

# A Moment In Time

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EXT. DESERT -- FAR FUTURE -- LONG SHOT -- BLACK AND WHITE

In TOTAL SILENCE a man walk out of the desert. Dust swirls BEFORE THE CAMERA, and when we see the man again a terrible scar has appeared where his left eye was. We FADE TO BLACK as a female voice sings a *capella*:

*A million young voices, screaming out their words  
Maybe someday those words will be heard  
By future generations riding on highways that we built  
Maybe they'll have a better understanding  
Hope they have a better understanding*

*So check it out  
Where does our time go?<sup>1</sup>*

TITLE FADES IN: 96 MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE

INT. BEDROOM, NEAR FUTURE -- NIGHT

SPIDER DEVLIN sits abruptly upright in bed, startled out of a dead sleep. He clasps one hand over his left eye and SHOUTS.

FLASH: AN INCREDIBLY QUICK SHOT, BARELY PERCEPTIBLE

Spider standing at the edge of a bridge in the middle of nowhere. An arrow pierces him, front to back --

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT

Spider jerks as though he's been struck by the arrow, hand falling away, turns toward the phone, reaching for it, his eyes catching the light as he turns ... the light in his eyes *ripples* in a subliminally perceptible fashion. His hand hovers over the phone, he's confused -- finally the phone rings.

EXT. LOS ANGELES -- VIEW OF CITY -- NEAR FUTURE -- NIGHT

Shot of Los Angeles skyline, facing east on the 10 freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY -- ON SPIDER & HARLEY -- EASTBOUND

He zooms to a stop at the side of the 10 Freeway, heading toward Pasadena. A car has struck the center divider; Spider gets off his Harley, walks to the car. We see him clearly for

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<sup>1</sup> John Mellencamp, *Check It Out*

the first time; a man of about thirty-five, dressed in a long black duster, black jeans, and cowboy boots -- no helmet.

EXT. THE CAR AS SPIDER APPROACHES -- FAVORING SPIDER

A dead man slumps over the steering wheel, a gun in his left hand, brains all over the passenger seat. His radio's been left running. We HEAR an extremely RAPID VOICE:

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
... nanovirus outbreaks in D.C., Chicago and Los Angeles. A nuke went off in the harbor in New York --

FLASH: A GREEN MEADOW IN BRIGHT SUNSHINE

Spider is vaguely visible in the FG. Two little girls, six and eight, run toward him.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
-- Manhattan ain't there anymore --

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT -- TIGHT ON SPIDER

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
-- we have unconfirmed reports that the Pan Asian coalition has launched missiles and that we've struck back ... kiss your ass goodbye, people. This is the Big One.

Spider shakes his head numbly, takes the man's gun from his hand, gets back on his Harley and zooms DIRECTLY TOWARD THE CAMERA, looming to FILL THE FRAME --

EXT. DESERT, FAR FUTURE -- EXTREME LONG SHOT -- DAY

A continuation of our opening shot, now IN COLOR. Spider walks out of the desert, walks TOWARD THE SCREEN in a long, long, long shot, taking our time, Spider resolving out of a gray desert haze. He's wearing what we saw him in just a moment ago ... duster, jeans and black t-shirt, and a partially-buttoned white long-sleeved dress shirt. He's carrying a black tote bag slung over one shoulder. The CAMERA STAYS ON HIM as he approaches, comes into the middle distance ... and then we DOLLY BACK, pivoting to widen into a two shot with Spider at the right side of the shot, and ANGEL at the far left.

She looks like something out of a really good issue of *Heavy Metal* -- a wild, dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-skinned girl of 20 or so, with muscles and Post-Holocaust-Chic clothes designed to show them off, standing guard in front of a bridge that connects her little island to the rest of the world. She's buff, she's impressive, and she knows it. She stands with a compound bow in her hands, a quiver on her back, an arrow notched and ready to go.

Spider comes to a stop and she raises the point of the arrow at him, a small gesture, and stares at him.

SPIDER

My time machine broke down.

ANGEL

(politely)

Really. How did that happen?

SPIDER

There was a black hole in the heart of the beast ... it turned me inside out and squirted me through the singularity. Unfortunately I broke it and the black hole fell free. It's fallen to the center of the planet right now, eating the world alive.

ANGEL

What?

CLOSE SHOT SPIDER

SPIDER

You know on mattresses, those little tags that say *Do Not Remove*?

SLAM CUT:

EXT. LAB PARKING LOT, NEAR FUTURE -- NIGHT

Superimposed: *84 MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE.*

Spider pulls screeching into the parking lot for a single story building with a large attached warehouse beside it. The wide double doors to the lab explode open. Two men in contamination suits come charging out as Spider dismounts, descend on him and pull him toward the lab.

INT. LAB SHOWERS -- TWO SHOT SPIDER AND GENEVIEVE

Spider's showering, naked, standing beneath a device that's blowing foam down on him, then rinsing. GENEVIEVE, the Lab Director, is a woman of 50 or 60. She stands a few feet away, outside the reach of the spray, wearing a surgical mask. She doesn't appear to notice that Spider's naked.

GENEVIEVE

You didn't see anyone, you didn't  
*touch* anyone on your way here?

CU SPIDER, SHOWERING

FLASH: SPIDER PICKING THE GUN UP OUT OF THE CAR

RETURN TO TWO SHOT -- SPIDER FINISHES RINSING

SPIDER

No -- *Where the hell are my clothes?*

GENEVIEVE

Being irradiated -- to kill any vi-  
ruses.

A quiet beat. Spider stares at her, dripping wet and naked.

CLOSE ON SPIDER -- HE LOOKS DEVASTATED

SPIDER

They bombed New York.

WIDE SHOT -- ON CAROLINE

A scientist of about 30 -- she charges into the room and tosses Spider's clothes to him. She's wearing jeans and a blouse and a distinctive silver-turquoise Indian necklace.

CAROLINE

Here, Spider, I nuked these. Nothing  
left alive on any of 'em, I promise.

ON GENEVIEVE

GENEVIEVE

I'm so sorry.

INT. LAB CORRIDOR -- TWO SHOT SPIDER AND GENEVIEVE

As they walk we SEE, in BG, entire families -- small children, husbands and wives. Spider's dressing as they walk, buckling belt, buttoning shirt --

SPIDER  
Holland still hasn't shown?

GENEVIEVE  
We called and called and couldn't get through. Then the phones went out.

SPIDER  
Just as well, I'd probably kill him right now anyway --

GENEVIEVE  
Spider!

SPIDER  
He's a military asshole and he's better off -- wait. Who are we gonna send --  
(realization sinks in)  
-- through? Get real.

INT. LAB -- THE TIME TRAVEL GATE -- TRACKING SPIDER

They exit the office space and enter the converted warehouse - the lab. The Time Gate is the largest thing in it -- forty feet wide, twenty high, dwarfing the people who surround it.

GENEVIEVE  
Who else am I going to send, Spider?

SPIDER  
Anyone would --

He stops and looks around the room -- filled with elderly scientists, lady scientists, fat scientists, etc.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING JIMBO

JIMBO is a relatively young tech. He's heard Spider; he speaks without looking up from his instruments.

JIMBO  
Not even in your dreams.

Spider's plainly the only Stud Hero type there. He turns toward the Time Gate; CAMERA PIVOTS WITH HIM until Spider is framed in the center of the shot, with the Gate in BG.

SPIDER  
I need my bike.

EXT. BRIDGE, FAR FUTURE -- TWO SHOT SPIDER AND ANGEL

A bird hangs upside-down in FG, on an ancient power line.

SPIDER  
You wouldn't believe the day I've had  
... You know, that bird's either dead  
or it's invented gravity boots.  
(quickly back to Angel)  
What *is* your name?

Angel looks at the bird as Spider takes a step toward her--

SPIDER (CONT.)  
And what year is --

Angel looks back, sees Spider moving, and lets fly.

CLOSE SHOT -- SPIDER IN FG, ARROW IN BG FLYING TOWARD CAMERA

Spider twists aside and *catches* the arrow, pulls it out of the air. (Again, almost subliminally, the arrow should *ripple* just before he touches it.) Spider stares at her ... opens his hand to look at the arrow. The arrowhead sliced his palm as it went by, and he's bleeding.

INSERT -- ECU SPIDER'S HAND

The blood drips down his hand ... drops to the dry desert sand. The CAMERA FOLLOWS the blood down ...

TWO SHOT -- NEW ANGLE

Spider twirls the arrow a couple of times, casually, like a baton, and grins at Angel.

SPIDER  
Ever try to catch a bullet with your  
teeth? Your head rings for *weeks* af-  
terward.

INT. TIME GATE WAREHOUSE, NEAR FUTURE -- TRACKING SPIDER

SUPERIMPOSED WITH: *80 MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE*. Spider pulls on his duster, stamps into his boots -- he flexes his right hand, then brings it up and looks at it.

INSERT -- SPIDER'S RIGHT HAND

It's bleeding -- a faint mirror of the cut he made/will make catching Angel's arrow.

PULL BACK -- TRACKING SPIDER

He shakes his head, puzzled, dismissing it, and wipes his hand on his jeans, slings his bag over his shoulder and mounts the Harley. Despite the situation Spider is grinning a little, wired and manic. Lab techs wrestle into position and tie down the portable Gate -- it's about the size of a small child -- on the seat behind Spider. The portable Gate has an array of controls and instruments on its surface.

GENEVIEVE

What's in the bag?

SPIDER

(glances sideways at his bag)  
This? This is my stuff. I don't go  
*anywhere* without my stuff.

Genevieve looks as though she's going to argue, then gives it up. Jimbo gets in Spider's face; they shout at each other, drill-sergeant style, in what has the feel of an old in-joke, but with real urgency, stepping on each other's dialog, as the huge Time Gate starts to WHINE.

JIMBO

Master Programmer!

SPIDER

Master Engineer!

JIMBO

*That button right there!*

SPIDER

*That button right there!*



JIMBO

(Spider echoes him)  
Find a flat place, ride however far  
you have to, find flat ground and  
press that button once, *only once*,  
when you get through to the other  
side! Don't touch anything else,  
*you'll just screw it up!*

SPIDER

*... I'll just screw it up!*

GENEVIEVE

(Good Citizen alarm)  
Spider, you're not wearing a helmet!

SPIDER

*Fuck the helmet ... there's no Highway  
Patrol where I'm going.*

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING CAROLINE AT A CONSOLE

CAROLINE

(watching equipment)  
Cycling!

PREVIOUS ANGLE -- FAVORING SPIDER ON MOTORCYCLE

SPIDER

(laughs)  
That's cheap humor --

The WHINE grows VERY LOUD; Jimbo shouts over it --

JIMBO

Go, damn it, go! *Go!*

SPIDER

Hey! Hey! Where are you *sending* me?

CAROLINE

(tension broken; she checks in-  
struments)  
Uh ... Los Angeles ... a hundred years  
from now. Within ... twenty miles of  
the lab?

Spider nods, glances at his watch --

INSERT -- DIGITAL WATCH READS 9:51:32 PM.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND SPIDER -- TIME GATE IN DIRECT BG

Spider hits the clutch and zooms forward, tires smoking, into the Time Gate --

CLOSE ON JIMBO -- A VERY QUICK SHOT

JIMBO  
(half-serious)  
What a total stud.

FLASH: EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT -- IN BLACK AND WHITE

A pair of seagulls flying away, out over the black ocean.

EXT. THE DESERT -- FAR FUTURE, A SHIMMERING RIPPLE -- DAY

Spider rides through a wavering break in reality. He zooms forward a hundred yards or so, at high speed, screaming, whooping, making all sorts of appalling noises. Abruptly he brakes, and the motorcycle slews to a halt, and Spider leaps off it, barely taking a moment to see that it's standing safely, leaping off to the desert sand. He slips and falls, staggers back to his feet, laughing.

SPIDER  
(at top of his lungs)  
I did it! I traveled through time, me,  
I AM THE MAN! I'm the first time traveler  
in the history of the world, the very first  
one! This is the future, this is so amazingly cool --

SHOOTING DOWN FROM ABOVE

-- Spider spins around, looking up at the frozen gray sky.

SPIDER  
(flings his arms wide)  
HELLO FUTURE!

RETURN TO PREVIOUS ANGLE --

Predictably, the future doesn't answer Spider. His spin slows, he stares at the dead desert, at post-Nuclear-Winter Los Angeles -- ruin of buildings nearby, more ruins in the BG -- arms falling to his side.

SPIDER

Look what we did.

He completes his turn and circles around again, much more slowly, just staring in disbelief at his surroundings. He completes the second circuit, turning in a growing, insane rage, and screams, turning on his motorcycle, at the portable Gate still tied to the passenger support bar, and kicks the motorcycle, hard, sending it crashing to the stony ground, sends the Gate bouncing off the support. He doesn't notice the Gate, just keeps kicking the bike with his snakeskin cowboy boots.

SPIDER

(in rhythm with the kicks)

You ... dumb ... sons ... of ...  
bitches.

He points out at the dead desert, addressing the bike he's still kicking, because the world that created it isn't here to be screamed at.

SPIDER

Do you *see* what you've done? You dumb  
shits, *do you see what you did?*

He gives the bike a final kick, turns and limps away from the bike and Gate, with a sore foot.

SPIDER

(pulling boot off)  
Oh, *man* that hurts.

INSERT -- CLOSE ON PORTABLE GATE

The status LED flashes "OFFLINE."

EXT. DESERT -- A HILL, LOOKING DOWN ON SPIDER

WE SHOOT DOWN onto a man wearing dirty, hooded white robes, lying on his stomach, watching Spider down in the flats. After a bit he creeps back away from the edge, and then stands up, walking downhill. He's a big, strong man -- THE ARAB, let's call him. We can't see his face, inside the robes.

THE ARAB

Spider Devlin. At last.

INT. LAB -- NEAR FUTURE -- NIGHT -- ON CAROLINE

At her instruments.

CAROLINE

I ... I've lost the remote Gate.  
(rising panic)  
We lost the signal on the Gate!

INT. "TOWN HALL" -- FAR FUTURE -- DAY

A big room with an air of disrepair about it -- like virtually everything else hereabouts. Thirty-odd people are gathered in the room -- most of the surviving human race -- all dressed in homemade clothes. Gathered about a long table are JOJO, a big, strong, skeptical fellow of 40 or 50; Angel and MICHAEL, and assorted extras. Michael's a little older than Angel, maybe late twenties; she's lighter skinned, a little less tough, a little more feminine. Angel and Michael are both armed, knives and bows.

ANGEL

Says his name is Spiderdevlin. He came out of the desert, east.

JOJO

Not the north?

ANGEL

(barely pauses for breath)  
No, I asked if he was one of Trader Joe's people and he said no, he said he was from the past, before the Fire, and he'd been walking in the desert all day and could I give him some water but I wouldn't, and he said that he'd been walking because his "Harley" had run out of gas, and his time machine had broken down.

(abrupt pause)

Because he kicked it.

EXT. AN OPEN SQUARE BY THE TOWN HALL

Two guards, armed with compound bows, watch Spider. Spider's kneeling with his head under a manual pump, pumping the water over his head. His bag is on the ground next to him.

INT. TOWN HALL -- ANGLE FAVORING JOJO

We see Spider in BG as JoJo watches him through the window.

JOJO

He wants us to go find his "Harley"  
and his time machine?

THREE SHOT FAVORING ANGEL AND MICHAEL, WATCHING SPIDER

ANGEL

Says he's got trade goods.

MICHAEL

(quietly to Angel)  
He's not bad looking.

ANGEL

Hadn't noticed.  
(to JoJo)  
Mutants watched him come into town.

JOJO

(sharply)  
You saw them?

Angel looks at JoJo long enough to convey her contempt -- didn't I just say so? -- and turns back to watching Spider.

EXT. TOWN HALL -- ON SPIDER

He rises from the pump, and looks around.

EXT. TOWN HALL -- WIDE ANGLE -- SPIDER'S POV

A SLOW HALF-CIRCLE PAN -- setup for a later shot.<sup>2</sup> This pan covers perhaps half the arc of the town. It's not much -- a few buildings, a fence with guardposts where guards stand duty, watching the desert. There's what looks like a homely, straggly, badly maintained garden, at the center of town. An ugly "garage" area fills out the picture, with a couple amazingly dilapidated trucks sitting in the shade. Far to one side we see several ancient oil rigs.

EXT. TOWN HALL -- ON SPIDER

SPIDER

(to the guards)  
I gotta tell you guys, this ain't what  
I was hoping for.

