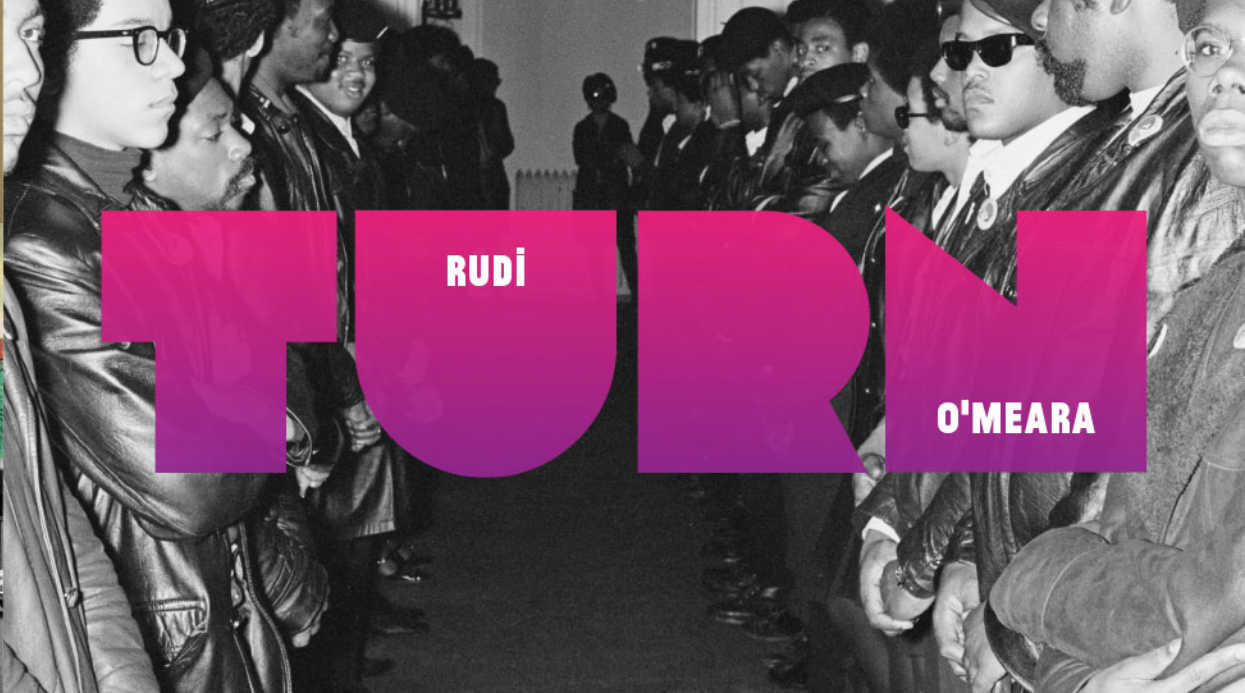


ORIGINAL
T U R N

SCREENPLAY



T U R N BY



RUDI
T U R N O'MEARA

TURN, TURN, TURN

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A partially-renovated, sunlit bedroom inside a formerly rundown Haight-Ashbury Victorian.

Exposed plaster and lathe. Elaborate, yet-to-be painted crown molding. Stripped and sanded sash windows.

Through warped panes of glass, hints of a park. Birds zip back and forth through the azure sky.

SUPER: SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 2021

Suddenly, two harried figures - SAMANTHA (50s, all-business) and PAUL (50s, shaggy and unshaven) crisscross the frame.

They're both dressing quickly - him in a pair of paint-spattered Carhartts and a wrinkled chambray shirt and her in a high-end work-from-home ensemble.

PAUL

A divorce?!

SAMANTHA

But mediated. No lawyers.

PAUL

WHAT?!

Samantha spins away, buttoning her blouse.

PAUL (CONT'D)

But that's not-- That's not us!
That's our parents! I mean--

Samantha twists her feet into a pair of flats.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Why?!

SAMANTHA

The fact that you even have to ask
says it all.

PAUL

WHY?!

Samantha GROANS, reaching for a pair on earrings on top of a nearby dresser while trying to avoid eye-contact.

SAMANTHA

Because! This way, you won't lose
your shirt! Even though it's
unarguably filthy.

Paul violently buttons his unarguably filthy shirt.

PAUL
Does... does Gabby know?

SAMANTHA
No! We'll tell her in-person when
she's back for break.

Paul looks like he's been smacked in the face.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
And no telling Mom or Dad either.

Paul stares at her dumbly, the news still barely sinking in.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Tonight.

Samantha throws on a blazer.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
At seven. With Maya.

Paul STAMMERS weakly.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Dunno which is grosser, your dad
dating at his age or your dad
dating someone twenty years younger
than you!

PAUL
Is there... is it... did you...

Samantha turns to leave.

SAMANTHA
Well, spit it out!

PAUL
Is there somebody else?

SAMANTHA
No!

PAUL
It's David from work, isn't it?

Rolling her eyes, Samantha blasts out the door and toward
the stairs down to the the rest of the house.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

What makes you think it would be a
dude anyway?

(angrily)

Plus, lockdown, Paul. Zoom! I
haven't seen him below the waist
since... I don't know... last
year?!

Paul scrambles off after her, barefoot. We follow.

PAUL

Is that supposed to make me feel
better?!

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Samantha rumbles down the still unpainted redwood stairs in
a flurry. Meticulously sanded balusters and newels fly by as
Paul chases her down.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(his voice breaking)

But, wait. Why now?! After all
these... years?

Samantha freezes, spinning back around. Paul nearly runs
right into her.

SAMANTHA

Because.

Their faces are only inches apart.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I don't know who you are anymore...
who we are anymore.

PAUL

But--

SAMANTHA

(cutting him off)

I never should've let you quit that
stupid job!

PAUL

Let me?

Samantha lets her eyes drift to the also yet-to-be-painted
walls of the stairwell.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 (disdainfully)
 Let you lock yourself up inside
 this dump, tinkering.
 (beat)
 DIY? More like SOS.

PAUL
 I don't need help!

Samantha shakes her head condescendingly, turning back around and continuing down the stairs.

SAMANTHA
 Construction help, no. Help, help,
 yes. Professional help.

PAUL
 What's that's supposed to mean?

Samantha hits the ground floor and turns to her left, not answering. Paul hurries off after her.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (again, louder)
 What's that supposed to mean?!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Samantha continues down the hall, choosing her next words very carefully.

SAMANTHA
 It's like we live in two completely
 different worlds these days.

In the distance, we can make out what appears to be a kitchen/dining room dappled in sunlight. Like the bedroom, it's a partially-completed disaster area.

PAUL
 No it's not!

SAMANTHA
 (ignoring him)
 First COVID. Then Gabby going off
 to school. Plus me being the only
 one pulling down a paycheck! I
 just...

Samantha slows. Paul follows her down the hall and into:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Sitting amid the chaos is an incongruously modern, seemingly brand-new kitchen. Marble waterfall island. Sub-Zero fridge. Expensive, gleaming German appliances. Sawhorses.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

This isn't the life I signed up
for... that we signed up for.

Samantha makes a beeline toward the cooktop - grabbing a silver kettle.

PAUL

Yes it is! Sure it--

SAMANTHA

No. No, it's not. And if you took
half a minute to look at yourself -
like really look at yourself -
you'd see it, too!

Samantha turns toward the sink, filling the kettle.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

You used to be fun. We used to be
fun.

On autopilot, Paul opens the fridge - grabbing coffee.

PAUL

(not so sure)
We're fun.

Samantha SLAPS the faucet off.

SAMANTHA

Once you finish the attic, I'll
call Becky. Have her list the
house.

Paul stands frozen with the bag of coffee beans.

PAUL

No, no, no.

Samantha slams the kettle back onto a burner. BANG!

SAMANTHA

50/50. Even split.

She twists the knob. CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! The burner lights with a WHOOSH!

Paul stands stone still, not moving - looking crushed.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Then you can go on living like a
shut-in wherever the heck you want.

The fridge behind him BEEPS!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(meaning the fridge)
Door.

Paul flicks the door closed with one elbow. THUMP! WHOOSH!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(changing the subject)
I just need some space... less
freaking dust... and some time to
think.

Samantha spins toward an upper cabinet, fishing out two mugs
and two bowls. Heath. Expensive.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
On my own for a change.

Samantha's body JOLTS slightly and she almost drops one of
the mugs. Lifting her wrist - she eyes her watch.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Dammit.

PAUL
(distantly)
What?

Samantha tosses one of the mugs toward Paul. He catches it
awkwardly.

SAMANTHA
(unlocking her watch)
I'm late.

PAUL
Thought you said...

Samantha lifts a hand to silence him, setting the other mug
and the bowls down on the island.

SAMANTHA
Why is there never enough time?!

She brushes swiftly past him - headed to her (home) office.
Paul looks to the clock on the wall next to the window.

PAUL
But it's only quarter after--

SAMANTHA
New York, Paul!

The kettle on the cooktop starts RUMBLING.

PAUL
Bring you your coffee?

SAMANTHA
I'll get some later.

Samantha slows.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Don't worry.

PAUL
Don't worry?!

Samantha opens a door, stepping inside.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
It's for the best!

PAUL
But--

KA-THUMP! The door slams shut.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(quietly)
...I thought you loved me.

As we hear the voice-of-god START-UP SOUND of Samantha's Macbook in the distance, Paul sets down his mug and lets the coffee bag tumble to the counter.

Something in his face says this isn't the first time he's eaten breakfast alone in weeks - or maybe months.

INT. ATTIC - DAY

Having slipped a paint-dotted sweatshirt over his chambray shirt, Paul stands in the dusty attic wearing a pair of safety glasses. Crying.

Salty tears stream down his cheeks as he does his best to stifle a wail. His chest heaves. He gulps down air.

Three flights down, we can barely hear Samantha's VOICE:

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (still all-business)
 ...no, no. I'm just saying... we
 gotta stay focused here.

The camera WHEELS slowly around Paul - revealing that he's standing before a water-damaged, thickly plastered wall below an octagonal window.

The glass of the window is, like those of the bedroom, rippled with age. A corroded twist latch sticks up from the time-ravaged sash.

PAUL
 (through tears)
 I'm fun. We're fun.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (from downstairs)
 No. Definitely not. I mean, if we
 still wanna make our Q2--

Paul lifts his fogged-up glasses, running a calloused hand roughly across his face before reaching for a nearby, dust-covered sledge hammer.

PAUL
 What am I gonna do?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (down below)
 Hell if I know!

Paul's face hardens - sadness turning to anger. His grip on the sledgehammer tightens.

PAUL
 I'm not selling this stupid...

Paul takes a heavy swing at the bit of wall below the window.

SMASH!

PAUL (CONT'D)
 ...dry rot riddled...

Pushing up his safety glasses, he takes another whack.

SMASH!

PAUL (CONT'D)
 ...beautiful goddam...

SMASH!

PAUL (CONT'D)
...money pit!

INT. BEDROOM/OFFICE - DAY

Seated, staring into a large monitor in front of a blindingly bright ring light, Samantha winces.

BANG! Another muffled SLEDGEHAMMER SMASH from above.

SAMANTHA
(toward the screen)
I'm sorry.

Samantha pushes both her AirPods deeper with two fingers.

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Can everyone hear that?

The GRID OF FACES before her all nod.

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I--

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Yeah, Paul's working...

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
...on the attic.

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Hasn't left the house since
September!

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
No, totally on his own. No
contractor. No subs.

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Even made the guys test before
dropping off the fridge.

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
On the street!

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Yeah. Mister Blandings meets Howard
flipping Hughes.

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Hold...

BANG!

Samantha scrambles to mute herself and turn off her camera.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
...on. I'll be right--

A YOUNG MAN on the screen before her says something we can't
hear.

BANG!

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(answering the young man)
Totally, Steve. Flipping COVID!

BANG!

The camera light on her monitor goes off and she rips out
her AirPods, stands, kicks open the door.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(loud)
PAUL!

INT. ATTIC - BACK ON PAUL

Bathed in a cloud of airborne dust, Paul stands clutching
the sledgehammer.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Paul?!

Something in Paul's face has changed. He seems puzzled. Perplexed. Slowly, he sets the hammer down. He takes off his safety glasses - his eyes still fixed on the wall.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! We hear sound of Samantha scrambling quickly up the stairs behind him.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I'm on a call down here!

Paul gently reaches a hand out toward the shattered section of wall.

PAUL
(distantly)
I know.

SKID! Samantha slides to a stop behind him - seeming more irritated by the dust now than the sound.

SAMANTHA
Can we please just--

Paul turns back around toward her clutching something shiny in one hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Have you been... crying?

Ignoring the question, he opens his hand - flashing her what appears to be a GLIMMERING GOLD POCKET WATCH.

PAUL
Look what I found.

SAMANTHA
You never--

She cants her head at the sight of the watch.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What is that?

He steps toward her, dangling the watch by its fob in the dust-saturated air. Light glints off its casing.

PAUL
A watch.

Samantha reaches out, snatching the watch away.

SAMANTHA
I can see that!

PAUL

It was inside the wall, below the window.

Clutching the watch in one hand, she rubs the faceplate with her thumb - revealing what appears to be a raised relief of a filament bulb radiating light.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Tacked to a stud...

She presses the crown lightly, and the faceplate POPS open - revealing an elegant, stilled movement.

Paul turns back to the wall - reaching down to pull out something else. A yellowed paper postcard.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...next to this.

He flashes her the postcard. On one side is a hand-painted image of a tall, sculpture-clad tower bathed in candy-colored beams of light.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(reading the back)

The Panama-Pacific International Exposition.

Saying nothing, Samantha blows dust from the watch.

PAUL (CONT'D)

February 20 to December 4, 1915.

(looking up)

San Francisco, California.

Samantha lifts a forefinger and thumb to the crown of the watch to give it a wind.

Miraculously, it starts TICKING immediately.

And as it does, something shifts in the light of the room. First, a faint FLASH. Then, in the distance, below, the sound of MUSIC echoing up from the park across the street.

Neither of them seem to notice the music at first.

SAMANTHA

Still works.

PAUL

50/50 huh?

TICK! TICK! TOCK. SILENCE. The watch stops and and the light shifts back. The DISTANT MUSIC is suddenly gone.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Even split.

Staring at the watch, Samantha suddenly remembers - she's supposed to be on a call.

SAMANTHA
Shit!

She shoves the watch back at him. He nearly drops it.

PAUL
What?!

SAMANTHA
Just, do me a favor...

She spins on her heels - waving a hand in front of her face as if to clear a path through the dust.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
...and keep it down for, like,
twenty minutes, okay? Think you can
do that?

Paul's eyes are on the watch, not on her.

PAUL
Sure.

Samantha disappears as quickly as she appeared - rumbling back down the stairs.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Sorry I sprung all that on you!

Barely listening, Paul flips the postcard over in his hand.

PAUL
Uh-huh.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
There's never a good way!

PAUL
Uh-huh.

