moment, rubs his head and marches out.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Macklin walks along a dangerous alley where GANG MEMBERS stare him down. He steps over a HOMELESS PERSON.

EXT. BASEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Macklin checks the address. Then he notices a stairway in the alley leading down to a basement.

Macklin paces in front of the stairway in tortured thought. He stops for a moment and heads for the door and then stops. Turns around and walks away. Only to return.

Finally, he descends the stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Macklin turns on the lights. Sitting in the center of the large, mostly empty room is what appears to be a door frame.

It's an upright rectangular frame with curved corners - made of a silver aluminum-like material.

Next to it is what appears to be a broken down, mainframe computer embedded in a rusty machine base. There's also a chair. Sitting on a table next to it is a clear plastic package that reads: READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST, DUMMY.

Macklin picks up the booklet and checks out the TM-40 for a minute. It's in sorry shape. Then he steps back and thinks.

MACKLIN
You're a law-abiding citizen now,
Macklin, remember?

Carrying the instructions, Macklin slowly turns off the lights and walks out.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Macklin, dressed in an old frayed suit, sits before a BUSINESS EXEC (40), smug, for a security firm.

MACKLIN
What better consultant than an experienced thief?

EXEC
Your reputation more than precedes you, Mr. Macklin. But honestly... is this some kind of joke?

MACKLIN
What do you mean?

EXEC
I can see what you're doing. You know your way into a security firm and then pull heists on its clients. I mean, it's a bold move but do you really think I'm that stupid?

MACKLIN
No, no, you don't get it. I'm going straight this time.

EXEC
Oh sure. This time.

The Exec smiles at Macklin. Macklin bolts up.

MACKLIN
I'm being honest, damn it!

The Exec continues to smile. Macklin storms out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Macklin walks with the NIGHT SHIFT MANAGER (45). ROBOT WORKERS zoom around them.

MANAGER
Archie called me and said you were square. So do you have any experience in this line of work?

MACKLIN
I've run a fork lift before.
Stacked palettes. Drove a truck.

BOSS
I meant janitorial.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Macklin stands near the door of the bathroom with his bucket and mop. A ROBOT whizzes by. Macklin regards it with disgust.

MACKLIN
Hey, you!

The ROBOT stops.

ROBOT WORKER
Yes?

MACKLIN
How come there aren't robots scrubbing the toilets?

ROBOT WORKER
Are you jesting? We're far too important to function as custodians.

The Robot zips away. Macklin catches a look at himself in the mirror and frowns. Throws his mop down and leaves.

INT. RENTED ROOM - NIGHT

Macklin checks the money in his wallet and tosses it on the nightstand. He looks at the pic of Crystal taped on the wall.

Macklin buries his head in his hands and lets out a soft moan.

Then he slowly looks up --- there! On the nightstand. The Time Machine instructions. He slowly stands up and picks them up. He takes a deep breath and starts reading.

ON PAGES - Give yourself a forty-eight hour buffer. And a half mile radius. Plotting exact trajectory can be difficult.

Macklin puts the pages down. He picks up his phone and clicks a button. A movie of him and Crystal scans out before him.

Macklin stares at the happy images, clicks out of it, now determined. Inspired. He grabs a coat and races out.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Macklin lies on the floor working on the insides of the TM-40. He drops a wrench on the floor and then goes to the console and pushes a button.

There's a SPARK of electricity in the back and then a large cloud of black smoke comes out.

Macklin examines the guts of the machine again. Then he flops onto his back and continues working, smudging his face when he wipes off his sweat.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

On the door of the office are the words TIME CRIME UNIT.

DETECTIVE JAY WING (41), no nonsense, serious expression, overly caffeinated, scans the time line monitor.

ON SCREEN - MINOR TIME LINE INFRACTION

Jay's boss, CHIEF DIONNE, (60), conservative, perfectly combed grey hair, enters.

CHIEF DIONNE
Some disturbance?

WING
A new time line was generated. I'm checking the discrepancies with our current one. Could be nothing. A tourist getting off the trail.

CHIEF DIONNE
It only registered a minute off.
Most likely, a monitor error.

WING
I think it's worth a look.

CHIEF DIONNE
Still anxious for that big sting,
aren't you?

Wing gets up from his desk abruptly.

WING
Going to check in with the lab.

CHIEF DIONNE
Look. Detective Wing. Everyone
makes mistakes. Especially with
time crimes.

Wing looks down in momentary shame.

WING
But not everyone's mistake--

CHIEF DIONNE
What? You still have a job. You'll
get your chance to prove yourself.

WING
I know I will.

CHIEF DIONNE
If only you could turn back time.

Wing smirks at the joke and slams the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Macklin sits with Crystal in her room. There's only silence
and the weakening sun beams of a late Autumn day.

MACKLIN
I may have found a way.

CRYSTAL
Another heist?

MACKLIN
No. No big heists.

CRYSTAL
A little heist.

MACKLIN
I got a straight job. At a
warehouse. But the pay--

CRYSTAL
That's a step in the right
direction, anyway.

MACKLIN
But you need so much money.

CRYSTAL
It's okay.

MACKLIN
No, it's not.

CRYSTAL
At least you're trying, regardless
of my situation.

MACKLIN
But maybe I can do a thing and
it'll work out.

CRYSTAL
I love the vagueness of that. Do a
thing. As if the opaque language
absolves you of any criminality.

MACKLIN
I'm not going to bomb an orphanage!

CRYSTAL
And here comes the sliding scale of
morality.

MACKLIN
I never killed anyone. Never hurt
anyone. Only took from the rich
assholes who deserved to--

CRYSTAL
Oh God. Please, stop. You're a
thief.

MACKLIN
Look, let me help. We'll get you
your transplant and then I'll get
the hell out of your life.

CRYSTAL
Macklin.

MACKLIN
I'm your dad. Don't call me
Macklin.

CRYSTAL
Everyone calls you Macklin.

MACKLIN
Just a few small--

CRYSTAL
I knew it. I knew it.

MACKLIN
What about being an English
professor? You liked to write and
all that.

Crystal peers out the window at the dreary sky.

CRYSTAL
I have cancer, Dad. The academic
career is on hold.

MACKLIN
Listen, I haven't even figured out
how the hell-- what the hell I'm
going to do yet. Okay? I'm trying
to figure a legit angle.

CRYSTAL
What are you talking about?

MACKLIN
I have something. A very valuable
machine, let's call it. It can do
amazing things.

CRYSTAL
Perpetual motion machine?

MACKLIN
Maybe I can find an angle. Make
money... but in a way that's above
board. Or not as bad. Maybe make it
work for good.

CRYSTAL
You better start thinking of
something soon. Or you won't have a
daughter to visit.

MACKLIN

Can you just quit with the morbid
comments and just talk to your
father like a normal person?

CRYSTAL

Normal.

MACKLIN

Damn it!

Macklin stands up. He moves to leave and then turns back. He puts his hand on her covers. She pushes it away.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Help me, help you. Okay?

CRYSTAL

I've said it before and I'll say it again. Maybe this time it'll finally filter through that adamantine skull of yours-- I don't want your dirty money! Now get out!!!

Macklin walks to the door, then stops.

MACKLIN

I'm a bad guy. I get it. But I love you. You're all I have. This is how I can--

CRYSTAL

GET OUT!

Macklin quickly exits.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Macklin punches buttons on the computer console. A shimmering glow surrounds the Door Frame of the TM-40.

ON SCREEN - Location and time boxes appear.

Macklin punches in the address of Central Park and a previous date: Tuesday, October 14th, three pm.

Then, picking up the transmitter (which looks like a mini-walkie talkie with a complex display screen and buttons), he steps toward the Door Frame. It hovers a few inches in the air, as if held in open space by some sort of unseen force. And it hums gently.

He takes a deep breath and then steps through.

SPARKING EFFECT

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

IT APPEARS AS A TRANSLUCENT, LUMINESCENT TUNNEL. MACKLIN TRAVELS THROGH THE OUTLINE OF EVENTS STREAMING PAST HIM AS IF THEY WERE X-RAYS OR BLUEPRINTS, PEOPLE MOVING AROUND IN SPACE, LIKE GHOSTS.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE POND - TWO DAYS BEFORE

Macklin materializes in the center of the pond in Central Park, right in the water! He sinks and then, after a second or two, emerges to the surface.

MACKLIN

What the hell?

A JOGGER stops running when he sees Macklin splashing about.

JOGGER

Mister, are you okay?

MACKLIN

Transmitter! My transmitter!

Macklin reaches into his pocket and pulls out the transmitter but it's soaked.

JOGGER

Can you swim?

MACKLIN

Yeah. But it's damn cold! Uh, what's the date?

JOGGER

What?

MACKLIN

What day is it?

JOGGER

Tuesday. October 14th.

MACKLIN

Thanks.

Macklin swims toward the shore.

JOGGER
You sure you're okay, man?

Macklin examines at his transmitter as he climbs out of the pond, soaking wet.

MACKLIN
Where's the nearest Radio Shack?

EXT. RADIO SHACK - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Still dripping wet, Macklin inserts fresh, dry batteries into the transmitter and clicks it on. It buzzes and numbers appear on the screen. Macklin punches buttons.

The Door Frame appears on the sidewalk, startling the PASSERBY. Macklin nods at them and then steps into it. As soon as he does, the Door Frame disappears.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

SINCE NO CHANGES WERE MADE, THE TIME STREAM IS JUST AS CLEAR AND CLEAN ON THE TRIP BACK.

MACKLIN DOESN'T ENCOUNTER ANY TURBULENCE, JUST A RUSH OF EVENTS AND PEOPLE HURLING BY HIM IN THEIR PROPER ORDER.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

Macklin steps out of the Time Stream and through the Door Frame into the basement. He looks about the space, elated.

INT. CRYSTAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Crystal stares at a pic of her dad on her phone. Her dinner tray sits on her lap, empty. The Nurse enters.

CRYSTAL
Has my dad-- ?

NURSE
Not today.

Crystal shakes her head.

NURSE (CONT'D)
I thought you didn't--

CRYSTAL
I was just wondering.

NURSE

Mmm.

The Nurse takes her tray and leaves. Crystal pulls up the pic of her dad again, and her expression is one of yearning.

INT. SWIZZLE STICK BAR - NIGHT

Macklin sits with Darby drinking beer. A hovering screen plays the news.

MACKLIN

Thanks for coming.

DARBY

I know you owe me. But I hope it ain't just a couple of beers. Cause my exes don't accept alcoholic beverages in lieu of cash.

MACKLIN

I wouldn't call you unless it was a big opportunity.

DARBY

Another heist?

MACKLIN

No, not quite.

DARBY

I thought you were going legit.

MACKLIN

I'm trying. I think there's an angle we could--

DARBY

I don't know. I already have a job. Legit job.

MACKLIN

Doing... ?

DARBY

Commercial driver.

MACKLIN

You like it? Pay good?

DARBY

These new trucks practically drive themselves so it's boring as hell.

(MORE)

DARBY (CONT'D)

And the pay? I'm gonna be in hock
till I'm in the grave.

MACKLIN

So you'd be open to something?

DARBY

I don't know what the something is
yet, man.

Macklin looks around.

MACKLIN

I have a friggin' time machine.

DARBY

What? How did you... ?