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<sup>2</sup> One of the movie's closing scenes will begin with this pan.

He goes inside without waiting for an answer.

WIDE ANGLE -- FAVORING ENTRANCE

Spider walks into the room, water still dripping from his hair, bag in one hand. His guards follow him.

SPIDER

I guess you're the Man.

JOJO

The Man?

SPIDER

-- the Man, the Boss, Il Duce, Caesar, Kaiser, the President, the King, the Big Kahuna ... *The Wizard!*

JOJO

...I'm JoJo.

SPIDER

Spider Devlin and I wish I could say it's a pleasure to meet you but it's not, we'll start this relationship off on the right foot with a big ugly dose of the Truth, I hope you appreciate that. I came from the past, a hundred years ago, and I was hoping that in a hundred years you'd have built the Emerald City and a bunch of munchkins or at least Captain Kirk would be waiting to greet me. This isn't the case and I have to admit I'm disappointed. You live in a nasty, brutish world that reminds me unpleasantly of San Bernardino, so if you don't mind I'd like you to haul out one of those ugly trucks, give me some gasoline for my Harley, and take me to go get my damn time machine.

(pause)

I'll pay.

There's a long silence while the crowd attempts to assimilate this information.

JOJO

What's "pay?"

MICHAEL

Is that like "trade?"

SPIDER

(grins)

Cool. Let's play Capitalism. I'll be the ugly American, and you all can be the Russians. It goes like this: you do what I want you to do, and I'll give you a toaster.

ANGEL

What's a toaster?

SPIDER

That's not important. It's something you need, and that's all you need to know.

He puts his bag down on the table top.

SPIDER (CONT.)

Unfortunately, I neglected to bring any toasters with me. But I did bring my stuff here, which is practically as good as a toaster and doesn't require bread or an electrical outlet, both of which I expect are in short supply hereabouts.

JOJO

Look, boy, let's you and me get some things straight. I don't believe you come from some other time. All I know is you come out of the desert and you want us to go back *into* the desert. That's a lot of work --

MICHAEL

And it's dangerous.

JOJO

(annoyed at interruption)

-- that too. There's *things* out there, boy, that their grandparents used to be human. They catch you, they'll cut your balls off and eat 'em while you watch.

SPIDER

Yeah, but you have weapons. Bows, and,  
and arrows, and stuff. And I have *my*  
stuff here, *dollars* --

Spider scatters his stuff across the table as he talks.

SPIDER (CONT.)

-- a hundred and ninety-three of 'em,  
real American dollars, invaluable for  
playing Capitalism. If you're going to  
be Russians, you'll need plenty of  
*this* stuff. Also we have a notebook  
computer, a CD player with a dozen  
CDs, featuring the rap stylings of the  
Three Six Mafia, two cans of Bud Dry -

-  
(holds can up)

-- doesn't it just *shout* "Quality?"

The crowd is playing with the items as Spider lays them out.  
Abruptly "It's Hard Out Here For a Pimp", the Three Six Ma-  
fia's ode to the hard working pimps, blasts out.

NEW ANGLE -- THREE SHOT, JOJO, ANGEL, MICHAEL

JoJo examines the computer, staring at the screen.

JOJO

(pointing)

What are those?

Michael shrugs; Angel peers at it.

ANGEL

Words ... those are words.

NEW ANGLE -- GROUP SHOT FAVORING SPIDER

THREE SIX MAFIA (V.0.)

*But I gotta keep my game tight like  
Kobe on game night*

Spider pops a Bud, hands it to JoJo.



SPIDER

Right off the desert, room temperature. Exactly how it's drunk, by gentlemen of distinction, through much of the Southwest. You get me my time machine, and I can get you as much of this stuff as you want.

JoJo sips at it ... makes a face and tosses it over his shoulder, to spray against the back wall.

JOJO

(now openly hostile)  
We make better.

SPIDER

(producing AmEx card)  
American Express ... it's a Gold Card, boys and girls ...  
(waggles it at them)  
Good throughout the civilized world ... not that you really qualify ...  
(sighs at their lack of response, flips it away)  
Canceled anyway.

Spider stares down into his almost-empty bag.

INSERT -- SHOT INTO BAG

We see a magazine -- and the automatic Spider took off the dead dude.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS

Spider glances at JoJo, reaches in, and pulls out ... a copy of *Penthouse*.

SPIDER

Don't need to read to understand this.

There's a brief silence as the men gather around Spider -- and then JoJo grabs the magazine and starts leafing through it. The other men try to touch it and he jerks it away.

JOJO

Keep your filthy hands off. It's *mine*.

MICHAEL

We are *not* going out into the desert  
just for those pictures.

JoJo glares at her -- and we learn something about how things  
are run around here:

MICHAEL

No.

SPIDER

There's a quantum black hole in the  
center of that time machine.

They don't understand this -- but it gets their attention.

ANGEL

You said that hole thing fell out.

ON SPIDER -- HE GRINS

SPIDER

I lied. But if you leave the time ma-  
chine out there, the black hole *will*  
fall out when the power supply fails.  
It'll fall to the center of the Earth,  
eating everything in its path. In a  
few days the earthquakes will start.  
You won't get a lot of warning --  
maybe one Really Bad Earthquake -- and  
then the black hole will expand loga-  
rithmically, gamma rays from atoms be-  
ing torn apart will fry you like bacon  
in the instants before tidal effects  
tear you into subatomic particles.

WIDEN SHOT ON CROWD -- DEAD SILENCE -- A BEAT

Nobody knows what this means, but it sure sounds bad.

JOJO

We'll go get it tomorrow ... if Tommy  
can get the truck to start.

EXT. THE GARAGE -- ON SPIDER -- DAY

He sits on a bench, waiting impatiently, while TOMMY and TERRY  
work on an engine together, ignoring him.

SPIDER

Any day now, guy.

Tommy ignores him. Spider sighs, glances at his watch, looks up -- startled, he looks back at the watch --

INSERT WATCH

It shows *10:02:11 PM*. The seconds reading is frozen ... after a very long pause it clicks to *10:02:12 PM*.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS ANGLE -- ON SPIDER

A bemused expression. He looks up as Tommy finally approaches him. Tommy's an old man; picture Robert Duvall perhaps, an old man with some air of authority still. He's been babying these machines since childhood -- of course, they're all older than he is. He's bright and sharp and hasn't lost a step. His assistant Terry is a plump 40ish woman, visible in BG throughout this scene.

PANNING SHOT OF TOMMY'S TOOLS

The tools, lovingly cared for, are wrapped in oil cloth. They're wildly out of place; they look *new*.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS ANGLE

Tommy approaches Spider, wiping his hands as he talks.

TOMMY

Saw them bring ya in. Ya human?

SPIDER

Not first thing in the morning. You're Tommy, right?

TOMMY

Ya ever et human flesh?

SPIDER

I've had Jack In The Box.

TOMMY

(remembering)

Jack ... Jack ... no, don't remember anyone named Jack, not in your life-time anyway. I suppose I'll fix up the truck for you.

SPIDER

I guess you couldn't fix the truck for me if I'd eaten someone you knew.

TOMMY

(studies him)

I'd of had to object. Ya can't put up with that sort of thing, not casual-like, or next thing winter comes --

SPIDER

I get the picture.

TOMMY

Ever et anybody *except* that Jack?

SPIDER

No. About the truck --

TOMMY

Mornin', day after tomorrow.

SPIDER

Two *days*? Look, I have to go in the morning, I --

TOMMY

Not a chance. Tomorrow afternoon, *maybe*. But we won't go out in the afternoon, we might get caught out in the dark.

SPIDER

I spent last night out on the desert. I didn't get hurt.

TOMMY

You was lucky, then.

SPIDER

That could be argued. Look, if we get some extra people to help you --

TOMMY

Outta my four boys, only JoJo lived. Too stubborn to die. He'll argue with the world until it shuts up and does what he wants. But I can't be argued with and I can't be reasoned with --

SPIDER

-- and you absolutely *will not stop*  
*until I am dead.*<sup>3</sup>

TOMMY

(turning away)  
You a strange boy. Truck'll be ready  
day after tomorrow, first light.

WIDE ANGLE -- SHOT OF THE TOWN -- NIGHT

MEDIUM SHOT -- SPIDER

He's sitting up on one of the empty guard posts, illuminated  
by torch light, looking down on the quiet town.

CLOSE SHOT SPIDER

Tears trickle down his cheeks.

INT. BEDROOM -- TWO SHOT -- NIGHT

Michael and Angel lie together in bed, whispering together.

MICHAEL

He's very strange.

ANGEL

Yes.

MICHAEL

I think I like him.

ANGEL

(smiles)  
All right.

MICHAEL

He's not as old as JoJo. If we had ba-  
bies with him ... maybe they'd live.  
And maybe he could stay, and take care  
of them with us.

INT. LAB, NEAR FUTURE -- A CROWD OF FAMILIES --

-- waiting to go through the Gate. Superimposed: 73 *MINUTES*  
*BEFORE THE FIRE*. Jimbo walks among them, calming them.

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<sup>3</sup> *The Terminator.*

JIMBO

Just stay cool! As soon as we get a synch on the remote Gate everyone will go through! *Everyone* will go through!

INT. A CONFERENCE ROOM --

Half a dozen staff are standing around watching CNN. One of them is Caroline, holding a little girl of about three. A boy of ten or so stands beside them.

CNN ANNOUNCER

We'll broadcast as long as we can keep our satellite uplink ... reports of missile launches from the Pan Asian coalition are unconfirmed, I repeat, *unconfirmed*. So far as we can determine, only New York City and Hong Kong have been destroyed ...

ON CAROLINE -- NEW ANGLE

In the BG, we see JACK HOLLAND, still dripping wet from decontamination, pushing through the crowds; Caroline catches sight of him and quickly gives the little girl to her brother, the ten-year old.

CAROLINE

Watch your sister.

NEW ANGLE -- TRACKING JACK HOLLAND

He pushes his way through the crowds, into the warehouse with the huge Time Gate, with Caroline, unnoticed, on his heels. Jack is a decade younger than Spider; a Navy SEAL -- tough and resourceful and patriotic. He's not really even a bad guy, though he plays one in the movies.

Genevieve looks up at his approach.

GENEVIEVE

Where the hell have you *been*? We've had a nanovirus outbreak, reports of missiles launches, we can't get a lock on the remote Gate --

HOLLAND

(very calmly)  
What?

CAROLINE

We can't get a lock --

HOLLAND

I heard that part. You sent someone through with the remote Gate? Sweet Jesus, who?

GENEVIEVE

Well ... uh, Spider. We sent Spider.  
(on Holland's angry reaction)  
You weren't *here*, Jack.

Holland turns away from her.

HOLLAND

How quickly can you power the Gate?

Jimbo glances at Genevieve -- answer him? She nods.

JIMBO

We've been recharging since Spider went through. We'll hit Ready in about twelve minutes.

CAROLINE

(reading her instruments)  
We're still locked on Spider's send-through, we've been drifting downtime a little on it and it would take two hours to recalc, two hours we don't have. You'll come in about two days after he did --  
(pause; she looks at Holland)  
He took a motorcycle with him.

Holland stares at her a beat -- then turns and runs through the crowd clogging the corridors, to the parking lot.

HOLLAND

Out of the way! Out of my way!

EXT. BRIDGE, FAR FUTURE -- LONG SHOT -- DAY

Angel is standing guard duty. Spider walks toward her, from town, carrying his bag. Angel watches him approach.

TWO SHOT

SPIDER  
Brought you some lunch.

ANGEL  
(politely)  
Why?

SPIDER  
You tried to kill me yesterday.

ANGEL  
So?

SPIDER  
Got my attention. Reminded me a little  
of my ex-wife.

Spider sits on the ground near Angel; Angel glances around at the bridge, at their empty surroundings and, a little uncomfortably, joins him. He speaks while opening his travel bag and taking out their lunch --

SPIDER  
We got water, bread, and dried, salted  
chicken ... next time I time travel,  
I'm bringing some Taco Bell.

Angel doesn't appear to hear him; she's tearing into the chicken. Spider sighs, staring at her.

SPIDER  
The woman who gave me this pointed out  
there weren't any flies on it.

ANGEL  
(nods; seriously)  
It's better when there's no flies ...  
does Tommy have the truck running?

SPIDER  
Working on a bad axle ... what the  
hell is your name?

Angel studies Spider -- eating, calculating. Finally:

ANGEL  
Angel.

SPIDER  
And your girlfriend's name?



ANGEL

Michael.

SPIDER

Really. I think I expected you to be the one with the butch name.

ANGEL

The what name?

SPIDER

Never mind. Doesn't matter.

Angel nods; she believes that. She finishes her bread, sucks back the water, and stands up again, bow in hand.

ANGEL

I have to get back to work now.

SPIDER

Do I make you uncomfortable?

ANGEL

(considers)

No.

SPIDER

Why the hurry? You see mutants out there somewhere?

ANGEL

I see 'em all the time.

SPIDER

And kill them.

ANGEL

All the time.

SPIDER

Well, I guess I appreciate your not killing me.

ANGEL

(unsmiling)

Could happen.

INT. LAB SHOWERS, NEAR FUTURE -- NIGHT

A Humvee is being scrubbed down by two men in decontamination suits<sup>4</sup>. SUPERIMPOSE WITH: *69 MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE*.

SUIT #1 (RADIO VOICE)  
I can't believe we're doing this --  
first a Harley and now a Humvee --

SUIT #2 (RADIO VOICE)  
Man, this is the *Cadillac* of military  
transport vehicles ... you got no ap-  
preciation for *style*, that's your  
problem.

SUIT #1 (RADIO VOICE)  
Six years in grad school ... so that I  
could spend the last day of my life  
working in a car wash.

Suit #1 scrubs away viciously.

INT. LAB -- TWO SHOT JIMBO AND CAROLINE WATCHING CNN

Genevieve and Holland are visible talking in the BG, their  
BARELY AUDIBLE VOICES blending with CNN.

CAROLINE  
What do you think?

JIMBO  
If it goes up, everyone will launch at  
once. Us, Pan-Asians, the Russians;  
they'll all have to, or else lose  
first-strike capability. Right now  
everyone's waiting to see how the  
nanovirus strikes went --

CAROLINE  
They're going to launch, aren't they?

JIMBO  
(beat)  
Oh yeah.

CAROLINE  
(voice breaking)  
Jimmy, I am so fucking scared.

---

<sup>4</sup> We cleverly ignore the issue of how they actually got the damned thing into the showers.

Jimbo takes her in his arms and she holds on, trembling.

CAROLINE (CONT.)

We should have sent *anyone* except Spider.

JIMBO

Hang in there. Spider'll get the Gate open. Hang in there, darlin'.

EXT. CATWALK, FAR FUTURE -- LONG SHOT OVER TOWN -- NIGHT

Spider's sitting up on the catwalk, watching the quiet evening. In the BG, we can see the nighttime desert, glowing with radioactivity.

EXT. CATWALK -- MEDIUM SHOT, SPIDER BY HIMSELF

Angel and Michael enter. Michael's carrying a tray.

MICHAEL

We brought you dinner.

They sit down across from him, settling in as though they assume he wants their company.

SPIDER

(quietly)  
No flies on it, right?

This comment visibly ticks Angel off.

MICHAEL

(puzzled)  
It's beans and potatoes. They don't get hung up to dry, so the flies don't  
--

SPIDER

(accepting plate, spoon)  
Right. Thanks.

He picks at the beans and potatoes, takes a bite.

ANGEL

Look, I'm sorry I tried to kill you, okay?

SPIDER

(eating)  
Don't mention it.

ANGEL

(pissed she has to)  
I wasn't going to, but you seem to be holding it against me.

SPIDER

Why would you care?

ANGEL

I don't. Well, not much. But Michael wants you to sleep with us and if you're mad at me you might not.

Silence. Spider stares a bit, then takes another bite.

SPIDER

Been reading my *Penthouse*, have you?

MICHAEL

Your what?

SPIDER

The magazine I gave JoJo. It concerns itself with situations like this.

MICHAEL

Oh. No, we haven't.

ANGEL

(to Michael, quietly)  
I'll read it to you if you want.

SPIDER

Where did this idea come from?

Angel's suggestion has distracted Michael slightly.

MICHAEL

... I want to have children. I tried to have children with JoJo, but they both died.

ANGEL

You look healthy. She thinks if she has children with you they might live.

MICHAEL

(to Angel)  
Do you *mind*?

The subtext being, *I can explain myself.*

ANGEL

(in disgust)  
She's all worked up over this.

SPIDER

And you're obviously *not*.