Paul is busy studying the back of the postcard. On it we see a series of words scrawled in faded blue fountain pen ink:

MAGIC MOUNTAIN
 MEDITATION VISTA
 SUNSET GATE
 OCTAGON HOUSE
 DOLORES BASILICA

From down below, we hear Samantha rejoining her call:

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Yeah, yeah. Sorry!

Paul flips the postcard back over again - and we notice another bit of handwriting scrawled over the image of the tower on the front.

PAUL
 (reading)
 Life can only be understood
 backward...

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Uh-huh.

PAUL
 ...but must be lived forward.

Paul slips the postcard into his hip pocket - lifting the watch again.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 Yep.

The dust in the air is slowly settling as he lifts the watch again. It, like the raised relief on its faceplate, radiates light. Like a golden disco ball.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 Alright, action items.

Paul pops the faceplate open again and gently winds the watch again.

TICK! TICK! TICK! It starts back up. And, just as before, the light SHIFTS ever so slightly.

Through the closed window, we hear MUSIC again. The sky is a paler shade of blue.

Still winding the watch carefully, Paul steps up to the window and looks down.

INT. ATTIC - PAUL'S POV

Down below and across the street in the Panhandle, we see a thicket of LONG-HAIRED KIDS - some lounging in the grass, some dancing, some sharing what appears to be a cigarette.

INT. ATTIC - BACK ON PAUL

Slipping the still TICKING pocket watch back into his pants pocket, Paul reaches out and unlatches the window.

CREAK! It slides open. And MUSIC fills the air. It's an old song. A 60s song. Familiar. Sounding like it's wafting up from an AM radio.

And it barely drowns out Samantha down below.

Seeming intrigued and looking a little bit like a man in a trance, Paul turns and walks toward the top of the stairs.

The window stays tilted open behind him.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Paul strides slowly back down the stairs, hits the ground floor, spins, and heads toward the front door.

Down the hall, we can hear Samantha still on her call:

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Well, sometimes all it takes is a
little push.

Pausing, Paul fishes a black KN-95 mask from a bowl near the door, slips it on carefully, and reaches out for the knob.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Get people outta their comfort
zone, you know?

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

We watch as the front door slides opens and Paul steps outside - his eyes squinting against the daylight.

Ahead of him is an impossibly vivid scene. Leafy green trees. Jordan almond sky. Fluffy white clouds. MUSIC.

Up and down both sides of the street are parked all manner of vintage cars - Falcons, Ramblers, Beetles, Corvairs, Country Squire station wagons.

And, across the street in the Panhandle, the same gaggle of BARELY-CLAD KIDS dance. Smoke lingers in the air.

Out of nowhere, a MAN'S VOICE:

MAN (O.S.)
Probably wanna put the, uh, mask on
after you enter the bank.

Paul looks down to see a young man with dark hair and sharp features. He's wearing aviators, white dungarees, and a blue short-sleeve shirt.

MAN (CONT'D)
So they don't get the jump on you.

Wait. Isn't that...

PAUL
What the...

Hunter S. Thompson? The writer?

The man on the stairs - indeed a young HUNTER S. THOMPSON (29, fit, wary, fresh off *Hell's Angels*) - shrugs his shoulder, lifting a cigarette to his lips.

No trademark TarGard filtered holder. Yet.

HUNTER
Well, suit yourself.

Slowly, the two of them lift their gaze to the dancing Panhandle hippies.

PAUL
(masked/muffled)
What... what is this?

Hunter nods.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
The Hashbury. Love's the password.
But paranoia's the style.

Paul stares down at him.

PAUL
Are you...

Hunter narrows his eyes, blowing smoke.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...I mean...

Hunter inhales again - looking ready to pounce. Or bolt.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...you couldn't be.

Hunter exhales again - slowly.

HUNTER
Spit it out, boy!

Still wearing his mask, Paul threads his way cautiously past Hunter and onto the sidewalk.

PAUL
Oh, wait.

EXT. SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Shrouded in smoke, Hunter tracks Paul suspiciously with his eyes - barely budging.

PAUL
I get it!

HUNTER
Get what?

PAUL
Like, wow. Totally spot-on!

Hunter slides his aviators further down the bridge of his nose, sizing Paul up.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I didn't, uh, see a sign. Get a notice this time.

HUNTER
A notice? For what?

Paul turns around. At the sight of his house, his face falls. The place is a grime-covered wreck. Peeling white paint. Cracked windows. Twisted balustrades.

PAUL
(distantly)
Filming.

Hunter stands, reaches a hand out, and slaps Paul firmly between the shoulder blades.

HUNTER
That's right, buddy. Mister DeMille's ready for your close-up!

Hunter flicks him a quick wave, ambling away.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Narc.

PAUL
Narc?

HUNTER
You heard me.

As Paul stares wide-eyed, Hunter swerves to miss another LONG-HAIRED MAN walking up the sidewalk wearing bell-bottoms, a silk shirt, and a vest.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
(to the long-haired man)
Outta my way, deviant.

The long-haired man slows.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Scratch that.
(beat)
Nazi.

The long-haired man - a pre-spree CHARLES MANSON (33, predatory, serpentine) - grins back broadly.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Phony, fake sideshow satanist.
Worse than the worst of the Angels.

Manson SURGES at him.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey. Hey!

Hunter stutter-steps gracefully clear.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Back it off, Chuckles.

Paul, still in a seeming trance, drifts slowly their way.

MANSON
Up yours, rat. Nobody cares what
you write.

PAUL
(to himself)
What the hell is happening?!

Hunter picks up the pace down the sidewalk, away.

MANSON
 (shouting after Hunter)
 Fuckin' New York Times? Who gives?!

Not even bothering to reply, Hunter flashes Manson the bird. Ash flies from his lit cigarette.

Paul slows. Manson spins his way.

MANSON (CONT'D)
 Foghorn Leghorn beatnik square
 motherf--

He cuts himself, puzzling at Paul's mask.

MANSON (CONT'D)
 What're you lookin' at?

PAUL
 Who are-- No, don't--

MANSON (CONT'D)
 I'm the new breed, man! A
 completely new thing in this world!
 (beat)
 Spare a buck?

Paul, looking white as a sheet behind his black mask, simply shakes his head.

MANSON (CONT'D)
 Aw, fuck it, pops.

Manson shoves his way past him roughly.

MANSON (CONT'D)
 Your days are done!

His mind reeling, Paul turns toward the DANCING HIPPIES in the Panhandle. The SONG - he finally catches it clearly.

It's The Mamas and The Papa's 1967 hit "San Francisco (Be Sure To Wear Some Flowers In Your Hair)" BURBLING over a transistor radio nestled in the grass.

PAUL
 I gotta get outta here!

Paul turns and charges frantically back toward the house - huffing and puffing behind his mask.

EXT. VICTORIAN - CONTINUOUS

Paul bounds up the stairs.

But just as he throws open the front door - FLASH - the light shifts again. And the door, once a dilapidated white plank turns a lovingly-restored shade of slate gray.

Paul slows, looking up - and we CRANE UP with his view.

The whole house is suddenly impeccable. Lovingly, meticulously, fastidiously DIY rehabbed. The sight, however, is not the least bit reassuring.

Panting, Paul half screams through his mask:

PAUL
What... the... fuck?!

He thrusts a hand into his pocket - pulling out the watch.

He clicks the faceplate open and sees immediately that the watch has indeed stopped.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No, no.

He spins back toward the street - his mask collapsing and billowing with every breath.

In the distance we notice that the Panhandle is empty and lined with Nissans, Toyotas, Volvos, and Subarus.

No sign of either Hunter S. Thompson or Charles Manson. And, again, the MUSIC is gone. Replaced instead by the DRONE of a helicopter circling somewhere in the distance.

PAUL (CONT'D)
NOPE!

He shoves watch back into his pocket, pushes past the open front door, and barges back inside his house.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

SLAMMING the door loudly behind himself, Paul run/walks toward the sound of Samantha's VOICE - ripping off his mask.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Okay, cool. Sarah, why don't you take that on. And I'll check in with Lisa when she's back from--

INT. BEDROOM/OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Paul THROWS open the door to their daughter's former bedroom. It is, as we saw hints of earlier, a sea of millennial pink.

PAUL
 (out of breath)
 I think I'm having a stroke!

SAMANTHA
 What?!

PAUL
 I've gotta-- You've gotta--

Samantha swivels her Aeron angrily around to face him.

Catching sight of the grid of faces over her shoulder, Paul waves sheepishly.

SAMANTHA
 Paul?

PAUL
 (to the screen)
 Sorry guys!

Before she can get a word in edgewise, Paul reaches over her shoulder, grabs her mouse, and clicks the button to hang up.

The windows close. The faces disappear.

SAMANTHA
 Hey! What the fuck, Paul!

PAUL
Exactly!

SAMANTHA
 You can't just barge in here--

He grabs her by the shoulders. She pulls back, pissed.

PAUL
 You've got to see this!

Paul drags her with him out of the office and into:

INT. VICTORIAN, HALLWAY - DAY

With Samantha doing her best to free herself from Paul's grip, Paul grabs another mask from the bowl near the door and throws the front door open.

Nothing happens. No shift in the light. No hippies in the distance. No Hunter. No Manson.

SAMANTHA
AND?!

Paul pads his pocket.

PAUL
Ah, right!

As he lifts the (stilled) watch from his pocket, Samantha rips her mask from his free hand.

Paul slams the door and winds the watch. FLASH!

Like a giddy little kid, he slips on his face mask back on and reaches out to open the door again.

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

We're suddenly back outside, back in front of Samantha and Paul's dilapidated wreck of a house.

MUSIC fills the air again. And the sky is still a milky pastel blue. Robin's egg blue.

Samantha stands with her feet glued to the landing. Paul is right beside her holding the now TICKING pocket watch.

SAMANTHA
Uh...

PAUL
Right?!

The CAMERA GLIDES around behind them - and we see the gaggle of HIPPIES again - still dancing giddily in the Panhandle. Stoned out of their gourds.

Paul points to the man at the bottom of the stairs.

PAUL
Hmm?

SAMANTHA
What?!

The man - Hunter again - leans back on one elbow, looking their way. Paul nods his way, still wearing his mask.

PAUL
Hunter.

Hunter tugs the bridge of his aviators down with one finger.

HUNTER
You might wanna...

PAUL
 ...take the mask off before I rob
 the bank. I know!

Paul grabs Samantha by the elbow, dragging her down the stairs with him. Her eyes say it all. *What the what?!*

HUNTER
 (to Samantha)
 Ma'am.

In the distance, we see Manson ambling up the street again.

PAUL
 C'mon. Hurry. Before--

At the sight of Manson, Samantha reflexively slips her mask on - fiddling with the ear straps like a pro.

SAMANTHA
 (distracted, to Paul)
 What is going on with you?!

PAUL
 Everything, apparently.

Just as Samantha and Paul hit the sidewalk (both masked) Manson SHOUTS up toward Hunter:

MANSON
 Hey, asshole!

Hunter tenses - pushing himself to his feet and flicking away his cigarette as Paul and Samantha scurry quickly away.

HUNTER
 What do you want, Jekyll?

SAMANTHA
 (to Paul, hushed)
 Wait. Is that...

PAUL
 (under his breath)
 ...Charles Manson? Yes!

Moving swiftly, Paul yanks off her mask.

SAMANTHA
 Hey!

PAUL
 I don't think we need these here!

He rips his own mask off, moving swiftly.

SAMANTHA
What do you mean, here?!

PAUL
(ignoring her)
At first, I thought they were,
like, extras or something. For,
like, for a movie or a car
commercial or something.

Touching her face, Samantha catches a quick glimpse of their house. On the steps, Hunter and Manson are having it out.

MANSON
You heard me!

HUNTER
Up yours!

SAMANTHA
(to Paul)
The house!

PAUL
(giddy)
I know!!

SAMANTHA
What the fuck is this?!

HUNTER
(to Manson)
You're the one who's gonna bring
this whole deal crashing down. But
you know that, don't you?!

MANSON
Who cares, man? Burn it to the
fucking ground!

Samantha slows - just as a vividly-painted school bus full of TRIPPING HIPPIES rumbles by.

PAUL
Your mom is gonna FREAK OUT!

SAMANTHA
Whoa, whoa, whoa.

PAUL
I think it's the watch!

He dangles it between them. It glints in the light.

PAUL (CONT'D)
As soon as it stops, everything
comes right back. All of it!

SAMANTHA
Back to where?

PAUL
The future!

SAMANTHA
Please!

PAUL
(eyes on the watch)
It just, like...

The watch TICKS loudly between them.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...runs until it's done.
(beat)
C'mon!

He reaches out for her hand again. She yanks it away.

SAMANTHA
NO!

PAUL
Please? Just... relax.

SAMANTHA
Relax?!

PAUL
Just...

He finally gets a hold of her hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)
...trust me.

Samantha digs in her heels.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Live a little.

SAMANTHA
Live a little?!

PAUL
You want fun? Well--

He pulls her with him down the street as Hunter and Manson tumble into an awkward-looking shoving match behind them.

EXT. HAIGHT STREET - CONTINUOUS

Clutching hands tightly, Paul and Samantha round the corner from their street and stumble into the barely-controlled chaos of mid-sixties Haight Street.

As far as the eye can see, it's wall-to-wall FLOWER PEOPLE.

SAMANTHA
Oh, buddy.

Ahead, BEARDED GURUS dance with JANGLING bells tied to their ankles. HIPPIE CHICKS shimmy and sway with beads around their necks and, yep, flowers in their hair.

Everybody's high.

PAUL
God, it's so... real!

Samantha trips over something on the sidewalk. Paul steadies her, then bends to pick up what appears to be a newspaper.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Interesting.

SAMANTHA
What?

Paul lets go of Samantha's hand - slipping the thick rubber band off the newspaper.

PAUL
What's your guess?

SAMANTHA
My what?!

Paul SNAPS the paper open with a flourish.

PAUL
Guess!

SAMANTHA
This is not a flipping--

His scan the masthead for the date.

PAUL

Dude!

He flips the paper over in his hands.

Over his shoulder, we can pick out a series of headlines splashed across the front page:

-- B52s Hit Four Sectors in Vietnam --
 -- U.S.-Russian Hotline Gets First Use --
 -- Israeli Air Attack Hits U.S. Ships --
 -- Death Plot Against Negro Leaders --
 -- Haight-Ashbury Hippie Crime Wave --
 -- Arson and Anarchy in S.F. Schools --

Paul crumples the paper between them.

PAUL (CONT'D)

June 10, 1967!

Samantha looks like she's spiraling into a full-on, hardcore, old-school panic attack.

SAMANTHA

Paul?

Paul, looking distracted, lets his eyes drift toward a storefront down the street just behind Samantha.

PAUL

Oh, hey. I know that--

The store behind Samantha is the infamous Digger Free Store - a sort of hippie Salvation Army turned soup kitchen.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Dad used to...
 (turning grave)
 ...work...
 (dropping the paper)
 ...there.

Paul grabs Samantha's hand again.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Home. Now!

