

Passenger

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INT. SUBWAY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CARL and DANNY sit facing each other at a painfully-yellow booth.

Carl is in his mid-fifties, one hand wrapped in a blood-stained bandage, resting a silver revolver on his lap.

CARL

Only half the players on the field ever disagree with a bad call.

Danny, mid-twenties, watches the "SANDWICH ARTIST", at work on his latest "masterpiece".

CARL

A man wise-beyond-his-years told me that. See at first it sounds like something people just say to make themselves feel better about all the terrible things they do... but then I discovered how it applies to my particular predicament, and all at once, things were never clearer.

SANDWICH ARTIST

Salads?

DANNY

(to artist)

Sure.

SANDWICH ARTIST

Which ones?

DANNY

Surprise me.

CARL

You don't remember me at all, do you?

DANNY

Should I?

Carl smiles.

CARL

Maybe. I only tried to kill you eleven times already.

DANNY

That never happened.

CARL

Not yet.

Danny sighs.

DANNY
You're a weird guy, Carl.

CARL
People tell me this.

The sandwich artist rings up Danny's sandwich.

SANDWICH ARTIST
That'll be seven forty-five.

Neither man moves.

CARL
Well?

DANNY
I don't have that kind of cash.

CARL
What happened to your BMW?

DANNY
Are you high?

CARL
Never mind.

Carl aims his revolver at the artist, who drops to the ground.

SANDWICH ARTIST
(scared)
Just take it, man!

DANNY
Well that wasn't cool.

Carl stands, waving Danny to his feet with the gun's muzzle.

Danny takes his sandwich from the counter before following Carl outside.

DANNY
So now what?

Carl thinks a moment.

CARL
I'll know when I see it.

Danny sighs again.

2 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Danny, a few years older here, drives an old Mitsubishi Colt through wet city streets, stereo up loud.

He slows for a red light, speeding up again as it turns green.

3 EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A PEDESTRIAN disguised by hoodie and balaclava steps into the car's path, pistol aimed in a two-fisted grip.

4 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Danny steps hard on the brake when he spots the gunman.

5 EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The pedestrian rests a hand on its hood as the old Mitsubishi skids to a halt at his knees, pistol constantly trained on Danny.

6 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

As the pedestrian runs to his passenger side Danny stretches for the lock, but too late.

The gunman gets in and removes the hood, then the mask, with his free hand.

CARL is at least ten years younger than before.

DANNY
Hey... I know you.

CARL
And I know *you*, Danny.

DANNY
Are you gonna kill me?

CARL
I sure hope so.

DANNY
Uh...

CARL
Drive.

7 EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Danny and Carl drive away.

8 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Years later, Danny sits reading a copy of *The Holographic Universe* in his lounge room.

A DOORBELL chimes twice.

He takes a moment to finish the sentence and bookmark the page, before walking to his front door.

Danny flicks on the porch light, peering out through distorted glass bricks.

The wobbly silhouette stands perfectly still.

DANNY

Who is it?

No response.

DANNY

I'm hardly gonna let you in if I don't know who you are.

CARL (O.C.)

It's me, Danny. It's Carl.

Danny's eyes narrow, confused.

DANNY

(beat)

Who?

CARL

You don't remember me?

DANNY

Should I?

CARL

Then what about this?

Quiet at first, but then loud enough to make out, the delicate tinkle of a MUSIC BOX.

Danny presses his ear to the door.

DANNY

Dude are you messing with my wind chime out there?

On the other side, Carl's gloved hand presses a silenced pistol to the wood, thumb easing back its hammer.

9 EXT. LOTTERY HOUSE - DAY

Several years later. In a modest ceremony on the steps of Lottery House, Danny is presented with a giant cheque by two suited OFFICIALS. A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps several pictures before packing up his gear.

Standing on the street corner opposite, Carl--years younger again--smokes a cigarette while watching the goings-on.

His eye catches Danny's for just a moment.

DANNY
(to official)
Do you know that guy or
something?

The official shrugs.

OFFICIAL
I hand out a lot of cheques.