This *really* ticks Angel off.

ANGEL

You're talking about my shooting at you again, aren't you? *Dangerous things* come off the desert --

SPIDER

And you thought I might be one.

MICHAEL

You have that look.

SPIDER

So you tried to kill me.

ANGEL

(sullenly)  
Haven't decided yet it was a bad idea.

SPIDER

(laughs)  
This is lousy seduction technique.

A momentary silence. Angel and Michael glare at each other briefly; then they all eat for a bit.

MICHAEL

... are you really from the past?

SPIDER

Yep.

The next question obviously has great meaning to them:

ANGEL

From before the Fire?

SPIDER

If I understand you ... yeah. The world was sure as hell on fire when I left it.

MICHAEL

Why did you come here?

SPIDER

That's a long story.

They look at each other and shrug; they have time.

SPIDER

(practically bursting)

We built a time machine. I mean, Christ, we spent years on it. I was working on it when I got married; I was *still* working on it when my wife divorced me and took my daughters to New York. We'd sent two probes through, and we were supposed to send our first live subject through early next month. This Navy SEAL, Jack Holland. Then ... two nights ago, I guess, the PanAsian coalition nuked one of our South Pacific naval bases. Then the nanoviruses hit, then Hong Kong went up, and then New York...

(fiddles with his food)

We had some warning in Los Angeles. Not much. We gathered at the lab, and we were going to send our trained SEAL through with the remote Gate. But he hadn't shown yet when I got there, so they sent me instead.

ANGEL

Why you?

SPIDER

(louder, growing angry)

They looked for somebody who was brave and stout of heart ... had an assault record. And how many talented, violent computer programmers are there out there? Not many, by God, and damn few as witty and well-dressed as me.

MICHAEL

What are you so *angry* about?

NEW ANGLE -- THREE SHOT FAVORING ANGEL

During Spider's following monologue, the CAMERA STAYS ON ANGEL, watching her reactions -- she flinches as though struck when Spider hits the phrase "bring them through."

SPIDER

The world *ended*. I saw it die, saw nanoviruses eat people alive, saw the mushroom clouds on CNN. I look out at this hellhole you live in and I *know*, nobody made it, nobody survived. No one I know or care about. They sent me through to save their lives, son-sabitches have *no* style, okay, *Jimbo*, sure, but he rides a Ninja, minus two *big* style points, them and their families clustered around the Gate when I went through, staring at me, waiting for me to save their butts, find a new Garden of Eden and set up the Gate and bring them through before the fires of Hell come down on them --

(pause)

My ex-wife and daughters were in Manhattan.... They were. Now they're radioactive dust.

Spider looks away at the nighttime desert, the distant radioactive glow.

SPIDER (CONT.)

Have been for two days. Or a hundred years, whichever comes first.

MICHAEL

Gate? Bring them ... through?

ANGEL

(shakes her head slowly)  
Spiderdevlin, there's no *room* here.

INT. TOWN HALL -- WIDE ANGLE SHOT -- MORNING

Spider enters. Waiting for him are about half the town's inhabitants, and JoJo, Angel, Michael, and Tommy. They're embroiled in an argument when Spider enters. JoJo stands.

JOJO

What the hell is this about bringing people to live here?

The hostility in his voice slows Spider a second.

SPIDER

The time machine ... the Gate. That's what it's for.

JOJO

I can't let you do that.

SPIDER

But you don't even believe I'm from the past. Remember? So going to go get my time machine is no big deal.

When Michael talks she's being as reasonable and as honest as she can be -- on a difficult subject.

MICHAEL

I had two children and neither one survived their first winter. We don't have enough in the summers and we barely survive the winters. Now you want to bring more people --

Mentioning dead children is not the best approach with Spider. His response is *intended* to hurt her --

SPIDER

Didn't you want to work on making people, with a little help from me?

ANGEL

Spiderdevlin! That's --

Michael overrides her -- with anger that matches Spider's.

MICHAEL

That's *not fair!* We could have left you out there in the desert and you'd be *dead* now! We don't have enough food and we don't have enough water and -- how many people are you talking about?



Spider's been living in his own grief; her anger takes him by surprise, and he tells the truth.

SPIDER

About two hundred.

The crowd's reaction is shock -- they can't even imagine two hundred people. That's *five times* the size of the human race as they know it. JoJo speaks numbly:

JOJO

No. No. No ... there's only forty ...  
of us. We can't do it, that's too  
many, Spiderdevlin. We can't --

Spider takes a step forward, eyes glittering --

SPIDER

Couldn't get the truck running, huh?

TOMMY

(blankly)  
The truck is fine.

Spider moves toward them, radiating rage --

SPIDER

The hell you say. I don't know why I  
imagined you people would be of any  
use anyway, you incompetent, illiter-  
ate barbarians, crouched in the shad-  
ows of buildings other people raised,  
using machines other people built,  
staring at the women in your copy of  
*Penthouse* because --

(voice raising to a shout)

-- YOU CAN'T READ THE DIRTY LETTERS  
IN IT, CAN YOU?

The moment hangs there, Spider staring in his rage at the crowd, not knowing what's going to happen next -- JoJo steps forward, equally angry, but in control.

JOJO

We're not going to leave your time ma-  
chine out there for the mutants. We'll  
go get it -- but you won't like what  
I'm going to do to it.

NEW ANGLE -- CROWD DISBANDING -- FAVORING SPIDER

The crowd passes Spider like a river around a boulder.

CLOSE ON ANGEL -- SPIDER'S POV

She glares at him with barely contained fury.

ANGEL

*I know how to read.*

NEW ANGLE -- TRACKING JOJO

He brushes by Spider, stops, turns and walks toward Angel --

FLASH: JOJO, FROM SPIDER'S POV

SFX: A raven is perched on JoJo's shoulder, looking at Spider, at us, its eyes shining with the ripple effect.

RETURN TO TRACKING SHOT --

JOJO

You better get him armed. We run into trouble --

(turns to face Spider)

-- you'll fight -- or die -- with the rest of us.

Spider leans in on JoJo, and whispers in his ear in a harsh, chilling voice:

SPIDER

There's a black bird on your shoulder.

INT. ARMORY -- TWO SHOT ANGEL AND SPIDER -- DAY

A room with rifles, shotguns, machine guns, pistols, bows and arrows, swords, knives -- Spider is obviously shaken looking at it all. Spider reaches out to touch a shotgun -- he just brushes his fingers over it.

SPIDER

God, I hate guns.

ANGEL

(shrugs)

These guns are perfectly safe.

SPIDER

(thinks he understands her)  
Right ... guns don't kill people ...  
people kill people. Right?

Angel stares as if he's the craziest thing she ever saw.

ANGEL

No. The *bullets*, Spiderdevlin. The  
bullets kill the people.  
(shakes her head)  
We've been out of bullets for a really  
long time. You better take a bow and  
some arrows.

EXT. DESERT -- LONG SHOT THE "TRUCK" -- DAY

A '95 Chevy longbed tools through the desert, making about ten miles an hour. The wheels are wood and the tires are tightly wound rag cloth. The steering wheel is a crowbar, welded into place, and there's no glass, mirrors, or chrome. Tommy is driving and lecturing Terry in the front seat. In the flatbed are Spider, Angel, JoJo, and assorted extras. Michael hasn't come. Spider sits slightly apart from the others, next to a large can of gasoline.

NEW ANGLE -- THROUGH EMPTY FRONT WINDSHIELD, FAVORING TOMMY

TOMMY

... and that there is the speed gauge  
and it tells you how fast you're go-  
ing. You see it goes up to a hunnerd  
twenny em pee aitch --

CLOSE SHOT -- SPIDER

A compound bow propped at his side. He closes his eyes and leans back in the rocking flatbed.

TOMMY (V.O., CONT.)

-- that was a joke by those built this  
truck. The human body *explodes* if it  
goes above sixty em pee aitch, that's  
a scientific fact, I seen it happen  
once when I was a spud.

SPIDER  
(muttering, eyes closed)  
Probably just had one too many after-  
dinner mints.<sup>5</sup>

ANGEL (V.O.)  
Spiderdevlin?

SPIDER  
(eyes closed)  
They're wafer-thin.

ANGEL (V.O.)  
I never understand you.

SPIDER  
(eyes closed)  
Accessibility is overrated. You have  
to throw in little in-jokes, or else  
the critics don't feel smarter than  
everyone else, and then where are you?  
Off-off-Broadway, or the Santa Monica  
Playhouse, whichever comes first.

TWO-SHOT -- SPIDER AND ANGEL -- DESERT IN BG

Spider opens his eyes to find Angel watching him. This line  
should play amusingly, but *Spider's* not making a joke when he  
speaks -- he's *depressed*:

SPIDER  
This is as bad as San Bernardino.

CLOSE SHOT OF MOTORCYCLE -- FROM GROUND --

-- with the time machine tied to the passenger bar. The truck  
is approaching in the BG. The truck pulls to a halt and people  
come spilling out of it. The SHOT STAYS ON THE MOTORCYCLE --  
people approach the motorcycle, moving out of frame; all we  
see are their feet.

JOJO (V.O.)  
So this is your "Harley."

SPIDER (V.O.)  
You bet.

---

<sup>5</sup> *Monty Python and the Meaning of Life.*

ANGEL (V.O.)

You put gas in this ... and it goes.

SPIDER (V.O.)

Like the Energizer Rabbit, darlin'.

Hands reach down INTO FRAME --

NEW ANGLE -- GROUP SHOT W/HARLEY IN FG, TRUCK IN BG --

-- and Spider hauls the machine up and onto its wheels.

JOJO

The Energizer Rabbit?

Spider stares at them. Angel makes a little clapping gesture with her hands -- the rabbit with its cymbals.

ANGEL

It keeps going and going and going.

Spider stares DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA for a beat -- then JoJo steps forward with a knife, slices the ropes holding the time machine, and lifts the time machine free.

JOJO

We'll just carry this in the truck.

Spider shakes himself and unlocks the gas tank as Tommy brings the gas can over -- he speaks loudly while filling the tank, without looking away.

SPIDER

You be careful. Black hole ... very dangerous. *Boom*. I've seen it a thousand times. Massive trauma. Horrible. Just horrible.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING JOJO W/TIME MACHINE

He lays it carefully on a piece of cloth in the flatbed.

JOJO

(to himself)

That thing'll fall over before he gets five feet.

WIDE ANGLE -- DESERT -- AFTERNOON

The truck makes its slow way back toward town. Spider zooms around the truck, at thirty, forty miles to an hour, making wide, slaloming loops, sand spraying up into the air --

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING ANGEL, JOJO IN BG

She watches the bike zooming around. Angel is in love -- with the bike, of course.

NEW ANGLE -- TRUCK FROM REAR

Spider pulls alongside the truck, which continues to tool along at 8 or 9 miles an hour. Spider grins at Angel.

SPIDER

Want to ride back with me?

JOJO

No she *doesn't* --

Too late. Angel's already leaped over the edge of the flatbed, onto the still-moving motorcycle.

NEW ANGLE -- ANGEL SEATING HERSELF ON THE BIKE BEHIND SPIDER

With the truck in BG. The sexual angle should not be underplayed -- she settles herself in, molding herself against Spider. Spider doesn't seem to notice her; he's exchanging fuck-you stares with JoJo.

ANGEL

Come on. Go.... go fast.

NEW ANGLE -- TRACKING -- SPIDER PEELS OUT --

-- showering sand over the truck. CAMERA FOLLOWS as they zoom off into the desert --

EXT. DESERT -- LONG SHOT HARLEY -- LATE AFTERNOON

The Harley is parked beside a small rise; Spider and Angel have found some convenient shade. Spider's drinking from a water bottle; Angel is lying back with her hands beneath her head, totally relaxed.

NEW ANGLE -- TWO SHOT SPIDER AND ANGEL

SPIDER

So ... did you explode when we passed  
sixty em pee aitch?

ANGEL

(drowsily)  
I think it was right about then.

Spider looks off toward the horizon.

SPIDER

I think I see the truck coming.

ANGEL

JoJo's going to be mad at you.

SPIDER

Oh, I expect.

ANGEL

You don't care.

CLOSE ON SPIDER

He's pissed off a lot of people in his time -- and his answer  
is immediate and automatic, with a slight smile:

SPIDER

Fuck him if he can't take a joke.

EXT. BRIDGE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Michael's standing guard, with an ugly fellow of thirty,  
CLARK. Clark's got a cancerous, disfiguring skin disease; he  
is evidently not long for the world. Michael looks into the  
distance -- and then lifts a spyglass to her right eye. (The  
spyglass is an ancient pair of binoculars, sawed in half.)

MICHAEL

People coming.

She passes the spyglass to Clark. He looks --

CLARK

That ain't the truck.

CLOSE SHOT -- MICHAEL

MICHAEL  
(start of a smile)  
No ... that's Trader Joe.

EXT. GUARD POST -- TWO SHOT TJ AND MICHAEL -- SUNSET

They're looking out into the darkening desert.

MICHAEL  
... and then he made JoJo take the  
truck out into the desert. It's get-  
ting dark and they're not back.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING TRADER JOE

TRADER JOE is a man of indeterminate age -- forty, fifty. He's  
clean-shaven and fit, wearing carefully nondescript clothing:  
jeans, vest, white long-sleeved shirt, sandals. A pair of  
granny glasses poke up out of his shirt pocket.

TRADER JOE  
You say he kicked his time machine.

MICHAEL  
(shrugs)  
That's what Angel said he said -- I'm  
afraid that "black hole" got them.

TRADER JOE  
Don't worry. He probably lied about  
the black hole.

MICHAEL  
What makes you -- what's that?

NEW ANGLE -- WIDE SHOT OF DESERT, MICHAEL AND TJ IN FG

A firefly appears to be bobbing around in the far distance.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS ANGLE --

TRADER JOE  
(smiles)  
That's a headlight.

MICHAEL  
A "head light?"



TRADER JOE

The Harley they went to go get, Michael. The motorcycle.

MEDIUM SHOT -- TRUCK, FAVORING SPIDER

He sits on the tailgate of the truck, smiling --

TRACKING SHOT -- ON ANGEL, ON THE HARLEY --

-- zooming around the truck, having the time of her life.

EXT. TOWN -- THE EMPTY GARAGE -- NIGHT

The truck is parked; the time machine has been unloaded and put up on a work table in the garage; the status LED is a vague red light on its surface. The motorcycle is parked by the truck. Another vehicle is BARELY VISIBLE at the side of the shot. We PAN to Trader Joe's vehicle. Also a truck -- it has four wheels and a flatbed full of boxes. But the passenger cab is open to the air, like an old-time buggy. There's no visible engine --

INT. TOWN HALL -- WIDE ANGLE -- NIGHT

The room is well-lit by firelight. Virtually everyone who's alive 100 years from now appears in this scene, excepting a couple of people standing guard duty. Spider sits at the far end of the table, with Angel standing (by choice) beside him; JoJo, Michael, Trader Joe, etc., are all gathered together near the table head.

ANGLE ON SPIDER AND ANGEL

Spider watches TJ with obvious wariness. TJ barely appears to notice Spider; he's busy laying out trade goods.

ANGEL

He comes by every two years to trade. His people are up north. I don't know why he's back so soon; he was just here at the end of winter.

SPIDER

How long has he been coming here?

ANGEL

(puzzled by question)  
Always.

SPIDER

Trader Joe ... that's a goofy name.

ANGEL

It is *not*. Tommy named JoJo for him.

Spider stares at her.

SPIDER

That man can't be more than forty.<sup>6</sup>

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING TRADER JOE, W/SPIDER IN BG

JOJO

We weren't expecting you back so soon. We haven't refined hardly any gasoline since you left, just enough for ourselves.

MICHAEL

Not enough to trade.

TRADER JOE

(keeps laying out goods)  
... and here we've got antibiotics. That's the stuff that cures infections, you remember I brought a batch two trips ago. It helps during childbirth, too.

He finishes and gestures at the tabletop.

TRADER JOE (CONT.)

Tools for Tommy, two new books for Angel.

(to Angel)

Brought you the dictionary I promised.

(to JoJo again)

Also 8 boxes of spark plugs, 20 bags of cracked wheat, 5 cases of canned corn, and the water distiller I promised ... I have a feeling this winter's going to be a bad one.

JOJO

I got nothing to trade with.

---

<sup>6</sup> Or fifty, or whatever, depending on the actor. But clearly too young for JoJo to have been named after him; JoJo and Trader Joe should be about the same age.

TRADER JOE

And in return, all I ask is fifty cans  
of gasoline.