He yanks her roughly with him - back toward the house.

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

Both Samantha and Paul skid to a stop at the bottom of their stairs. Hunter and Manson are gone. The Panhandle hippies are still dancing away.

Paul pulls the watch out of his pocket. It's still TICKING loudly.

PAUL
Shit. Shit!

SAMANTHA
What are you doing?

PAUL
(toward the watch)
C'mon! C'mon!

Samantha lets go of his hand, staring up at their tumbledown wreck of a house.

SAMANTHA
(distantly)
What are doing?

PAUL
(eyes on the watch)
My DAD! And your mom. Shit!

SAMANTHA
So?

PAUL
Don't you see?! Don't you get it?!
They're both, like, here. Now!

SAMANTHA
No, we said--

PAUL
Listen!

Paul re-grabs her hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What if we, like, run into them?
See them? Talk to them?

SAMANTHA
WHO?!

Behind them both, the hippies dance on peacefully.

PAUL
Our parents!

Samantha's eyes narrow. *Oooohhh, right...*

Paul absentmindedly reaches forward with his free hand and twists the doorknob. Miraculously the door opens. CREAK!

SAMANTHA
You can't possibly be--

Suddenly, FLASH, the light shifts again.

Modern cars return. Again the hippies vanish - replaced instead by TECH BROS wearing Patagonia vests tossing Meta-branded Frisbees.

PAUL
Ah-HA! See!

Paul points with one hand through the open door toward the interior of their half-modernized, expensively (partially) preserved Victorian.

PAUL (CONT'D)
It stopped! We're back!

Still clutching her hand tightly, he pulls her with him up into the house. Their house. Now.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Time to Google the shit outta this!

INT. KITCHEN - MIDDAY

Paul is on the near side of the marble island, pacing, eyes fixed to his phone.

PAUL
(reading)
Holy cow! The Mark Twain 18-jewel
movement made by the Independent
Watch Company, Fredonia, New York!
(scrolling)
Of which one was gifted to Thomas
Edison on the 36th anniversary of
the invention of the electric light
bulb! Oh my god!

Samantha stands on the far side of the island, also scrolling but on an iPad. Her crumpled KN-95 face mask sits on the marble island next to the stilled pocket watch.

On the face of the watch, we can still make out the embossed image of an EDISON BULB radiating light.

SAMANTHA

(ignoring Paul)

Okay. Here it is. Hostage hallucinations. Visual imagery induced by isolation and life-threatening stress.

(more scrolling)

Blah, blah, blah. Subjects had been subjected to conditions of isolation, visual deprivation, restraint of physical movement, and the threat of death.

(looking up)

Sound familiar?

Paul stares at her, not following. And a little peeved.

PAUL

(meaning the watch)

I think this thing might be worth something!

SAMANTHA

(reading again)

For eight of the subjects, these conditions were sufficient to produce a progression of visual hallucinations.

PAUL

It wasn't a hallucination!

SAMANTHA

Hunter Thompson and Charles Manson?

Paul begins to interrupt again. She cuts him off.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(continuing)

From simple geometric images to complex memory images.

PAUL

I don't see how that has anything to do with--

SAMANTHA

Coupled with disassociation, these
hostage hallucinations were
comparable to those resulting from
sensory deprivation, near fatal
accidents, and other states of
isolation and stress.

(looking up)

Hmmm?

She reaches forward, grabbing her mask and dangling it at
Paul like it's evidence. A clue.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

COVID, dude!

Paul stares at her like she's the crazy person.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

A full flipping year on lockdown!
Three hundred and sixty-five days
of near total isolation and sensory
deprivation - even with every
streaming service known to man!

Samantha crushes her mask like it's a piece of trash.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

With nobody but your bullshit
artist full-time philanderer of a
father and my nervous Nelly control
freak mom in our flipping pod!

PAUL

Well...

SAMANTHA

No wonder we need a divorce!

This jolts Paul - as if he'd almost completely forgot.

PAUL

(re: their parents)

They're just lonely!

SAMANTHA

That's their fault!

PAUL

And your mom's not that bad.

SAMANTHA

Yes. She IS!

(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Come with me.

She swipes the watch off the counter - shoves it roughly into Paul's hands and yanks him with her back down the hall, toward the front door.

EXT. VICTORIAN - AFTERNOON

We're suddenly back out in front of Samantha and Paul's house. Across the street, the vested tech-bros continue tossing their Meta Frisbees while guzzling kombutcha.

Paul is two steps down from the door, clutching the watch. Samantha is in the doorway, holding the doorknob with one hand and clutching Paul's hand with the other.

Both are unmasked.

Samantha lets go of Paul's hand.

SAMANTHA

Alright. Wind it. Just, like, one click.

PAUL

Why?

SAMANTHA

Just do it.

Paul hesitates.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Gimme that thing!

She snatches away the watch and gives the crown a wind between two fingers. CLICK. CLICK.

FLASH!

There's Hunter again, at the bottom of the stairs.

HUNTER

Greetings, Greedheads.

PAUL

Greedheads?

SAMANTHA

Okay. Stay right here.

PAUL

What?!

SAMANTHA

I'll be right--

SLAM! The door closes - sending flecks of weather-beaten paint to the stone landing. Samantha's next word vanishes into the aether. She's gone... with the watch!

Paul draws a breath to speak - but Hunter cuts him off:

HUNTER

History. It's hard to know. What with all the hired gun bullshit.

(long inhale)

Even without being sure, it seems entirely reasonable...

(long exhale)

...to think that every now and then the energy of a whole generation comes to a head in a long, fine flash...

Paul spins slowly around, perhaps recognizing the fact that he is, indeed, alone. Stranded. In the past.

Hunter, bathed in cigarette smoke, smiles up at him.

HUNTER

...for reasons that nobody really understands at the time.

Again, in the distance, a shambolic Charles Manson tromps his way up the sidewalk.

PAUL

(under his breath)

Sam?

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Samantha strides into their entry. For a second, it looks entirely different. Vastly shabbier.

But then, CLICK! The watch goes silent. And, FLASH! She's suddenly back in their (modernized) hallway.

Samantha spins back around and lunges toward the front door - throwing it open.

Over her shoulder we see it immediately. No Paul. No Hunter. Nothing but tech bros!

SAMANTHA

Paul!

In the distance, a self-driving test car rumbles through the intersection like a high-tech tumbleweed.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Shit! Shit! Shit!

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

Paul, his face is full of fear stands at the top of the stairs alone - abandoned in 1967 with no way of returning.

In the distance, Hunter mutters on:

HUNTER

Madness in any direction, at any hour! You can strike sparks anywhere!

MANSON (O.S.)

(toward Hunter)

Fuck you, scribbler!

HUNTER

(ignoring Manson)

A fantastic universal sense that whatever we we're doing is right!

(beat)

That we are...

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Samantha nearly drops the watch.

SAMANTHA

C'mon! C'mon!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! She frantically winds the watch.

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

Suddenly, the dilapidated front door flies open again - revealing Samantha.

HUNTER

...winning.

SAMANTHA

Oh, my god! Paul!

She reaches out and yanks him roughly back inside.

In the distance, Manson SHOUTS again:

MANSON

Dumbass Hemingway wannabe! Why
don't you shoot yourself in the
head already and put us all out of
your misery!

BANG! Samantha slams the door shut behind herself and a
still shell-shocked Paul.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Breathing heavily, both of them notice the shabbiness of the
hallway.

PAUL

Wait...

But then, through the thick glass of the window in the door,
a subtle shift of the light. And, SILENCE.

They're back in the now. The watch has stopped.

Samantha slowly closes their meticulously stripped and re-
painted front door, clutching the stilled pocket watch.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Don't DO that!

SAMANTHA

Sorry! I just--

PAUL

You just stranded me!

SAMANTHA

I know. It won't--

PAUL

In nineteen flipping...

SAMANTHA

...sixty-seven. I know!

Her eyes fall back to the watch.

PAUL

Why would you DO that?!

SAMANTHA

So that we know.
(beat, seriously)
How it works.

She turns the watch over carefully in her hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
What the rules are.

Paul, out of words, thunders off toward the kitchen.

PAUL
Screw you! Screw the divorce. I
need a flipping drink!

Samantha slowly slips the watch into her pocket like it's a tiny grenade with a pulled pin.

PAUL (O.S.)
Of all the self-centered--

SAMANTHA
I said I'm sorry!

Samantha presses off after Paul, slowly.

PAUL (O.S.)
You wanna split up? Fantastic. You
got it!

In the distance, we hear the CLINKING of glasses and the POP of a whiskey cork being roughly pulled out.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Twenty-eight years of marriage and
this is the way she ends it? By
ditching you in the goddam past?

Looking like she's still trying to work out the mechanics - the rules - in her mind, Samantha slowly enters the kitchen.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Typical you. All reason, no
adventure. YOU'RE the un-fun one!

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

By the looks of the marble island (rocks glasses, pistachio shells, a nearly empty bottle of Japanese Whiskey), Sam and Paul have been day drinking with aplomb.

All the windows are darkened and dusky.

PAUL
(slurring slightly)
I'm keeping *all* the records!

SAMANTHA
 (also slurring)
 Fine.

PAUL
 And the CDs.

SAMANTHA
 Fine!

PAUL
 And--

Out of nowhere: DING! DONG! The doorbell rings.

Paul and Samantha both stiffen.

DING! DONG!

SAMANTHA
 Oh, no.

PAUL
 Shit!

Their eyes whip to the wall clock. It's seven o'clock PM on the dot. *Their parents!*

PAUL (CONT'D)
 What do we--

DING! DONG! Again.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (loud)
 Dad-uh!

Paul downs the last of his whiskey and spins.

SAMANTHA
 Wait. Hold on. Tell them?

PAUL
 About '67?

SAMANTHA
 No, dummy.

Samantha gulps down her whiskey, too.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 About the divorce.

DING!

PAUL
Ugh! Be right...

DONG!

PAUL (CONT'D)
...there!

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Standing huddled on the stoop are JACK (70s, stringy gray hair, wire-rim glasses), MAYA (30s, crunchy, toned), and KATHERINE (70s stylishly dressed, gray bob).

Only Jack isn't wearing a mask.

JACK
Freezing my tuchus off out here!

MAYA
Your what?

JACK
My ass, darling. My glorious ass!

Maya reaches out and gives his ass a playful little squeeze.

MAYA
(to Katherine)
It is actually pretty glorious.
Thanks to me.

Jack stabs a thumb at the doorbell again. DING!

KATHERINE
I'm certain they heard you...

A mischievous twinkle in his eyes, Jack withdraws his thumb.

DONG!

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
...the first time.

PAUL (O.S.)
(from inside)
DAD!

JACK
(to Katherine)
It's a wonder anything works in
this house. Boy's never been handy.
Never!

Suddenly the door FLIES open - revealing a petulant Paul and a tipsy Samantha.

Without so much as a hug, Jack barrels past his son.

JACK (CONT'D)

Since when is there a Whole Foods
in the neighborhood?

Maya (seemingly tethered to Jack's hand) stumbles past Paul and toward Samantha.

PAUL

Since, like, forever, Dad!

MAYA

Hey, Paul.

PAUL

Hey... you.

Jack barges on down the hall, toward the kitchen.

JACK (O.S.)

I liked it better when old Charlie
Manson was wandering Haight Street
picking up vampire hookers in the
good ol' days!

Paul and Samantha both share a quick flash of alarm.

MAYA

(passing Samantha)

Sam.

The mention of Manson has cast an immediate pall over both Samantha and Paul - like they've seen a ghost.

SAMANTHA

Maya.

Samantha's mom stands patiently in the light of the stoop. Her fabric mask is covered in daises.

KATHERINE

(nonchalant, to Paul)

We were all riffraff...

Paul stands blocking the doorway.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

...back then.

Samantha pushes past Paul - scooping up her mom in an awkward hug.

SAMANTHA

Come on in, Mom. Sorry - we had sort of a, uh, trying day.

Katherine lands a polite little masked peck on her daughter's cheek.

KATHERINE

(toward Paul)
Oh, and I tested, by the way.
(nodding down the hall)
Those two though, I have no idea.

JACK (O.S.)

I tested! Jesus! Can't go anywhere these days without ramming a goddam Q-tip up your proboscis!

Samantha pulls her mother with her into the house. Paul seems to still be bumping on his dad's mention of Manson.

JACK (CONT'D)

Goddam Fauci. Who does he think he is, Chairman Mao?
(beat)
Ooh! Caesar Stone?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Paul turns, half-slamming the door shut behind himself.

PAUL

No dad. Marble. Carrera marble.

JACK (O.S.)

(condescendingly)
Schmancy!

MAYA (O.S.)

Looks like somebody got the party started early...

Samantha and Paul share another quick look as Katherine unhooks her mask. *Ugh, Maya!*

KATHERINE

What's for dinner, dear? I brought a nice bottle of Pinot.

Paul closes the door slowly behind her.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
(blithely)
Stag's Leap. 1992!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

All five of them stand clustered around the kitchen island noshing on olives, cheese, crackers, and pistachios.

JACK
(mouthful of nuts)
You're shitting me. A divorce?!

KATHERINE
(toward Samantha)
Oh, honey...

SAMANTHA
(at Paul)
I thought we said--

PAUL
(guzzling pinot)
She even wants to sell the house!

Paul reaches into a pocket, pulls out the watch and gently places it onto the marble. Only Katherine notices it.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Divide everything 50/50.

JACK
Tell me you're keeping the vinyl.

Looking bored, Maya pulls a vape pen out of her pocket and fires it up.

KATHERINE
(pointing at the watch)
What is that, dear?

SAMANTHA
Nothing!

Samantha glares at Paul. *Just stop talking!*

Paul misses it - giving Maya a side-eye as she lifts the vape to her lips and gives it a deep draw.

PAUL
(to Maya re: the vape)
Thought your body was, like, a temple or something.

Paul grabs the bottle of pinot to fill up his goblet. Maya exhales a milky white plume of vapor.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Temple of doom.

JACK
What's that supposed to mean?

Jack absentmindedly reaches toward Maya for a hit.

SAMANTHA
Can we please just focus?

KATHERINE
Darling, you're too focused.

Jack takes a hilariously deep drag from the vape pen.

PAUL
Dad!

Jack holds it in, old-style. Then:

JACK
(belching vapor)
What? You stress me out!

PAUL
I stress YOU out?!

Jack offers Katherine the vape. She demurs.

JACK
C'mon, Kate. You know you wanna.

Katherine shoots him a coy wink.

KATHERINE
Those days are long gone, Jackie boy. You know that.

Both Paul and Samantha seem instantly off-put by their parents' oddly flirtatious manner. Maya just rolls her eyes.

MAYA
Gross.

Paul abruptly snatches the watch back up off the counter.

PAUL
Fine! Forget I said anything!

Jack takes another drag.

JACK
Done. What's for dinner?

Paul glares at his father.

JACK (CONT'D)
Please. Everybody gets divorced eventually.

Katherine reaches a hand out for the wine bottle. But, instead, her hand veers toward the postcard.