DANNY
Really?

OFFICIAL
...no.

The official walks away.

10 INT. CITY LIBRARY - DAY

Danny searches for a book amongst thick physics texts.

He takes a moment to notice Carl--you guessed it, younger still--peering at him through books from the next aisle.

DANNY
Hi.

CARL
Hello, Danny.

DANNY
Do I know you?

CARL
I don't know... do you?

Danny backs away with the book.

He sits down at a reading table, turning to page one of a text called *Quantum Field Theory*.

Carl sits down opposite.

Danny tries to ignore him at first, but can't help feeling Carl's piercing stare.

Danny slams the book shut.

DANNY

What? What do you want?

At the abrupt volume, a LIBRARIAN and several other PATRONS look up from their reading.

Danny shrinks in his chair.

DANNY

(whispers)

Listen man, I know you probably saw me on TV getting a fat cheque, and maybe now you think you can weasel out a few grand for yourself or whatever "non-profit organization" you happen to represent... but the truth is, I blew that money. All of it. And not on anything productive. I'm broke now, okay?

CARL

What did you spend it on?

Danny sighs.

DANNY

That's hardly the point.

CARL

I'm curious.

DANNY

You wouldn't believe me if I told you--

CARL

Try me.

Danny looks at Carl a long moment, then around the room.

DANNY

A time machine.

CARL

Is that right?

11 INT. DANNY'S CAR - DAY

Years later. Danny drives his BMW up a winding coastal highway.

Over the blaring stereo, there's a dull thudding, like a bass line but out of time.

Danny cocks his head, listening a moment before ejecting the CD.

More audible now, banging from the rear of the car.

Danny slows down, listening harder.

12 EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

The BMW pulls over on the limestone shoulder.

Danny gets out of the car, walking around it, kicking each tyre in turn.

He kneels by the exhaust, tapping on it with his knuckle.

Danny reels back, startled as someone POUNDS on the inside of his trunk.

DANNY

Sheezus!

He gets to his feet, taking another couple of steps back before pointing the remote and thumbing its trunk release.

Carl--once again, (in)explicably years younger than before--tumbles out of the BMW's boot, taking long, exaggerated gasps.

DANNY

What--why are you in my car?!

Carl sits back against the rear bumper, still catching his breath.

DANNY

How did you even get in there?
Who are you?

CARL

You still don't remember me,
Danny?

DANNY

Should I?

Carl stands, cracking his back and shoulders before reaching into the open boot to remove a sheathed KATANA.

DANNY

Whoa! Hey! Hang on now... money?
You--you want money, right? How
much?

Danny backs away cautiously.

CARL

How much have you got?

DANNY

Millions.

Carl thinks about it.

CARL

That's not going to be enough.

Danny throws his keys and wallet on the ground between them, then pissbolts away, back down the coast.

Carl just watches him run.

13 INT. DANNY'S MANSION - AFTERNOON

Years later. Danny fixes himself a snack in the kitchen, preoccupied by an open issue of *Science: The Journal*.

He takes the snack and magazine down a winding staircase, walking through a GYM and GARAGE, then into his home LAB.

There's your standard test tubes and centrifuges lining the walls, but one half of it has been cleared to make room for an enormous set of FOUR GYROSCOPES, contained within each other, set atop a solid base of welded-together industrial equipment, hundreds of various cables snaking from it.

For ease of reference: Danny's TIME MACHINE.

He sets the sandwich down and looks up as a doorbell chimes.

Danny crosses the room to an intercom.

DANNY

Yeah?

On the screen is a nervous-looking Carl, in his late teens.

CARL

My name is Carl... I came about
the ad. In the paper?

14 INT. DANNY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Carl and Danny sit at opposite sides of a coffee table, on big couches.

Danny reads Carl's resumé.

DANNY
I assume you brought your own weapons?

CARL
You were serious about that?

DANNY
Of course.

CARL
Sorry I--I thought that part was a joke?

DANNY
You've never assisted an eccentric genius before, have you Carl?