MACKLIN

I think we may be able to do some
small jobs without getting
detected. I haven't figured out
what. That's the problem.

A news story flashes on the hovering flat screen. A
BUSINESSMAN (42), handsome, boyish, in a suit hides from
REPORTERS as he storms out of a courtroom.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Hey, I know that guy.

DARBY

White collar, rich dude?

MACKLIN

Went to high school with him.
William Clark. Big Wall Street
Tycoon. But essentially a good guy.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A whistleblower has audio of Clark
making a deal to embezzle funds in
an enormous fraud case that could
shake Wall Street.

The screen flashes footage of the WHISTLEBLOWER, (33), a
slight, bookish type.

DARBY

Sounds like your buddy's cold
busted.

MACKLIN
Audio evidence will damn you every time.

Macklin thinks.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Unless... there was another way.

DARBY
Like what?

MACKLIN
If he could get someone to... steal the evidence.

DARBY
No way, Mack. It's probably in deep storage. They probably got bodyguards and extra security around that whistleblower cat so you can't get to his computer. And everyone's seen his mug on the news.

MACKLIN
I meant, if a thief could go back in time... when it was first recorded. And steal the evidence then.

DARBY
Ha ha, yeah right.

Macklin downs his beer.

MACKLIN
This is the kind of small job I was talking about. We need to set up a meeting.

DARBY
Okay, it's an evidence heist operation.

MACKLIN
Exactly. And I'm going to need you to stay in the present. While I go back to past.

DARBY
Now that sounds like the old Macklin.

Macklin gets up.

MACKLIN
This beer's on me, pal.

DARBY
You leaving already?

MACKLIN
Clock's tickin'.

DARBY
I know. Toward what, is the
question. Pay day... or doomsday.

MACKLIN
Don't worry. You'll get your cut.
That's how I make good.

DARBY
As long as we don't get caught yo.

Macklin throws some money on the bar and leaves.

INT. TIME CRIME UNIT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Chief Dionne enters to find Wing absorbed with time line reports. He's followed by a policeman, BROOKS (35), balding, pot belly.

CHIEF DIONNE
Hey, Detective Wing, I'm taking the
boys out for a couple beers.

BROOKS
Come on, Wing.

WING
No thanks.

CHIEF DIONNE
I admire your relentless drive, but
the universal timeline's quiet and
you have to enjoy some down time.

WING
Not me.

BROOKS
Forget it, Chief. He's like one of
our robots.

CHIEF DIONNE

You're divorced. No kids. How do
you decompress?

WING

That's my concern, Chief.

BROOKS

Maybe we should check to see if
he's got a battery pack on. Reboot
the tight ass.

CHIEF DIONNE

Just don't stay too late.

The Chief and Brooks leave. Wing looks a little hurt but
continues pouring over records of time on his computer.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Macklin sits before Crystal who sleeps. After rubbing his
forehead, he gets up and paces the room. The Nurse enters.

NURSE

She's worse. Maybe you shouldn't be
here when she wakes up.

MACKLIN

I wanted to ask her something. But,
it's okay. I... know her answer
anyway.

NURSE

Good day, Mr. Macklin.

Macklin leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Macklin strolls by the other rooms on the Cancer Ward. He
stops when he hears LAUGHTER. He peers inside.

From his vantage, he can see a middle-aged FATHER hugging his
twenty-something DAUGHTER. The smiling MOTHER watches them.

DAUGHTER

Thanks so much for coming, Dad.

FATHER

Of course! I'm always here for my
little girl.

Macklin winces at the scene. Then he speeds out the exit.

INT. RENTED ROOM - NIGHT

Macklin pours over a sheaf of hospital bills. Then he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the TM-40 transmitter. He places it over the bills.

Finally, sweating, he picks up his phone.

MACKLIN

This is Phil Macklin for William Clark. I know. Tell him it's his old high school buddy, Mack. Phil Macklin. From Crown Heights. I know it's a tough time. Hello? Hello?

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Macklin approaches a high rise and hits a buzzer.

VOICE (V.O.)

Who is it?

MACKLIN

It's Phil Macklin for William Clark.

VOICE (V.O.)

Never heard of you!

MACKLIN

But we went to high school together! Hello?

LATER

WILLIAM CLARK (55), handsome, appearing destitute despite his fancy suit, exits the building quickly. Macklin follows him.

MACKLIN

Hey! Billy boy!

William runs to the street, searching for a cab.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Come on, Bill, it's me. Mack.

William stops and turns to Macklin. A look of recognition.

WILLIAM

Mack? From Crown Heights? What-- ?

MACKLIN

I can help you.

WILLIAM

I doubt it.

MACKLIN

Trust your old buddy.

William, panic in his eyes, just stares at Mack.

INT. DINER - DAY

Macklin and Darby sip coffee with William Clark. Clark's designer suit sticks out in the modest diner but it's slow so there's no one to notice except the WAITRESS (44).

MACKLIN

Once a member of the street gang,
always a member, right?

WILLIAM

I have to admit, you're the last
person I expected to see.
Especially now.

MACKLIN

You were on the news.

WILLIAM

And I remember reading online about
your last caper. It was about ten
years ago, right?

MACKLIN

We just got out. Darby and me.

WILLIAM

So, listen it's nice to reminisce
about our gang days and all--

DARBY

We can help your problems go away.

MACKLIN

I wouldn't shit you. Being old
friends and all that.

WILLIAM

Details are what I'm waiting for,
Mack.

MACKLIN

It's going to cost you.

WILLIAM

How much?

MACKLIN

How much would your innocence be
worth?

WILLIAM

Hundred grand.

DARBY

Two hundred.

WILLIAM

If you can swing it.

MACKLIN

I can.

WILLIAM

Waiting.

MACKLIN

When do you think this audio
recording was made?

WILLIAM

It's so damn embarrassing. I had no
idea that clown was recording me
when we--

MACKLIN

When? Exact date.

WILLIAM

About a year ago. October... 5th.
But how can you--?

MACKLIN

Yesterday's negotiable.

DARBY

And it's a short trip.

WILLIAM

Short-- ?

MACKLIN
I've got a time machine.

WILLIAM
What?

William laughs. And then he sees Macklin's stolid expression.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I thought only the government had
those.

MACKLIN
I can get that recording.

WILLIAM
You're serious?

DARBY
Damn straight.

WILLIAM
I mean, that would change
everything.

MACKLIN
Daylight's burning. We need to do
this right away.

WILLIAM
Hey, I'm ready now.

MACKLIN
Let's go.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Macklin types code into the time machine. William paces the room. Darby gathers football gear together.

WILLIAM
I'll have a cashier's check drawn
up.

MACKLIN
There's another tricky detail. The
time paradox.

WILLIAM
Let's hear it.

MACKLIN

When I go back and get this audio convicting your ass, it'll no longer be in the time line. Reality will change. You won't be charged. Which means, I'm screwed when I come back. Because you won't know this conversation ever happened. You'll be in a new reality where there's no audio recording and so no threat to your life. Follow me?

WILLIAM

Yeah. And so?

MACKLIN

And so, I'm going to write this all out in a letter and mail it to you two years back in time, after I get the recording. It'll explain that we agreed that I would time travel back to get incriminating evidence, thus preventing the investigation. But you still owe me when I return. I'll also email Darby all of the details so he'll be here to manage the time machine and other details.

DARBY

I don't get a letter?

MACKLIN

No, because you'll know about the time machine, but you won't know about Bill, here. His timeline won't effect yours.

Mack pulls up the letter and double checks it.

WILLIAM

But what's my motivation then? I mean, if there's no indictment? We're kind of friends but--

MACKLIN

Pay the bill or the evidence I steal goes straight to the DA.

WILLIAM

Ah, right.

MACKLIN

I don't want to frame it in terms of extortion.

(MORE)

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

I see it more like helping an old friend. But I hope to hell you believe the letter!

WILLIAM

You sound desperate, brother.

MACKLIN

I have a daughter who needs a bone marrow transplant. Like tomorrow.

WILLIAM

Ah. Sorry to hear that. Crystal, right?

MACKLIN

Yeah.

Macklin stops typing as if he remembers something.

WILLIAM

What's wrong?

MACKLIN

I almost forgot. I'm only doing this on one condition.

WILLIAM

Two hundred grand isn't enough?

MACKLIN

I'm trying to reform. So... you have to make a promise you won't do this kind of thing again.

WILLIAM

Ah.

MACKLIN

You're not paying me to be an evidence thief, you're paying me ... for a second chance.

WILLIAM

A second chance.

MACKLIN

That's the condition. No more funny stuff.

WILLIAM

Are you kidding me? I know what I did was wrong. It was a huge, stupid, insane mistake.

MACKLIN

I'm adding this proviso into the letter, which will act as our contract.

Macklin types into the file.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

You start on a new road.

WILLIAM

I have a family too. I'll admit I got greedy. But it's a one-time thing.

MACKLIN

Redemption. That's what this is about. Not stealing evidence.

WILLIAM

Whatever you say.

Macklin stops typing the letter. Hits print.

MACKLIN

Darby, can you grab an envelope from my bag, put this man's address and a stamp on it?

DARBY

You got it, Mack.

Macklin continues typing into the time machine.

MACKLIN

You're sure this is the exact location and time where the recording will be?

WILLIAM

Sure as sure can be. That's his condo address. The drive is in his study. It was handed over to the Feds the next night.

MACKLIN

Should be relatively easy to sneak in, grab it and return.

WILLIAM

Oh, and you'd better wipe his laptop.

MACKLIN
Copy that.

Macklin pushes a button. The Door Frame lights up.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
I'll be back in an hour. You won't
remember this, but that's okay.

Darby hands him a uniform. Macklin starts putting on padding
and a helmet, looking a little like a funky football player.

WILLIAM
What's with all the--?

MACKLIN
If you change the timeline at all,
you experience turbulence on the
way back. Pretty bad turbulence,
according to the manual.

WILLIAM
Wow.

MACKLIN
This makeshift, padded jumper was
all Darby and I could come up with
on short schedule.

Macklin, now in full gear, walks to the Door Frame. Darby
hands him the letter.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Let's hope this doesn't get lost in
the mail. Or I come back to an
empty basement.

WILLIAM
Hey, Mack. Uh, listen. I really--

MACKLIN
Thank me with the money. My
daughter needs it. And a new life.

WILLIAM
I will.

Macklin dives through the doorway into the Time Stream.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

THE TRANSLUCENT TUNNEL OF TIME PROVIDES A SPEEDY, SMOOTH
FLIGHT THROUGH EVENTS OF THE PAST AS THEY APPEAR LIKE
GOSSAMER PHANTOMS.

AS HE FLIES, MACKLIN SEES HIS WIFE'S FACE.

LESLIE (V.O.)

I don't get it. You had the grades to go a long way. College, engineer job. But instead, you chose... what you chose. I wish I'd never fallen in love with you!

MACKLIN SHAKES HEAD. OTHER THAN THIS DISTANT MEMORY, THE TRIP IS EFFORTLESS WITH NO FRICTION HINDERING HIS FLIGHT.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT - WEEK BEFORE

Macklin materializes outside the condo.

He spies a public mail box on the corner. He walks to it and deposits the letter for William Clark.

Then Macklin goes to the security door. He looks around for a moment. No one in the area. It's late.