KATHERINE
(dreamily)
Now those were the days.

She flips the postcard over in her hand.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
(reading)
The Palace of Jewels...

Not listening to her mother, Samantha whips out her phone - unlocking it.

SAMANTHA
(toward Paul)
Thai?

PAUL
(sulking)
Fine.

Something on the back of the card catches Katherine's eye.

KATHERINE
Magic Mountain?!

Something sparks in Jack. Maya too, for different reasons.

MAYA
Like, the amusement park?

KATHERINE
No, dear...

SAMANTHA
(scrolling)
Farmhouse okay?

Maya nods distractedly.

KATHERINE
 (to herself, dreamily)
 ...the *music* festival.

Jack passes Maya back the vape. Paul looks like he wants to snatch it out of her hands and snap it in two.

Katherine's mind is clearly elsewhere. On the past.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
 Up on Mount Tam.

JACK
 Wait. You were there?

She nods.

KATHERINE
 June 1967.

Now Paul sparks. Samantha keeps scrolling. Maya takes an almost comically long drag from the pen.

JACK
 I was, too! Flipping amazing! The beginning - the actual beginning - of The Summer of Love!

Katherine sets the postcard down.

KATHERINE
 The summer that changed the world.

PAUL
 Wait. Hold on.

SAMANTHA
 (scrolling)
Kai Yang? Som Tum?
 (toward Paul)
 How spicy?

Katherine grabs the bottle of pinot.

KATHERINE
 (pouring)
 Mistakes were *definitely* made.

Samantha finally lifts her eyes from her phone - as if trying to picture her mom back then (as a wild child).

MAYA
 (toward Samantha)
 Oooh, and *Kha Na* - extra chilies.

Maya tries passing Jack back the vape. It's like he can't even see her.

SAMANTHA
What kind of... mistakes?

Katherine smiles distantly, taking a sip.

KATHERINE
All kinds, dear. All kinds!

Still not taking the vape, Jack turns.

JACK
(to Katherine)
Where have you been all my life?!

MAYA
Yuck.

SAMANTHA
Jack!

KATHERINE
(cooly)
Oh, here and there. Here and--

Suddenly determined, Paul yanks the watch back out of his pocket.

PAUL
Alright. That settles it!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

We're back before the closed front door. Paul is in the foreground, next to Samantha.

Behind the two of them, Jack and Katherine stand side-by-side - with Maya still sucking on her vape (and looking bored) in the distance.

KATHERINE
Wait? No masks?

PAUL
I don't think so.

JACK
Fine by me! Hate those goddam things!

Samantha seems nervous. Overly serious.

SAMANTHA
Okay. What're the rules?

PAUL
One: don't ditch me!

SAMANTHA
(over her shoulder)
Hold hands as we go through the
door - and back. It's, like, a
portal. Connecting here and there.
(to Paul)
Oh, and don't loose the watch.

PAUL
Right.
(beat)
Once I wind it - once we step out -
we're in. There, then. I think.
(eyes on Sam)
But if it stops, we come back - to
now. But the only way home - into
the house - is with the watch.
Together. Holding hands.

Jack makes jibber-jabber hands. Paul clocks it.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Am I *boring* you?!

JACK
I'm used to it.

PAUL
(to Samantha)
Jesus. This guy!

SAMANTHA
I know.

JACK
Let me rephrase that. Have you lost
your flipping mind?

PAUL
Yes! No? I don't know!

MAYA
(in the background)
Uh-huh.

JACK
Barricading yourself inside this
fake-ass Painted Lady waiting for
Dwell Magazine or some shit to ask
you to be on the cover! DIY HGTV
wet dream.

Even Maya seems stunned by his brusqueness and candor.

KATHERINE

Jack, enough.

JACK (CONT'D)

What do you know about swinging a hammer anyway? You're a pixel pusher, not a handyman.

Paul's heart clearly breaks ever so much. Again.

PAUL

Thanks, Dad. Your unwavering support has always meant the world to me.

JACK

You know what I'm saying.

(gesturing)

You two trapped in here wiping every goddam thing down, depending on your apps for everything from booze to bananas - living like roommates, inmates not spouses - no wonder she's divorcing you!

Samantha purses her lips to respond. He continues:

JACK (CONT'D)

(to Samantha)

You used to be fun - both of you. You more than him. But now--

PAUL

Fuck you, stoner.

JACK

Fine. You wanna have a mid-life crisis? Great. Do it like a *normal* person. Buy a goddam Porsche!

PAUL

That's rich, coming from you!

JACK

Listen, our therapist, she has this thing - the adaptive child and enlightened self-interest.

Paul GROANS, well beyond fed-up. Jack soldiers on:

JACK (CONT'D)

We all start off 100% ego. You find somebody. You fall in love. Everything's peachy. Harmonious. But that's just love without knowledge!

PAUL

(to Samantha)

Are we doing this or not?!

Samantha's seems to be hanging on Jack's next words.

JACK

Eventually, just like your mom and me, we all fall out. No big. That's normal. Disillusionment. A clash of imperfections.

KATHERINE

(toward Samantha)

He does have a--

JACK

We all just need to work through that shit. Get real. Repair. Let go of the past.

PAUL

(angrily)

Ha!

Beat, louder:

PAUL (CONT'D)

HA! You've been living in the past since before I was born!

JACK

(ignoring him)

Kid, c'mon. The only way to have what I've found with Maya...

PAUL

You disgust me.

MAYA

When is diner coming?

JACK

...is to ask each other what you can do to get back into harmony. To act with enlightened self-interest.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Like motherfucking adults, pardon
my French.

Samantha nods. *Actually, that makes a ton of...*

PAUL (CONT'D)
Screw. You!

He winds the watch and throws open the door.

LOUD TICKING and BRIGHT SUNSHINE.

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

From the stairs, all five of them squint against the light.

JACK
What the...

From the foot of the stairs, a familiar VOICE:

HUNTER (O.S.)
Hi-de-hi-de-ho!

Paul looks to Hunter - and then immediately down the block toward Manson.

EXT. SIDEWALK - PAUL'S POV

Clad again in the same silk shirt, vest, and bell-bottoms, young Charles Manson saunters up the street - with a YOUNG WOMAN on his arm. Her face is immediately recognizable.

It's YOUNG KATHERINE (20s, an obvious wild child). She's smoking a sloppily-rolled joint. Elegantly feral.

Behind her, the same SCHOOL BUS rolls by. The same SONG ripples through the air. Something about flowers.

MANSON
(up, toward Hunter)
One man's loss is another man's
treasure trove, man.

EXT. VICTORIAN - ON PAUL

Clutching the watch in a closed fist, Paul reaches forward and abruptly SLAMS the door shut with a loud BANG!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Paul and crew stand frozen in the hallway - bathed in the bright daylight streaming through the front door window.

PAUL
What the literal hell?!

SAMANTHA
MOM?!

PAUL
You went out with Charles MANSON?!
Katherine just stands there, her mind reeling.

KATHERINE
It was the sixties, dear.

Jack turns - noticing that the walls of the hallway are covered in garish floral wallpaper. What sounds like baseball game play-by-play CRACKLES over STATIC.

JACK
(distractedly)
Mistakes were *definitely* made.

KATHERINE
Back then, he was just...

Paul and Samantha are the first ones to look to their left, into the living room.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
...a slovenly charlatan who
couldn't hold a tune.

Paul and Samantha barely hear her. Their eyes are fixed on what would normally be their living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sprawled across threadbare furniture and around a secondhand coffee table littered with open beer cans is a scraggly pack of young men vaguely resembling THE GRATEFUL DEAD.

Through the weed smoke that hangs heavy in the air above them, we can barely make out the flickering of a black and white television. It illuminates an open pizza box.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...and we're expecting a crowd of approximately forty thousand fans this afternoon as the Giants face off against the Braves...

A heavy-set HIPPIE with round glasses and a thick black beard swivels his head toward Samantha, extending a hand holding a beefy, smoldering joint. *Could it really be...*

JERRY GARCIA

Toke?

PAUL

Uhhh...

Paul reaches out for the doorknob just as:

TICK. TICK. TOCK. SILENCE.

FLASH!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

We're suddenly back in Samantha and Paul's (modern, partially rehabbed) entryway - in the dark.

The Grateful Dead are gone. So is the STATIC of the broadcast. Even the light from outside has vanished. The window is pitch black.

Paul lifts his fingers from the doorknob like it's red-hot. Jack thrusts an open palm backward toward Maya.

JACK

(at Maya)

Hit me.

She hands him the vape like a relay baton.

MAYA

Who was that fat slob?

Jack starts rapidly drawing on the vape.

JACK

Jerry flipping Garcia!

KATHERINE

Now, he, on the other hand, could hold a tune. Barely.

Jack and Katherine lock eyes - looking as if they're both casting their minds back to their glory days.

SAMANTHA

(to Paul)

Rule number two...

SAMANTHA

...don't let your your parents make out. Like, ever!

MAYA

Huh?

Paul slowly opens his clenched fist - revealing the stilled pocket watch.

PAUL

You might start to disappear.

JACK

(through smoke)

The Butterfly Effect.

Samantha turns and barrels past him - back toward the kitchen looking like she forgot something.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

One small change in the past can change the future!

Paul turns too, watching her disappear.

PAUL

Like, if you go back to murder your grandfather--

MAYA

What are we talking about?!

In the distance, we can see Samantha snatch something up off the marble island. *The postcard?*

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(from the kitchen)

You'd cease to exist!

MAYA

Dinner's not coming, is it?

PAUL

(toward Samantha)

Which is stupid.

JACK

Which is paradoxical!

Samantha comes storming back at them, holding the postcard image side out.

SAMANTHA

Because, of course you existed.

PAUL

You just murdered your grandfather.

JACK
Don't get any ideas.

SAMANTHA
Unless you were *pre-destined* to murder your grandfather but someone, or something, always stopped you.

JACK
The fixed timeline. No free will.

SAMANTHA
You can't choose, and your actions don't create new events.

PAUL
So, either time's linear... or it's circular.

SAMANTHA
Like rewinding a tape, erasing everything as you go!

Samantha threads her way back up next to Paul.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(meaning the postcard)
I think maybe we need this.

PAUL
Maybe every moment happens with every other moment all at once.

SAMANTHA
Yeah, or maybe it's all just some long-ass batshit cray-cray, stress-induced hostage hallucination.

KATHERINE
Will someone please--

PAUL
(about the postcard)
Clues?

Samantha nods. *Definitely.*

JACK
To what?!

SAMANTHA
 (to Katherine)
 To how to maybe save you from being
 turned into one of Manson's mind
 controlled fembot goons!

Jack GAGS out a huge plume of weed smoke.

JACK
 (exasperated)
 See, this is *precisely* what's wrong
 with the grass these days. Too
 goddam strong!

PAUL
 (ignoring Jack)
 Ready?

SAMANTHA
 Ready.

Samantha pockets the postcard and grabs Paul's hand.
 Something about it startles him.

PAUL
 Wow.

SAMANTHA
 What?

PAUL
 I, uh-- I'm just-- I'm gonna miss
 holding your hand.

Trying to seem strong, She rolls her eyes.

SAMANTHA
 (over her shoulder)
 Speaking of hands, don't let go.

Everybody else grabs hands - other than Maya (who's clearly
 bored and loudly YAWNS).

Paul lifts the watch. Jack finally scoops up Maya's digits.

Paul looks to Samantha. She nods back. Paul gives the crown
 of the watch a steady wind.

And, again: LOUD TICKING and BRIGHT SUNSHINE.

Paul cautiously opens the front door.

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

Again, all five of them squint against the light.

JACK
Jesus H. Christ!

From the foot of the stairs, a familiar VOICE again:

HUNTER
You said it, champ.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Yep, there's Manson again - walking arm-in-arm up the street with Katherine's younger self. She's utterly carefree. The personification of the SONG wafting through the air.

YOUNG KATHERINE
(toward Hunter)
Shoulda called me back, flake.

Hunter waves her off.

HUNTER
I'm married!

YOUNG KATHERINE
Don't act married.

HUNTER
(re: Manson)
I'd be careful with that one if I were you.

MANSON
All show, man. No go.

Young Katherine flashes Hunter a two-fingered peace sign - then flips her hand around into a stern 'piss off'.

HUNTER
What is this country coming to?

Young Katherine slows, looking past Hunter - up toward the open door to Paul and Samantha's house.

SAMANTHA
(hushed, to her mom)
Mom, look away.

On the street behind Young Katherine, the same vividly painted SCHOOL BUS from earlier grinds to a stop.

YOUNG KATHERINE
You guys comin' or what?

WHOOSH! The doors to the bus shoot open - and a shirtless, BEARDED MAN shouts from the driver's seat:

BEARDED MAN
All aboard for the Magic Mountain
Music Festival, man!

Manson guides Young Katherine toward the door to the bus.

New MUSIC swirls around them along with the ribbons of pot smoke emanating from just inside the bus.

Suddenly, Jack pushes his way past a hesitant Paul and Samantha - pulling Katherine with him by the hand.

JACK
Well, you only live once.

PAUL
Dad!

Jack and a bewildered Katherine rumble down the stairs.

JACK
C'mon, hermit!

Obviously blitzed, Jack slows as he passes Hunter.

JACK (CONT'D)
Huge fan.

HUNTER
Oh, yeah?

JACK
Hell's Angels blew my head back.
Lono not so much.

HUNTER
Lono?

As they pass him, Katherine can't take her eyes off Hunter.

KATHERINE
What a beautiful boy he was.

JACK
We all were! Back then.

Jack suavely guides Katherine down from the curb, across the asphalt, and up and into the bus.

JACK (CONT'D)
 (shouting back to Paul)
 C'mon now. We ain't got all day!

Stunned speechless, Paul and Samantha slowly let go of each others' hands and take a few steps down the stairs.

Maya follows them looking entirely unimpressed.

MAYA
 (about the bus driver)
 God, like, put on a shirt already.
 Dirty hippie.

PAUL
 (hushed, to Samantha)
 Wait a minute. Your mom dated
 Manson and Hunter?!

SAMANTHA
 (nodding, also hushed)
 I dunno! Just roll with it!

Hunter catches the last bit and grins, taking a drag.

HUNTER
 That's the way, babe. See you up
 there!

Samantha nods distractedly. Maya pauses, staring at Hunter.

MAYA
 Anybody ever tell you, you look
 exactly like Johnny Depp?
 (beat)
 I mean, like, young Johnny Depp.
 Pre-Amber Johnny.

Hunter eyes her through cigarette smoke. Behind him, Samantha and Paul warily step up into the bus - having completely forgotten about Maya.

HUNTER
 No, can't say that they have.

The doors to the bus SLAM shut and the bus GRINDS into gear - pulling away. Hunter stares at Maya - who's still standing on the last stair.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
 How 'bout a lift?

He wags his head toward a gleaming BSA 650 motorcycle parked a few spaces back.

MAYA
Sure. Why the hell not?

Hunter flicks his cigarette away.