CARL
(shamed)
No sir. In fact, I... haven't really been any sort of assistant.

DANNY
(reading)
But it says right here you assisted a professor.

CARL
Yeah... that's a lie.

DANNY
Are any of these jobs real?

CARL
I was a cook. Well, I *can* cook. But not very well.

DANNY
How good are you at following instructions?

CARL
What?

DANNY
(beat)
Do you have a license?

CARL
To do what?

DANNY
To drive.

CARL
Oh. Sort of.

DANNY
Sort of how?

CARL
Well I *can* drive. But... not very well.

Danny sighs.

DANNY
I'm gonna be honest with you
Carl...

CARL
Uh huh?

DANNY
I really don't think you're very
well-suited to this job.

CARL
Oh.

DANNY
But... you're the only guy who
showed up, so congratulations
you're hired.

Carl's face lights up.

CARL
For serious?

DANNY
Sure why not.

CARL
Oh wow, that is so awesome. I
won't let you down.

DANNY
When can you start?

CARL
Is Friday okay? I'm going to the
movies tomorrow. And on
Wednesday.

DANNY
What about Thursday?

CARL
Thursday's no good.

DANNY
Okay Friday it is.

They shake on it.

15 EXT. DANNY'S MANSION - AFTERNOON

Just outside the living room, back pressed to the wall
beside an open window, stands Carl--in his mid-twenties.

16 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Years later. Carl drives Danny's BMW through wet city
streets while a thunderstorm rages overhead. He struggles
to divide his attention between the road and the carphone,
on speaker.

DANNY (V.O.)
--ince when is there no decent
place to buy fuel cells after
midnight?

Carl yawns, stifling it for the phone.

DANNY (V.O.)
Okay tell you what... head up to
Newcastle, go see Roger Townsend,
I'll give him a call and let him
know you're coming.

CARL
Dude it's like a three hour drive
each way.

DANNY (V.O.)
Uh huh.

Carl sighs.

DANNY (V.O.)
Are you there?

CARL
Yeah alright, I'm on my--

Carl slams on the brakes as a PEDESTRIAN steps out at an intersection, pistol aimed at him, disguised by a hoodie and baseball cap.

17 EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The beamer slides to a stop at the gunman's knees. He rests a gloved hand on the hood, pistol constantly trained on Carl.

18 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Carl watches the pedestrian walk around to his passenger door.

DANNY (V.O.)
What happened? What was that noise.

The pedestrian climbs in, pulling back the hat and hoodie to reveal EARLY-TWENTIES CARL.

CARL
Whoa.

DANNY (V.O.)
Carl?

Early-twenties Carl powers off the phone.

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
Drive.

19 EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The BMW drives away.

20 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

The rain pounds down harder now, Carl and Carl speeding across the harbour bridge.

Carl occasionally sneaks a nervous glance at his older, gun-toting self.

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
Does it work yet?

CARL
Does what--

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
The machine.

Carl grips the wheel tighter.

CARL
How would you know about
something like that?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
How do you *think*, idiot? Who do I
look like to you?

CARL
So what, you came back in time to
warn me about some big disaster
or something?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
"Big disaster"? I don't even
watch the news.

CARL
What then?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
You've thought about taking it
for yourself.

CARL
Of course. All the time. But I
don't know how to use it so
what's the point?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
You could learn.

CARL
Learn? Sounds like pointless
effort.

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
Effort is only pointless when
there's no personal gain.

CARL
Gain? What am I gonna do with a
time machine?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
Manipulate the stock market? Give
your past self lottery numbers--

CARL
You brought me future lotto
numbers?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
(beat)
Well no.

(MORE)

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL (cont'd)
 But you're missing my point. That machine is a license to print money, Carl.

CARL
 You can *get* those? Do you need a special kind of printer?

Early-twenties Carl sighs.

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
 Look. Say you had an enemy... someone you really hated... imagine how satisfying it might be to travel back in time, and kill him. Then travel back another six months... and kill him again. Repeat ad nauseum, until you get bored or die.

CARL
 I don't want to *kill* anyone.