(pause; quietly)

You can pay me my next trip.

JOJO

(breaks into a huge grin)

Deal.

(starts yelling orders)

You! And you, too! You all get out  
there and get to unloading Trader  
Joe's truck. Tools go to Tommy, the  
book goes to Angel, food and medicine  
to the store room. Move! Move!

People hop to, with a will -- not unlike a crowd of refugees  
dealing with a Red Cross delivery. (Which, of course, is  
pretty close to the truth.)

CLOSE SHOT -- SPIDER

Motionless, staring across the room at Trader Joe --

FLASH: TJ, FROM SPIDER'S POV

The ripple effect is crawling all over him --

CLOSE SHOT -- TRADER JOE

He glances at Spider.

FLASH: SPIDER AND ANGEL, FROM TRADER JOE'S POV

Spider stands there, motionless -- except that it's not Spi-  
der, exactly; it's an older man, with a terrible scar where  
his left eye used to be. He's looking back at Trader Joe and  
he looks dire -- dangerous and almost evil. The ripple effect  
crawls over him -- and abruptly it's just Spider and Angel,  
and then an arrow pierces Spider, a bullet strikes Angel,  
blood spraying from the exit wound --

All in the space of a second or so.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT -- TJ, NO SFX

He shakes his head, plainly disturbed.

TWO SHOT SPIDER AND ANGEL

SPIDER

Bad news.

EXT. GARAGE -- ANGLE UPWARD -- NIGHT

All is still. CAMERA PANS across the empty garage, over the time machine, by itself with its blinking red LED. A SINGLE GUARD sits near it, half awake. WE CONTINUE TO PAN right, to the empty main street, showing two guards at the watchtowers, PANNING FURTHER --

The CAMERA CEASES PANNING on Trader Joe. He strides toward us, his manner grim and severe, utterly different from the cheerful, almost professorial fellow we've seen so far.

CLOSE SHOT -- TRACKING TRADER JOE

In his right hand he's holding a hand grenade with a glowing, non-Arabic numeral on the side of it.

TWO SHOT -- TJ AND GUARD --

The guard looks up, looks briefly startled --

TRADER JOE

Go to sleep.

The guard does. Trader Joe has barely broken stride on his way to the Gate.

INSERT -- SHOT OF GRENADE

Trader Joe runs a thumb over a particular spot ... and the glowing "numerals" start counting down.

CLOSE SHOT -- TRADER JOE AND TIME MACHINE

He reaches forward to attach the explosive to the side of Spider's time machine.

SPIDER (V.O.)

I want you to pretend that you have a  
14-shot, 9 millimeter automatic  
pointed at the back of your skull.

Trader Joe turns around, the SHOT WIDENING ... the hand grenade counting down in his hand. Spider is of course pointing the automatic at him.

TRADER JOE

I *do* have a 14-shot, 9 millimeter automatic pointed at me.

SPIDER

Power of imagination, man.

Trader Joe thinks it over ... then runs a thumb over the grenade. The blinking "numerals" freeze.

SPIDER

Good boy. Let's you and me go somewhere private.

(Glances at sleeping guard)  
And if you even think about trying any Jedi mind tricks, I'm going to shoot you.

EXT. OTHER END OF TOWN -- TWO SHOT -- NIGHT

Spider and Trader Joe are sitting together beneath one of the fences. Spider's still pointing the gun at Trader Joe; the hand grenade is on the ground between them.

SPIDER

Trader Joe is a goofy damn name.

TRADER JOE

Spider's nothing to write home about.

SPIDER

Where you from?

TRADER JOE

Up north. About two hundred miles.

SPIDER

You know, I've never shot a man before -- stabbed one once, that's a real long story -- but right now you're tempting me to put a cap in your ass. Whatcha got against my time machine? *Why did you show up here two days after me?*

TRADER JOE

That's also a long story, Spider.

SPIDER

I'm a little tight on time and --

(jacks a round in chamber)  
-- patience I am way short on. You monitored my stochastic wave. *That's* what brought you here two days after me. The wave function collapsed and you rode the wave front back to its source ... *When are you from?*

Trader Joe thinks it over and then nods.

TRADER JOE  
Most recently ... about fifteen hundred years uptime of here. And I wish I knew what to do with you.

SPIDER  
So what's your real name, Future Boy?

TRADER JOE  
That's a difficult question --

SPIDER  
I am gonna *kill* you.

TRADER JOE  
Most recently I've been called Maktai Shumaktikahn Dekshuperai.

SPIDER  
What the hell kind of name is that?

TRADER JOE  
(shrugs)  
It means ... "This Guy Joe We Found In Pasadena In 1968."

SPIDER  
(flatly)  
1968. Hippies. The Summer of Love.

Trader Joe reaches into his shirt pocket ... carefully takes out a pair of ancient granny glasses, and puts them on. He smiles at Spider ... and makes a peace sign.

TRADER JOE  
Peace, little brother.

Spider turns away in disgust, gun dropping to his side.

INT. TOWN HALL -- WIDE ANGLE -- SPIDER AND TRADER JOE

They're sitting at the long table, facing one another across the narrow length, drinking the flat brown beer the town makes. The "hand grenade" is next to Spider's mug.

SPIDER

You know they're using the wheat you bring them to make this.

TRADER JOE

Man does not live by bread alone. At least it's good beer.

SPIDER

I've had lots worse ... in good restaurants. You going to try and stop me from fixing my time machine, Future Boy?

TRADER JOE

Why do you keep calling me that?

SPIDER

(shrugs)

I feel silly calling you Trader Joe, and Captain Galaxy was already taken.<sup>7</sup> Answer the question.

TRADER JOE

You can't bring those people through, Spider.

SPIDER

I expect I can. I helped program that machine out there, Future Boy. It's showing *offline*, which means the diagnostic circuitry knows something's wrong, and knows what it is -- which means I can fix it. I wrote those diagnostic routines.

CLOSE SHOT, TRADER JOE AT RIGHT OF SCREEN

Superimpose as he speaks -- the left side of the screen shows beautiful slow-motion shots of nuclear weapons exploding.

---

<sup>7</sup> From an episode of *Quantum Leap*, the best time travel television show ever. No one but *Quantum Leap* fans will get this; which is enough of a reason. "Doctor Sam Beckett, theorizing that one could time travel within his own lifetime, stepped into the quantum accelerator....and vanished."

TRADER JOE

(gently)

The bombs *fell*, Spider. In a nuclear rain that lasted for days, through a peremptory first strike and a retaliatory second strike, through retaliatory second and third strikes, until only a few lonely submarines cruised through the ocean to fire their weapons upon an enemy who no longer existed, through all of this the bombs fell, and fell. Billions died ... in fire and blasting shock waves and radiation. Billions more died in famine, and in the firestorms caused when the bombs went down.

TWO SHOT SPIDER AND TRADER JOE

Spider's expression has slowly gone numb. A pause --

SPIDER

Why are you telling me this?

TRADER JOE

But that was not the worst. Vast clouds of dust and earth were blasted into the sky. Whole continents disappeared beneath them; and temperatures began to drop. As the glaciers traveled south, the last crumbling pockets of civilization vanished.

(very gently)

They died, Spider. They all died, all the people you're trying to save have been radioactive dust for a century. *This* is the human race, right here in this small town. And if you leave them alone *they'll make it!*

Trader Joe comes to his feet, beer in one hand, pacing.



TRADER JOE

The people who picked me up in Pasadena in 1968, the ones who sent me here to make sure these people make it, I don't know if you'd recognize them as human. They don't look much like us. They've ... moved on. But, oh, Spider; they're *good* people, they healed the planet we tried to destroy. I can't let you destroy *them* by bringing through two hundred people who are already dead.

SPIDER

(numbly)

Why didn't you try to kill me? Why just go after the machine?

TRADER JOE

First ... I don't think you belong here. But I'm not sure; we've avoided this time, the years Angel has her children, for fear of disrupting it. Maybe you're a part of this matrix; there's no record of you but there's no record of most of this era. But your two hundred people from the past were never a part of this matrix and they can't be allowed to enter it.

SPIDER

What else?

TRADER JOE

(surely it's obvious)

Spider Devlin -- killing is *wrong*.

SPIDER

(rises, in a growing rage)

Is it. Killing people is wrong ... unless they're innocent men and women and children about to have a hydrogen bomb dropped on them. Then it's not your Goddamn problem.

NEW ANGLE -- SPIDER AT RIGHT OF FRAME, TJ AT LEFT

TRADER JOE

I'm an old man, Spider, a lot older  
and a lot tougher than I look. They  
took me from Pasadena a hundred and  
forty years ago -- and my loyalties  
are not yours.

The gun appears in Spider's hand and he shoots Trader Joe. WE  
TRACK as Trader Joe peddles backward under the hail of bul-  
lets. Spider moves forward, rants like a speed junkie:

SPIDER

Fuck you (BLAM) and your toughness  
(BLAM) and your loyalties and the  
(BLAM) future you came from.

Trader Joe hits the wall behind him and slumps to the ground.  
Spider stands over Trader Joe:

SPIDER

Why should you be any luckier than my  
little girls?

He shoots Trader Joe a fourth time. A pause ... Trader Joe is  
obviously in great pain --

TRADER JOE

Oh, *God*, that hurts.

A slug pushes its way out of Trader Joe's clothing, and rat-  
tles to the floor -- and then the second, third, and fourth,  
in quick succession. Trader Joe takes a deep breath, looks up  
at Spider:

TRADER JOE

I've been shot by lots better people  
than you.

CLOSE ON SPIDER, IN A COLD FURY --

SPIDER

You stay out of my way -- or I'll kill  
Angel. And won't *that* fuck things up.

He turns to leave, brushing past a couple of extras who've  
come to see what the noise is all about . . . and sometime  
during all of this, the hand grenade has vanished.

INT. ANGEL AND MICHAEL'S QUARTERS

A pretty low tech place, but lived in; an attempt has been made to pretty it up, and it's the cleanest place we've seen yet. Spider enters; Angel is sitting on her bed looking at the CDs and the CD player. She looks up --

ANGEL

You.

SPIDER

Me. Where's Michael?

ANGEL

(returns to CD)

Guard duty. She usually works nights, she has the best night vision. How do you make this go?

Spider looks at the player. He sits down on the edge of the bed, not too close to Angel; he pops the CD out, flips it over and puts it back in.

SPIDER

You had it upside down. The side with the writing on it goes face up. Then here, "POWER?" This button has to be pushed in. Then you push the "PLAY" button.

Angel looks embarrassed.

ANGEL

Oh. I was afraid to touch the Power button.

SPIDER

Why?

ANGEL

I was afraid it would catch on fire.

SPIDER

Why?

ANGEL

(still embarrassed)

That's what our power machine does when you turn it on. Tommy keeps trying to fix it but every time he puts gasoline in it and turns it on, it catches on fire. I thought this might be like that.

SPIDER

Who taught you to read?

ANGEL

My mother, before she died. I don't read as good as she did, but I read better than anyone else ... Tommy can read. Almost as good as me.

SPIDER

What sorts of things do you read?

Angel studies Spider with real distrust, then gets up and goes to a cupboard in the corner. She opens it --

INSERT -- PANNING SHOT OF SEVEN OR EIGHT BOOKS

Among them are "The Armageddon Blues;" "The Man Who Folded Himself;" and "A Canticle for Leibowitz."<sup>8</sup>

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT

Angel takes down two books; a Harlequin Romance, and an oversized picture book. She sits down on the bed again, a little closer this time. She opens the Harlequin --

CLOSE ON ANGEL

-- as she talks the toughness melts away from her; she speaks with more animation than we've yet seen from her.

---

<sup>8</sup> A classic time travel story (David Gerrold), classic nuclear war story (Walter M. Miller) and one of mine—a time travel nuclear war story.

ANGEL

This one is my favorite. It's about this woman, Courtney, and she works in "teel-vizzion" saying into a "caim-ra" what happened that day so everyone knows. And there's a man named Blake, and at first she just *hates* Blake, because they're going to give him her job just because he's a man, but then she finds out he's not so bad, and he ends up being her boss but that's okay because she gets to stay on the "teel-vizzion" and now she likes him, and it ends up they fall in love.

(reads aloud)

"Courtney's heart pounded, the blood running like molten metal through her veins. Blake's lips brushed against her neck and she melted against him; he crushed her savagely in his embrace, and she whispered his name over and over again, 'Oh, Blake.'"

(pause)

Then they --

TWO SHOT -- FAVORING ANGEL

SPIDER

I can imagine what they then. And after that they get married and live happily ever after.

ANGEL

You know this story?

SPIDER

Sort of.

ANGEL

"Happily ever after" -- Well ... until the Fire, anyway.

Spider nods. He has the picture book open in his lap and is flipping through it. Angel leans forward and stops him on a particular picture --

INSERT -- PICTURE OF LANDSCAPE

A valley, a rolling green landscape, shade trees in FG, mountains in the BG. A reasonable facsimile of Paradise...

TWO SHOT SPIDER AND ANGEL

ANGEL

When I was little my mother read to me. This was our favorite picture. She said this is where you go when you die, a place like this. All green and grassy and shady, and it's cool in summer and warm in winter... I guess that's where she went.

SPIDER

It's nice.

ANGEL

We had grass here when I was little. My mother used to water it. When she died nobody else would use their water rations to keep it alive. JoJo says you can't eat grass. I used to, though. I would sit on the grass and chew on it. It tasted OK ... it was really pretty.

SPIDER

(closing picture book)  
You're pretty.

ANGEL

You're very nice when you try.

SPIDER

I'm different from other men.

ANGEL

Yes.

SPIDER

Better. *Bigger*.

ANGEL

(breath quickening)  
Say some poetry for me, the way Blake does in the book.

SPIDER

*Laugh and dance and shout  
And you can smile then at the news  
Despite that nuclear depression  
And those Armageddon Blues*

ANGEL

*(lust derailed)  
That's not very romantic.*

Spider shuffles through the CDs on the bed.

SPIDER

Romantic. No, I guess not.

He pops the top on the CD player, and slides a CD in.

SPIDER (CONT.)

*He was romantic, though. He had a  
voice ... like an angel... his own fa-  
ther shot him to death.*

*(he presses PLAY)*

*Oh, Marvin --*

MARVIN GAYE

*Oh, Mercy mercy me  
Oh, things ain't what they used to be  
No, no  
Where did all the blue skies go?  
Poison is the wind that blows  
from the north and south and east*

TRACKING SHOT --

The CAMERA PULLS BACK -- back through the window of Angel's quarters, out into the center area. WE TRACK BY Trader Joe, who's standing out in the darkness, standing perfectly, inhumanly still, wind tugging at his clothes, watching the window to Angel's room, watching Spider inside.

MARVIN GAYE (CONT.)

*Oh, Mercy mercy me  
Oh things ain't what they used to be  
No, no  
Oil wasted on the oceans  
And upon our seas fish full of mercury*

MONTAGE OF DEATH --

As "Mercy Mercy Me" PLAYS OVER:

MARVIN GAYE

*Oh, mercy mercy me  
Oh things ain't what they used to be  
No, No  
Radiation underground and in the sky  
Animals and birds who live near-by  
Bye bye*

*Oh, mercy mercy me  
Oh, things ain't what they used to be  
What about this over-crowded land  
How much more abuse from man  
Can you stand?*

SHOT OF MICHAEL --

PROFILE SHOT: She's standing guard duty, looking out over the empty desert. WE TRACK AROUND HER until our POV is out over her shoulder, looking at the desert she's watching, the ruined nighttime emptiness, with a faint radioactive glow.

SHOT OF GRAVE DIGGERS -- INSIDE CITY

Digging a grave, in what we thought was the "garden" earlier -  
- it's actually a cemetery in the center of town.

SHOT OF CORPSE --

It's Clark, the disfigured fellow we saw earlier standing guard with Michael. They lower him into the ground.

PANNING SHOT -- EMPTY DESERT

We're outside the walls of the small town now. Nothing moves. Nothing stirs.

SHOT OF A SMALL TRIBE --

Further from town. Mutants, down in a ravine, gathered around a flickering fire, roasting on a spit something that looks vaguely human -- though with too many arms.

MEDIUM ANGLE -- FAVORING THE ARAB



He sits cross-legged next to the fire, with a book propped on his knees, reading. A river runs through their camp and our POV LIFTS AND SWOOPS OUT OVER IT --

FOLLOWING THE RIVER --

The eddies glow with a phosphorescent light. The rare dead fish floats through the water, and birds that have made the mistake of drinking from this river are scattered dead at the edges of still pools along the banks.