HUNTER
Precisely. Why the hell not?!

I/E. SCHOOL BUS/CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

As the bus slowly picks up speed, Paul and Samantha walk down the aisle behind their parents. MUSIC blares over tiny speakers in the ceiling.

PAUL
This is a terrible idea.

SAMANTHA
What if they, like, meet?!

Up ahead, Manson and Young Katherine throw themselves into a pair of empty seats.

Both Katherines lock eyes in passing - as if seeing their own twisted reflections in a cracked mirror.

JACK
Talk about young...
(to Katherine)
Who knew you were such a fox!

Paul reaches forward, shoving his father along.

PAUL
Move.

JACK
Will you please just relax?!

MANSON
Yeah, man. You're harshing my mellow!

JACK
(back to his son)
Even *he* feels it!

Young Katherine nods a silent hello to her aged self.

KATHERINE
(at a loss)
Lovely day... for a jaunt.

Young Katherine wordlessly offers her her smoldering joint.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)
Oh, no thank you.

Jack whips his vape pen back out.

JACK
Got it covered, babe!
(eyes out the window)
Aw, shit.

Jack points with the vape toward Hunter kick-starting his motorcycle - with Maya seated on the back.

PAUL
Enlightened self-interest, huh?

The bus makes a swinging left and Jack and Katherine fall into a pair of empty seats.

JACK
(sounding just like Paul)
Typical.

Paul and Samantha slip into the seats across from their parents when, suddenly, the bus skids to a stop.

VROOOM! Hunter and Maya blast swiftly by, outside.

JACK (CONT'D)
(watching Maya go)
Youth. It's wasted on the--

At the front of the bus, the doors swing open, and a very square-looking CLEAN-CUT YOUNG MAN hops in. He's wearing starchy khakis and a U.C. Berkeley sweatshirt.

Amid the pot smoke and psychedelia, he stands out like a sore thumb. Like a *Leave it to Beaver*, Eisenhower-era relic.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh, no.

Paul and Samantha whipsaw from Jack to the front of the bus as the young man - YOUNG JACK (20s, tame as a warm glass of milk) - walks swiftly down the aisle.

He's busy munching on something out of a waxed paper bag.
Popcorn?

YOUNG JACK
(stilted)
Groovy, man. Dig it!

Paul leans across the aisle, toward his father.

PAUL
You're kidding me.

JACK
(resigned)
Uh, nope.

YOUNG JACK
(approaching)
Far OUT! Shroom?

PAUL
Holy...

JACK
Shhh.

YOUNG JACK
(toward Manson)
Hey, Charlie.

MANSON
Fuck off, square.

All smiles, Young Jack flashes Manson a piece sign and gobbles another button. The bus GRINDS back into gear.

KATHERINE
(grinning)
Fascinating.

SAMANTHA
(to Paul)
Oh, my god.

PAUL
(nodding furiously)
I know!

Young Jack tumbles through the aisle between his elder self and his future son.

YOUNG JACK
This seat taken?

KATHERINE
Help yourself, son.

He slides into the seat behind Jack and Katherine.

YOUNG JACK
(up, toward Jack)
Say, don't I know you?

JACK

Nope!

Jack thrusts his younger self the vape.

JACK (CONT'D)

Toke?

Young Jack stares at the metallic pen quizzically.

YOUNG JACK

Nah. Grass just goes straight to my head! Mushrooms on the other hand...

Young Jack shakes the bag toward his elder self.

JACK

Definitely not!

Without another word, Jack immediately starts puffing away - as if trying to blot out his mortification.

PAUL

Interesting. Very interesting.

INSERT MONTAGE:

To the tune of the song BLARING inside the bus, we watch from various vantage points as the bus:

-- BLASTS across the Golden Gate Bridge belching exhaust --

-- SHOOTS through the darkness of the Headlands Tunnel --

-- CLIMBS up the tree-lined narrows of Camino Alto --

-- SLOWS to a stop in a gravel parking lot in Mill Valley --

END MONTAGE.

I/E. SCHOOL BUS/MILL VALLEY - CONTINUOUS

From inside the bus we see a sea of parked cars and motorcycles scattered across a clearing in the redwoods.

YOUNG JACK

(to no one in particular)
So, then I thought: why not? You can always go back to dental college!

Samantha nudges Paul furtively.

SAMANTHA
Keep that thing wound.

YOUNG JACK
You know, live a little. While
you're still young!

PAUL
(back to Samantha)
Definitely.

Paul whips out the pocket watch. Catching it's reflection on the ceiling of the bus, Manson swivels around in his seat.

MANSON
Say there, grandpa.

PAUL
Grandpa?

Outside in the dusty parking lot (which is full of other more normal school buses and loads of HELL'S ANGELS with amps tied to their bikes) a HUEY HELICOPTER swoops in.

Dust flies everywhere.

MANSON
Fancy watch. Musta cost a pretty penny!

PAUL
(over the rotor wash)
Yeah, maybe?

Manson continues eying the watch - ignoring the helicopter (into which a LEATHER-CLAD ENTOURAGE leaps - all carrying musical instruments).

MANSON
What time you got?

Paul, reluctantly presses the crown.

MANSON (CONT'D)
Oooh wee! Sure don't make 'em like that anymore!

PAUL
Yeah, guess not.

Manson swivels back around.

MANSON
Ain't too accurate tho. Shame.

YOUNG KATHERINE
 (up, to the driver)
 Hey, Billy. Step it up! I don't
 wanna miss Kaleidoscope!

SHIRTLESS DRIVER
Ja vol herr kommandant!

Jack leans over toward Katherine.

JACK
 Kaleidoscope? My kinda girl!

Katherine GIGGLES, rolling her eyes and drawing a square in
 the air before her with two hands. Jack shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)
 All I know is, today's when it all
 started to click for me.

Jack leans over toward his son - offering the vape.

JACK (CONT'D)
 C'mon. Take the edge off.

Paul, busy winding, GRUMBLES under his breath.

PAUL
 No thanks, Dobie Gillis.

JACK
 Suit yourself.

Paul slides the watch back into his pocket.

PAUL
 On second thought, fine.

SAMANTHA
 Wait, what?

Paul snatches the vape out of his dad's hand and takes a
 heavy draw.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 I don't even know you anymore.

PAUL
 (blowing smoke)
 You and me both, Sam. You and me
 both.

Paul waves the vape pen her way.

SAMANTHA

No! Jesus.

EXT. MT. TAM, PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The bus, having rumbled to a stop in another dusty parking lot high up Mount Tam, disgorges its ramshackle collection of RIDERS.

Paul and Samantha step out behind Jack and Katherine, looking lost. Manson tumbles down the stairs behind Paul, accidentally thudding right into him.

MANSON

Hey, hey. Sorry, sorry.

In the distance we can make out a big banner reading 'HELLO AND WELCOME TO THE KFRC FANTASY FAIR AND MAGIC MOUNTAIN MUSIC FESTIVAL' in looping Art Deco script.

PAUL

(distracted)

Don't... no worries.

Something about Paul seems off. He's more than a little stoned already - the lightweight.

Manson shuffles away, dragging Young Katherine with him - with one hand shoved into a pocket on his bell-bottoms.

Jack and Katherine turn slowly around in awe. Likely to their mutual surprise, they're actually holding hands.

JACK

It's just...

KATHERINE

...exactly right.

Young Jack saunters by - thrusting out a fistful of tickets.

YOUNG JACK

You guys got tickets? Digger Store gave me a bunch to pass out.

Both Jacks face each other - young and old, eye-to-eye.

JACK

Why, thank you. That's very kind of you.

YOUNG JACK

You got it, daddy-o!

(passing him tickets)

Wait, now I get it! You are, without question, the spitting image of my father!

SAMANTHA
 (nervously sotto)
 Ixnay on the Butterflynay...

Neither Jack even reacts.

PAUL
 Dad?

YOUNG JACK
 How many you need?

JACK
 I, um...
 (grinning to himself)
 ...five. If you can spare 'em.

Young Jack can barely take his eyes off Paul's father.

YOUNG JACK
 Of course. Have, uh, have a blast!
 But watch, um, out for the acid. I
 hear it's an exceedingly strong
 batch this week. *Adios!*

Young Jack scampers off.

JACK
Adios.

Samantha roughly snatches the tickets out of Jack's hands.

SAMANTHA
 This is a mistake.

PAUL
 Wait...

In the distance, MUSIC echoes. It's hard to make out. *Could it be Dionne Warwick? Maybe? Yes it is!* Singing "I Say A Little Prayer" - her big encore-closing number.

Paul turns, wandering toward the music with the crowd.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Dionne Warwick?!

Jack nods, pocketing his ticket and taking another pull on the vape - following Paul.

Katherine, still holding Jack's hand, trails them both. Samantha doesn't budge.

SAMANTHA
 (up, to Paul)
 Are you high?!

PAUL
 No?

Samantha jogs up next to Paul.

SAMANTHA
 You're high!

KATHERINE
 (to Samantha)
 Ease up, dear.

Katherine reaches for Jack's vape. He proffers it gladly.
 The MUSIC is getting closer.

SAMANTHA
MOM!

Katherine takes a long, steady draw. An old pro.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 We need to--

Samantha grabs Paul by the shoulder, wheeling him around.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 We need to split up!

PAUL
 Heard you the first time.

SAMANTHA
 No, I mean--
 (to Jack and Katherine)
 No more mingling with your younger
 selves! Who knows what messing
 around with your past might do the
 present. Not to mention the future!

KATHERINE
 What are you talking about, dear?

Samantha whips out the postcard, reading.

SAMANTHA
 Magic Mountain. Meditation Vista.
 Sunset Gate. Octagon House. Dolores
 Basilica!

All three of them stare at her like she's lost her mind.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
It's gotta mean something!

In the distance, the song ends to riotous APPLAUSE.

Katherine lifts her hand with the vape, pointing to a sign in the distance behind Samantha.

KATHERINE
Well, perhaps *that* has something to do with it?

They all wheel around toward the sign - which reads:

MEDITATION VISTA ->

Samantha whips back around and lunges toward her mom - planting a heavy kiss on her cheek.

SAMANTHA
Mom! Yes! How'd you-- Never mind!
(to Paul)
You and your dad, find Manson. Keep his hands off Mom at all costs!

PAUL
How?

SAMANTHA
I dunno, improvise.

PAUL
Improvise?

SAMANTHA
Mom and I'll head to the vista, see what we see.

Samantha grabs her mom's hand - yanking her away from Jack.

In the distance, we can hear instruments TUNING UP for the next act. FEEDBACK. DRUMBEATS. ELECTRIC PIANO.

JACK
Just when we were starting to finally hit it off...

KATHERINE
(already a little high)
C'est la vie, baby. C'est la vie.

She tosses Jack back his vape pen. He catches it awkwardly.

SAMANTHA
 (over her shoulder)
 And keep winding that watch!

PAUL
 Yeah, yeah.
 (to his dad)
 The more fun one, huh?

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - ON SAMANTHA AND KATHERINE

We track first with Samantha and her mother as they wander into the thick of things.

On the left is a huge dirt slide lined with car tires strung together as a barrier. STONED KIDS throw themselves down the slide on dusty scraps of cardboard. Everyone's blitzed.

Above, a PARACHUTIST circles - trailing colored smoke.

KATHERINE
 You know, you should really cut him some slack.

SAMANTHA
 Who, Jack?

KATHERINE
 No, Paul! Everybody goes through this, dear. First you're a couple. Then you're parents. Then, well, you have to figure out who you are all over again.

A light gray cloud of pot smoke wafts through the trees. The whole crowd is half-walking, half-dancing, whooping it up, making out. In the distance, more FEEDBACK. More DRUMS.

SAMANTHA
 I blame that stupid house.

KATHERINE
 It's lovely, dear. You should give him more credit.
 (beat)
 Plus, it brought us here didn't it?

EXT. FESTIVAL GROUNDS - ON PAUL AND JACK

Walking side-by-side, sharing the vape, and looking entirely out of place, Paul and Jack wander through the crowd.

Up ahead, the vibe is $\frac{2}{3}$ Renaissance Fair $\frac{1}{3}$ head shop. People are hocking everything from bongos to anti-Nixon buttons to hand-crafted silver belt buckles.

JACK
 (reaching for the vape)
 Hey, slow it down there kiddo.
 Sam's mad at me enough as it is!

Paul rolls his already slightly bloodshot eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)
 And tell me you're not gonna fold
 that easy.

PAUL
 What're you--

JACK
 Marriage. You gotta *work* at it!

Paul veers away from him. Down below, the SOUND CHECK ends. More APPLAUSE. Then, more FEEDBACK. Guitars plugging in.

PAUL
 It's just... I mean--
 (beat)
 No, she's right. I really don't
 know who we are anymore either. As
 a couple. With Gabby off at school
 and all. Then the lockdown. You
 know what I mean?

JACK
 Yes! That's totally, boringly
 normal. Like Jenny always says...

PAUL
 Who's Jenny?!

JACK
 Our therapist.

PAUL
 Ugh!

Suddenly, a DISEMBODIED VOICE echoes through the redwoods:

VOICE (O.S.)
 Is everybody in? Is everybody in?
 (beat)
 The ceremony's about to begin.

A very familiar 4/4 bossa nova DRUM LINE with little rim clicks under each cymbal smash kicks in. Wild APPLAUSE.

PAUL

No way.

JACK

(nodding)

Way.

Paul drags his dad with him through the trees and into the amphitheater just as the BASS LINE drops.

It's the opening bars of "Break on Through" - the first track from The Doors then brand-new debut album.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - CONTINUOUS

As Jack and Paul rush into the gyrating crowd, we can barely make out JIM, RAY, ROBBIE, and JOHN up on the stage.

PAUL

Holy shit!

JACK

Yeah, never really grooved on these freaks. Too pretentious.

PAUL

You kidding? Jesus! They're so...
YOUNG!

Up on-stage, Jim (clearly plastered) nearly stumbles over his P.A. and into the crowd. The band plays on.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Let's get down there!

In the distance, we can make out Maya dancing like dervish at the foot of the stage. Hunter stands next to her, arms crossed - taking it all in like a proper journalist.

Tripping balls, Young Jack comes grooving up slowly - shaking the bag of shrooms at Hunter. He bats him off.

Far off, across the writhing crowd, Samantha and Katherine are slowly weaving their way toward the Meditation Vista.

EXT. AMPHITHEATER, STAGE - CONTINUOUS

With Jim Morison shimmying and swaying above her, Maya spins around just in time to see Jack and Paul snaking her way.

She reflexively throws her arms around Hunter. He recoils.

Young Jack thrusts the waxed paper bag of mushrooms at Maya. She reaches her hand in, shouting:

MAYA
(loud)
Oh my GOD! These guys are, like,
amazeballs--

FLASH!

The MUSIC abruptly stops. The whole band disappears. Everything around them, too. Amps, banners, the lot: GONE!

Daylight is replaced by inky blackness and eerie moonlit shadows. The stage is a weed-choked, weathered plinth.