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
 Not yet.

CARL
 Danny said messing around with the past will screw up our own time. Didn't you ever see *Back to the Future*?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
 Right, but what if you kill that person here in the present first?

CARL
 Huh?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
 If he's already going to die... then it doesn't matter how many times you go back and kill him.

CARL
 So there wouldn't be any Biff's Alternate 1985?

EARLY-TWENTIES CARL
 Exactly.

CARL
 Wow... that's kind of cool.

21 EXT. DANNY'S MANSION - DAY

Carl drives Danny's beat-up old BMW up the long driveway.

As he approaches the big house, we can see that it has fallen into disrepair, stained brown with rust and mould, broken windows and hanging gutters giving it a derelict quality.

22 INT. DANNY'S MANSION - DAY

Carl--in his early twenties--enters through the front door with arms full of grocery bags, setting them down on the floor before walking through to what was once the living room.

The floor is a patchwork of cables now, walls have been demolished and furniture removed to make way for a large-scale version of the TIME MACHINE we saw earlier.

Danny's hair is completely grey, he looks to be in his late fifties. He stands behind a plexiglass shield at the machine's control panel, writing down various settings on a PDA.

CARL
How did it go?

DANNY
Nearly there.

CARL
That's what you said four years ago.

DANNY
This time I mean it.

CARL
Uh huh.

DANNY
Any people out front?

CARL
Nope.

DANNY
Good. Want to do the honours?

CARL
Sure.

Carl crosses to the far wall, flicking a red then a blue breaker switch. The lights all die at once, leaving only filtered daylight.

The gyroscope arms begin to spin with the roar of a jet engine ramping up.

Carl takes cover behind the plexiglass with Danny.

A crack like electric arcing, then a pinprick of LIGHT glows blue inside the whirring gyroscopes.

DANNY
(shouts)
Now watch this!

Danny checks the PDA before calibrating three dials. As he flicks one of three master switches on the panel, the small dot of light EXPANDS to encompass and eclipse the entire machine in a bubble of blue light, suddenly killing the noise.

Dead silence. The light fades like ripples on a pond, leaving the clear image of a quiet neighbourhood, as if peering through a hole in the wall.

CARL
Whoa...

DANNY
You said it.

CARL
That's never... happened before,
right?

DANNY
Well, once while you were out,
but I shut it down before testing
it.

Carl steps out from behind the shielding, picking up one of the grocery bags.

He tosses a litre of milk at the portal. It sails right through, bursting on the distant sidewalk.

CARL
Where is that?

DANNY
Not where.

CARL
When did you--last time we tried
this, all we saw was the empty
night sky. How did you figure out
spatial navigation?

DANNY
It wasn't anything big.

CARL
Humour me.

DANNY
I added pitch, tilt and yaw to
the three inner rings.

CARL
It can't be that easy.

DANNY
Apparently... it is.

CARL
We should go through.

DANNY
It might not be stable. One of us
should stay here in case the
wormhole collapses.

CARL
(disappointed)
Oh.

DANNY
So how would you like to be the
first man to travel through time?

CARL
For serious?

DANNY
Sure why not.

CARL
Should... should I take a jacket?

DANNY
Probably.

CARL
You really think it's safe?

DANNY
Of course.

CARL
And is it... right?

DANNY
"Right"?

CARL
In a moral sense.

DANNY
Carl... only half the players on
the field ever disagree with a
bad call.

CARL
What does that mean?

DANNY
Good and bad, it's a never-ending
pointless struggle, man.
Everything you do in life,
there's a fifty per cent chance
it's wrong.

CARL
Well I'll get my coat.

DANNY
Okay. And make me a coffee.

CARL
(dry)
I just... threw our milk through
the wormhole. Remember?

DANNY
All of it??

23 EXT. 1940'S NEIGHBOURHOOD - DAY

The portal's business end shimmers five feet above a sidewalk.

Carl steps through it, falling hard on the concrete.

As Carl slowly gets to his feet, the portal COLLAPSES behind him with a low whine.