PULLING UP FROM THE RIVER -- A CRANE SHOT --

Moving up thirty or forty feet -- WE SEE the river flowing down to the nighttime ocean. Red foam covers the surface of the ocean -- the beach is sterile and rocky.

PANNING DOWN THE LENGTH OF THE BEACH --

Death in all directions. Utter emptiness.

MUSIC:

Following the lyrics, "Mercy Mercy Me" ends with an extended instrumental section that runs TIME:

SUPERIMPOSE ON OCEAN, AND DISSOLVE TO --

-- Angel and Spider, by candle light, on the bed, Angel leaning back against Spider. He has his arms around her, and one hand is moving slowly across her body, tracing up her legs and across her stomach; she arches her back, and his hands move up and under her shirt, stroking her breasts beneath the thin cloth, and we --

FADE TO BLACK. BLACKNESS --

For the last fifteen seconds or so, blackness as "Mercy Mercy Me" fades away into nothing.

INT. ANGEL'S QUARTERS -- FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN

They're sitting up together in bed; all is still and quiet.

ANGEL

(sleepily)

Play that again. Make it sing.

SPIDER  
(staring sightlessly)  
Batteries are dead.

EXTERIOR TOWN CENTER -- MORNING

Michael walks through the town, bow slung over her shoulder; and sees Trader Joe standing motionless in the square facing her quarters.

TRADER JOE  
I wouldn't go in there.

MICHAEL  
(unsurprised)  
Really.

Trader Joe shrugs.

MICHAEL (CONT.)  
(sighs)  
I guess I'll go get some breakfast.

EXT. DESERT -- MORNING -- A SMALL GROUP OF MUTANTS

In dirty white robes; a few of them are visibly deformed. They stand in a ragged line, in the middle of nowhere.

ANGLE FROM SIDE -- THE ARAB

He's carrying a book in one hand. We don't see his face.

INSERT -- CLOSE SHOT OF BOOK:

It's a diary -- one of those bound books of empty pages. The handwritten title is, "In The Days Before the Fire."

EXT. DESERT -- WIDE ANGLE, MUTANTS IN FG

The air shimmers ... and a tear appears in reality and the Humvee comes hauling through with Jack Holland at the wheel. He looks startled when he sees what's awaiting him, and the Humvee slides to a halt bare inches in front of the Arab. The Arab doesn't bother to move; he looks up and sees Jack Holland looking down at him through the windshield.

THE ARAB  
You, I think, would be Jack Holland.

INT. ANGEL'S QUARTERS -- MORNING

Angel is getting dressed. Spider lies asleep in the bed. Angel wakes him and he sits up.

ANGEL

I have to go. You should get up. Michael won't want to sleep with you after standing guard all night.

SPIDER

(groggily)

No problem. I can understand that.

Angel kisses him, slings a bow across her back, and leaves. Spider sits up at the side of the bed, staring blankly into the distance. He turns slightly --

NEW ANGLE -- TRADER JOE IN DOORWAY, LOOKING PISSED --

There's real hostility here from TJ; Spider's mostly just fucking with him. Spider yawns --

SPIDER

You didn't vanish. Maybe I *am* a part of this matrix. That would make your bosses ... my great-great-great-great ... great ... grandchildren. Is that right?

TRADER JOE

(almost a whisper)

Perhaps. I doubt it fills them with any pride.

SPIDER

What, no ancestor worship?

TRADER JOE

Spider Devlin, my "bosses" have never *heard* of ancestor worship. They wouldn't know what you mean by that. Their *ancestors* destroyed the planet. Killed the forests. Killed the oceans. Killed each other. I expect you should have started with the last part first.

Trader Joe steps toward Spider, and Spider brings the gun out from under the blankets to point it at Trader Joe.

TRADER JOE

If your descendants knew your names  
they would use them as curses.

SPIDER

I think I'll try a head shot.

TRADER JOE

(worst insult he knows)  
You're *uncivilized*.

Trader Joe turns and stalks out.

INT. HALLWAY -- TRADER JOE IN FG, APPROACHING CAMERA

Spider jumps out into the corridor behind Trader Joe, FACING  
THE CAMERA. Trader Joe looks back and he strikes a pose --

SPIDER

*Male frontal nudity!*

Trader Joe shakes his head in disgust, walks on.

SPIDER

Jerk.

He turns around and goes back into the room.

INT. EMPTY ROOM -- DAY

They're storing the time machine here. A single guard sits,  
bored, next to it. Spider enters and the guard stands.

GUARD

JoJo said you couldn't touch this.

SPIDER

No problem.

He kicks the guard in the nuts, whacks him with a huge under-  
cut as the guard folds, smashing his nose, and follows up by  
banging the man's head against the wall, murderously, three or  
four times. The whole thing takes only a moment, and Spider  
leans over and hoists the time machine, staggering a little,  
and walks out with it.

EXT. BRIDGE -- LATER -- DAY

One of the extras is standing guard duty. Spider goes zooming by on his motorcycle, time machine strapped to the passenger support rise. He waves at the guard.

EXT. BRIDGE -- LATER -- ANGEL AT GUARD DUTY -- DAY

Angel stands looking out across the desert. Michael lounges on the ground beside her, eyes closed, hands laced behind her head. There's no real tension in the following scene --

ANGEL

I wonder where he went.

No response.

ANGEL

Maybe the mutants got him. Maybe he started the time machine.

No response.

ANGEL

You're not doing a very good job keeping me company today.

MICHAEL

(sleepily)

I'm *tired*. Somebody was in my bed this morning.

ANGEL

Yeah, well.

Michael opens her eyes.

MICHAEL

So?

ANGEL

So what?

MICHAEL

How was he?

ANGEL

(thinks about it)  
Lots of energy.

MICHAEL

I bet.

ANGEL

A little rough.

MICHAEL

(dryly; a little challenge)  
I bet you liked *that*.

Angel looks over at Michael, lying in the shade.

ANGEL

Yeah. So?

Michael sighs and closes her eyes again, accepting it.

MICHAEL

So nothing.

Angel shakes her head in bewilderment.

MEDIUM SHOT SPIDER -- LATER -- DAY

Spider's off in the wasteland on the other side of the bridge, at work on the time machine. He's got a panel open, has pulled a small keyboard out and is typing away, reading the diagnostics on an active matrix LCD.

CLOSE SHOT -- SPIDER -- NEW ANGLE

Spider stares at the FLASHING RED readout. It shows a diagram with a part HIGHLIGHTED.

SPIDER

(quietly)  
Well, damn.

EXT. DESERT -- GROUP SHOT MUTANTS -- DAY

A dozen mutants sit around a fire. Some look nearly human; others are hideous. Holland sits at the fire; the Arab faces him over it, with the book open in his lap. The Humvee is visible in BG. We don't get to see the Arab's face, deep within his hood. His voice is deep and rough.

THE ARAB

"In The Days Before the Fire." It's our record of the end of the world, by one of the people who caused it, General Gerold Friedman.

HOLLAND

You've been expecting me?

THE ARAB

And Spider Devlin. After the war, General Friedman went to a ... laboratory ... in Pa-sa-de-na.

HOLLAND

Laboratory. Pasadena. He ... Friedman was in charge of the project, if you went far enough up the line.

THE ARAB

The laboratory was destroyed. From the notes that remained he learned that two men had been sent into the future, one after the other. Spider Devlin and then you.

HOLLAND

That's Friedman's diary?

THE ARAB

It is.

HOLLAND

He was a good man. What happened to him?

THE ARAB

(gestures around)

These are his great-grandchildren.

PAN AROUND AT THE WATCHING MUTANTS

FAVORING HOLLAND

The news rocks Holland; it's obvious that he's horrified and rattled. He gets to his feet slowly ...

HOLLAND

I've got to go. Which way is this island Devlin went to?

Holland literally backs away from them -- and one of the mutants, unfortunately, is standing behind him. Jack bumps into him, turns and drives a knife into the man, kicks the mutant to free his knife, and shoots the mutant twice before he even hits the ground.

THE ARAB

Wait! Please! We mean no harm!

Holland points his gun at the Arab; the Arab has his hands spread wide, a "don't shoot" gesture.

HOLLAND

Where the hell did Devlin go?

THE ARAB

East. He went east ... Go.

NEW ANGLE

Holland climbs up into the Humvee and rolls off into the desert. A couple of the mutants grab bows and start after him --

THE ARAB

Let him go.

(gestures at body)

Strip that. At least you'll have something to eat tonight.

INT. TOWN HALL -- LATE AFTERNOON

Tommy, JoJo, Angel, and Michael sit together at one table. Extras sit at another table; Trader Joe sits at the same table with the first four, but slightly apart. The guard Spider attacked sits nearby.

JOJO

I think we find that time machine and smash it. Wreck it good.

ANGEL

(fucking with him)

You mean wreck it "bad."

JOJO

I don't need your backtalk --

Angel's already tuned him out.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING TRADER JOE

He talks over JoJo until JoJo shuts up.

TRADER JOE

I'm not sure you can afford to wreck that time machine.



ANGEL

The black hole thing?

TRADER JOE

No, I think he lied about that. That device weighs maybe a hundred fifty pounds. Too small; if he's telling the truth they'd have had to use a non-rotating quantum black hole. I don't know where they'd have got one, and anyway a hole that small would evaporate by quantum tunneling if it escaped its enclosure.

MICHAEL

Is that good?

ANGEL

It sounds good.

TRADER JOE

It's medium bad -- but that's not the point. I don't think Spider Devlin belongs here. I don't think he's part of this matrix. So far he hasn't changed things much, but if he stays, he will. Which means he has to go back to the time he came from.

NEW ANGLE FAVORING ANGEL

ANGEL

But -- he'll *die* if he goes back where he came from.

GUARD WHO SPIDER STRUCK

*Good.*

TRADER JOE

More people will die if he doesn't.

PREVIOUS ANGLE

JOJO

Hell with this. Let's just kill him and get it over with.

ANGEL

No. No, you *won't*.

TRADER JOE

(real fury)

Haven't you learned *anything*?

JOJO

But this is --

Trader Joe comes to his feet and slaps JoJo, open-handed. It knocks JoJo off his chair and to the floor.

TRADER JOE

Self-defense? Right? You want to kill him because he *might* be a danger to you? Never mind trying to talk to him, never mind seeing if there's some compromise, let's just kill. Solve the problem, quick and easy.

JoJo gets up slowly. He's bleeding and he's enraged -- but Trader Joe, the man he was named for, stares him down.

JOJO

Why did you hit me?

TRADER JOE

Well, you *might* have said something I didn't feel like hearing.

They stare at one another -- JoJo's still pissed --

JOJO

Yeah, well, he *might* do something that endangers us!

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING ENTRANCE TO TOWN HALL

Spider sweeps in.

SPIDER

Yeah yeah yeah. That's a hell of a possibility, except the damn time machine's broken so I can't go back and can't bring my people forward, the containment field on the black hole is failing and we're *all* going to die if it does, and I need an escort, someone who knows the territory, to take me to Los Angeles, or anyway what's left of it, to find my lab, or anyway what's left of *that*. For parts. And since life is short and the charm of y'all's company has worn thin and the motorcycle only seats two, I thought I'd just take Angel.

(to Angel)

Wanna come?

ANGEL

Uh ... I don't think --

JOJO

No! *Hell* no!

ANGEL

(instantly)

Sure.

SPIDER

You guys have a map I can look at?

ANGEL

(looks at JoJo)

Yeah. Come on --

Spider and Angel head back out together.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING TRADER JOE AND TOMMY

TRADER JOE

Tommy, my truck's too slow to follow them, I need you to help me make a sidecar.

TOMMY

What's that?

TRADER JOE

A little cart on wheels, it's got a seat in it, we hook it to the motorcycle and it runs alongside.

TOMMY

I 'spect. C'mon, let's take a look.

TWO SHOT JOJO AND MICHAEL, FAVORING MICHAEL

Michael sits with her chin propped on her hands, staring into the distance. She SPEAKS without looking at JoJo:

MICHAEL

You are so stupid. Someday before you die, *maybe*, you'll figure out the best way to get her to do anything is to tell her not to.

EXT. WALKWAY AT EDGE OF TOWN -- NIGHT

ANGLE DOWN INTO TOWN -- WE SEE Tommy and Trader Joe working on the sidecar, welding lights flashing, casting an eerie light over the scene.

CLOSE ANGLE -- FAVORING TJ IN A STRONG, HARSH LIGHT

We get a good look at the "welding" tool he's using -- simply a beam of light that he holds like a pen, "writing" to weld. Where he writes with it, metal runs like water. TJ plainly doesn't notice the amazing heat, spreading the molten metal with his thumb to get the joins he wants.

NEW ANGLE -- SPIDER AND ANGEL, ON WALKWAY, WATCHING

ANGEL

He says he wants to protect me. From you. Are you really going to take him?

SPIDER

Why not? With all the trouble he's going to ... he's pretty tough. We run into trouble, he might be useful.

ANGEL

He says you shot him. With bullets.

SPIDER

A little. He was cruising for it.

ANGEL

A little?

SPIDER

Four times ...  
(waggles hand, estimating)  
... five.

ANGEL

He says you threatened to shoot me.

SPIDER

I said that to him, but I was lying. I  
wanted something to scare him with ...  
I would never hurt you.

CLOSE ON ANGEL -- VULNERABLE

ANGEL

Do you love me?

SPIDER

I hardly even know you.

ANGEL

Do you?

SPIDER

A little.

ANGEL

(same vulnerability)  
I don't love you.

SPIDER

I know.

ANGEL

I love Michael. She makes me happy.  
She cares about me. After my mother  
died she was the only one who did care  
for me.

SPIDER

You don't have to love me; just come  
on this trip. You'll enjoy it, if we  
don't get killed.

ANGEL

... I'll take lots of arrows.

SPIDER

There's wonderful things out there in the world. *Amazing* things.

ANGEL

Really?

SPIDER

Things so wonderful, Brian de Palma would have to steal from *ten* Hitchcock movies to show them to you. Why, on this very continent there are places where the winds come down in huge monster hurricanes, rip the roof off your house, pull you and your little dog Toto too shrieking and screaming up into the air, wetting your panties, not that you wear any ... Tornadoes, actually. It's tornadoes that take you to Oz. Hurricanes are a football team in Miami. I'm from Los Angeles, I never do get those two straight.

EXT. TOWN -- DAWN, THE NEXT MORNING

Most of the town has assembled to see them off. Spider's motorcycle has been fitted out with the sidecar Trader Joe built. Angel is putting a huge quiver of arrows into the sidecar where Trader Joe is already sitting.

ANGEL

You hold these.

TRADER JOE

(impressed)

My goodness. How many arrows do you have here?

ANGEL

It's ten tens.

TRADER JOE

A hundred.

ANGEL

Yeah, whatever.

WE TRACK as she walks over to where Michael is watching.

MICHAEL

You be careful. You come back.

ANGEL

The tribes are all south, we're mostly going north. And I have lots of arrows. "A hundred."

MICHAEL

(smiles)

Trader Joe tell you that?

ANGEL

I knew it.

MICHAEL

Uh-huh. What comes after twelve?

ANGEL

(off-handed)

A hundred.

MICHAEL

Your momma should have taught you your numbers, too.

NEW ANGLE -- TRACKING SPIDER

He walks INTO THE FRAME with his bag slung across his back, carrying a mug carefully in one hand. He walks past Michael and Angel, who are kissing -- stops to admire them, then moves on and sits down on the bike. A tank of gasoline is strapped to the back of the passenger bar.

SPIDER

That's a lot of arrows.

TRADER JOE

A hundred.

SPIDER

Would have been my guess.

He takes a drink from the mug.

SPIDER (CONT.)

A little carbonation, you could sell this in Westwood at eight dollars a bottle.

TRADER JOE

That's beer?

SPIDER

Better than what I brought with me.

TRADER JOE

You're going to drink and drive?

Spider eyes Trader Joe.

SPIDER

I thought you were from the '60s.

TRADER JOE

That was a *long* time ago.

SPIDER

(still looking)

You sure you want to come along? With an attitude like that I'm entirely liable to shoot you again.

TRADER JOE

(settles back in his seat)

I wouldn't. You might make me angry.

SPIDER

"You wouldn't like me when I'm angry."<sup>9</sup>

TRADER JOE

What?

SPIDER

You missed *so much* television.

(watching Angel & Michael)

They're a really cute couple.