Hunter, Maya, and Young Jack all wheel around, stunned to see that THE ENTIRE CROWD HAS VANISHED!

HUNTER
Jumping Jehoshaphat!

YOUNG JACK
Uhhhhhh...

Paul skids to a stop.

PAUL
Fuck!

MAYA
What the...

Behind her, in the distance, Samantha SHOUTS:

SAMANTHA
Dammit, Paul! I thought I told you
to wind the flipping--

Katherine lifts a hand to her daughter's forearm.

KATHERINE
Dear?

She points to a gateway-like cluster of towering redwoods - the former Meditation Vista.

The lights of modern-day San Francisco twinkle in the distance - FRAMING THE SILHOUETTES OF CHARLES MANSON AND YOUNG KATHERINE!

She's got one arm wrapped around his. And he dangles Paul's pocket watch by its fob. It glints in the moonlight.

The nine of them are, evidently, the only people for miles.

SAMANTHA

Paul?!

Paul frantically pads his empty pockets. Jack drops his vape pen. Young Jack grips the bag of shrooms, tight.

PAUL

(toward Manson)

What did you DO?!

MANSON

(a tinge of fear)

What the hell is this, man?

MAYA

Where'd everybody go?!

HUNTER

(wheeling around)

Holy Jesus!

YOUNG JACK

(his brain frying)

Uhhhhh....

Paul charges around the stage and down toward the vista.

PAUL

You give that back, you dirtball racist serial killer!

MANSON

Serial killer?

Jack grabs Maya by the hand. Together with Hunter and Jack's younger self, they fall in behind Paul.

MAYA

What is happening?!

JACK

No time!

MANSON

Hey, hey, hey. Back it up!

Samantha and Katherine pick up the pace. Manson shoves Young Katherine behind himself - dangling the watch out in front of his face like a crucifix to a pack of vampires.

MANSON (CONT'D)

I said, back the fuck off!

Paul slows, lifting his hands. Samantha is right beside him.

PAUL
Listen, listen. No harm, no foul.
We just need that watch back.

HUNTER
(still stunned)
I highly recommend you consider
their request.

YOUNG KATHERINE
Who are you people?

Katherine wags her head almost imperceptibly toward the
towering trees to Manson's left and right.

KATHERINE
(whispering toward Sam)
The trees, dear. Maybe they're like
the door.

SAMANTHA
The what?

KATHERINE
The front door. A portal...

SAMANTHA
(barely moving her lips)
...connecting one point in time to
another. Yes.

It's clear, Paul has no idea what she's talking about.

Katherine looks past them, to her younger self.

KATHERINE
(to young Katherine)
Dear, listen to me. We're here to
help you.

A flash of recognition washes across Young Katherine's face.

YOUNG KATHERINE
Mom?

KATHERINE
What? No! Why does everybody keep--

MANSON
(to Paul)
You tell me right now what the fuck
is going on here!

Paul and Samantha continue their steady advance - looking for the first time like an actual duo. A team.

Jack steps in behind them, delicately taking Katherine's hand again. Maya clocks it.

MAYA

Hmm.

YOUNG JACK

(still short-circuiting)

Uhhhh....

Hunter snaps his fingers in front of Young Jack's face.

HUNTER

Hey, hey. Wakey-wakey!

SAMANTHA

(to Manson)

Listen, we'll give you all the money we have. We just want our watch back. It's our only way home.

(sotto, to Paul)

On three.

Paul's head whipsaws back and forth between her and Manson.

MANSON

Not until you tell me...

Manson pops the watch open.

MANSON (CONT'D)

Aw, man. It stopped.

JACK

Do not wind that--

Ignoring him, Manson gives the crown a firm twist and:

FLASH!

The crowd returns! The MUSIC kicks back in. And the sky is suddenly a brilliant blue once again.

Seated cross-legged on the ground all around them are a bunch of BARELY CLAD MEDITATORS.

SAMANTHA

(to Paul)

Remember that time you charged that bear save me at Yosemite?

EXT. EXPOSITION GROUNDS, MAIN GATE - DUSK

The entire crew - including Hunter and Manson - trip and fall backward through the ornate main gate to the Panama Pacific International Exposition.

SUPER: PANAMA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1915

Samantha topples over Paul, who almost accidentally stomps on the watch in Manson's open palm. No more MUSIC.

The postcard slips out of Samantha's grasp and flips end-over-end through the air.

Leaping to his feet, Hunter deftly catches it. Manson immediately snatches it away from him.

MANSON

Acid, man! Fuckin' love it!

HUNTER

(distantly)

I prefer ether myself.

PAUL

(to Samantha)

Are you okay? Are you--

She nods, pushing herself to one knee.

SAMANTHA

Yeah, yeah. You?

Paul nods, looking around - stunned.

A swiftly-moving gaggle of MEN IN BOWLERS, WOMEN IN CORSETS, and YOUNG MOTHERS PUSHING BABY STROLLERS stream by in a seemingly synchronized rush.

PAUL

How'd you even--

SAMANTHA

(helping her mom up)

Wild guess, I guess.

Jack dusts Katherine's Eileen Fishers. Maya spins, taking it all in in awe.

MAYA

What the actual...

Young Jack, still blitzed, struggles to his feet and drops the bag of shrooms.

Behind Manson (who's still busy studying the postcard),
Young Katherine pushes herself up off the ground.

YOUNG KATHERINE
Where the fuck are we?

KATHERINE
Dear, language.

HUNTER
More like when the fuck.

YOUNG JACK
Wwwwwwwhat?!

Manson slides the postcard into his shirt pocket and
delicately starts winding the watch - walking backward.

MANSON
Meditation Vista...

He turns, surveying the splendor.

The building right behind them is the building from the
postcard. The Tower of Jewels. It gleams like an ornate
pastel mirage.

In the dusky air - which is full of spotlight beams - a
BIPLANE circles.

PAUL
Don't you dare!

MANSON
Sunset Gate...

A PASSING DANDY slows - staring at their strange clothing
with a scowl.

DANDY
(pointing)
Straight on. Left at The Court of
the Universe. Through The Court of
Four Seasons. Just before The Fine
Arts Palace.

Grinning, Manson doffs an imaginary bowler at the dandy,
shoves the watch in his pocket - and makes a break for it!

MANSON
So long, freaks!

Everyone - even Young Katherine - stands frozen in-place.

Above them, a hand-painted banner emblazoned with what appears to be an Edison bulb radiating light FLAPS gently.

SAMANTHA
 (to Paul)
 Well? Go get him!

She points up to the banner - which we now see mentions the celebration of the 36th anniversary of the invention of the electric light bulb!

Samantha turns, grabbing a still stunned Hunter by the hand.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 I'll get Edison's - the one we found in the house - just in case!

PAUL
WHAT?!

Paul's eyes dart from the banner to Manson zigging and zagging through the crowd in the distance.

Samantha nips back and grabs Paul by the shoulders.

SAMANTHA
 You got this!

She leaps away.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
 Now go!

She snags Hunter and turns to run. Paul spins back around.

PAUL
 (to his dad)
 You four stay here! But don't let them get too comfortable!

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
 (in the distance)
 They hook up, we cease to exist!

JACK
 I know, I know!

As Paul and Maya and Hunter and Samantha take off in different directions, we TRACK first with Paul.

EXT. COURT OF PALMS - CONTINUOUS

Fighting his way through the crowd, Paul tries desperately to keep Manson in view - cutting a wide berth around a pair of very familiar-looking MEN IN BLACK SUITS.

The men seem to be clowning around for a handful of SPECTATORS. One sports an iconic tiny black mustache. And the other wears a wilted porkpie hat.

Paul does a double-take on the run, barely slowing.

PAUL

Jesus Christ! Charlie Chaplin?!

CHAPLIN bows, his hat falling off his head and into one hand. He stands back up and tumbles the hat magically down one arm and back up onto his head.

The other man, BUSTER KEATON, frowns, unimpressed.

BUSTER KEATON

One in the same. Or so he'd have you believe!

Paul, mind blown, continues sprinting.

EXT. COURT OF THE UNIVERSE - CONTINUOUS

Running in the opposite direction, Samantha and Hunter rush through the thinning crowds.

HUNTER

(barely winded)

Where y'all *actually* from?

Together, they sprint past signs to the Venetian Court and the Court of Abundance.

SAMANTHA

The future!

She skids to a stop amidst a meandering throng of DRUNKEN SOLDIERS as they usher a pack of TRAINED ELEPHANTS off a moored barge.

HUNTER

Had a feeling you'd say that.

SAMANTHA

2021. Worst year ever.

Off in the distance she spies another banner hanging above a hulking ornate structure marked: MACHINERY PALACE.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

There!

She takes off toward the building. Hunter, still puzzling, nods to himself. On the banner, another Edison bulb.

HUNTER

When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro.

SAMANTHA

C'mon!

Samantha slides to a stop in front of one of the building's tall steel doors. She tries it. It's locked.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Dammit!

She tries another door. Bingo! It CREAKS open. Hunter skids to a stop behind her.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Shhh...

Together, the two of them nip silently inside.

EXT. COURT OF FOUR SEASONS - CONTINUOUS

Paul and Maya run all-out after Manson, toward the Gate of the Setting Sun.

Above them, the biplane is doing balletic barrel rolls - shedding sparks from its paper fuselage.

Up ahead, Manson slows - looking briefly lost.

PAUL

Dude, stop! You don't know what you're doing!

Manson wheels around, finally seeing the ornate gate. Small clusters of MEN AND WOMEN stroll in and out of it as if to unheard music.

MANSON

Don't tell me what I fuckin' know!

Paul slows, gasping for air.

PAUL

Please, man! We can't go home without that watch!

MANSON
Me, me, me, man.

Manson winds the watch again, stepping backward toward the gate. Paul and Maya slowly advance.

PAUL
(whispering to Maya)
Go for his knees.

She nods slightly.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(still whispering)
Sorry for everything I--

MAYA
Whatevs.

Manson pauses at the foot of the gate, tracking the biplane above them with his eyes.

MANSON
Used to be, being crazy meant something. Nowadays, *everybody's* nuts!

INT. MACHINERY PALACE - CONTINUOUS

The vast, darkened Machinery Palace has the initial appearance of a massive abandoned factory.

Giant machinery of all types - printing presses, steam engines, gas turbines, electrical generators, incubators, gigantic industrial lifts - fan out in all directions.

As their eyes adjust, Hunter and Samantha can barely make out a glimmering light far off in the distance.

She nods at it silently, and together the two of them slink forward through darkness.

EXT. GATE OF THE SETTING SUN - CONTINUOUS

Back outside, Paul and Maya continue advancing on Manson.

PAUL
Listen, please. I'll do whatever you say - give you whatever you want - if you just hand over the watch. I need it. We need it.

Manson closes his fist around the watch.

MANSON
No, you listen to me.

Maya takes a deep breath. Paul lifts his hands.

MANSON (CONT'D)
Maybe the only way out of a room
isn't through the door, man.

Manson turns.

MANSON (CONT'D)
Maybe if don't want out...
(beat)
...then maybe you'll be free.

Manson steps forward under the gate. And, as if on cue, Paul and Maya lunge at him from behind - her toward his knees and Paul toward his shoulders.

FLASH! All three of them instantly vanish!

INT. MACHINERY PALACE - CONTINUOUS

Samantha tiptoes past a giant set of electrical transformers and catches sight of a balding man in a rumpled black suit.

The man, THOMAS EDISON (late 60s, unruly shock of white hair, untied bow tie), is seated alone in front of a bunting-lined stage, taking a long swig from a snifter.

Hunter pauses, recognizing him immediately.

HUNTER
Well, I'll be...

Edison calmly lifts his oil lantern, squinting.

SAMANTHA
Really, dude? A lantern?

EDISON
Despite fortune-making opinions to
the contrary, electric light is
highly overrated.

Edison sets the lantern down and lifts his cigar.

EDISON (CONT'D)
To what do I owe the... honor?

SAMANTHA
I think we need to borrow your
watch. As a backup.
(MORE)

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Just in case.

HUNTER

Uh, ditto what she said.

EXT. COURT OF THE UNIVERSE - DUSK

With the biplane still weaving through the sky above, both Katherines and both Jacks saunter boy/girl boy/girl through WELL-DRESSED VICTORIAN SPECTATORS.

Young Jack's got his bag of mushrooms back.

YOUNG JACK

Really? No takers? Taste like shit. Literally. But, man, they work!

KATHERINE

Don't oversell it, son. But, thank you for being so... neighborly.

Katherine swaps a quick look with Jack. *What the heck are we doing here?* He shrugs slightly - looking lost.

Young Jack grins, gobbling up another button.

YOUNG JACK

Might be the, uh, Psilocybin talking... but, golly, I just feel so *connected* with y'all!

Young Jack turns toward Young Katherine - a crazy glint in his stoned-out eyes.

She, surprisingly, returns his affection.

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)

Especially you...

Jack delicately weaves his way between them.

JACK

Nope, nope, nope!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. OCTAGON HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Paul, Maya, and Manson trip over each other backward into the second floor anteroom of an ornate, octagonal Victorian boarding house.

SUPER: RUSSIAN HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, 1872

At the center of the space is a steep curlicue staircase with a twisted, hand-carved wooden balustrade. Above them flickers a gaslight chandelier.

Muted POLITE CHATTER and tinny MUSIC float up from below.

Paul scrambles to his feet - lunging at Manson.

PAUL
Gimme that watch!

Manson grips the watch.

MANSON
Up yours, pig!

The two men land awkward blows until Maya charges at Manson full-bore from behind.

MAYA
Like, NOW, jerk!

THUD, she hits Manson hard - and the watch goes flying.

As it tumbles through the air, Paul leaps after it.

PAUL
No, no, no!

BACK TO:

INT. MACHINERY PALACE - BACK ON EDISON

Edison knocks some ash from the tip of his cigar and reaches into his vest, pulling out a pocket watch.

EDISON
What, this old thing?

It's about the same size as the other one, but more plain. Cruder looking. No filament bulb radiating light.

EDISON (CONT'D)
That rascal Sam Clemens gave it to me back in '06. I think. Company nearly bankrupted him, poor sod.

He un-clips the watch fob and hands it to Samantha.

EDISON (CONT'D)
Keeps time atrociously.

Samantha flips the watch over and over in her hands, as if desperately searching for something that's missing.

SAMANTHA
Something's wrong.

HUNTER
(to Edison)
'06? As in, 1906?

SAMANTHA
It's not-- It's not the same!

Edison narrows his eyes.

BACK TO:

INT. OCTAGON HOUSE, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

In SLOW MOTION, Paul and Manson fight/fall their way down the stairs - bobbling the watch back-and-forth through the air as they go.

Finally, at the last second, Paul snatches it back before hitting the ground floor, hard.

BACK TO:

INT. MACHINERY PALACE - ON SAMANTHA

Samantha wraps Edison's shabbier watch in one hand and gestures for Edison to stand.