CARL
(shocked)
Danny?! Danny! What happened?
(scared)
Oh shit... Danny?

A BUSINESSMAN shuffles by quickly, taking a wide berth around Carl.

24 INT. DANNY'S MANSION - DAY

Danny watches the gyroscopes spin down to a complete halt.

DANNY
Huh.

25 INT. 1940'S ROADHOUSE - NIGHT

Six months later. Carl sits at a booth with a view of the road, watching various old trucks come and go.

Danny--still old, with something of a beard now--walks through the front door, scanning the room for Carl.

He walks over and sits down opposite Carl.

CARL
(bitter)
Six months, you son of a bitch.

DANNY
Carl...

CARL
What have you been doing for six months?

DANNY
Ironing out the wrinkles.

CARL
You couldn't come and get me first?

DANNY
What if it collapsed again? We'd both be stuck here.

CARL
Instead of just me.

DANNY
Well... yeah.

CARL
You couldn't just go back to the moment it collapsed? You do own a *time* machine, remember.

DANNY
It's not an exact science yet.

CARL
Right.

DANNY
Anyway, we should get back. I remember something about there being a war in the forties.

CARL
The war's been over for three years.

DANNY
How would you know?

CARL
Six months, Danny.

DANNY
 Right. Well at least you brought
 your coat.

Carl sighs.

CARL
 I lost it to a card shark.

Danny and Carl leave the diner, crossing the highway before
 disappearing into the wilderness.

The WAITRESS watches them until they're gone.

WAITRESS
 Hey I don't think those guys
 paid.

26 INT. DANNY'S MANSION - NIGHT

Danny and Carl sit on the tangled cable floor in front of
 the dormant machine, drinking beers.

CARL
 You need to show me a changelog
 on the controls. I barely
 recognize the panel anymore.

DANNY
 Will do.

CARL
Six months, man.

DANNY
 Hey... what else can I tell you?
 I screwed up, okay?

Another Carl steps into the room, rifle levelled at Danny.

OTHER CARL
 You sure did, champ.

Danny looks from Carl to other Carl.

DANNY
 Carl?

Other Carl SHOOTS Danny in the chest.

Carl leaps to his feet, shocked.

CARL
What are you doing, man?

OTHER CARL
Liberating you.

CARL
I was going to kill him in an hour anyway.

OTHER CARL
I know. I'm you, an hour from now. I got him to teach me the new controls, then strangled him.

CARL
So why come back only this far?

OTHER CARL
It's an hour I wanted back. You remember his hi-larious golfing story, right?

CARL
Ugh. Again?

OTHER CARL
Yeah. This time he told it in third person.

CARL
Dude, you did me a favour.

Other Carl crosses to the control panels.

OTHER CARL
Now come here and I'll show you some stuff. Then I would recommend you and I go on a killing spree.

CARL
Is it considered a spree if you just kill the same guy over and over?

OTHER CARL
(thinks)
I'm really not sure.

CARL
Well... only one way to find out.

OTHER CARL
You should get a gun.

CARL
Can I have that one?

Other carl removes a pistol from his waistband.

OTHER CARL
Here.

27 EXT. CITY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Carl steps into the path of Danny's BMW, pistol raised. He sees his younger self behind the wheel as it skids to a halt at his knees.

28 EXT. COASTAL HIGHWAY - DAY

Danny, still running, begins to slow. He pants hard, eventually stopping at the roadside.

His BMW speeds past, Carl slamming on the brakes to bring it round on Danny.

Carl bursts from the interior, sword unsheathed.

Danny tries to run, back the other way, but Carl lunges with the sword, catching the back of his thigh.

Danny tumbles, rolling back to his feet and a running limp.

Carl stops, steadying himself before tossing the katana like a spear.

Danny goes down as it lands between his shoulder blades.

Carl spits.

29 INT. CITY LIBRARY - DAY

Danny and Carl at the library table, continued.

DANNY
A time machine.

CARL
Is that right?

Beneath the table, Carl has a dagger strapped to the sole of his shoe.

The foot whips out with practiced ease, striking Danny in the gut.