Macklin pulls out a mini-screwdriver out of his tool bag and takes the security plate off. Then he crosses two wires and the door BUZZES open. Macklin enters.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Macklin presses "10" on the elevator pad. But just as the doors are about to close, a man in a suit throws his briefcase into them and it reopens.

Macklin's eyes grow wide when he recognizes it's the Whistleblower from the TV footage.

Following the Whistleblower onto the elevator is his BODYGUARD, burly, an impregnable fortress of stolidity, and by the looks of his suit and dark glasses, a secret service agent on loan.

The Whistleblower gives Macklin's makeshift football outfit a once-over and laughs.

WHISTLEBLOWER

Going to a costume party?

MACKLIN

Oh, uh, yeah.

WHISTLEBLOWER

So you're an old timey football player or something?

MACKLIN
I had to improvise.

BODYGUARD
Going to the tenth floor as well?

MACKLIN
Oh no. I meant to push nine.

WHISTLEBLOWER
I'll get it. That outfit must be
cumbersome.

MACKLIN
I never played football, so...

WHISTLEBLOWER
Ah, I was never the jock type
either. But it's the nerds who make
the big money later in life, am I
right?

MACKLIN
Right.

The Whistleblower looks at the Bodyguard.

WHISTLEBLOWER
I wasn't talking about you. You're
a jock who made good.

The Bodyguard shows no emotion, but he gives Macklin a
careful scan.

BODYGUARD
Do you have any identification?

MACKLIN
Uh, no. I walked over. Forgot to
bring---

WHISTLEBLOWER
I don't recognize you. Of course,
you're wearing the helmet.

MACKLIN
Yeah, the visor is stuck.

WHISTLEBLOWER
So, who's having the party on the
ninth floor?

MACKLIN
Uh, the Binders.

WHISTLEBLOWER
Binders? I don't know them.

MACKLIN
Frank and Kristy.

WHISTLEBLOWER
Okay.

BODYGUARD
I'll check with the manager once
I've secured the drive.

WHISTLEBLOWER
Oh, don't hassle this poor guy.
He's going to a costume party and
his outfit is kind of lame.

MACKLIN
Like I said, I had to improvise.

The elevator opens on the ninth floor.

WHISTLEBLOWER
Kind of quiet for a party.

MACKLIN
I'm early.

WHISTLEBLOWER
Nice meeting you. Mister... ?

The doors close. Macklin runs for the staircase.

INT. CONDO - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Macklin scrambles up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Macklin cracks the door open to see the Whistleblower and Bodyguard enter the condo.

Macklin pulls a small explosive device from his tool bag and places it in front of the elevator. He pushes a button with a ten-second countdown and then hides behind the staircase door.

The explosion goes off with a mini-BOOM!

The Bodyguard races out of the condo.

BODYGUARD

Get your wife and daughter, go to
your bedroom, and lock the door.

As the condo door's about to close, Macklin runs over from
the staircase, slipping inside before it shuts completely.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Macklin hides behind a plant as the Whistleblower hustles his
WIFE and DAUGHTER into the master bedroom.

WHISTLEBLOWER

It's okay. We've got the Fed guy on
top of it.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Macklin quickly signs into the computer in the study.

ON SCREEN - we see him hack the password on the computer and
then enter the Cloud. He highlights a bunch of audio files
and hits delete.

Macklin spots a framed pic on the Whistleblower's desk. It's
of the Whistleblower and his daughter, not unlike the pic
Macklin has of Crystal. He pauses for a moment. He frowns.

Then Macklin tries to open the top drawer of the desk. But
it's locked. He pulls the small screwdriver out and jimmies
it open. The drive's there, but before he can get it, he
hears the front door open and darts under the desk.

BODYGUARD (V.O.)

I better get that drive and report
back.

HALLWAY

The Whistleblower emerges from the bedroom when he hears the
Bodyguard's voice.

WHISTLEBLOWER

It's in the study. Top drawer.

THE STUDY

The Whistleblower stops when he sees the drawer has been
forcibly opened. Then he looks at the audio files being
deleted.

WHISTLEBLOWER (CONT'D)
Somebody must've gotten to the--

The Bodyguard pulls out his gun. The Whistleblower looks into his drawer.

WHISTLEBLOWER (CONT'D)
Wait, no. Here's the drive. Thank God!

The Whistleblower hands it to the Bodyguard.

BODYGUARD
But the assailant is on the premises. I can smell his deodorant. And it's not your brand.

Macklin leaps up from underneath the desk and rushing toward the Bodyguard like a defensive lineman, tackles him to the ground. The Bodyguard's gun goes off.

The drive falls from the Bodyguard's hand and lands on the carpet.

WHISTLEBLOWER
It's the costume party guy!

Macklin picks up the drive and races to the front door.

THE HALLWAY

The Whistleblower hops onto his back.

WHISTLEBLOWER (CONT'D)
Don't! I need that! It's our whole case, you weirdo!

MACKLIN
Sorry! I have to take this.

Macklin comes to an abrupt halt at the door, flipping the Whistleblower off his back. The Whistleblower smacks his head on the wall and falls unconscious.

The Bodyguard shoots two bullets into the door, barely missing Macklin. Macklin swings the door open and races for the staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Macklin rattles down the stairs quickly, the Bodyguard, a floor behind him.

EXT. CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

Macklin bangs out of the staircase door. He pauses and pulls out his transmitter.

The Door Frame materializes and Macklin leaps into the time stream just as the Bodyguard emerges from the building and shoots several rounds. But he's too late. The door is gone.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

THIS TIME, THE RIDE THROUGH THE TIME STREAM HEADING BACK IS BUMPY.

MACKLIN GLIDES THROUGH EVENTS THAT AREN'T EFFECTED BUT WHEN A NEW CIRCUMSTANCE APPEARS BECAUSE OF HIS MEDDLING, IT'S LIKE A BLACK, SOLID DIAGRAM-- A MATERIAL OUTLINE OF NEW EVENTS IN A NEW ORDER OF PEOPLE AND SPACE.

MACKLIN SMACKS INTO THIS NEW HISTORY WITH HIS BODY AND TUMBLES BACKWARDS FOR A SECOND. BUT THE TIME STREAM DOESN'T STOP. IT PULLS HIM ALONG HIS JOURNEY.

INT. WILLIAM CLARK'S HOME - TWO YEARS PREVIOUS - DAY

William's wife STACY (33) enters carrying the mail.

WILLIAM

Anything good?

STACY

Just some junk. Wait, there is one here for you. The address is handwritten!

William takes the letter.

WILLIAM

Phil Macklin. Old high school buddy. What does he want?

William opens the letter. His face turns pale.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

"If you're reading this, it means I succeeded in retrieving the evidence from the timeline."

STACY

What is it, honey?

WILLIAM

Uh... something's come up.

William leaves the room.

STACY
Where are you-- ?

WILLIAM (O.S.)
I have to get to the office!

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

MACKLIN HITS ANOTHER BLOCK OF NEW CIRCUMSTANCES, THIS TIME SMACKING HIS HELMET. HE TWIRLS AROUND IN THE TIME STREAM AS IF IN A WASHING MACHINE.

EVENTUALLY THE CURRENT TAKES HIM BACK TO PRESENT TIME.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

Mack tumbles through the Door Frame and lands on the floor. Darby sits at the controls of the TM-40. William Clark stands next to him, stunned.

DARBY
Macklin, are you okay? Got your email, man.

Macklin slowly pulls off his bent football helmet. There's a gash on his forehead, dripping blood. His left eye is blackened. The uniform is ripped and the padding falls out.

MACKLIN
Not too bad. Considering I was being fired at. The date and coordinates were a little off.

WILLIAM
I read the letter. And then I had to wait a couple of anxiety-ridden years. But I have the money.

DARBY
It's all here. I counted.

William walks over and places the suitcase in front of Macklin who still lies on the floor.

MACKLIN
That certainly eases the pain.

WILLIAM
So, the evidence?

Macklin reaches into his pocket and hands William the drive.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Can I verify it?

William points to the computer console of the TM-40. Darby takes the file and plugs it in.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN - The audio of the file bounces along a wave graph.

WILLIAM (ON RECORDING) (CONT'D)
This minute diversion flows into a separate fund. By my reckoning, it can add up to millions.

Darby pulls the drive out of the computer. Hands it William.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
That's it. And his laptop?

MACKLIN
I wiped the drive and the Cloud.
You're free and clear.

WILLIAM
I guess I'll find out.

MACKLIN
Trust me.

WILLIAM
Do you need any help?

Macklin gives himself a quick examination.

MACKLIN
I'll be all right. I just have a monstrous headache. Like a baby elephant bouncing on my brain.

William picks up the helmet.

WILLIAM
This didn't help much.

DARBY
We're going to have to get new gear.

MACKLIN
Yeah, I was woefully unprepared.

WILLIAM

Look, I gotta go and--

MACKLIN

Go.

WILLIAM

Hey, Mack, no shit, thanks a lot.

MACKLIN

Second chance. That's what I sell.
Honor our agreement in the letter.

WILLIAM

On the straight and narrow.

MACKLIN

Good man!

William smiles and races out of the room. Darby dabs Macklin's head injury with hydrogen peroxide.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Not too shabby.

DARBY

And my cut's going to help Darby
junior get into community college.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Macklin walks up to the hospital with the suitcase of cash.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Macklin sits closer to Crystal who chews her lunch almost as a rebellious gesture.

MACKLIN

I got a new job.

CRYSTAL

Is this the one you were talking
about the other day? Involving some
super machine?

MACKLIN

Yeah. I guess it is.

CRYSTAL

And what's the business, again?

MACKLIN

Well--

CRYSTAL

Does your machine make counterfeit
money or something?

MACKLIN

No. It's legitimate. Kinda.

CRYSTAL

Ha!

MACKLIN

I offer troubled people... a second
chance at life. The one society
won't give them.

CRYSTAL

Oh really?

MACKLIN

Yeah. That's my business.

CRYSTAL

That's how you rationalize it.

MACKLIN

No. That's what it is. I mean,
essentially.

Crystal shakes her head as she pushes her empty tray away.

CRYSTAL

I don't believe you.

MACKLIN

You're going to have to believe me,
honey. It's the best I can do right
now.

CRYSTAL

It's something bitter wrapped up in
a sweet delusion.

MACKLIN

No. It's one of those ends
justifies the means deals.

CRYSTAL

Oh, one of those deals!

Macklin walks up to kiss Crystal, but she turns away.

MACKLIN
I'll see you soon.

Macklin leaves as the Nurse enters.

NURSE
You're dad is a miracle worker.

CRYSTAL
If you mean showing up with large
amounts of money, yeah, he's a
supernatural wonder.

NURSE
You can see he's devoted to you.

Crystal pulls her pillows over her ears.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Okay, I'll stop. The good news is
we may have a potential blood
marrow donor.

CRYSTAL
What?

Crystal puts the pillows down. Hope etched on her face.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

Sweating with excitement, Wing pulls a read-out from the printer and shows it to Chief Dionne.

WING
Told you! Someone's figured out a
new angle for time crimes!

CHIEF DIONNE
Give it a rest, Wing.

WING
Seriously! I looked for any
abnormalities in criminal records
or trials. I traced the blip to a
whistle blower case. Audio evidence
could have implicated a Wall Street
Tycoon named William Clark. The
evidence just disappeared
apparently because it's not on the
new time line.