SAMANTHA
Dude! C'mon! We gotta GO! See if it works. If it doesn't, we're hosed!

Edison swaps a quick look with Hunter.

HUNTER
You heard the lady.

BACK TO:

INT. OCTAGON HOUSE, GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Also, clutching his watch in a closed fist, Paul SKIDS loudly across the parquet floor.

Across the room, a crowd of VICTORIAN DANDIES with manicured facial hair stands in silence, drinks in hand.

Someone lifts the needle of a nearby Victorola and the room goes SILENT.

Manson cartwheels down behind Paul and slams into a lacquered Edwardian highboy. A Ming vase at the top wobbles for a moment but doesn't fall.

Paul leaps to his feet - charging at Manson.

PAUL
I'll show you Helter flipping--

On the run, Paul throws a wild right hook. It's way off target. Manson catches it in his right hand and spins Paul around backward.

Paul elbows him in the ribs with his free arm. Manson GASPS.

Paul swivels free and dives back at him. They again trade ugly, inelegant blows as Maya slowly descends the stairs.

From the crowd, a MAN'S VOICE:

MAN (O.S.)
(southern accent)
Boys, I think we have our first
honorary inductees!

At the sound of his voice, Paul looks up briefly. Suddenly the crowd of dandies erupts into a LOUD CHANT:

DANDIES
Weaving spiders come not here!
Weaving spiders come not here!

Confused, Manson turns to face the chanting dandies.

Paul seizes his chance - and lands a hard left hook to Manson's jaw. Manson drifts sideways, arms akimbo.

MANSON
Jesus!

Paul immediately grabs his own knuckles.

PAUL
Goddam, that hurts!

The dandies all shift their gaze (also in unison) toward Maya. Another voice BOOMS from the crowd:

DANIEL O'CONNOR
Halt! Who goes there? No Negroes.
No Jews. No Chinamen. No women!

A man with less tidy walrus mustache and a tall thicket of untamed dark black hair steps up and places his pipe-bearing left hand drunkenly on O'CONNOR's shoulder.

It's MARK TWAIN (early 20s, unkempt and unruly).

TWAIN

(same southern drawl)

Now, now, Danny Boy. I'm sure there's no reason to so firmly reject such a fair specimen of the finer sex.

Twain lifts his pipe from O'Connor's shoulder, nips it between his teeth, and strides toward Maya with one hand extended.

Paul and Manson stare on, struck dumb.

TWAIN (CONT'D)

Plus, that's just plain old narrow-minded prejudice!

He bends, scooping up Maya's hand. Careful not to spill a drop of his drink.

TWAIN (CONT'D)

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, AKA Mark Twain - at your service.

He kisses her hand. She blushes.

TWAIN (CONT'D)

From whence comest thou, m'lady?

MAYA

Um, from, like, uh, the, uh...

Twain lets go of her hand. She's instantly besotted.

TWAIN

Yes?

MANSON

They're from the fucking future, man!

Twain wrinkles up his face.

TWAIN

(toward Manson)

Language, son.

Manson charges at Paul again.

Without even looking, Twain clocks him with a backhanded knuckle punch.

Stunned, Manson stumbles backward - clutching his nose.

TWAIN (CONT'D)
Never interrupt a pugilist.

MANSON
You sonofabitch! I think-- I think you broke my fucking nose!

TWAIN
(to Maya and Paul)
It's a mistake there's no bath that will cure people's manners.
(wry smile)
But drowning would help.

BACK TO:

EXT. COURT OF FOUR SEASONS - CONTINUOUS

Running full-bore with Hunter and a wheezing Thomas Edison flanking her, Samantha makes a beeline for the Gate of the Setting sun.

Seated side-by-side on the grass with the open bag of mushrooms between them, both Jacks and both Katherines stare up into the sky.

JACK
Whatever you do, don't be such an ass to your son, uh, if... I mean when... you have one.

Elder Katherine sits up at the sight of her daughter.

JACK (CONT'D)
The more you act like a blowhard, the more gun-shy he'll get. Especially when the entire world goes on lockdown. You read me?

YOUNG JACK
(stony)
Yeah, man. Totally.

KATHERINE
(eyes on Edison)
Is that who I think it is?

Sprinting up the stairs to the gate, Samantha grips Edison's watch tightly in one hand. Pausing, she shouts to her mom:

SAMANTHA
Keep an eye on him, huh?

Hunter skids to a stop right next to Samantha.

HUNTER
You really wanna do this?

SAMANTHA
I gotta find Paul!

On the grass, Young Jack rolls over onto his elbows -
staring into Young Katherine's eyes.

YOUNG JACK
Man, Kate. Where have you been all
my life?

Young Katherine barely suppresses a smile.

SAMANTHA
Mom! Come ON!

KATHERINE
Oh, right!

SAMANTHA
(turning back to Hunter)
Ready?

Hunter nods, unsure but game for anything. They lock arms -
and barrel together through the gate.

NOTHING HAPPENS! No flash. They're still here.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
It's not working! It's not the
right--

BACK TO:

INT. OCTAGON HOUSE, GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Amid resumed SMALLTALK and the sound of MUSIC echoing from
the bell of the restarted Victorola, Paul spins around -
grabbing Mark Twain by the shoulders.

PAUL
Wait. Of course!

Twain pulls back.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 If anybody... literally anybody...
 would get this, it's you!!

TWAIN
 I'm sorry, Son. I have literally
 not even the *slightest*--

PAUL
 Connecticut Yankee!
 (beat)
 King Arthur's...

Paul pauses, realizing it's way too early for that. He whips the pocket watch out again. Winding it with the Edison bulb emblazoned faceplate facing Twain.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 I need you to do me a solid - a
 favor. What year is it?

TWAIN
 Year of our Lord eighteen hundred,
 seventy two. Thereabouts.

MAYA
WHAT?!

PAUL
 Okay, you need to start a watch
 company. A factory. To make these!

He flashes him the watch.

TWAIN
 Well, I do have an embarrassingly
 long history with watch tinkerers.
 (eyes on the watch)
 Criminal bastards.

PAUL
 It might almost bankrupt you. But
 keep at it.
 (leaning closer)
 And don't stop writing! Comedy,
 satire... they're not beneath you,
 they are you.

Paul shakes his whole body, trying to reset. *Focus!*

PAUL (CONT'D)
 In 1915... no sooner, no later.

TWAIN

Yes?

PAUL

Make *this* watch, precisely this watch...

Twain squints closely at the watch, clutching his drink.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...for your friend, Thomas Alva Edison.

TWAIN

Edison?! I don't know that patent thieving elephant electrocutor!

PAUL

Doesn't matter. You will. You'll be the best of friends. I think.

MAYA

(to Paul)

What are you doing?

Paul pops the faceplate open - making sure Twain's getting a good look at it.

PAUL

(cockily)

Changing the future by changing the past!

Twain takes another sip - still eyeing the watch.

TWAIN

(distantly)

Son, you can't change the future by changing the past.

Twain reaches out, turning the watch around to see the back.

TWAIN (CONT'D)

You can only change the future by changing the present.

(beat)

But I'll-- I'll surely take it under advisement. Surely, I will.

BACK TO:

EXT. GATE OF THE SETTING SUN - MOMENTS LATER

Still standing just shy of the arch, Samantha thrusts Edison's pocket watch into the air.

SAMANTHA

My husband is a flipping genius!

We instantly notice that the formerly plain faceplate of the watch is now emblazoned with a familiar filament bulb radiating light.

It's now somehow identical! It's the right watch!

BACK TO:

INT. OCTAGON HOUSE, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Paul charges back up the stairs to the second floor trailed by Maya and Manson.

On the way, he shouts back down toward Twain:

PAUL

And, dude, this Bohemian Club thing, it's just some rich boy frat house drinking cult for the power hungry...

(skidding to a stop)

...in the future.

At the top of the stairs, he's immediately confronted by a set of eight nearly identical doors.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. Which one?!

MAYA

Which what?

PAUL

Which door?!

MANSON

(still holding his nose)

Hell if I know, man.

PAUL

Each one must be, like, a connection... between points in time. Just like our front door. The trees. The gate!

Paul spins around trying to figure out which door they first stumbled out of.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (to Maya, re: Manson)
 What would happen if we just ditched him here?

MAYA
 You're asking me?!

Paul blasts by her, running halfway back down the stairs - still trying to put it all back together in his mind. Maya and Manson turn toward him, exasperated.

MANSON
 Man, cut the crap! Let's just--

FLASH! Behind Maya and Manson, a door SLAMS!

Paul CHARGES back up the stairs - to find an equally bewildered Hunter and Samantha sanding at the center of the octagonal room. Every door behind them is closed.

PAUL
 Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my GOD!

He rushes toward Samantha - wrapping her up in his arms.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 I was so scared that I-- I thought I'd-- I almost lost you! Forever!

Hunter snakes his arm free from Samantha's - just in time to see Twain crest the stairs behind Manson.

SAMANTHA
 (to Paul, sweetly)
 Guess you can't get rid of me that easily.

Paul covers her face in kisses.

PAUL
 Get rid of you?! I know I've been a disaster this whole time. For years and years and years. All me, me, me. All the time.
 (beat, tenderly)
 I just... I forgot what it's like to be us. Together. As a team.

Samantha nods, her eyes welling.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 I'll do anything... counseling, get
 a job, all the stuff. Just don't
 give up on me. Not yet, not now!

Hunter thrusts a hand firmly out toward Twain.

HUNTER
 Sir, it is an *enormous* honor.

Paul holds Samantha's head in his hands. Their noses are touching, eyes locked.

SAMANTHA
 (to Paul)
 No, no. I was wrong. The house,
 you've made it ours. A home.

Twain distractedly shakes Hunter's hand.

TWAIN
 (to Hunter)
 But, but how is it possible?

PAUL
 (still to Samantha)
 You were right. I need help. I need
you. Your faith in me is the only
 way I find my own.

He kisses her again, gently on the lips. Normally solid as the rock of Gibraltar, Samantha crumbles.

SAMANTHA
 (her voice wavering)
 Come on, old man. Let's go home.

She shows him the watch in her hand. It's a carbon copy of his. Totally identical.

Twain sees both watches as plain as day.

TWAIN
 The same object in two places at
 the same--

MAYA
 Quantum Superposition. Every
 particle in the universe is also,
 like, a wave.

Both Samantha and Paul wheel around. *WHAT?!*

SAMANTHA
Wonders never cease.

Paul clasps Samatha's hand.

PAUL
Twain?

TWAIN
Yes?

PAUL
Prepare to have your mind
officially blown!

Paul and Samantha both WIND their watches - and Paul reaches a hand out toward the doorknob right behind Samantha.

SAMANTHA
Grab on, and hold on tight!

Paul opens the door. And, together they charge through it.

And FLASH! They're gone!

BACK TO:

EXT. COURT OF FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Both Jacks and both Katherines (young and old) lie in a loose circle on the grass, watching the biplane duck and dive through the spotlights above them.

JACK
(toward Edison)
No, man. I'm serious. Without
you... without all your...

Young Jack passes Edison the bag of mushrooms. Edison plucks one out and nips it between his teeth - chomping down.

JACK (CONT'D)
...work. I mean... even though you
kinda ripped off Tesla...

Jack, seemingly for the first time, can't find the words.

JACK (CONT'D)
(stammering)
...none of it... NONE of the
twentieth century... would've been
remotely possible without you!

Edison, chewing, scrunches up his face. *What the devil did I just consume?!*

EDISON

(his mouth full)

Opportunity is missed by most people because it's dressed in overalls and looks like work, poor Nikola notwithstanding.

YOUNG JACK

(smiling)

Couldn't have said it better myself.

KATHERINE

Ha!

Young Katherine wags her head.

YOUNG KATHERINE

What a rube.

Suddenly, a postcard tumbles across the grass, blown by the wind. Katherine sits up, catches it.

She lifts it into the air.

Jack recognizes it instantly. It's identical to the one Paul first found inside the wall of their house.

JACK

Who's got a pen?!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MISSION DOLORES BASILICA - DAY

Their eyes adjusting, the rest of the crew - including Twain - cautiously step down the terracotta stairs at the foot of the sanctuary of Mission Dolores.

SUPER: MISSION DOLORES, SAN FRANCISCO, 1776

Under the elaborately-painted high ceilings, the worn wooden pews that line both walls are all empty.

Incense smoke hangs low in the air. And, in the distance outside, some sort of COMMOTION can be faintly heard.

TWAIN

Goodness me!

HUNTER
Wait a minute....

MANSON
Wrong door, dumbass!

Twain looks like he's about to cold-cock Manson again.

SAMANTHA
Hold on.

Maya lets go of Hunter's arm. Paul runs a finger down the edge of one of the hand-carved pews.

The lot of them walk slowly toward the front of the basilica - as if drawn by the sound of the VOICES shouting in Spanish just outside.

MAYA
Can't we just--

SAMANTHA
Shhh.

Beyond the thick wooden doors up ahead, we hear what sounds like FIREWORKS.

Pausing, Paul reaches with his free hand and grabs one of the hulking iron door pulls.

EXT. MISSION DOLORES - DAY

Paul pushes the door open and they all step outside, blinking. You can see their breath.

Birds CHIRP, swooping in all directions through the cloudless, light blue sky.

Other than the small cemetery to their right and a scattering of canvas tents to their left, the building they just emerged from is the only structure for miles and miles.

PAUL
Oh, my god.

HUNTER
I don't like the looks of this.

MAYA
Where'd the-- Where'd the city go?

Ahead, FAINT SHOUTING can be heard. It's coming from a dense thicket of brush up ahead - the language, unfamiliar.

TWAIN

The Indian may seem poor to we rich
Westerners. But in matters of the
spirit...

The mission bell behind them starts RINGING LOUDLY.

HUNTER

(knowing the quote)

...but it's we who are the paupers
and they who are millionaires.

Suddenly, a hail of ARROWS arc skyward from just beyond the
brush. Paul spins back around, shouting:

PAUL

RUN!!

Behind them, an enraged band of SSALSON INDIANS emerge from
the thicket, giving chase.

Amid a hail of musket balls and stone-tipped arrows, the
rest of the crew runs for their lives.

Paul reaches the open entry to the basilica first, holding
the door open for Samantha just as an arrow PLUNGES deeply
into Manson's shoulder.

MANSON

Fucking primitives!

Hunter smacks the back of the arrow, driving it deeper in
before pushing his way past Manson.

HUNTER

Get behind me, Satan.

PAUL

Go, go, GO!

Paul yanks Manson, bleeding, through the door. And they all
run for the far side of the basilica.

Arrows can be heard THUDDING into the wooden doors and stone
façade. Spanish soldiers SCREAM from above.

Paul grabs Samantha's hand and sprints past the pews and up
the stairs to the altar. Samantha reaches back and grabs
Hunter by the belt just as he locks arms with Twain.

Manson throws his bloody hand on Maya's shoulder.

MAYA

You're the primitive, loser.

And, in a blinding FLASH, all of them vanish!

BACK TO:

INT. OCTAGON HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - DAY

In another FLASH, the lot of them careen back into the boarding house.