Above the table, Danny jerks forward, staring into Carl's cold eyes with shock.

DANNY
Did you just... stab me?

CARL
Yeah.

DANNY
Why?

CARL
Why not?

30 EXT. LOTTERY HOUSE - DAY

Danny walks away from Lottery house with the big cheque under one arm.

Carl follows a few seconds behind, pretending to window shop when Danny throws a glance over his shoulder.

Danny begins to walk faster, then Carl.

Danny breaks into a run, then Carl.

He darts into an alley, Carl already gaining on him.

Carl tackles Danny to the ground, spilling the cheque.

As they wrestle for the advantage of height, Carl wraps his big hands around Danny's throat.

DANNY
Ghk--you can't--cash my cheque anyway!

CARL
Oh I don't want your cheque, Danny.

Danny's resistance quickly weakens.

DANNY
Do I--gak--know you?

CARL
I don't know... do you?

Danny soon stops moving altogether.

31 INT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Danny presses his ear to the front door.

32 EXT. DANNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Outside, Carl fires five silenced shots at the door.

The sound of Danny collapsing on the other side. Blood trickles through the lowest hole.

CARL

Too easy. What a dumb shit.

33 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Danny and Carl drive through the night in his old Mitsubishi as rain beats down hard outside.

Carl keeps the pistol trained on Danny always.

DANNY

Will you lower that thing?

CARL

Nope.

DANNY

It's kind of an impotent threat, you're hardly going to shoot me while I drive.

CARL

Oh yeah?

DANNY

I mean... right?

Carl fires the pistol twice.

34 EXT. CITY ROAD - NIGHT

Danny's head explodes against the driver's window before the old Colt veers away, arcing off the road before slamming into a tree.

Carl kicks open the passenger side door before staggering out.

CARL

Fucker.

He spits blood, then limps away.

35 EXT. SUBWAY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Danny and Carl stand outside Subway, watching people walk by. The revolver is visible as a bulk in Carl's coat pocket, one hand on it still.

DANNY
Is it smart to hang around the
scene of your crime?

CARL
Our crime.

DANNY
Right.

Carl scans the skyline, settling on a familiar building.

CARL
(pointing)
That way.

Danny walks, followed by Carl.

36 INT. MULTI-LEVEL CARPARK - NIGHT

Danny and Carl make their way across level three of the nigh-deserted carpark.

DANNY
How did you know I park here
anyway?

CARL
You always park here.

They get into the old Mitsubishi, Danny driving.

37 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

As they exit the carpark through automated gates, Carl rests the gun on his lap, still trained on Danny.

CARL
If you blur your eyes just right,
all you see are circles within
circles.

DANNY
Uh huh...

CARL
I've killed you eleven times now,
Danny. I don't think I can stop.

DANNY
You mean like, in a past life or something?

CARL
This time travel shit just isn't worth the trouble anymore.

DANNY
Time travel? They have that now?

CARL
Not yet.

DANNY
So you're from the future?

CARL
A future.

DANNY
And you... kill me there?

CARL
Over and over.

DANNY
How is that even possible? Don't you get a Biff's alternate 1985 thing going on?

CARL
I would have thought so too. But not if you're dead in my own time first.

DANNY
I think you need to do that math again.

CARL
How's that?

DANNY
Of course it makes a difference when and where and how I die. Maybe I have a family three years from now--

CARL
You don't.

DANNY
Maybe I invent something really cool!

CARL
(beat)
Nope.

DANNY
And what about the Subway guy?

CARL
He was just asking for it.

DANNY
But what if that messes him up
for life and somehow alters the
course of history?

CARL
Well... that would suck for
anyone still *in* the future.

DANNY
So now you can never go home.

CARL
I don't know, I haven't tried.

DANNY
You mean to tell me, you got your
hands on a time machine, and all
you've been doing is travelling
backward again and again to kill
me?

CARL
Yeah. Pretty much. It takes a
while to find you sometimes. I'm
getting old, Danny. Long... *long*
before my time.

DANNY
Carl... what the hell did I do to
piss you off so much?