BROOKS
Could be a one-off.

WING

Could be a lucrative gig for someone. Short trips fetching evidence are survivable.

CHIEF DIONNE

Okay, okay. Get on it. Or we're going to have a lot of criminals having their cases tossed.

WING

Cross checking William Clark's personal history with possible criminal contacts. And I'll monitor all time stream activities.

CHIEF DIONNE

This could be the elusive big one.

Wing doesn't react, intent on his work.

INT. SWIZZLE STICK BAR - NIGHT

Darby sits with a couple of HOODS from the neighborhood.

DARBY

Nah, nah, it ain't like that. My boy only takes on cases where there's a hope of redemption.

HOOD #1

What?

DARBY

Redemption, you moron. Where someone knows he did something bad and gets with a different program. Come to Jesus moment. Road to Damascus kinda deal.

HOOD #2

Has Mack got religion or something?

DARBY

I'm just telling you how it works. He don't do murder raps, he don't do assault, he don't even do stealing if there ain't a chance for change. Now get your butts out of my booth unless you gonna repent of your dirty deeds.

The Hoods look at each other, shrug and leave. Darby walks up to the bar where Macklin sits sipping a beer.

DARBY (CONT'D)
They weren't worth the oxygen to talk.

MACKLIN
It's okay. We have two more cases lined up.

DARBY
Yo, I gotta tell ya. You've come through on your big pay-back.
Mouths are being fed at the Darby residence.

MACKLIN
Enjoying that ten percent, are you?

DARBY
You know it. What's next?

MACKLIN
Prepare for a long night. I'm going to need you to patch me up when I come back through the stream.

DARBY
You know, I used to be a cut man for the golden gloves. Nosebleeds, swelling, lacerations-- I got you.

MACKLIN
And possibly broken bones. I have to get the money quickly. That means less time for healing.

DARBY
Splints are a forte. Until you see the sawbones.

MACKLIN
You got the new uni ready?

DARBY
As ready as can be.

MACKLIN
Then let's get going.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Darby helps Macklin put on his newly designed time travel uniform, fitted out with more padding, a back brace and other supports.

MACKLIN

Your contractor friend will be here with the money in an hour.

DARBY

Check.

Darby slides a sleekly designed, thicker helmet with tinted visor on Macklin. It looks like a combo NFL/ riot gear dome.

DARBY (CONT'D)

You suited up and ready to go? Our starting QB for The New York City Second Chancers!

MACKLIN

This trip could be a challenge.

DARBY

What's the evidence?

MACKLIN

If you can believe it, a footprint.

DARBY

No shit?

MACKLIN

Ties the client to a graft payment on a construction site. I'm going to scoop it up and put it in this bag.

DARBY

Seeing is believing.

MACKLIN

I just hope he's on the level about staying clean.

DARBY

You spoke to the man.

MACKLIN

I know. But a ten minute meeting at the Swizzle Stick doesn't instill the greatest confidence.

DARBY

It's getting late, my friend.

MACKLIN

Fire up the TM-40.

Darby hops on the computer. Hits some keys. The Door Frame crackles with energy.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

See you in an hour.

DARBY

Be safe, Mack.

Macklin dives through the Door Way into the Time Stream.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

AS USUAL, THE TRAVEL BACK IN TIME IS EFFORTLESS. MACK SLIDES THROUGH THE SKELETAL IMPRESSIONS OF PAST EVENTS.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT - TWO WEEKS BEFORE

Macklin walks through the Door Frame onto the grounds. It appears as if the work has been done in haste. Wood lies in piles. There's piping and metal beams scattered about.

A port-a-potty teeters on a hill of dirt.

Macklin searches about. He checks the pic on his phone, then looks back in the dirt. There are thousands of footprints. Which one is the right one?

Macklin continues looking. He puts his bag of tools down. Then he notices a slab of concrete near the edge of the foundation.

Macklin finds the footprint, printed deeply into the concrete. Macklin shakes his head as he looks into his bag.

Macklin walks to a tool shed. After a moment, he comes back out with a hammer and a chisel.

Macklin bends down over the concrete. He smacks the stake into the slab. SMACK! SMACK!

A couple hundred yards away, a SECURITY GUARD hears the noise and scans the area with his flashlight.

Macklin smacks down on the stake even harder, chiseling out the footprint carefully.

SECURITY GUARD
Who's there?

MACKLIN
It's okay. I'm here on official...
business.

The Security Guard pulls out a gun and walks toward Macklin who frantically smacks out the final edge of the footprint.

SECURITY GUARD
You freeze right there!

MACKLIN
It's all good. Just doing a little
digging.

Macklin lifts the slab of hard footprint out of the foundation and places it into his bag.

SECURITY GUARD
What are you putting in that bag?

MACKLIN
A footprint, that's all.

SECURITY GUARD
And why are you dressed up like a
football player?

MACKLIN
Listen, it'll take too long to
explain.

Macklin pulls out his transmitter.

SECURITY GUARD
Drop it!!

MACKLIN
It's just my transmitter.

The Door Frame materializes.

SECURITY GUARD
What in blazes?

MACKLIN
Gotta run.

SECURITY GUARD
Don't move or I shoot!

Macklin sprints into the frame anyway. The Guard shoots but misses him. But he does send the bullet into the time stream.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

MACKLIN FLIES THROUGH THE TIME STREAM, THE BULLET FOLLOWING BEHIND HIM.

THERE ARE MORE, NEW EVENTS FORMING INTO SOLID BLOCKS DURING MACKLIN'S RETURN TRIP.

ONE LEVELS HIM IN THE STOMACH, KNOCKING THE AIR OUT OF HIM. ANOTHER BLOCK SLAMS INTO HIS FEET AS HE GLIDES THROUGH ON HIS BACK. HE'S TOSSED ABOUT LIKE A PAIR OF SHOES IN A DRYER.

Each time as he's hit, he HEARS his daughter's voice.

CRYSTAL (V.O.)
I don't want your DIRTY MONEY!

SMACK!

CRYSTAL (V.O.)
I don't believe you!

SMACK!

CRYSTAL (V.O.)
GET OUT!!

FINALLY, HE EMERGES FROM THE TIME TUNNEL.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

Macklin tumbles onto the floor, noticeably beat up. Darby has laid out a puffy, gym mat to soften his fall.

But then the bullet comes in after him, grazing Darby in the shoulder.

DARBY
Shit! We got incoming.

Standing next to Darby is the CONTRACTOR (44), chubby, with sacks of money.

CONTRACTOR
You okay, Darby?

Darby slaps some gauze on his neck and ties it up quickly with some medicine tape.

DARBY
I'm cool. Just a graze.

There's a hole in the wall where the bullet lodged.

CONTRACTOR
You almost got killed.

MACKLIN
You and me both, Darby.

DARBY
You okay, buddy?

MACKLIN
I'll live. I smacked into huge
blocks of changed history though.

CONTRACTOR
But you got the evidence, right?

Macklin pulls the concrete footprint out of his bag.

MACKLIN
You said it was in the dirt. This
is concrete.

CONTRACTOR
I guess I didn't remember right.
Hell, I don't even remember telling
you about it.

MACKLIN
Darby, did you count the money?

DARBY
We square, baby. We square.

CONTRACTOR
This is crazy. I get a letter in
the mail saying I made a deal with
you guys, but I don't-- ?

DARBY
That's cause the time line done
changed after Mack got the
evidence. Look, if you don't want
to go along with this, we can give
that footprint to the police.

CONTRACTOR
That's extortion.

MACKLIN

No, that was the deal. I'm merely borrowing against your past misdeeds. I know this isn't clean, but you've done worse to others. Let this be the cost of your freedom.

Macklin slowly stands up. Blood emerges from a bent nose. His uniform ripped open, mid-riff.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

You think I'd go through this hell, just to extort you? I'm giving you a chance to redeem yourself and start over. Now take this chunk of cement and let it remind you every day that you are a new man! A better man!

CONTRACTOR

Okay, okay.

Darby pulls out a stool, sets Macklin down and starts repairing the damage.

CONTRACTOR (CONT'D)

Sorry I didn't believe you, Mr. Macklin. Honest.

MACKLIN

Go thou and sin no more.

CONTRACTOR

Right.

The Contractor leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The Nurse smiles when Darby shows up with another suitcase of money.

EXT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

A soft rain tickles the sidewalks, gently washing off the memories.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Taped up, bandaged and wearing a new, padded uni, Macklin nods at Darby who fires up the TM-40.

DARBY

You sure you can do two days in a row?

MACKLIN

No choice. My daughter has a donor.

A VAULT ROBBER (33), long blonde hair, surfer dude, sits in a seat next to Darby.

VAULT ROBBER

Those random hairs could be anywhere in that vault, dude. Not sure where the CSI guys found them.

DARBY

Not to worry. We got a DNA scanner on the dark web.

VAULT ROBBER

I guess a couple strands fell out when I scratched my head.

MACKLIN

I'm guessing you do that a lot. Ready, Darby?

DARBY

I'm ready if you are, Mack.

MACKLIN

See you soon.

VAULT ROBBER

Right on.

Macklin takes another jump into the time stream.

INT. OFFICE - TIME CRIME UNIT - NIGHT

Wing checks the Time Stream monitor. He notices a flashing signal showing a presence on the timeline. Chief Dionne enters with Brooks.

CHIEF DIONNE

You still here?

WING

There's been another jump! Could be Time Travel maintenance. They usually work at night. But maybe not. I'll try to catch the ride.

BROOKS

Going into the past? Better hope
you don't run into your ex.

Brooks laughs.

WING

That's none of your business,
Brooks.

CHIEF DIONNE

You better hurry, Wing! It's about
to fade off.

WING

I'm on it.

Wing opens a closet and hurriedly puts on a well-designed, padded jump-suit. He runs out of the office, followed by Dionne and Brooks.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - TIME TRAVEL DOCK - NIGHT

Chief Dionne, Brooks and Wing startle a TECHNICIAN who's maintaining the city's streamlined, state of the art TM-90, time travel machine.

CHIEF DIONNE

We have a jump happening in sector
seven. See if you can get Wing on
the tail.

Unlike Macklin's old fashioned machine, the police's time transport has an advanced launch pad and fires up quickly.

TECHNICIAN

Ten seconds to launch. 9, 8...

Wing steps onto the launch pad.

CHIEF DIONNE

Hopefully, you won't get battered
too much.

WING

A small price to pay if I can catch
the miscreant.

CHIEF DIONNE

You worry me sometimes, Wing.

WING

I just need a quick look at this
guy. Maybe get his pic in my phone.
Then he's mine!

Rays blast Wing from what looks like a high tech shower head.
The flurry of beams fades quickly and he's gone.

CHIEF DIONNE

What's this about his ex-wife?

BROOKS

Don't you know, boss? She left him
after he blew the big case for the
master, himself... Detective Jimmy
Evans.

CHIEF DIONNE

Evans from Precinct Five?

BROOKS

Most decorated Time Crime detective
in New York history, Chief.

CHIEF DIONNE

I must be sleepwalking around here.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

WING CONNECTS INTO THE TAIL OF MACKLIN'S TIME STREAM
INCURSION. HE CAN SEE MACKLIN IN HIS PADDED UNIFORM AT THE
HEAD OF THE FLIGHT PATH AS THEY BOTH GLIDE THROUGH THE PAST.