NEW ANGLE -- TRACKING ANGEL

She breaks away from Michael, turns to where Spider is waiting, and settles in on the bike behind him. Spider guns the bike, feeds gas to the throttle --

TWO SHOT -- SPIDER AND ANGEL

Angel leans in close to Spider.

---

<sup>9</sup> Opening sequence of *The Incredible Hulk*.



ANGEL

JoJo's gonna smash your time machine  
while we're gone.

SPIDER

He'd have to find it first.

WIDE ANGLE -- HARLEY AND SIDECAR

They drive off through the town gates, out onto the road leading to the bridge. THE CAMERA TRACKS THEM -- and CONTINUES TO TRACK after the motorcycle has vanished from the frame, over to where JoJo stands, compound bow in his hands, staring grimly after them as they leave. He speaks to an EXTRA standing beside him.

JOJO

Take the truck. He was only gone two hours yesterday, he couldn't have gone far. You find out what he did with that box.

EXT. "FREEWAY" -- TRACKING -- LATE AFTERNOON

Once this was a road that went somewhere, but that was a long, *long* time ago. Conceivably this was once part of a major freeway. Spider and company ride down the center of the highway, making slow time, over what would once have been the dividing line. The barely recognizable wrecks of cars, eaten away by a century's worth of ruin, dot the surface of the highway.

STILL SHOT -- MEDIUM DISTANCE

Spider and company ride through from right to left. The CAMERA HOLDS STILL after they are gone ... and after several seconds have passed we realize that in the deep BG of the frame is a tiny patch of dust. WE MOVE IN on the patch of dust, VERY SLOWLY. The patch of dust RESOLVES into the image of Navy SEAL Jack Holland, walking across the desert, unaware of the "road" off to his right, trudging toward town, back in the direction Spider has just come from.

INT. LAB CONFERENCE ROOM -- NEAR FUTURE -- NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSED WITH: *22 MINUTES BEFORE THE FIRE*. People are crowded into the room, pushing out the door. They're watching the large television set.

CNN ANCHOR

I am sorry to report ... we have confirmed the launch of missiles from within Russia, and from bases in the South Pacific. Evidently ... in response ... the United States has also launched. We will continue broadcasting until Atlanta is struck in, we estimate, fourteen minutes. The following are our estimates of impact times for other cities, assuming those cities are not first destroyed by cruise missiles or submarine-based missiles: Washington D.C., four minutes. Chicago, eleven minutes. Detroit --

NEW ANGLE -- STUNNED AND SOBBING CROWD

GENEVIEVE

James, how long do we have?

Jimbo doesn't respond -- just stares at the TV.

GENEVIEVE

James!

JIMBO

If we survive the bombing of downtown Los Angeles? There'll be at least one submarine sent to take out downtown. We're sixteen miles from downtown, with the hills between ... we might ride that out. Warheads for Pasadena won't get here until the ICBMs come in ... twenty minutes. Twenty-two.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING CAROLINE

She's in the corner, crying, holding her children to her.

EXT. DESERT -- FAR FUTURE -- NIGHT

A fire glows. Angel stands guard at the edge of the illumination, BARELY VISIBLE in the shot. Spider and Trader Joe sit beside the fire.

TRADER JOE

You really think you're going to find anything at your lab?

SPIDER

(shrugs)

We had six stories beneath the ground. Some of our work was military hardened. It would have survived anything short of a direct strike.

TRADER JOE

You think there wasn't one? On a military research installation?

SPIDER

I dunno.

TRADER JOE

You think the part you're looking for is there? That it survived a nuclear strike and a hundred years of decay?

SPIDER

Maybe.

TRADER JOE

This is the part that broke when you kicked it.

SPIDER

You have a nasty attitude, you know that? You got a better suggestion?

TRADER JOE

Let me take Angel back to town. Go out into the desert and die without bothering these people any more.

SPIDER

(points a finger at him)

There's no talking to you. *I'm bringing them through.* You want to stop me? Kill me. Otherwise shut up.

TRADER JOE

I can't kill you and I won't shut up ... but I can take you forward.

SPIDER

What?

TRADER JOE

Take you forward. Take you to the future. Our descendants ... they're not like us. They can't go among us, so they need people like us, people they can trust.

SPIDER

And you think they'd trust me? *I* wouldn't trust me ... of course I wouldn't trust anyone.

TRADER JOE

There's no one in the world you trust, or admire?

SPIDER

Trust? No. Admire?  
(mutters)  
Well, Buckaroo Banzai.<sup>10</sup>

TJ doesn't hear this last -- he steps on that line.

TRADER JOE

Spider, you *cannot stay here* ... and if you go home you'll die. But I can take you back to the future with me.

Spider bursts out laughing; TJ's a little ticked.

TRADER JOE

What?

SPIDER

"Back to the Future." It was a movie. After they took you from 1968, didn't you ever come back?

TRADER JOE

The period before the Last War is very sensitive. They've never let me go back to it -- Hey! What happened after I left in '68?

SPIDER

You want me to cover thirty years?

---

<sup>10</sup> *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai*. Buckaroo is a brain surgeon, rock star, race car driver, physicist, and superhero. An all-around stud; Spider would be a big fan.

TRADER JOE

We have all night.

SPIDER

That's a year every sixteen minutes  
... I can do that.

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Jack Holland walks through the darkness. He trudges, staggering, swaying; then he falls.

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Spider and Trader Joe sit next to the ashes of the fire. Angel's asleep in a blanket on the ground. Trader Joe has a happy, bemused expression on his face. Spider's got the bow and arrows beside him; theoretically he's on guard duty.

TRADER JOE

Wow. Apollo landed on the moon. We actually made it.

SPIDER

That was in 1969. And we went a few times, and then came home and never went again. My father used to say that he always knew he'd see the first man on the moon, but that he'd never dreamed he'd see the last ...

EXT. DESERT -- LONG SHOT SPIDER AND TJ -- TIME PASSING

EXT. DESERT -- TWO SHOT SPIDER AND TJ -- LATER

Angel is sleeping at the side of the shot. The fire has guttered down.

SPIDER

Then we elected Ronald Reagan, and it was the beginning of the end.

TRADER JOE

You lying bastard. They did *not* elect Ronald Reagan President --

SPIDER

(Academy Award-Winning Rant)

Twice, by huge margins, and the people who came after him were worse. We cut income taxes on the rich and raised spending and invaded other countries and left our children with trillions of dollars of debt. The dollar collapsed against Asian currencies, our trade deficits with Asia reached billions and then tens of billions of dollars every *month*, and we poured money into the military while our children went hungry and our schools collapsed. We were poor and we were ignorant and we paid our sports stars millions of dollars a year. The rich got richer, lobbyists bought the government out from under us, and finally, a country full of people who couldn't reason and wouldn't read, who glorified stupidity and despised learning, got the leaders they deserved and those leaders dragged us into a global war we couldn't and didn't win.

NEW ANGLE -- GROUP SHOT FAVORING ANGEL

Angel doesn't open her eyes.

ANGEL

(sleepily)

You're the angriest person I ever met.

SPIDER

I have more *reason* to be angry than anyone you ever met.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY -- SFX -- NIGHT

Music cues up:

*Hate New York City*<sup>11</sup>  
*It's cold and it's damp*  
*and all the people dress like monkeys*

---

<sup>11</sup> "I Love L.A." Randy Newman.

Manhattan at nighttime, after the Fire has come. The city has been leveled. Flickering fires burn here and there.

EXT. CHICAGO -- SFX -- NIGHT

*Let's leave Chicago to the Eskimos  
That town's a little bit too rugged  
For you and me you bad girl*

Equally devastated -- just minutes after the nukes.

EXT. THE IMPERIAL HIGHWAY -- LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT

TRACKING a red convertible. This sequence is shot as a living HALLUCINATION -- bright, surreal colors. An improbable redhead is in the passenger seat of the convertible. Someone who looks a bit like Randy Newman is driving --

The city stretches away in the background as the convertible rolls down the street -- missiles arc through the sky overhead.

*Rollin down the Imperial Highway  
A big nasty redhead at my side  
Santa Ana winds blowing hot from the north  
And we was born to ride.*

On "winds hot from the north," a HUGE MUSHROOM CLOUD appears over downtown Los Angeles.

AERIAL SHOT -- THE EXPLOSION RACES ACROSS LOS ANGELES

*Roll down the window, put down the top  
Crank up the beach boys, baby  
Don't let the music stop*

SHOT DOWN WILSHIRE BOULEVARD AS THE SHOCKWAVE PASSES

SHOT OF IMPERIAL BOULEVARD AS THE SONG CONCLUDES --

*We gonna ride it til we just can't ride it no more*

The shockwave washes across the scene. The scene flares white.

AERIAL SHOT -- LOS ANGELES IS DEVASTATED

INT. LAB -- NEAR FUTURE -- TRACKING JIMBO

Walking quickly down corridor, shouting instructions. People are gathered in little groups, holding on to each other.

JIMBO

We're going to rock hard when L.A. gets it. Stay in the centers of rooms, or in doorways, don't look out the windows. There's hills between us and the flash, but it's still going to be bright enough to blind you --

SFX: EXT. SKY OVER LAB -- AMAZING SCARLET FLASH

INT LAB. -- ANGLE FAVORING JIMBO, STANDING IN A DOORWAY

The frosted windows light up as though searchlights have been put up against them. The light gets brighter, and brighter, and then the ground rumbles, the walls shake. The SCREAMING almost equals the sound of the nuke --

JIMBO

(yelling over noise)  
Hang on! We'll make it through this!

EXT. DESERT -- FAR FUTURE -- MORNING

A patrol from the town, led by Michael, are sweeping up along the side of the river. An EXTRA speaks:

EXTRA

This is a waste of time. He coulda hid that time thing anywhere.

MICHAEL

JoJo said to -- what's that?

EXT. DESERT -- LONG SHOT

Jack Holland lying unconscious on the ground.

INT. ROOM -- THREE SHOT MICHAEL, JOJO, AND TOMMY

Michael and JoJo are looking over Holland's sidearm, knife, etc. -- all his SEAL toys. WE HEAR a moan.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING JACK HOLLAND

Sitting up in bed. He leans back against the wall behind him - - he looks terrible. An EXTRA brings him a jug of water. Holland seizes it and drinks -- pauses, drinks some more, and then pours some of the pitcher over himself.



MICHAEL

You're lucky to be alive.

JOJO

Who are you?

HOLLAND

Jack --

TOMMY

(startled)

Jack? *Jack Indabox?* That lying bastard Spiderdevlin said he ate you!

MICHAEL

(gestures Tommy to shut up)  
What were you doing out there?

HOLLAND

My --

He stops and clears his throat again. It's obviously painful for him to talk; his voice is like sandpaper.

HOLLAND

My Humvee ran out of gas.

Michael bursts out laughing. JoJo is disgusted.

JOJO

Another one.

EXT. DESERT ROAD -- TRACKING MOTORCYCLE -- DAY

They're approaching the spot where the lab was located, a hundred years ago. There's no sign of it immediately visible -- just an empty hillside.

EXT. HILLSIDE -- FROM SPIDER'S POV

SPIDER (V.O.)

Here. I think this was the place.

ANGEL (V.O.)

There's nothing here, Spider.

EXT. THE LAB PARKING LOT -- NEAR FUTURE -- NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSED WITH: *E.T.A. THIRTEEN MINUTES.*

Genevieve walks out through the wide double doors, through the contamination guards, steps out into the empty lot; she looks up at the sky. It's perfectly QUIET, serene. The LOUDEST THING WE HEAR is the wind --

WIDE ANGLE -- SHOWING SKY TO THE SOUTH --

The remnants of a mushroom cloud has climbed high enough to be visible, still glowing with the light of demolished L.A.

SAME SHOT -- FAR FUTURE -- DAY

Only the hill is the same. Spider and Co. are visible in FG.

CLOSE SHOT -- SPIDER LOOKING DEVASTATED AND LOST

SPIDER

I thought ... I thought the building  
at least would still be here.

TRADER JOE

A hundred years is a long time.

Spider dismounts from the bike.

SPIDER

I'm going to take a look around.

TWO SHOT -- ANGEL AND TRADER JOE

Spider walks out of the frame. Throughout most of this the two don't look at one another -- Angel's manner is different, a little more mature, a little more cynical.

ANGEL

Why did you lie to us?

TRADER JOE

About what?

ANGEL

Who you are. Where you came from.  
When. Spider didn't lie to us.

A longish silence --

TRADER JOE

Trying not to interfere.

ANGEL

Oh, but you did. You interfered every time you brought us books, or drugs, or tools, or food.

TRADER JOE

We wanted you to make it.

ANGEL

But that's not true, is it? Or else you'd have done more. Brought us ammunition, made sure we all knew how to read, and do numbers -- even taken us to another time where the world ... wouldn't be like it is. You could do that, couldn't you? Take us all to a place where it was green and warm.

TRADER JOE

Yes. We could.

ANGEL

So what you did ... it wasn't so we would make it. It was so you would make it. So the people from your time would make it.

TRADER JOE

(very quietly)

Yes.

ANGEL

I think I prefer Spider. He's trying to save his people, and he's honest.

TRADER JOE

He's demented and he's dangerous -- and if I was even halfway human anymore he'd be a murderer, too.

Now Angel looks at him.

ANGEL

Nobody's perfect.

TRACKING SHOT -- ON SPIDER

He climbs up through a gorge, moving up and around the hill, pushing his way through shrubbery. He climbs up onto a large ridge and looks up over the stretch of hillside. Something

catches his eye, a depression irregular and squarish and unnatural, buried into the almost vertical side of the hill.

CLOSE SHOT -- SPIDER AND IRREGULARITY

Spider brushes at the dirt -- then raps against it. Clods of dirt cascade down on him. He takes a step back and kicks hard. A chunk of hillside slides down around him, and he leaps to the side. A moment passes and he looks back up -- at a door. He comes back to it, and kicks again and again, savagely, losing himself in it --

The door gives way. It splinters, rotten with age, and Spider kicks the splinters out of the frame -- and peers into a somewhat-lighted darkness.

Something GROWLS at Spider, low and rumbling. Spider screams:

SPIDER

Out! Out! *Out of my goddamn laboratory!*

CRANE SHOT -- AROUND EDGE OF HILL --

We see a wolf come scurrying out of a bolt hole, on the other side of the hill. CAMERA MOVES INTO THE BOLT HOLE -- we SEE Spider peering into the ancient room thus exposed, its two entrances being the door he's just opened, and the hole dug by the wolf.

INT. LAB -- TRACKING -- FAR FUTURE

Spider, Angel, and Trader Joe are working their way down a long dark corridor; they're lighting their way with a torch, carried by Angel. In the view of the torchlight we see the crumbled remains of chairs, consoles -- but no --

SPIDER

No bones. There's no dead people in here.

TRADER JOE

(knows what he's thinking)  
They may have been outside when the bombs hit, Spider. Or down below --

Spider walks off to the side, stops next to one of the control panels with a chair before it. He whispers:

SPIDER

I was just here. Just a little while ago.

He reaches out, touches the ancient chair --

FLASH: INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NEAR FUTURE -- ANGLE ON JIMBO

Jimbo jerks as though someone has touched him unexpectedly.

JIMBO

Spider?

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT -- FAR FUTURE

The chair collapses as Spider touches it, falls apart. Spider looks startled --

SPIDER

Maybe they went somewhere.

TRADER JOE

I promise you they didn't.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING ANALOG WALL CLOCK

Spider stops, looks at the clock. It's smashed and motionless, like the Hiroshima clocks -- and it reads 11:11.

CLOSE SHOT -- CLOCK AT 11:11

CLOSE SHOT SPIDER -- HORRIFIED

Spider raises his hand to look at his watch --

INSERT MAGIC WATCH -- IT SHOWS 10:59:05 PM.

WIDE ANGLE -- FAVORING SPIDER -- A LITTLE DAZED

SPIDER

The stairs are this way.

INT. STAIRWELL -- TRACKING FROM ABOVE

They walk down one flight after another, five in all. We see them descending into darkness, Spider carrying the torch, Angel behind him, an arrow strung in her bow. TJ is last.

INT. LAB BASEMENT -- PITCH BLACK

A door is pushed slowly open, with an amazing CREAK. TORCH LIGHT FLOODS into the room. Spider enters, followed by Angel and TJ. On one side of the otherwise dirty, decayed lab is a large steel door -- streaked with age, but still standing.

CLOSE SHOT -- LARGE STEEL DOOR

TRADER JOE (V.O.)

Let me guess. Spares are on the other side of *that*.

GROUP SHOT -- FEATURING DOOR

SPIDER

Yep.