Carl has to think about it.

CARL
You know... I really don't--ohhh,
that's right. You left me in 1947
for nearly a year.

DANNY
Ouch. But still... I'm sure there
was a reason.

CARL
Sort of. You said you were fixing
bugs in the machine.

DANNY
I was fixing it? Why?

CARL
(hesitates)
Well okay, you invented *one* cool
thing.

DANNY
I invented time travel??

Carl sighs.

DANNY
Dude!

CARL
You may have invented it, but I'm
the guy who perfected its design.

DANNY
What did you do?

CARL
Scaled it down, from as big as a
room to the size of a penknife.

DANNY
Wow, that's pretty cool too I
suppose... but still, any second
rate IBM can make shit smaller.
I'm the inventor of *time travel*.
Who would have thought?

CARL
Look, I heard enough of it to
last me a lifetime already. The
last time I shot you in the head
while driving, things didn't work
out so great for either of us...
so let's just have a little bit
of quiet time.

Danny quietly eyes the gun as he drives.

CARL
Take this next exit.

DANNY
Where are we going?

CARL
The ocean.

DANNY
You're not planning to drown me
are you?

CARL
We'll see, Danny. We'll see.

38 EXT. BEACH CARPARK - NIGHT

Danny's Colt pulls into a beachside carpark, its struggling engine the only sound beside waves lapping at the sand.

39 INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Danny kills the engine, looking to Carl.

DANNY
So now what?

CARL
I think you should run.

DANNY
You're kidding?

CARL
I doubt it.

Danny fumbles for his seatbelt, eyes locked on Carl's as he flings open the door and staggers out backwards. He breaks into a run, up the coastline toward civilisation in the distance.

Carl calmly steps out of the passenger side, stretching a moment before sprinting after Danny.

Fear flashes across Danny's face as he sees Carl gaining on him. He weaves left then right, indecisive, before darting for the beach itself.

40 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Danny runs down the beach at full tilt, Carl only a second behind.

At the water's edge, Carl leaps, tackling Danny to wet sand.

They tumble over each other, into shallow water.

Danny gets a knee on Carl's chest, holding him under with both hands and all his might.

The water rushes clear as the tide, and Carl, draw breath.

Carl alternates between panting and laughter, sinking deeper in the wet sand under their combined weight.

CARL

It doesn't matter, Danny.

Another wave floods in, burying Carl again.

Danny--still struggling hard--keeps only his head and shoulders above water.

As it all rushes back out, Carl spits seawater in Danny's face.

CARL

(spluttering)

It doesn't matter if you--
(coughs)--win here. Because I win
every time after. Three years
later. *Seven* years later. I
already killed you in your
future. *My* history. You die no
matter wh--

Another wave, harder than the last, sinking Danny to his neck.

Carl's hand breaks the surface to slap at Danny's face, clumsily trying to grab him, soon weakening to nothing but a twitch, before sliding back down.

A BLUE FLASH of light from underwater, then Danny collapses forward.

As the water is sucked out again, Danny finds Carl GONE.

Danny drags himself back up the beach to dry sand, just out of the surf's reach, before collapsing on his face.

41 EXT. PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

A BOY of ten or eleven plays alone in a sand pit, making race tracks for his toy cars.

He looks up as a shadow falls over the pit.

Carl--older than at Subway--crouches beside YOUNG DANNY.

CARL

That's a pretty awesome car
collection you've got.

DANNY

You're telling me.

Carl points to a red one.

CARL

Where can I buy one like that for my grandson, do you think?

DANNY

I got these right near here. They get *heaps* in.

CARL

Would you mind showing me? It's his birthday today, and I don't want to come home without one.

Danny looks Carl up and down, scooping the toys into a red lunchbox.

DANNY

Well... I can show you where it is, but I'm not supposed to go places with strangers.

CARL

Oh, I'm hardly a stranger Danny.

DANNY

Do I know you from somewhere?

Carl and young Danny stroll out of the park's shade, into bright sunlight.

CARL

I don't know... do you?