INT. DOWNTOWN - BANK - DAY - WEEK BEFORE

Macklin appears in the bank. Apparently, it's closed for
business as most of the people in the office are EMPLOYEES.

The BANK president and a local COP walk toward the door to
the vault.

Macklin, in his flashy, more streamlined, padded uniform,
catches the attention of the SECURITY GUARD (45).

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, how'd you get in?

MACKLIN

I'm here with... the Special Unit.

SECURITY GUARD

Hazmat?

MACKLIN
Precisely.

The Bank President and Cop turn when they hear this.

COP
How did you-- ? I haven't called
this in yet. Just got here.

MACKLIN
We were told at headquarters there
may have been deadly chemicals
involved in the vault break-in.

COP
What? I don't smell no chemicals.

BANK PRESIDENT
Please, let him do his job. The
vault is over here.

The Bank President opens the door and they enter the vault room.

At this moment, Wing materializes.

INT. VAULT - DAY

The Vault door appears as though it was opened via a small bomb. It hangs ajar. The vault inside is ravaged.

Macklin pulls out a magnifier device from his bag and starts scanning the floor.

BANK PRESIDENT
As you can see, it was broken into
with an explosive device and...

COP
What are you doing?

MACKLIN
I'm checking for chemical
contamination. You two should wait
outside. It's not safe for you to
breath this air.

The Bank President sniffs the air as does the Cop.

COP
Nothing smells strange to me.

MACKLIN

That's just it! It's odorless! Now
please, for your own safety!

Macklin points at the door. The President and the Cop look around the vault and then step out. Macklin scans the floor searching for his evidence.

INT. BANK - DAY

Wing approaches the Cop and the Bank President when they emerge from the vault.

WING

I'm Detective Jay Wing, NYPD Time
Crime Division.

COP

Oh, one of them time cops? I read about you guys. So this is the work of a future criminal or something?

WING

Maybe. Has anyone appeared at the bank within the last five minutes?

COP

Just a Hazmat guy. Said there was chemical contamination in the vault.

BANK PRESIDENT

Had the funniest outfit though. Not as sharp as yours.

WING

Excuse me!

Wing pulls out his gun and marches toward the door.

INT. VAULT - DAY

Macklin continues scouring the floor frantically with his scanner device.

ON SCANNER - Finally, the evidence appears! A few strands of blonde hair. It FLASHES a green signal.

Macklin takes out tweezers and puts the hair into a plastic bag which he shoves in his pocket.

Just as he turns to leave, Wing enters.

WING

Hold it right there.

MACKLIN

I'm with the Hazmat team.

WING

Like hell you are. You're a time
criminal. You steal evidence.

Macklin puts his head down and rams the Detective with his helmet. Wing's gun falls to the floor. But that doesn't stop him from grabbing Macklin's arm and slamming him into the wall.

Wing punches Macklin on the chin. Dazed, Macklin swings back with his heavy glove, a right cross, knocking Wing to the ground.

Wing gathers himself and races toward Macklin. Macklin bends down quickly and tackles Wing. The blow sends the Detective inside the vault.

Macklin slams the vault door shut. He grabs his bag and exits the room.

INT. BANK - DAY

Macklin emerges from the room and pulls out his transmitter.

COP

Is everything okay in there?

MACKLIN

The Time Detective needs a moment to gather evidence. Don't disturb him for oh, an hour or so. Thank you for your help.

Macklin leaps into the silver Door Frame.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

MACKLIN RETURNS ON THE STREAM, BANGING INTO NEW CIRCUMSTANCE OBSTACLES AS HE GOES.

MACKLIN

OW! Damn it!

INT. BASEMENT - PRESENT

Macklin tumbles onto the mat, ripped up, battered and bruised. He rolls to a stop and then gives Darby a thumbs up.

The Vault Robber hands Macklin a gym bag full of money. Macklin hands him the baggie with the hair strand.

VAULT ROBBER
Good doing business with you.

MACKLIN
Remember now, your criminal life--

VAULT ROBBER
I'm done with it. Moving to Mexico
and living on the beach, dude.
Universe saved my butt. Gonna live
with gratitude.

The Robber leaves.

MACKLIN
Darby, take your cut and get this
money to the hospital, pronto.

DARBY
You got it, Mack.

MACKLIN
If my calculations are correct, all
I need is one more job and we can
hang up our hats.

INT. MOB HIDEOUT - OFFICE - DAY

Mob kingpin TEDDY SHULZ (54), short, red face, receding bright blonde hair, sits with his CREW on a couch, watching the news on a floating hologram screen.

Inserted into Teddy's neck is a state of the art VOICE BOX, the kind given to the disabled who can't speak.

ON SCREEN - A REPORTER stands before a courthouse as Teddy is escorted out by his LAWYER and HENCHMEN.

REPORTER
We're watching Mob Kingpin Teddy Schulz as he exits the courthouse today after being indicted in a cold case murder that allegedly occurred twenty years ago.

OTHER REPORTERS hound Schulz as he descends the steps into his limo.

REPORTER #2
Mr. Schulz, did you commit the murder?

Teddy's dispassionate, well modulated responses come out of the Voice Box as slightly mechanical. It's a striking contrast with his angry face and scowling mouth that don't move.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
I didn't kill nobody. And besides, ain't there a statue of limitations or something? It's been twenty frigging years.

REPORTER #3
But they recently found the murder weapon--

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
It ain't mine.

REPORTER #3
But the fingerprints?

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Get those cameras out of my face.

Teddy pushes into his limo with his crew and it takes off.

HENCHMAN #1
You look pretty good on TV, boss.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Never mind that. Have you guys heard anything about this evidence thief?

HENCHMAN #2
No, boss. Evidence thief?

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Apparently this slick, little entrepreneur got his hands on a black market time machine. For the right price he goes back to the scene of crimes and gets the incriminating evidence so the crook can go free.

HENCHMAN #1

I did hear about this guy. He's got an operative working out of the Swizzle Stick.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

I need you to beat the bushes and find out who he is. Tell him to name his price. I gotta get that gun. Before it gets me into the electric chair. Got it?

The Henchmen nod.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)

Now, where's the idiot who was supposed to hide the gun?

HENCHMAN #2

Normart? Don't you remember? You whacked him.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

I did?

HENCHMAN #1

He was dating that dancer you used to go with.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

Son of a bitch! Now we'll never know where he hid the gun.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Crystal and Macklin watch a home movie emitting from his phone. It shows younger Mack (35) and Crystal(15) at an amusement park.

MACKLIN

You loved the roller coaster but were afraid of the Ferris Wheel.

Crystal half-smiles. Macklin puts away his phone.

CRYSTAL

Anyway, nice try.

MACKLIN

What?

CRYSTAL

The nostalgia trip. Hoping to
conjure up good feelings.

MACKLIN

Look, I have one more job to do and
you'll be set.

CRYSTAL

I think I'd rather die than take
another cent from--

MACKLIN

Stop. STOP RIGHT NOW!

Crystal looks down, softens a bit.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Hate me. That's fine. But don't you
talk like that. Ever.

Crystal looks at the bruises and bandages on Macklin's face.
She registers the extent of his pain.

CRYSTAL

You're not part of some underground
fight club are you?

MACKLIN

Don't worry about your old man.

CRYSTAL

I mean, seriously. If you're
suffering for me--

MACKLIN

Let's just get things lined up for
your transplant.

Macklin sighs and leaves. Crystal turns back to see him go.
Another look of yearning.

INT. SWIZZLE STICK BAR - NIGHT

Darby chats with some low level CROOKS in a booth when two of
Teddy's HENCHMAN walk up.

DARBY

Uh... hello.

HENCHMAN #1

We're with Teddy Schulz.

DARBY

Oh hell. You guys better scram.

The low level Crooks bolt from the booth. The Henchmen sit down.

DARBY (CONT'D)

This wouldn't be about your boss being indicted for murdering that accountant back in 2015?

HENCHMAN #1

You're a smart boy. You follow current events.

DARBY

They found the gun somewhere but they ain't saying the location.

HENCHMAN #1

That's right.

HENCHMAN #2

We need your boss to go back and get the evidence. That's what he does, right? Evidence thief?

Darby thinks for a moment.

DARBY

It would help if you knew where Teddy hid the gun. Then he could just go back to next week before they found it.

HENCHMAN #2

Teddy don't remember. He had one of his guys get rid of it. And that guy is dead.

DARBY

But don't you understand? Twenty years is too far to go back! Especially if you make changes!

HENCHMAN #2

Our boss don't care.

DARBY

Your boss don't know how my guy conducts his business.

HENCHMAN #1

What?

DARBY

He's about giving people second chances.

HENCHMAN #2

That's exactly what we're here for.

DARBY

No, you don't get it. He wants people to turn away from their crimes. Rehabilitate, man. Have a second chance at a good life.

The Henchmen laugh.

HENCHMAN #2

He's a dirty thief with a moral code. That's rich.

DARBY

Only he ain't dirty. He's a good man. And he don't deal with murder. Just stealing stuff. He don't care about rich people getting ripped off. And neither do I!

HENCHMAN #1

Teddy don't give a shit about any moral code. He wants your man to go back twenty years and get that gun.

DARBY

Come on, yo! Twenty years! He'll get the shit kicked out of him. The return trip, y'all.

HENCHMAN #1

Let him know.

HENCHMAN #2

We'll be back tomorrow night. Same time.

The Henchmen get up and leave. Darby downs his beer and then races from the booth.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Macklin paces the room as Darby stitches up a uniform.

MACKLIN

Twenty years? Is he crazy? I'd barely make it back in one piece.

(MORE)

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
If only I knew where they hid it.
Then I could go back a couple
weeks.

DARBY
They killed the guy who hid it.

MACKLIN
We just have to tell him to forget
it.

DARBY
He's offering you a shitload of
money. Could get your daughter five
bone marrow transplants and still
set her up for life.

MACKLIN
No. I don't do murder cases. Never
was involved in anything more than--

DARBY
It's a lot of money, Mack. You
could quit. Get that Time Cop off
your back.

MACKLIN
No. You have to tell them no.

INT. SWIZZLE STICK BAR - NIGHT

Darby shakes his head "no" to the Henchmen.

HENCHMAN #1
Is he out of his mind? That's a lot
of money. In cash!

DARBY
There are plenty of other criminals
who'll pay and observe the rules
that my man's laying--

One of the Henchmen grabs Darby by the throat.

HENCHMAN #2
Never mind this shit. What's his
name?

DARBY
I can't tell--

HENCHMAN #2
We're not dealing with his
shoeshine boy anymore.

Darby shakes his head. The Henchmen pull him out of the booth and drag him toward the exit.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Darby, completely beaten up, bloody, falls to the ground.

HENCHMAN #1
Got the GPS?

HENCHMAN #2
The basement's only a mile away.

HENCHMAN #1
And don't you ever think of holding
out on Teddy Schulz again, you
little shit stain!

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

The door has been smashed open. The Henchmen stand before Macklin pointing their guns at his chest.

MACKLIN
You guys don't understand. I might
not make it back alive. And that
means your boss wouldn't have the
evidence.

HENCHMAN #1
Teddy's willing to take the risk.

MACKLIN
I'm not!

One of the Henchmen smacks Macklin across the face.