But something's not right. The landing is now suddenly bathed in bright sunshine and the entire north wall is missing, open to the elements.

SUPER: RUSSIAN HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, 1906

As they all slide to a stop, Paul trips over the splintered floorboards and nearly tumbles through the gaping hole in the side of the building.

Windmilling his arms, he gets a glimpse of a handful of SOOT-COVERED MEN AND WOMEN picking up rubble from the street and chucking it into a waiting wagon.

The sky outside is tinged with dark gray smoke. Samantha spins back around. Twain stands, stupefied.

TWAIN

Out of all the things I have lost,
I miss my mind the most.

MAYA

This can't be right!

MANSON

(gushing blood)
Can we please just...

SAMANTHA

...bleed out? Be my guest!

Hunter gazes out at the ruined city.

HUNTER

Wait. 1906, man. 1906!

A low RUMBLE can be heard, and the room starts SHAKING! Paul falls toward the doorway.

SAMANTHA

Aftershock!

Paul grabs Samantha's hand. She grabs hold of Twain's arm. Twain snags Maya who (reluctantly) lets Manson grab the corner of her jacket. Hunter takes her arm.

And they charge out the door to the right of the one they just tumbled through.

And, with yet another FLASH, they all disappear again!

HARD CUT TO:

INT. BLACK PANTHER PARTY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The RUMBLING gives way to LOUD APPLAUSE. The whole bunch trips into what appears to be some sort of living room.

SUPER: BLACK PANTHER PARTY HEADQUARTERS, OAKLAND, 1966

The place is packed to the gills with PANTHERS - most clad in black leather jackets.

Up ahead, we hear a VOICE:

STOKELY CARMICHAEL

We have to recognize who our major enemy is! The major enemy is not your brother - flesh of your flesh and blood of your blood. The major enemy is the honky - and his institutions of racism. THAT is your major enemy!

Samantha and Paul lock eyes.

TWAIN

(loud)

AMEN!

The whole room - basically a who's-who of Panther Party leadership - spins abruptly around. Manson freezes, the arrow still sticking out of his bloody shoulder.

HUNTER

Dontcha just love it when a plan comes together?

MANSON

No, no, no.

Samantha and Paul slowly back away, followed by Hunter, Maya, and Twain.

PAUL

Oh, yes.

MAYA

Bonkers! Just--

The Panthers quickly encircle Manson.

SAMANTHA
That's for putting the moves on my
mom, sleazeball.

MANSON
Wait!

Nope. FLASH! They're gone!

BACK TO:

INT. OCTAGON HOUSE, SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Paul and Samantha emerge with Maya, Hunter, and Twain back onto the landing.

SUPER: RUSSIAN HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, 2027

The rumbling has stopped. And, oddly, the entire room looks as though it's just gotten a fresh coat of paint. The former gas chandelier sports high-tech LED bulbs.

SAMANTHA
Uhh...

PAUL
So complicated!

Behind them, down the stairs, we can hear the VOICE of a TOUR GUIDE as she narrates to a pack of OUT-OF-TOWNERS trudging slowly up the stairs.

TOUR GUIDE (O.S.)
And, as rumor has it, Thomas Alva Edison and Mark Twain *together* first dreamed up the Internet, AKA the Teleelectroscope, while gabbing about the future in this very--

The Tour Guide crests the stairs and pauses at the sight of Samantha, Paul, Maya, Hunter - AND MARK FLIPPING TWAIN!

TWAIN
The future *does* interest me greatly. I'm going to spend the rest of my life there!

HUNTER
Righty-o.
(beat, quickly)
Let's scam!

Without wasting a moment more, the five of them bound toward the door two doors to the left. And, FLASH! They're out.

The Tour Guide freezes, her chin on the floor. The Out-of-Towners all CLAP politely. *What a show!*

BACK TO:

EXT. COURT OF FOUR SEASONS - NIGHT

Paul and Samantha stumble through the gate with their eyes narrowed slits. Twain follows, shielding his face.

Hunter strides through like an old hand. Same with Maya.

Ahead of them sit Young Katherine, Young Jack, Elder Jack, Elder Katherine, and Thomas Edison - all now snacking on magic mushrooms.

Edison looks up - blitzed - to see his old pal striding down the stairs to meet him.

TWAIN

Thomas Alva Edison, the honor is
entirely my--

Edison struggles to his feet. It's as if the sod below him were a quivering bowl of lime Jell-O.

EDISON

(slurring)

Sam?! When'd you start painting
your mane, you rapacious dandy?

Samantha and Paul collapse into each other's arms at the sheer insanity of it all.

SAMANTHA

What was it your dad said?

PAUL

What can we do to get back to
harmony?

Paul holds her tight. Jack shouts from the grass:

JACK

(loud)

So, you were listening after all!

Paul and Samantha kiss.

PAUL

Thank you for giving this stupid
old hermit a second chance.

SAMANTHA

Well, you are pretty cute.

(beat)

For a shut-in.

Samantha cranes her head back to their crew.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

Alright, who's ready for some
rock'n'roll?!

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. AMPHITHEATER - DUSK

To the BLARE of the band Kaleidoscope belting out "Dive into
Yesterday" from their 1967 album *Tangerine Dream*, the motley
bunch (minus Manson) tromp their way back toward the stage.

Edison, still tripping, has both hands over his ears.

EDISON

Christ almighty! What an infernal
racket!!!

JACK

(to Paul)

You sure you don't wanna, say,
stick around for a bit? I mean, it
is pretty--

PAUL

No, Dad. I'm ready to go home.

JACK

Okay, kiddo. I getcha. And I guess
I do have a mighty case of the...

Jack suddenly realizes, he's still holding Katherine's hand.
She notices too - surprisingly not minding in the slightest.

JACK (CONT'D)

...munchies.

Jack catches Maya's eye, sheepishly. She just winks back.

MAYA

(to Jack)

Suppose it's time to update my
Tinder profile.

JACK
 (to Maya)
 Hey, I, uh--

Maya looks around at the crazy riot of color all around them. Twain, ever the sly fox, steps up next to her scoops her hand up once again.

MAYA
 (still to Jack)
 Aw, don't worry about it. Maybe I'll stick around for a bit, you know. See what's what. Because life's fucking short, right?

Twain nods deeply, no longer off-put by her cursing.

TWAIN
 Indeed it is, dear. Indeed it is.

He kisses the back of her hand.

TWAIN (CONT'D)
 Break the rules. Forgive quickly.
 Kiss slowly. And never regret
 anything that makes you smile!

She SNICKERS and they turn toward the stage. But before departing, Maya leans out and plants a quick kiss on Hunter's cheek.

He almost blushes.

HUNTER
 What's that for?

MAYA
 The ride.

HUNTER
 You got it, doll. You--

PAUL
 Hey, Maya?

MAYA
 Yeah?

PAUL
 Thanks for, um, having my, uh,
 back... back there.

Maya nods.

MAYA
Any time, Paul. Any time.

Maya and Twain tromp away toward the stage with Edison trailing them.

Twain's mustache vibrates with every drumbeat.

HUNTER
(to Paul)
So, uh, see you around?

PAUL
I dunno, man. Maybe?

Hunter rubs Maya's lip gloss from his cheek.

HUNTER
Listen--

Someone passing behind Hunter catches Paul's eye and he lifts a finger - cutting Hunter off.

PAUL
One sec.

Paul lunges out toward a STRANGER dressed in white.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Hey! Jim?

The stranger wheels around. Indeed it is a shockingly young-looking and completely loaded JIM MORRISON.

JIM
Yeah man?

Paul leans in closer.

PAUL
Two words:
(quietly)
Avoid bathtubs.

JIM
What?!

PAUL
And don't let the band sell "Light My Fire" for a car commercial. That's the beginning of the end. I mean, in a manner of speaking.

JIM
Whatever, man.

Jim drunkenly waves him off, slinking back into the crowd.
Samantha stares at Paul. *What'd you just do?!*

PAUL
(to Samantha, proudly)
I just saved Jim Morrison's life!

Samantha wags her head side-to-side.

Paul turns back to Hunter.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(back to Hunter)
What were you saying?

HUNTER
Never mind.

PAUL
No, no. What?

Samantha wraps one arm around Paul.

HUNTER
Just, uh. You know. Make your own
pattern. Don't fall into any
grooves that other people set for
you, huh? Savvy?

Paul nods, smiling. Samantha too.

PAUL
Yeah, savvy.

Samantha leans toward Hunter, whispering:

SAMANTHA
Hemingway was terrible with
endings. Especially his own.

Hunter pulls back.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
(louder, over the music)
You can do better!

Hunter takes a step back from her - toward Maya, Twain, and
Edison in the distance.

HUNTER
These loons got a way home, right?

PAUL
 Yeah, the other watch! But remind
 Twain: 1026 Masonic. Under the
 window, in the attic.

Hunter nods, still replaying Samantha's words in his mind.

PAUL (CONT'D)
With the postcard!

SAMANTHA
 And keep Edison *off* the acid! Get
 him working on vaccines - corona
 viruses, especially!

Hunter nods again, blending slowly into the crowd. Paul
 spins back to Samantha. *Job officially done!*

PAUL
 Who wants Thai?

JACK
 (to Young Jack)
 We're clear, right? No dating.
 Nothing! You hear me?

YOUNG JACK
 Yeah, yeah, yeah. Yes!

Katherine looks to her younger self.

YOUNG KATHERINE
 Cuckoo, huh?

All four doubles sweep themselves up in a tight embrace.

JACK
 (toward Katherine)
 Even if she is, you know...
precisely your type.

SAMANTHA
 Jack!

I/E. HIPPIE SCHOOL BUS - NIGHT

Jack and Katherine and Samantha and Paul sit side-by-side on
 the back seat of the empty school bus. The lights of the
 Golden Gate Bridge WHIP by.

Paul still has his arms wrapped tightly around Samantha.
 They're both clearly stronger now. In the broken places.

PAUL
Think we should tell Gabby?

SAMANTHA
I dunno. Maybe this could just be,
like, our secret?

PAUL
100%. Yeah, just ours.

Paul gazes out the window at 1967 San Francisco approaching swiftly - reflected in the shimmering waters of the placid, moonlit bay.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Just for now. Yeah.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

A partially-renovated, sunlit bedroom inside a formerly rundown Haight-Ashbury Victorian.

Warm light and rumpled linen sheets.

Paul rolls over, placing a hand on Samantha's hip. She MOANS. He INHALES deeply. The quintessence of satisfaction.

Outside, birds zip back and forth through the cloudless, pastel blue sky.

After a second, Samantha stirs. Paul's doesn't budge.

Eventually, she sits up, stretching.

Again, Paul doesn't stir.

Samantha slips her feet into nearby slippers and pads her way silently away, toward the stairs.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The same meticulously stripped, hand-turned redwood balustrades blur by as Samantha makes her way downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Samantha - still looking barely awake - hits the ground floor and bends (on autopilot) toward the kitchen.

SAMANTHA
(groggy)
Sonos, play KQED in the kitchen.

The nearest speaker obliges. Samantha grabs the kettle, fills it, lights the burner.

The welcoming and familiar sound of STEVE INSKEEP'S VOICE fills the room:

STEVE INSKEEP (V.O.)
Sad news today from the worlds of
entertainment and politics...

Barely paying attention, Samantha turns toward the fridge - opening it.

STEVE INSKEEP (CONT'D)
Legendary pioneer of the 60s music
scene turned progressive lion of
the Senate, Jim Morrison has died
at the age of 77.

Looking ashen, Samantha SLAMS the fridge door shut with a WHOOSH - revealing a bed-headed Jack.

JACK
Holy what the what?!

SAMANTHA
(away)
Paul?!

STEVE INSKEEP (V.O.)
A founding member of the rock band
The Doors...

Holding the coffee in one hand, Samantha looks at Jack. He grins broadly, like a kid on Christmas morning.

STEVE INSKEEP (CONT'D)
...Morrison parlayed his counter-
cultural *bona fides* into a six-term
senate career...

JACK
Oh, man.

STEVE INSKEEP (V.O.)
...that pushed even the most
moderate wing of the Democratic
party to embrace progressive
positions on everything from
environmental conservation to
restorative justice for
dispossessed native American
tribes.

Samantha drops the bag of coffee and reaches out for the iPad on the island, spinning it around and typing:

CHARLES MANSON

Nothing comes up. Literally nothing. Nothing at all.

STEVE INSKEEP (CONT'D)
Morrison was loved - even worshiped
- and in some cases reviled for his
extremely flamboyant--

SAMANTHA
Sonos, mute!

Samantha and Jack swap a quick look. Jack grins.

JACK
What a flipping night!

Her fingers a flurry, Samantha types:

HUNTER THOMPSON, SUICIDE

The only results are for a trove of his gonzo masterpieces - from "Hells Angels" to "Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas" to "Generation of Swine".

No mention of his death (much less by suicide).

She types again:

COVID-19

Nothing. No results.

Samantha looks back to Jack. He smiles and snags the bag of coffee just as the kettle begins to boil over.

JACK
I don't say it enough. But I love
you. The *both* of yous.

Katherine - her hair a crazy mess - wanders into the room sporting a bathrobe and a satisfied grin.

SAMANTHA
(more urgently)
Paul?!

Jack winds his arm around her mother's waist.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
PAUL!

Paul suddenly materializes - still in his pajamas.

PAUL
(groggy)
What?

Samantha points to the screen of iPad.

PAUL (CONT'D)
What is it?

Paul finally clocks Samantha's search results.

PAUL (CONT'D)
No!

SAMANTHA
Uh-huh.

PAUL
And?

Grinning ear-to-ear, she nods her head rapidly.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Morrison?!

Jack grabs a spatula and shouts:

JACK
YEP! And Manson. Poof!

Paul is speechless - brimming with joy and confusion.

JACK (CONT'D)
That's my boy!

PAUL
(distracted)
Love you too, Dad.

Jack nods deeply, briefly not a blowhard. Then--

JACK
You know, as old Pete Seeger used
to sing...

Katherine smiles, knowing exactly the song.

KATHERINE
...there's a time to every purpose
under heaven.

All four of them let this linger for a sec. Then--

JACK
 Alright! Who wants eggs?!

Paul, still reeling, looks back to Samantha. She smiles sweetly. He looks to her mother. She grins puckishly.

PAUL
 Dad?

JACK
 Yeah?

Jack makes an over-loud RUCKUS in the drawer full of pans.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Who *designed* this kitchen?

Jack stands, holding the perfect pan.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Oh, right. You did.

Paul draws a breath, beaming.

PAUL
 I don't say it enough either.

JACK
 Right back atcha, kiddo.
 (beat)
 Right back atcha.

It's as if Paul and Jack are seeing each other for the first time - like they've never really met.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Now, let's have some flipping breakfast! I mean, we don't have all day.

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! He lights the burner. WHOOSH!

JACK (CONT'D)
 Or *do* we?

CUT TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "Young Folks" by Peter Bjorn and John

THE END