CLOSE ANGLE ON DOOR -- FAVORING SPIDER

Spider leans in close with the torch. We SEE THREE LOCKS set flush along the edge of the door frame.

TRADER JOE

You're going to kick it open, right?

Spider produces a key ring from his pocket, inserts the key -- it enters easily -- and turns it. The key turns smoothly in the hundred year old lock and WE HEAR THE TUMBLERS CLICK.

NEW ANGLE -- SPIDER LOOKS AT TRADER JOE

SPIDER

I *work* here.

INT. LAB -- NEAR FUTURE

SUPERIMPOSED WITH: *E.T.A. ELEVEN MINUTES*. Genevieve addresses the assembled families, waiting to take a trip through the Gate. Among them are Caroline and her kids.

GENEVIEVE

I can't promise the Gate is going to open in time. We have ten minutes before the missiles get here. Anyone who wants to take their chances, we're opening the basement vault. It's six floors down and heavily shielded; it'll survive anything short of a direct hit. If we get the Gate open, we'll call down -- and then you have to try to make it up six flights of stairs before the Gate closes. Your choice.

REACTION SHOT -- WIDE ANGLE CROWD, FAVORING CAROLINE

Scared and unsure about what to do.

INT. BASEMENT -- FAR FUTURE -- ON SPIDER

The locks are unlocked, keys still hanging in lock #3, and Spider is *standing* on the wall beside the door, feet braced, hauling against the lever that opens the door. It's jammed -- and then it opens with a huge SUCKING NOISE, as the hundred-year old airtight seal is broken. Spider tumbles to the ground --

THREE SHOT -- INTERIOR OF VAULT NOT VISIBLE

Spider gets to his feet; Trader Joe looks into the basement vault, then looks away; Angel winces visibly, and then moves forward with the torch.

SHOT THROUGH DOORWAY

Angel's POV -- she pushes her way into the vault, and we see two dozen mummified bodies, gathered in little groups, in the positions they died in. There are little families of mummies, parents sitting clutching their mummified children. The vault is huge -- racks of equipment, still standing, extend backward through it.

TRACKING SPIDER

He steps forward, stunned, moving in shock. He looks at the dead surrounding him, walking with an eerie steadiness toward the back of the vault -- and then stops at one of the wire-rack shelves. He reaches up like a robot --

SPIDER

This is it.

He takes down a half dozen rotting ancient cardboard boxes, his fingers punching through them despite his gentleness; he opens one and takes out a circuit board in a transparent silvery anti-static package. He opens the anti-static package.

CLOSE ON CIRCUIT BOARD AS SPIDER TAKES IT OUT --

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT

SPIDER

It looks brand-new.

Angel enters the shot.

ANGEL

Let's go.

Spider looks around, dazed, surprised to see her there.

SPIDER

Sure. No problem.

He turns and walks back out toward the entrance, where TJ is still waiting, barely visible, looking almost sinister at the edge of the shot. Spider stops -- a glint of genuine madness touches him, and he smiles.

SPIDER

Hey, that's Caroline! I recognize that necklace, her ex gave it to her ... those must be her kids.

SHOT OF MUMMIFIED CAROLINE, CLUTCHING HER CHILDREN

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT

Spider turns to Angel, still smiling.

SPIDER

Hey, I know those people.

ANGEL

(horrified)  
Let's go *right now*.



SPIDER  
(reasonably)  
Okay.

OUTER ROOM -- FOCUS ON DOOR

Trader Joe exits, followed by Angel with the torch, followed by Spider. Spider, without looking, without slowing, takes his keys out of lock #3 and puts them back in his pocket, absent-mindedly, leaving the door open behind him.

EXT. HILL -- DAY

Spider is just sitting on a low rock, staring aimlessly off into the desert, with Trader Joe nearby. Angel is sitting on the motorcycle, examining one of the circuit boards.

SPIDER  
I've been here six days ... and seventy minutes have passed for them.

TRADER JOE  
How do you know that?

SPIDER  
I have a magic watch. It's running on Lakers time.

TJ takes a step forward -- really thrown.

TRADER JOE  
You've kept your watch running in a different time frame?

SPIDER  
(explaining calmly, crazily)  
I didn't do anything. It just does it ... Pat Riley used to coach the Los Angeles Lakers, and then he coached the New York Knicks for four years. In all those years he never did reset his watch from Los Angeles time. I think this is like that.

(pause)  
The watch says seventy minutes have passed, so the time flow differential is about 125 to one. For every second that passes there, two minutes pass here.

(Looks up at TJ)  
I've got to have that Gate open by tomorrow ... by noon.

TRADER JOE  
Spider, they *died*.

SPIDER  
(very calm)  
Only some. We had lots more people here than that. And they died of the nanoviruses, not radiation; that vault was hardened. So repeat after me, Future Boy --

He comes to his feet and gets in Trader Joe's face. Suddenly he's shaking with rage --

SPIDER (CONT.)  
I've got six circuit boards and they are goddamn solid state circuitry, *silicon*, no moving parts, and one or all of them is going to be working even after all this time and *I am bringing my people through*.

EXT. DESERT -- TRACKING THE TRUCK -- DAY

JoJo, and Michael, and Jack Holland are in the flatbed. Tommy and Terry are in the front seat, driving. Tommy's usual Training Monolog is going on in the BG. Two gas cans are in the bed with them; Holland has a terrain map open over his knees.

HOLLAND  
I left the Humvee here. You say they went up this road --

MICHAEL  
Yeah.

HOLLAND  
Headed for the lab, all right. Shouldn't be too hard to catch them.

THREE-SHOT FAVORING JOJO

He's got Holland's automatic stuck in his belt, Holland's knife hanging at his waist.

JOJO

Nobody's following anybody. We're getting your Hummer and taking it back to town.

HOLLAND

(a nice smile)

Humvee. Hummers are cheap ripoffs. Anyway, you like it, no problem. Plenty more stuff like that where I came from.

ANGLE FAVORING MICHAEL --

She looks at Holland with an exquisitely polite expression, eyes half-lidded. Right.

WIDE ANGLE -- DESERT

The truck pulls to a stop next to the out-of-gas Humvee. JoJo grabs one of the gas tanks, walks over the Humvee; Holland removes the gas cap for JoJo to pour. JoJo does -- pours the contents of the first can out, then stops.

NEW ANGLE --

JOJO

That's got it --

Holland grabs his automatic, tucked into JoJo's belt, and fires several times into JoJo's stomach, then pulls the gun free from the belt to aim it at Michael --

ANGLE FAVORING MICHAEL

JoJo sags to his knees. Michael never trusted Holland and she's already moving, running past the truck, pulling her bow from the flatbed as she passes; from this angle the bulk of the truck shields her from Holland's fire.

ANGLE FAVORING HOLLAND

He shrugs and puts a slug into the second gas can, in the flatbed. It explodes, sends flaming gasoline into the truck's cab, everywhere. Tommy makes it out of the truck with remarkable spryness, tumbling to the sand and squirming around to the front of the truck, for cover --

SHOOTING IN THROUGH WINDSHIELD --

Terry is burning. She SCREAMS --

ANGLE FAVORING HOLLAND

He gets into the Humvee, hits the ignition and revs the engine. JoJo, from his knees, topples to the sand.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL

In a fury she strings her bow and fires as Holland is bringing the vehicle around. The first arrow bounces off the vehicle. She strings another arrow, fires again; it passes in through an open window, embedding itself into the seat behind Holland. She strings a third arrow -- takes two steps back and aims it through the empty windshield of the truck.

MICHAEL

*Terry!*

The screaming burning woman turns toward Michael; Michael fires in through Terry's eye socket, killing her instantly.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING TOMMY

He staggers to the spot where JoJo is lying. WE HEAR the Humvee's engine fade. Tommy sinks to his knees, pulls JoJo's head into his lap. JoJo's head rolls loosely, as though he's already dead ... and then his eyes open and he says in a normal voice:

JOJO

Daddy?

His eyes stay open and he does not move again. Michael walks INTO THE FRAME and stands motionless, bow hanging from one hand. Tears trickle down Tommy's cheeks and his mouth moves soundlessly, as though he's trying to speak.

FLASH: NEW ANGLE -- SLOW MOTION

A raven descends from the sky, to perch on JoJo's shoulder.

EXT. DESERT -- CAMPSITE -- NIGHT

Spider and Angel sit on a blanket facing one another. Trader Joe stands a good distance off, looking into the distance.

CLOSE ON SPIDER AND ANGEL

ANGEL

Don't fix it.

SPIDER

I don't know for sure that I can.

ANGEL

Stay with me. Let the past and future take care of themselves. Stay with me and we'll have children together, and we'll teach our children to do numbers, to read --

Spider sits up on the blanket and whispers fiercely, trying to keep this private; Angel sits up --

SPIDER

*I had children!* I had two daughters in New York City and they were burned to ashes and I don't want to fucking hear about having children. *My daughters are dead!*

He runs out of anger all at once, stares at her through his tears. He talks into her ear, intimate speech from a man who can barely find reason to live.

SPIDER (CONT.)

My daughters were burned up. Do you know what that means? A hydrogen bomb was detonated within a few miles of them. If they were lucky it killed them instantly. If they were lucky ... God, I hope they were lucky.

He seems to fold in on himself; Angel leans in to hold him.

CLOSE SHOT OF TRADER JOE --

Spider and Angel are visible in the BG, next to the fire, holding on to one another. Trader Joe speaks in a robotic voice, to no one.

TRADER JOE

JoJo is dead and he wasn't supposed to die. The future is changing. The future is changing.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF TRADER JOE

In a normal and very scared voice:

TRADER JOE

Oh God.

LONG SHOT -- LATER -- WIDE ANGLE OVER DESERT -- NIGHT

Trader Joe is visible at the far left. A figure clad in white slowly makes its way into the shot, from far right. It strides across the desert -- we dolly in on it as closes in on TJ, and see at last that it's the Arab. They speak fiercely, in harsh whispers:

TRADER JOE

Go back.

THE ARAB

I'm scared.

TRADER JOE

You should be. It didn't happen this way last time.

THE ARAB

Let me help.

TRADER JOE

You're not ready. Go back now.

We hold a beat ... and then the Arab seems to slide backwards out of the shot, as though he's not actually walking. TJ closes his eyes.

EXT. DESERT -- AERIAL VIEW TRACKING THE ARAB -- NIGHT

The Arab walks along the desert floor, without looking around at himself. WE PAN UP ...

JUST A GLIMPSE: TWO FIGURES FLOAT IN MID-AIR

A figure dressed in black, and another in white armor. They're facing one another, hovering in the night air above the Arab.

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT -- LATER

The fire has died down. Spider and Angel are asleep. Trader Joe is standing motionless. It's very QUIET --

SFX: The Ripple Effect, Feature Showing. The scene wavers, ripples, as though we are underwater, odd highlights glinting

off of improbable surfaces. The effect stops -- Spider rolls out of bed, to his feet with his gun in hand.

SPIDER

What the hell was *that*?

Trader Joe looks over at him -- in real surprise.

TRADER JOE

You felt that.

SPIDER

I ... I woke up in Los Angeles that night and I knew my daughters were dead, I knew it before I heard about it on the radio. I knew I was going to see Angel and she was going to shoot at me, I knew JoJo was going to die and I would fight the Angel of Death... what's *happening to me*?

Trader Joe looks away again.

TRADER JOE

JoJo did die, and it's caused a time change. I don't know how bad yet ...  
(looks around at the night)  
Bad. The wave front rippled uptime; it's possible that the people who plucked me out of time in 1968 no longer exist, never went back to get me. If so I'm lost. Secondary effects will ripple downtime, and that event will cease to have occurred; third order waves will ripple back uptime to now ... and I will flicker out as though a candle had been snuffed, as though I had never happened.

It's plain he's not going to answer Spider's question; Spider takes a breath and accepts it.

SPIDER

How long for the third order wave?

CLOSE SHOT -- TRADER JOE

TRADER JOE

Eight hours, maybe ten.

(looks back at Spider)  
I can't believe you felt that.

SPIDER  
Let's get on the road.

EXT. DESERT -- A HILL -- NEAR DAWN

Angel is looking down the hill. Spider and TJ are near her.

SPIDER  
You're sure?

ANGEL  
*Of course* I'm sure. Can't you see him?  
His truck is still glowing a little  
bit.

SPIDER  
(automatically)  
Humvee. Better than a truck. Cooler.  
(to Trader Joe)  
She sees heat -- infra-red.

TRADER JOE  
The human race is evolving at a savage  
pace. If it survives, it's going to be  
very impressive.

SPIDER  
That's Jack Holland. If something  
killed JoJo last night, it was proba-  
bly him. It's what he does.  
(beat)  
I'll be right back.

JACK HOLLAND'S CAMP -- NEAR DAWN

There's no fire in this camp; Holland's tough. He sleeps sit-  
ting up in the passenger seat, ILLUMINATED BY MOONLIGHT. He  
and the Humvee are parked up next the edge of a large over-  
hang, where nobody can easily sneak up on him.

NEW ANGLE --

Spider has ridden up onto the overhang, on his bike. From his  
coat we see him pull free the "grenade" that Trader Joe had  
earlier. He zooms up to the cliff's edge, drops it, and zooms  
away again.



INT. HUMVEE -- CLOSE ON HOLLAND

Something has awakened him, some sound perhaps. He has his gun in hand and opens the door to the Humvee -- looks up --

He lunges back into the Humvee as the cliff above him comes crashing down around him.

EXT. DESERT -- BRIGHTER MORNING

Spider rolls up to where TJ and Angel wait with the sidecar, pulls to a stop. From the rise they're waiting on, we can see the landslide that has covered Jack Holland.

ANGEL

Did you kill him?

SPIDER

Close enough. He ain't going to dig out from under that.

TRADER JOE

He'll die if we leave him here.

ANGEL

*Good.*

SPIDER

People like him killed the entire world ... never did like that son-of-a-bitch.

INT. HUMVEE -- MORNING

It's almost entirely dark inside the Humvee. Jack's trying to get the door to open; it won't budge. He's started the engine and is trying to get the Humvee to move; it won't budge. Suddenly he HEARS VOICES -- two of them, male and female, and he kills the engine:

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE

I must protect this sequence of events.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE

I won't fight you.

Abruptly WE HEAR rocks moving -- huge boulders shifting position. Abruptly one monstrous chunk of rock is thrown aside and the Jack Holland can see through the windshield again. A fig-

ure in white armor passes in front of the windshield -- too quickly to make out any detail. More of the rocks shift position -- and Jack Holland guns the engine and pushes his way free of the landslide. He kicks the door open and comes out with his gun in hand, looking for the people who belong to the voices -- and there is, of course, no one there.

EXT. MORNING -- FAR END OF BRIDGE -- DAY

No one's standing guard at the other end. Spider, with Angel and Trader Joe following him, scrambles his way down a steep bank, to the water.

TRADER JOE

You hid it in *salt water*?

SPIDER

I was sure no one would look there.

TRADER JOE

But --

Spider finds an almost invisible string, tied to a rock, and pulls on it. The string pulls a rope up from beneath the surface of the river, and Spider pulls on the rope hard, hauling it in, and slowly, the Gate comes into sight. He speaks while pulling:

SPIDER

Seals are air and watertight. When we sent the first Remote Gates through we were worried about bringing back contaminants from the future. So we designed them to be airtight, and made them tough enough to withstand sterilization after they came back. They're pretty indestructible once they're sealed.

ROAD LEADING TO BRIDGE -- LATER -- DAY

This is the area on the other side of the bridge -- the desert side, not the town/island side. It's surrounded by decaying buildings, the shells of dead cars, lots of good-cover stuff like that.

Spider sits in the BG with the Gate, now opened up again. He's swapping boards in and out. In the FG, Trader Joe talks to Angel. TJ is sweating and looks horribly gray.

ANGEL

I keep thinking I should shoot him.

TRADER JOE

That's one solution.

ANGEL

I don't know if I can.

TRADER JOE

There's not enough food. There's not enough water. He brings those people through with their guns ... JoJo won't be the last one who died. Just the first.

He smiles at Angel, with an effort.

TRADER JOE

JoJo was a beautiful child.

CLOSE ON SPIDER AND GATE --

He rips one of the circuit boards out, tosses it toward the water, swearing. He pulls another board from the wrapping, slides it in and presses one of the switches...

INSERT -- SHOT OF CONTROL PANEL

The schematic showing that board goes from red to yellow.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT

Spider looks at his watch.

INSERT WATCH -- IT SHOWS 11:10:57 PM.