HENCHMAN #2
Don't beat him up too much. We need
him healthy for the jump.

HENCHMAN #1
Listen, you have twenty-four hours.
So rest up. Take a long bath. Spray
some Bactine on your boo-boos. Put
on some ouch-less band-aids and
then get back to us with an answer.
And it better be the right one.

The Henchmen leave.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - TIME CRIME UNIT - OFFICE - DAY

Wing, bandaged and bruised, shows Chief Dionne a graphic rendering of Macklin's makeshift, time travel uniform.

WING

He has a smoked visor that prevented me from seeing his face. But I'd say he was 5' 10" about 160 pounds. Wirey. Hard to tell but I'd guess from the way he moved in his early fifties.

CHIEF DIONNE

Not much to go on.

WING

We need to check all surveillance cameras for anything that matches that uniform.

CHIEF DIONNE

He wouldn't wear it in public.

WING

That's all I have right now.

CHIEF DIONNE

Our guys have been hitting all the underground haunts. And you know who's been sniffing around for info on our evidence thief?

WING

Schulz.

CHIEF DIONNE

Correct.

WING

I'm trying to retrace his return coordinates but they fade quickly after the time jump.

CHIEF DIONNE

Anything else?

WING

That's all I have right now. Sorry, Chief. I'm spending every available minute--

CHIEF DIONNE

I know you are. Maybe that's the problem. Take a break.

WING

Can't. Won't.

CHIEF DIONNE

Have it your way.

WING

And tell Brooks to keep his nose out of my private life.

CHIEF DIONNE

You have a private life?

WING

Chief!

CHIEF DIONNE

Okay, but I'm getting some other men to help you. We can't have Schulz getting off on a murder rap.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A small bed has been placed in the room. Macklin lies in it as Darby tends to Mack's and his own wounds.

MACKLIN

I'm sorry that had to happen to you, Darby.

DARBY

It's all good. You the one with the problem.

MACKLIN

Listen. I'm going to see about a life insurance policy today. Might be the only way to pay for Crystal's operation.

DARBY

You ain't gonna need that.

MACKLIN

I might. Have to make sure she gets what she needs.

DARBY

She'll get it.

MACKLIN

It's gonna be a hard finish.

DARBY

Yeah. Guess it always is for us
marginal members o' society.

MACKLIN

The crummy thing is, I was getting
very close to paying off her
hospital bills. She was almost set
up for life. A few more crooks
looking for absolution...

DARBY

Maybe you can still make it, Mack.

MACKLIN

Maybe.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Crystal watches the amusement park footage emitting from her smart phone as she sips a drink.

Schulz's posse of Henchmen suddenly enter. Crystal slowly looks up. She turns off the video and puts her drink down.

HENCHMAN #1

Crystal Macklin?

Crystal pulls up the covers on her bed.

CRYSTAL

What?

HENCHMAN #1

Just want to say hello. We're
friends of your father.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Darby opens the door and Teddy Schulz enters with his thugs.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

Phil Macklin. Nice to see the
evidence thief in person. Again.

Darby looks at Macklin. Again? Teddy extends his hand,
Macklin refuses it. But stares at the voice box.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
You don't remember me having this,
do you? Back when we did our little
heist.

Darby again looks over at Macklin with surprise.

MACKLIN
That was a small job. And I only
saw you once. When I got paid.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
But I remember you, Mack. You were
a genius with security systems.

DARBY
You never told me, Mack.

MACKLIN
It never came up.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
I got this little box after smoking
too many Cubanos. Throat cancer
almost got me. But this new voice
of mine is state of the art.

MACKLIN
It's a little artificial sounding.
And it doesn't correct your bad
grammar either.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Ain't that the beauty of it? I get
to keep my own colorful argot. My
own little idioms.

MACKLIN
The incongruity is unnerving to be
sure, Teddy.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
I beat cancer. It's still me, no
matter what tech I use.

MACKLIN
Stay away from my daughter.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
She's in pretty bad condition,
Macklin. Bone marrow transplants,
very, very expensive. And if that
doesn't get her. Well...

Teddy's voice box replays Crystal's voice.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
"Please, don't hurt my dad! He's a
fool but he's the only dad I have!"

MACKLIN
DAMN YOU!

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
(LOUD AND ECHOEY EFFECT)
THEN PLAY BALL!

MACKLIN
Okay, you win. Leave her alone.
I'll do this. But only for the
money we agreed on.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Of course.

MACKLIN
How can I trust you?

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
I'll show up with the money when
you get the gun.

MACKLIN
Can you sign a contract or
something? I need something.

Teddy looks at one of his Crew.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Get Brains in here to write up a
contract.

MACKLIN
Most likely, this is going to be a
suicide mission for me.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
We'll give you a day to prepare.

BRAINS (34) nerdy, enters with a yellow pad. He sits down and
starts writing.

MACKLIN
I hope you're a man of your word.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
I am, Macklin.

MACKLIN

Maybe you'd consider going straight
after--

Teddy busts into laughter.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

My boys were right. You are a
dilly.

MACKLIN

At least, honor your contract. Make
sure it says my daughter gets the
money even if I die...

Brains stops writing and hands Teddy his makeshift
'contract.'

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

Everything seems to be in order.

Teddy hands it to Macklin.

MACKLIN

Okay. Sign it.

Teddy produces a shiny gold pen and with great flourish,
signs the contract

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

There. Satisfied?

MACKLIN

Give it to Darby. He'll mail a copy
of the contract and I'll mail it
with the letter.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

What letter?

MACKLIN

When I retrieve the evidence you're
indictment goes away. So it's like
it never happened.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)

Oh, I see. Then I won't have to pay
you, will I?

MACKLIN

If you don't pay up, Darby takes
your contract to the DA.

Darby takes the yellow paper.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Okay. Screw it. We're agreed.

MACKLIN
Wait!

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
What is it?

MACKLIN
Can I have that pen?

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
You like my pen?

MACKLIN
I'm guessing it has some
sentimental value.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
You want to hold it until... ?

MACKLIN
It's not much collateral but it's
something.

Teddy looks at his gold pen.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
You're right. My father gave me
this pen when I graduated college.
A Ferrari Mont Blanc. He said,
"son, consider this your royal
seal. Use it only in matters of
great importance."

MACKLIN
Let me hold it then.

Teddy thinks for a moment.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
If that will seal the deal.

MACKLIN
It seals the deal.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
I have a court date--

MACKLIN
I'll launch tomorrow.

TEDDY (VOICE BOX)
Good, good. In the meantime, we'll
be watching you. Closely.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Darby checks out the hard hats used for construction.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

While Macklin naps, Darby stuffs a combination of fibers, foam and goose down into the seams of a new jumpsuit.

Darby fashions a helmet with a thick aluminum shell with a hammer and some glue.

INT. RENTED ROOM - DAY

Macklin puts on his frayed suit from his interview. Checks his look in the mirror. Then grabs some flowers and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Macklin pokes his head in. Crystal sleeps. He tiptoes in. He places the flowers in a vase on a table, takes a seat and watches his daughter. Her eyes flutter open.

CRYSTAL

Macklin?

MACKLIN

Hi.

CRYSTAL

Why are you so duded up? I don't think I've ever seen you so clean shaven and well-groomed before. Makes all the bruises and cuts look handsome in a rugged way.

MACKLIN

I have to talk to you.

CRYSTAL

Does this have something to do with those goons who visited me the other night?

MACKLIN

I'm afraid so.

CRYSTAL

I knew it. Another big heist! Just like--

MACKLIN

Please, don't. Don't go down that alley. Don't go looking for bad memories in your endless file of grievances. Stay here. In the moment.

CRYSTAL

I'll try.

MACKLIN

I have to go away.

CRYSTAL

Again.

MACKLIN

I know. But please. Like I asked. And I... I beg you now. Let's not reheat the spoiled meat. Stay here.

Macklin takes her hand.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Please.

CRYSTAL

Okay.

MACKLIN

This whole business venture. Maybe you heard on the news. I have a time machine. An old black market job that Tommy Hepner bequeathed me when he died.

CRYSTAL

Are you being serious? I mean, I know you were a first class thief for the underworld, but a time traveler?

MACKLIN

It's true. Hepner left me instructions. Wasn't as hard to figure out as I thought.

CRYSTAL

So this is your new business.

MACKLIN

Listen to me. I've been offering my clients... a chance at a new life. Like the one I'm trying to lead.

CRYSTAL

You seem to have good intentions. But it's the way you go about--

MACKLIN

Here's the thing, honey: my clients have changed. That's part of the deal. And I'm a better man too, I think.

CRYSTAL

Really?

MACKLIN

What I've learned is that doing good--- there's more to it than laws about right and wrong. What society tells you.

CRYSTAL

Here we go.

MACKLIN

It's about... the intention in the heart. What you want to change. Where you want things to end up. That desire for a good thing... inside. The effort. The trying.

CRYSTAL

I see.

Something crosses Crystal's mind. She removes her hand.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

You're the evidence thief!

MACKLIN

Well... yeah. But I've done everything with a kind of moral mandate.

CRYSTAL

Stealing with a pure heart. Honestly, Macklin. You're setting criminals free.

She laughs quietly.

MACKLIN

I know. Maybe it's a rationalization. Hell, it is a rationalization. It was the only way I could help you. These guys pay top dollar. And the ultimate ends, giving you a new lease on life and giving those misguided fools another chance, well, maybe they justify the means.

CRYSTAL

I know the warped circuitry in your brain believes that.

MACKLIN

I do believe it. I have to. I don't want you to die. I don't want you to be angry with me anymore. Even after I'm gone.

CRYSTAL

Ugh.

MACKLIN

You'll be set up, honey. Do anything you want. Be that professor. Write a book about what a scoundrel I was. Whatever. I only ask that you remember what was in your dad's heart in this very moment. Forget the past. Take whatever good there is now and move into the future.

Crystal sighs.

CRYSTAL

That's such a strange mix of utter bullshit and...

Crystal looks at Macklin's pained face.

MACKLIN

I'm here to say goodbye. Let me go with your blessing.

CRYSTAL

I still don't understand. Where are you-- ?

MACKLIN

I have one last job. And it's not likely I'll make it back alive.

(MORE)

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Even if I do, I'll be pretty banged
up. Terminally.

CRYSTAL
No.

MACKLIN
If somehow I do survive it, I'll
heal and really go straight. I
mean, completely. I promise you
that. Ironclad.

CRYSTAL
Please. Don't sacrifice yourself
for me.

MACKLIN
I have to.

CRYSTAL
I don't want you to.

MACKLIN
You need me to. I need to.

CRYSTAL
Macklin, all my life you've put me
in one spot after--

MACKLIN
I know all about the past! That's
all I've been living with! All the
selfish shit I've done. You don't
need to tell me! I hate it!!!

Macklin gets on his knees and buries his head on her bed.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Stay here. Now! Please.

Macklin's muffled sobs stun Crystal. Tears flow.

CRYSTAL
Okay. I'm here. Now.

He rises up.

MACKLIN
Please forgive me. For everything.
Please know I love you. Have the
life you were meant to have.

Macklin leans down and kisses Crystal's cheek.

CRYSTAL
I... will.

MACKLIN
Thanks. Goodbye, honey.

CRYSTAL
Goodbye... Dad.

Macklin nods and gives a little wave as he exits the room. Crystal shivers and then breaks down into full sobs.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Macklin wipes away the tears and marches on with determination in his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION DEASK - DAY

The Nurse has been watching all of this on the room monitor. She picks up her phone.

NURSE
I'd like to talk to someone at the Time Crime Unit. It's about the Evidence Thief.

INT. TIME CRIME UNIT - OFFICE - DAY

Wing bursts into his office with Chief Dionne following behind him.

CHIEF DIONNE
You can see his logic. After all, his daughter needed the money for--

WING
I don't care about the sob story.

CHIEF DIONNE
Well, I do. This woman is on her deathbed. So please, don't go shooting like a cowboy at her father.

WING
Sure, go soft on the bad guy.

CHIEF DIONNE

Look, I got a daughter, too. This is a desperate man but he's no monster. And right now, he's being coerced.

WING

Never mind about Macklin. I want Schulz lethally injected.

CHIEF DIONNE

Sure you do.

WING

What?

CHIEF DIONNE

You're angry because Macklin locked you up in a bank vault for an hour. This is about your pride. Like the thing with your ex.

WING

Damn it! I asked you not to talk about that.

CHIEF DIONNE

Relax. Only you and I know about the vault.

Wing leaps onto his computer and types away.

CHIEF DIONNE (CONT'D)

Any leads on the location of his time machine?

WING

We knew Tommy the Tank owned it before. I'm pulling up all his real estate transactions now.

CHIEF DIONNE

Okay, go get the mob kingpin. But I want you to take it easy on Macklin.

WING

Damn it, Chief, what if I--

CHIEF DIONNE

Put Schulz away, but for Macklin, I want you to demonstrate something I've never seen in you before.

Wing appears exasperated.

CHIEF DIONNE (CONT'D)
Compassion.

WING
What? What are you talking about?
There's right and there's wrong.

CHIEF DIONNE
And then there's humanity. Try to
be human, Wing. I know that mistake
on the Turley fraud case set you
back but I need you to think a
little about the other person, not
just your job.

Wing does think for a moment and then continues typing on his computer.

CHIEF DIONNE (CONT'D)
It's sad I have to tell you that.

Chief leaves.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Macklin limbers up on the gymnast mat. Schulz and his henchmen sit at a table playing cards, smoking and drinking.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
A royal flush!

Schulz laughs loudly and then looks over at Macklin who's putting on his jumpsuit.

DARBY
Everything's set, Mack.

MACKLIN
Schulz, I want your word nothing happens to Darby.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
I don't care about that ghetto rat.
Just go get the gun.

Macklin goes to the TM-40 and starts putting in numbers.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
How long till you get back from the
journey?

MACKLIN

Twenty years... might take me several hours. But it doesn't matter. Your new reality is wrapped up in the letter. So go.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)

I'm waiting here.

EXT. BASEMENT BUILDING - DAY

A sedan pulls up alongside the building.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Detective Wing sits for a moment. He talks with Dionne on bluetooth.

CHIEF DIONNE (V.O.)

You want backup?

WING

Don't need it yet. I'm just going to check out the building.

Wing pulls an audio surveillance device out of the glove box.

CHIEF DIONNE (V.O.)

Call for backup if you find anything. I don't want you making like Clint Eastwood and trying to grab all the glory yourself.

WING

I haven't confirmed this is the location yet.

CHIEF DIONNE (V.O.)

Get back to me when you're sure. I'm going out for lunch.

EXT. BASEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Detective Wing walks up to the door leading to the basement. He pulls out a device, points it at the door and turns it on.

SCHULZ (V.O. ON DEVICE)

Darby, we're getting some hoagies. You want something? I'm feeling generous.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Darby takes his seat at the TM-40. Macklin, wearing his most padded out uni and thickest helmet yet, walks to the Door Frame. It starts to sizzle.

Schulz and his henchmen stop playing cards to watch.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Good luck, old buddy!

At this moment, Wing bursts through the door, his gun stretched out before him.

WING
Freeze!

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Who the hell are you?

WING
Detective Jay Wing, Time Crime Unit
of the NYPD. All of you get your
hands up. Macklin, don't move.

MACKLIN
You're the--

WING
You locked me up for an hour,
Macklin. There wasn't much air in
that vault.

Schulz and his Henchman laugh.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Go, Macklin. I'm gonna waste this
idiot in a second.

Macklin looks at Darby, Wing, then at Schulz.

WING
Don't! You'll be setting a murderer
free.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Your daughter needs the money,
Mack.

DARBY
Go, Mack!

Macklin leaps into the time stream.

WING
Damn it!!!

A Thug jumps up and wrestles with Wing who tries to aim his gun at Macklin.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Thought you had us.

The Thug gets the gun away from Wing and aims it at Wing's head.

WING
I called for backup. Kill me and you'll all be sent up for murder.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Not if they can't find your body.

WING
They'll be here--

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Listen to him. He didn't call for backup. Shoot him and then get rid of the body in the river.

Wing quickly grabs his gun back from the thug, runs to the TM-40 and leaps through the Door Frame as their bullets fire, missing him.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
Shit, he jumped in.

DARBY
He could screw up everything.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

MACKLIN FLIES THROUGH THE STREAM, EYES FIXED AHEAD ON THE TASK THAT AWAITS HIM.

MILES BEHIND HIM, A WORRIED LOOKING WING ALSO SPEEDS HIS WAY THROUGH HISTORY PAST.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - HOUSE - DAY - 2015

Macklin lands on the front yard. With his outfit an obvious attention-getter, he immediately dives into a bush.

Then, checking the neighborhood, he slowly gets up and walks to the door. He produces a skeleton key and opens it quickly and goes inside.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Macklin quietly closes the door. Then he stops when he HEARS an adding machine coming from down the hall. He checks his watch again.

At this moment, the DOORBELL rings. Macklin ducks into a hallway closet.

The ACCOUNTANT (35), studious looking but not nerdy, exits the study from down the hall and walks to the door.

The Accountant looks through a peephole and opens it.

ACCOUNTANT
Mr. Schulz. This is a surprise.

Schulz (34 here), no voice box, looking less assured and slightly nervous, dressed in a suit, enters.

TEDDY
We need to talk. You been doing some creative accounting, my friend. And no one steals from Teddy Schulz.

ACCOUNTANT
I'm sure there's some obvious misunderstanding. Come to my study. I have your books open now.

TEDDY
That arithmetic better add up.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Wing materializes on the lawn.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The Accountant and Teddy walk by the closet where Macklin is hiding. They enter the study.

SCHULZ
Close the door.

ACCOUNTANT
But there's no one else here.

SCHULZ
Close it.

The Accountant closes the door.

Macklin comes out of the closet and, looking through the living room window, spots Wing on the front lawn.

Macklin races to the door and opens it just as Wing is about to knock.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Macklin waves Wing inside.

MACKLIN
Schulz is about to kill the Accountant.

WING
So?

MACKLIN
You're going to let a man die?
Seriously?

WING
No.

MACKLIN
Come on. We can surprise him.

WING
Doesn't mean I'm not arresting you when we get back. Even if your daughter...

MACKLIN
Oh, you know about her.

WING
Well, I am sorry about her condition.

Wing looks like he's struggling with his empathy.

MACKLIN
Let's move.

Macklin and Wing go inside and close the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Wing and Macklin quietly move down the hallway to the study. Wing nods at Macklin. They bust inside.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Schulz has his gun pointed at the Accountant. They both react to Wing and Macklin with surprise.

WING

Freeze!

SCHULZ

Who the hell are you?

Wing and Macklin overtake him, knocking Schulz to the ground. But as the Accountant scrambles for the door, Schulz still manages to aim his gun and fire at him in the heat of the tussle.

Shot in the back, the Accountant falls to the ground, dead.

WING

Damn it!

SCHULZ

Get off me!

Schulz kicks Wing in the nuts, which cripples him for the moment. Schulz pushes Macklin aside. The mobster races for the door.

SCHULZ (CONT'D)

Follow me and you're dead.

But Macklin tackles Schulz. His hand smacks on the floor and the gun skitters under the desk. A POLICE SIREN can be heard.

SCHULZ (CONT'D)

Get off me! The pigs are coming.

Schulz kicks Macklin off him and runs out the door.

Wing and Macklin both scramble for the gun, each crawling underneath the desk but Macklin gets to it first.

WING

Give me that gun!

MACKLIN

No chance. But we can get him before he escapes!

Wing and Macklin both run for the door. Wing pulls out his gun and darts out, but Macklin stops. He thinks for a moment and then reaches for something inside his pocket.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

As Wing and Macklin emerge from the house to the front lawn, they're greeted by a trio of POLICE OFFICERES, all aiming their guns at them. No sign of Teddy Schulz anywhere.

WING
Bastard got away.

OFFICER
Freeze! Drop your gun! Hands up!

Macklin digs into his pocket for his transmitter. The Door Frame appears. Wing drops his gun, then digs for his wallet.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Get your hands out of your pockets!!!

MACKLIN
Wing, we have to go back.

WING
No.

MACKLIN
What?

OFFICER
Both of you! Drop whatever is in your hands. Now!

WING
One second, Officer.

The Officer shoots his gun into the air.

OFFICER
I said drop it.

Wing flashes his badge.

WING
I'm a Detective with the NYPD. This man is... assisting me. The killer got away. We were trying to arrest him. You'll find the corpse inside.

The Officers lower their guns.

MACKLIN

Let's go back!

WING

No chance of me surviving that
return trip without proper gear.

MACKLIN

Are you sure?

WING

I guess I knew that when I jumped.

Wing takes a deep breath. Looks around at the neighborhood.
Spots an attractive woman watching from over her hedge.

WING (CONT'D)

I can make a new life here. No
exes. Or bad reputation.

MACKLIN

If that's what you want.

WING

I want to start over if I can.

MACKLIN

Good for you.

WING

No chance I can talk you into
giving me that gun?

MACKLIN

Sorry.

WING

Had to try.

MACKLIN

Well, anyway, thanks.

WING

For what?

MACKLIN

For being human.

Wing smiles half-heartedly.

WING

Chief said I needed to show
compassion. So I obey orders.

MACKLIN
Thanks just the same.

WING
Good luck on that journey back.

Macklin leaps through the Door Frame. The Police Officers fall back in shock. The Door Frame vanishes.

OFFICER
Where did he-- ?

WING
It's okay. He's got a time machine.

OFFICER
What?

WING
We're from the future. Twenty years.

OFFICER
Oh hell no. We got a fugitive from the psych ward.

EXT. TIME STREAM - DAY/NIGHT

ON THE LONG JOURNEY BACK, MACKLIN GETS HIT UPSIDE THE HEAD, IN HIS CHEST, ON HIS LEGS.

HE TWIRLS AROUND CHAOTICALLY, HIS BODY, A BRUISED, BATTERED DOLL.

MACKLIN
I can't... too much...

HIS HELMET HITS ONE CHUNK OF FRESH HISTORY AND CRACKS IN TWO, BOTH PARTS FLYING BEHIND HIM. BUT HIS SKULL REMAINS UNHARMED.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Schulz and his Henchmen talk with Darby, holding the letter sent to him and the contract. There are gym bags filled with money. He's interrupted when Macklin tumbles onto the mat.

Mack's beat up to within an inch of his life, bruised, bleeding, uni ripped apart, his eyes, black and bulging.

His right femur is visibly broken, sticking out of his skin.

DARBY
Mack!

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
I have the letter! Did you get the
evidence?

Macklin lifts his bloody head and slowly nods. Schulz scrambles to Macklin.

DARBY
Give him some air. He's barely
alive, you bastard.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
I need that gun.

Macklin reaches into his pocket and pulls out the weapon.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
Give it to me.

Slowly, Macklin points the gun at Schulz. Teetering, he stands up on his good leg, crying out with pain.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
What?

MACKLIN
I'm not giving you the gun until
Darby delivers the funds to the
hospital.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
You can hardly stand, Macklin.

MACKLIN
Go Darby! Text me when you get
there.

Darby picks up the bags and runs out of the room.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
You can't even pull the trigger.

MACKLIN
Try me.

Schulz sits back down with the Henchmen.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
It... won't take long. The
hospital's a few minutes away.

Macklin shuffles painfully to a table and snatches a bottle of water. He gulps it down.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
You stay there. I got one last trip to make.

Macklin sits down at the Time Machine. He punches in a date: March 10 2005. Then he calibrates the launch countdown. One of the Henchmen raises his gun.

Macklin quickly turns and shoots just above his head. The Henchmen puts his gun away.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Let him play his little game. It's almost over anyway.

MACKLIN
Don't worry, Teddy boy. You won't have to kill me. I won't survive this trip to the past.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Where are you going? Not that I give a fuck.

MACKLIN
Back to when I was a young man.
When I made a wrong decision.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Ha! You think you can change things with your stupid morality.

MACKLIN
What's wrong with morality, Schulz?

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
There's only one morality: the strongest survive.

MACKLIN
Maybe.

Macklin finishes setting up his launch on the TM-40 and turns to Schulz.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Now I need a favor.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Oh sure. Anything for you, Mack.

MACKLIN

Once you hit the transmission
button, I'll give you the gun.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)

If it gets rid of you for all
eternity, gladly.

MACKLIN

Thanks for obliging.

Macklin's phone buzzes. He checks the text. It's from Darby.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)

Okay?

MACKLIN

We're good to go.

Macklin rises with great difficulty. He shuffles to the Door Frame. Schulz strolls over to the TM-40.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)

So I hit the red button?

MACKLIN

Yes.

Schulz sits down. He pushes the button.

MACKLIN (CONT'D)

There. Now gimmee.

Macklin tosses the gun at Schulz. The Door Frame comes to life and, with an ironic smile and a wave at Schulz, Macklin falls into the time stream.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)

Let's get the hell out of here.

Schulz and the Henchmen scramble out of the basement.

The TM-40 crackles with energy.

A moment passes and suddenly the doors burst open. Chief Dionne and a phalanx of POLICE enter the room with their guns poised.

OFFICER

Freeze!

They look about. It's empty except for the humming time machine, empty beer bottles and food wrappers. Blood on the floor.

CHIEF DIONNE
I'd love to know what happened
here.

EXT. BROOKLYN - STREET - DAY - 2005

Macklin, or what's left of him, appears on a busy street corner, three decades in the past. PASSERSBY look at him with shock.

Macklin rubs his head, his fingers bloody from doing so. A BLACK MAN walks by and stops, noticing Macklin's condition.

BLACK MAN
Yo, you need a lift to the
hospital?

MACKLIN
Can you point me toward Crown
Heights?

BLACK MAN
That way. But you ain't gonna make
it with that leg.

MACKLIN
I'll make it.

He limps in his tattered outfit in an Eastward direction.

INT. MOB HIDEOUT - DAY

Teddy opens up champagne and pours it into the glasses of his HENCHMEN.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
Now that the evidence has been
retrieved, there will never be a
case against old Teddy Schulz. We
continue our business, boys!

Teddy drinks from the bottle and belches.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
Tell me Singer got rid of the gun
someplace where no one can find it.

HENCHMAN #1
Oh yeah. No worries, Boss. He drove
out to--

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
No, no, no. No details. The Feds
could have this place bugged. Just
tell me it's gone.

HENCHMAN #1
It's way gone.

The sound of SIRENS and SCREECHING CARS interrupts their good times.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
What the hell?

HENCHMAN #2
It's a load of black and whites.
And Chief Dionne.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
But they ain't got nothing on me.

HENCHMAN #1
Should we battle it out?

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
No, no. Let 'em in. What's to worry
about? I'm Scott free.

The OFFICERS pile in and push past the Henchmen to Teddy. One pulls his arms back and handcuffs him.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX) (CONT'D)
Chief Dionne. What are you doing?
There's no evidence.

CHIEF DIONNE
What are you talking about? We've
got your death threats on audio--

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
That's nothing.

CHIEF DIONNE
--and a new item with your
fingerprints.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
A new item?

CHIEF DIONNE
Yeah. A gold pen. Real fancy. A
Ferrari Mont Blanc. Found it in
evidence storage the other night.

(MORE)

CHIEF DIONNE (CONT'D)
I guess back in 2015, when they
didn't find the gun, they thought
the pen wasn't worth bringing up.
But it is. It ties you to the
scene.

Schulz reaches for his pocket. The pen is indeed, gone.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. ACCOUNTANT'S STUDY - DAY - TWENTY YEARS AGO

Wing and Macklin head for the door. Macklin stops. He takes the gold pen out of his pocket and leaves it on the desk.

He smiles and runs out.

BACK TO:

INT. MOB HIDEOUT - DAY - PRESENT

Teddy fights with the Officer cuffing him.

SCHULZ (VOICE BOX)
That son-of-a-bitch! We had a deal!
He tricked me! The sneaky asshole
tricked me!

The Chief walks out but not before he delivers a parting shot to the crew.

CHIEF DIONNE
Guess the evidence thief had the
last laugh. Wherever the hell he
is.

EXT. CROWN HEIGHTS - DAY

Macklin, dragging his bad leg, and moaning in pain, approaches a stoop where a YOUNG MAN sits smoking a Marlboro.

This young man is PHIL MACKLIN, age 24. He has the same build as the old Macklin, but with a more stylish haircut and designer jeans.

Young Macklin watches Old Macklin make his way toward him with horror. He takes a long drag and then throws the cigarette butt onto the street.

Young Macklin's about to get up and leave when Old Phil raises his hand.

OLD MACKLIN

Hold on, Philip. No reason to be alarmed. I... know I look like a walking corpse. But please...

YOUNG MACKLIN

Whoa, dude! You need--

OLD MACKLIN

There isn't enough time to get me help. Please, sit down. I have an urgent message for you.

YOUNG MACKLIN

Your leg-- it's sticking out!
You're hemorrhaging blood all over!

OLD MACKLIN

I know. Make some room for me.

Young Macklin scoots aside and Old Macklin sits down gingerly next to him. Young Macklin moves as far to the side of the step as he can.

YOUNG MACKLIN

Are you a gangster or something?

OLD MACKLIN

No just a thief. Now listen up.

YOUNG MACKLIN

You got two minutes and then I'm calling 9-1-1.

Young Macklin pauses; sees something in Old Macklin's face.

YOUNG MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Hey. Are you my Uncle Pete? You kinda look--

OLD MACKLIN

I'm you. I'm an older version of you. I've come from the future.

YOUNG MACKLIN

Crazy, senile--

OLD MACKLIN

Listen, I know you're planning on joining the McLeod gang to boost the pool hall on Saturday.

YOUNG MACKLIN

So you're a narc!

OLD MACKLIN

No, no. I'm you. Please listen to me. Your favorite color is green. You love Speed Racer cartoons and your first love was Dawn Rice. Fifth grade.

YOUNG MACKLIN

Oh shit.

OLD MACKLIN

Please. Minutes are ticking away.

YOUNG MACKLIN

I'm, I'm listening.

OLD MACKLIN

Don't do the heist. If you go down this crooked path, you'll end up like me-- like this. This will be you. LOOK AT ME!!!!!!

Old Macklin raises his hands out. Young Macklin takes it all in. The old, beat-up, battered, broken, bloody body.

YOUNG MACKLIN

If you're me, then tell me exactly where my mole--

OLD MACKLIN

Left armpit. Now your Dad wants you to go to college and study engineering like your brother. You think it's boring but trust me, you'll be damn good at it and make a lot of money. You want to make a lot of money, right?

YOUNG MACKLIN

S-sure.

OLD MACKLIN

If you do that heist, I am where you will end up. Every sore, every wound, every bruise. That's your future. You'll live in all of this pain and misery. But it's not just on the outside. It's more agonizing inside.

YOUNG MACKLIN

I must be hallucinating.

His face as white as a sheet, Young Macklin stands up. But Old Macklin grabs his shirt and pulls him back down.

OLD MACKLIN

You're going to meet a lovely lady.
Her name is Leslie. You'll marry
her and give birth to a beautiful
baby girl, Crystal. And every
minute you invest loving them will
take you further away from this
terrible fate.

YOUNG MACKLIN

Maybe you're a ghost.

OLD MACKLIN

No. I'm you. And if I'm scaring the
piss out of you, good. Now please,
follow my instructions.

Young Macklin trembles a little with fear.

OLD MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Text McLeod now.

YOUNG MACKLIN

What?

OLD MACKLIN

Text him. You're not going to be a
part of his gang anymore.

Young Macklin takes his flip phone out and texts McLeod.

OLD MACKLIN (CONT'D)

Good. Hit send. Now.

Young Macklin hits send. He sighs deeply.

OLD MACKLIN (CONT'D)

You've taken the right fork in the
road. And you'll have a real shot
at that elusive thing we know as
happiness. The thing I rarely felt
in my first go-around.

YOUNG MACKLIN

Is... that it?

OLD MACKLIN

One last thing.

Old Macklin rips his pant leg open even more and shows the exposed, broken femur to Young Macklin.

OLD MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Touch it.

YOUNG MACKLIN
No!

OLD MACKLIN
Touch it so you know I'm real. In a
way you'll never forget.

Old Macklin grabs Young Macklin's hand and puts it on the torn flesh, the exposed cartilage, the bloody, cracked bone. A HOWL echoes down the street.

YOUNG MACKLIN
God!!! You made me do it.

OLD MACKLIN
I did. And... now I'm going.

With help from Young Macklin, Old Macklin stands up on his good leg.

OLD MACKLIN (CONT'D)
You've been scared straight. I wish
persuaded you with love instead of
fear. But it's okay. Whatever
works.

Old Macklin's body starts to disintegrate in front of Young Macklin. It breaks apart into tiny particles. He smiles at his younger self as he goes.

OLD MACKLIN (CONT'D)
Thank you so much, Philip.

And then, Old Macklin is gone. Young Macklin slowly starts crying. He covers his head with his arms.

His MOTHER sticks her head out of a window.

MOTHER
Philip?

YOUNG MACKLIN
Yeah?

MOTHER
You okay?

YOUNG MACKLIN
I... think so.

MOTHER

You come inside, son.

YOUNG MACKLIN

I will.

MOTHER

I want you home tonight.

YOUNG MACKLIN

I'll stay home. Study.

MOTHER

Your father will be glad to hear
that!

YOUNG MACKLIN

I'm glad, too.

Young Macklin looks thoughtfully at the brightening sky. Then
he races up the steps of the building and slams the door!

FADE OUT