As we watch, the second reading advances to :58.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS SHOT

SPIDER

(to himself)

We're gonna make it, we're gonna *make* it. Oh, I am so handsome. There ought to be a law against being this good at anything.

(thinks about it)

Maybe there is.

(laughs)  
Fuck 'em.

Spider jumps to his feet, turns toward Angel and Trader Joe, singing a little song under his breath --

NEW ANGLE -- GROUP SHOT

SPIDER  
*I'm too sexy for this song --<sup>12</sup>*

We HEAR TWO SHOTS -- Trader Joe staggers and falls; Angel, standing near the bank above the water, goes over the edge and we HEAR THE SPLASH. Spider whirls, gun in hand --

Jack Holland pops up from behind some convenient piece of cover. He's got the drop on Spider -- Spider sees him, freezes, and without being told, drops the gun.

HOLLAND  
(very cool)  
Hello, Spider.

SPIDER  
(equally cool)  
Suck my Big American dick, Jack.

HOLLAND  
(advancing carefully)  
You're not my type.

SPIDER  
I knew I should have just blown you  
and that Goddamn Humvee up.

HOLLAND  
What did I ever do to you, Spider?

WIDE SHOT OF WATER --

The sloping bank obscures this spot from Jack's view -- Angel pulls herself from the water, one-handed, hanging on to her bow with a death grip. She tries to stand, collapses. She's been shot in the leg. Lying on the ground, with the buzz of Jack and Spider's conversation BARELY AUDIBLE in the back-

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12 *I'm Too Sexy*, by Right Said Fred. It would be very cool to have the actual song sort of echo in on Spider as he sings this, a little surreal reverb....

ground, she uses her knife to cut a slice out of her already too-short skirt, to make herself a tourniquet.

TWO SHOT -- WIDE ANGLE -- SPIDER AND HOLLAND

Jack circles Spider. Jack spreads his hands wide:

SPIDER

You dress badly, vote Republican, and you've never even *heard* of the Church of the Sub-Genius. And you just shot my girlfriend.

HOLLAND

How's our time machine, Engineer?

SPIDER

I'm a Master Programmer, dickhead, and it's not *our* time machine, it belongs to me and the dozen other people who built it. You're just the experiment we were gonna send through with it.

HOLLAND

(smiles)

So how is *your* time machine?

SPIDER

Beats me. I just put a hundred year old circuit board into it. If it doesn't work, I have one more.

HOLLAND

Turn it on.

SPIDER

Diagnostics aren't finished yet, Jack. See the yellow light? Yellow isn't green. I turn it on right now and we've guessed wrong and everything within a mile of here's going to get sucked into a nonrotating quantum black hole.

Spider takes several steps toward Jack, speaking very slowly and clearly, as though to an idiot.

SPIDER (CONT.)

See? Yellow. If your fascist parents had let you watch Sesame Street as a child, you'd know how important the colors are. Red means *stop*, yellow means *go slow*, green means --

Spider's within a pace of Jack -- Jack has the .45 pointed at Spider's face. In BG we see Angel crawling up over the bank, up onto the roadway, a tourniquet around her upper leg. She crawls over Trader Joe, who is staring up into the sky, eyes all whites, and staggers painfully to her feet, using her bow as a crutch. She reaches her feet and stands with blood oozing from her shot thigh, leg scarlet, and reaches over her back for an arrow. Jack and Spider SPEAK OVER each other.

JACK

I'll shoot you, Spider.

SPIDER

-- *arrow in the back.*

Angel fires. The arrow slices its way through the air and strikes Jack high on the shoulder as Spider slaps the gun away and Jack pulls the trigger; the bullet WHINES AWAY. Spider kicks Jack in the nuts, kicks him in the face as he goes down. He kicks Jack some more, keeps kicking him as Jack rolls across the ground, breaking the arrow off as he rolls -- more kicking. Jack's still got the gun in his hand -- Jack rolls again, comes out of it lying flat on the ground and shoots Spider in the right knee. Blood sprays everywhere.

TIGHT SHOT -- SPIDER AND JACK HOLLAND

Spider collapses atop Jack, blood spurting from his ruined knee, scarlet red in the sunshine. Spider's SCREAMING, so is Jack; Spider grabs the wrist of Holland's gun hand; Holland is now lying on the ground with Spider's back to him, and he leans in and bites Spider in the neck. Spider jerks forward, then slams back, butting his head back against Jack's face, never letting go of Jack's gun hand.

ON ANGEL -- AS SHE STRINGS ANOTHER ARROW

CLOSE ON SPIDER AND JACK --

Spider head butts Jack again and again, smashing the back of his head into Jack's nose. In the fighting, Spider's magical Pat Riley Watch gets ripped off, drops into the dust. Jack

rolls over Spider, gets in front of him, and knees Spider -- not in the groin, but on his shot knee. Spider screams, an almost WHISTLING NOISE, and lets go of Jack's gun hand. Jack scrambles up, back to his feet, hunched over a little, and aims down at Spider.

CLOSE SHOT TRADER JOE

His eyes roll back, pupils appearing.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT -- SLOW MOTION

Angel is stringing her bow. Jack Holland is standing over Spider, about to kill him.

INSERT -- SHOT OF GATE'S CONTROL PANEL

It blinks green and says: READY.

NIGHT SKY OVER L.A./PASADENA -- NEAR FUTURE

SUPERIMPOSED WITH: *E.T.A. 20 Seconds*. We watch streaks of light crossing the sky, missiles incoming.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

JIMBO

(shouts)

Lock! We have a lock, we have a lock!

GENEVIEVE

Cycle the Gate.

WIDE SHOT -- SLOW MOTION BY BRIDGE -- DAY

INSERT SPIDER'S POV -- HOLLAND'S GUN HAND --

Staring into the barrel. Holland pulls the trigger and a spinning, deformed bullet, moving so slowly we can see it revolve, leaves the barrel on a cushion of smoky gas.

TWO SHOT -- SPIDER AND JACK HOLLAND

The world seems to have come to a complete halt. The bullet hangs in mid-air. Spider, moving in slow motion, rolls out of the path of the bullet, steps in on the completely motionless Jack Holland --

RESUME NORMAL MOTION -- TWO SHOT SPIDER AND JACK

Spider jams Jack's gun, still in Jack's hand, up Jack's nostril. Jack Holland pulls the trigger and blows his own face off. He falls OUT OF FRAME -- Spider pulls the gun free from Holland's hand as he falls, and then staggers toward the time machine, dragging his ruined leg, bright red blood still flowing freely down his calf.

WIDEN SHOT

Spider reaches the time machine. Angel stands with an arrow on her string, the arrow not quite pointed at Spider, facing him. Trader Joe sits up slowly and uses a conveniently placed rock, or girder, or something, to get to his feet.

NEW ANGLE -- TRADER JOE AND ANGEL IN FG

Spider's in BG; Trader Joe's got his back to the CAMERA and we see that the bullet blew a hole in him the size of a man's fist. It's not bleeding -- there's no bone or muscle there -- it looks vaguely like the inside of a tree, blown open, the "fibers" moving slightly as we watch.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS ANGLE

SPIDER  
(bleeding to death)  
I think you saved my life.

TRADER JOE  
I probably ... shouldn't have.

Spider reaches toward the time machine --

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING ANGEL

She brings her bow up slightly.

CLOSE ON SPIDER

With his left hand Spider pulls free a small control pad, connected to the rest of the time machine by a 10-foot coiled cord. The LED on it glows green; there's a single button on it -- Spider looks up at Trader Joe and Angel.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT -- PULLING BACK

The shot pulls back to reveal that every extra we've seen yet, all the townspeople, have surrounded the site. They're stand-



ing beside and behind the available cover, pointing their bows -- at Spider.

SHOT OF MICHAEL -- WITH A STANDARD BOW

Not far from Angel; arrow pulled all the way back; she's shaking, fighting to hold the bow steady.

RETURN TO WIDE ANGLE SHOT

Angel is still not quite pointing her arrow at Spider.

ANGEL

Please don't.

CLOSE ON TRADER JOE

TRADER JOE

(whispers)

Your time is over. This is their time -- let them have it.

WIDE ANGLE SHOT -- FAVORING SPIDER AND TJ

Michael is visible in the shot; Spider is not quite pointing the automatic at Trader Joe. He's shaking too, with pain, with rage and fear.

SPIDER

There isn't one person on the other side of that Gate who I care about as much as I care about Angel. But they're *innocent*. They have children. They don't *deserve* this!

ANGEL

They're not innocent, Spider. *They started the Fire!*

SPIDER

No they didn't, they were victims, that's all, they were in the wrong time, good people in the wrong time. *You have to let them come through.*

MICHAEL

(shouts)

We'll *all* die if they do. There's no water for them. There's no food!

SPIDER

They're *scientists!* They built this machine! They can clean the water, they can teach you to plant crops that'll grow year round, they can --

TRADER JOE

-- teach them how start the Fire again?

ANGEL

We don't need that. We don't need *them* ... or you.

CLOSE SHOT -- SPIDER

His expression is purely that of a man who feels betrayed, again, the final betrayal in a life that's been full of them. He stares at Angel --

SPIDER

Fuck you all.

He pulls the trigger and toggles the switch for the Gate.

WIDE ANGLE --

Spider's shot strikes Trader Joe between the eyes.

MEDIUM SHOT --

Spider is at the far left of the frame; Trader Joe is in the middle; Angel is at the far right. Angel lets fly, lets loose an arrow driven by a compound bow at full extension. TJ staggers into its path and it passes *through* him, strikes Spider and drives him back up against the Gate, which has begun shimmering, glowing.

WIDE SHOT -- EVERYONE FIRING ARROWS --

ANGLE FAVORING SPIDER

Another arrow strikes Spider, and another, and a fourth, he staggers around, gets the gun pointed at Angel --

SPIDER'S POV -- POINTING GUN AT ANGEL

A beat.

RETURN TO PREVIOUS ANGLE

Spider *fires*, strikes Angel dead on, killing her, blowing her back like a rag doll, as another round of arrows arc in on him, fifth and sixth and seventh arrows striking him --

SFX: SLOW FLARE TO WHITE

A ROCKY BEACH -- THREE SHOT -- IN BLACK AND WHITE

Spider, Angel, and Trader Joe walk along a rocky shore together. There is an eerie, otherworldly sense to the shot, foggy and dark, but not grim, not cold. They are the only visible things in the world; the beach trails off into UTTER DARKNESS in both directions. The sea itself seems to vanish, twenty yards out.

They walk along for a good distance, Trader Joe a few steps ahead of Spider and Angel. They're all clean, nicely dressed, uninjured. Trader Joe is wearing clothes that are almost robes, nothing like what we've seen him in before; Spider and Angel are both dressed in clean, appropriate clothes.

TWO SHOT -- SPIDER AND ANGEL

Walking beside each other. They barely seem aware of themselves, and not of each other at all. Spider shakes his head, as though to clear it, and Angel glances over at him.

TRACKING SHOT -- FOLLOWING ALONG AS THEY WALK

TRADER JOE

If someone had ever told me I'd end my life here, with you two, I think I'd have called him a liar.

Trader Joe comes to a stop, glances back at them.

TRADER JOE (CONT.)

Do you know who you are?

SPIDER

I'm Joseph Devlin ... Spider.

ANGEL

My mother ... named me Angel.

TRADER JOE

Do you remember why you're here?

ANGEL

Where are we?

TRADER JOE

It's just another place. Some people think it's where you go when you die. I don't know about that ...

(looking around)

Though I think I'm going to find out, soon enough.

SPIDER

Are we dead?

Trader Joe examines Spider, *looks* at him --

TRADER JOE

That would make it so much easier, wouldn't it? No more decisions. No more fear, no more rage ... no. You're not dead, Spider Devlin. Not yet. Do you want to be?

ANGEL

No!

SPIDER

I don't know.

TRADER JOE

I brought us here. I stopped the moment we were just in. And I can undo it. I can take us back through the moment, and let you try again.

SPIDER

How the hell can you do that? *What are you?*

TRADER JOE

(smiles)

I'm a dead man who knows how to do things you don't: in fifteen hundred years the human race has learned some things.

(smile fades)  
Think about it, Spider. You didn't mean to kill this girl, I know that, but you did. You don't mean to hurt those people back there, but if the Gate is activated, two hundred people from your time are going to come charging through with guns --

SPIDER  
(whispers)  
Yes.

TRADER JOE  
People on both sides will die. And the survivors ... *won't* survive. Not after combat, not in the fragile ecosystem they're trapped in. You're dead, and so is Angel, and so are her children, which is the entire human race. Do you *want* the human race to survive?

SPIDER  
I don't know.

ANGEL  
I want children. I want to teach them to read and watch them grow up. Is that so much to want?

TRADER JOE  
She led a hard life. She bore seven children, two of them died at birth, and another two died young. But she raised the three children who *did* live, the children the whole human race is descended from, a thousand years from now.

(voice grows harsher)  
She raised them well, and they loved her, and when they were raised she walked into the desert and died there. A hard life and a hard death. But she *deserves the chance*.

SPIDER  
I don't know that the human race is *worth* saving.

TRADER JOE  
(a terrible severity)  
You hate yourself, and perhaps you  
should. *But better things than you are  
coming.*

It strikes Spider as nothing else has --

TRADER JOE  
Better things than you are coming. Let  
them live.

SPIDER  
Undo the moment.

WIDE ANGLE -- THREE SHOT

In BG we see a pair of white seagulls fly over the ocean together<sup>13</sup>, mirroring the shot at the movie's beginning.

SAME SHOT, NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING TJ

Trader Joe begins to glow. A brilliant light washes outward from him, until he glows like an angel --

EXT. ROAD BY BRIDGE -- A MOMENT IN TIME

Spider stands by the time machine, gun in one hand, switch in the other. The scene IS FROZEN -- black and white.

CLOSE SHOT MAGIC WATCH -- BLACK AND WHITE

Showing 11:11:11 PM. ... and then we RESUME NORMAL MOTION, SOUND AND COLOR flood back in -- and the watch starts moving normally. 11:11:12, 11:11:13, 11:11:14 --

NEW ANGLE FAVORING SPIDER

Spider drops the gun, drops the switch that controls the Gate. The moment holds, and holds --

ANGLE FAVORING TRADER JOE

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13 *Jonathan Livingston Seagull*—there's a scene where Fletcher Seagull flies into a granite cliff, and "dies," as Spider and Angel and TJ just have. I always envisioned the world Fletcher found himself in—"a strange, strange sky," we're told—as looking something like this. The two seagulls flying away over the ocean are Jonathan and Fletcher, of course.

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-- Trader Joe smiles at Spider, and his eyes roll straight up into his skull. He collapses as though boneless.

ANGLE FAVORING MICHAEL -- STARTLED BY TJ'S MOVEMENT

She takes one step forward and lets fly.

SPIDER'S POV -- APPROACHING ARROW -- SLOW MOTION

In extreme slow motion we watch the arrow approach --

MEDIUM SHOT ON SPIDER -- SLOW MOTION

Spider twists away, turning, one hand moving forward to close around the shaft of the arrow, in a replay of the opening scene with Angel ... and the arrow slides gracefully through his hand, strikes him in the chest, and pierces him front to back.

CLOSE SHOT SPIDER -- RETURN TO NORMAL SPEED

He looks down at the arrow that's pierced him. Slowly, with his right hand he touches the front of the shaft -- reaches behind himself with the left hand, and touches the tip of the arrow protruding from his back.

WIDE ANGLE --

No one else shoots.

CLOSE ON MICHAEL

She can't believe what she's done.

ANGLE ON SPIDER

Blood seeps out around the arrow, front and back, down the white dress shirt he's been wearing the whole movie, bright red in the sunshine. He turns slowly toward the time machine, moving like a drunk, trembling with shock.

WIDE ANGLE -- FAVORING SPIDER

The bows come up again to point at Spider ...

ANGEL

Don't.

We're not sure if she's talking to Spider, or to the people pointing arrows at him -- Spider collapses forward, onto the time machine and --

-- the glow touches him *before* he reaches the time machine, and he and the time machine vanish.

EXT. HILL/BUILDING -- WIDE ANGLE -- DAY

Overlooking the sight of the battle we just witnessed. The Arab is looking down on the mess; we see him in a side shot.

THE ARAB

This isn't right, this isn't *fair*. No man should have to know so much about his own death.

He takes a step forward, throwing back the hood -- and we see that it's a young, long-haired Trader Joe, probably not long after he was taken from the year 1968.

TRADE JOE/ARAB

This isn't *fair*.

EXT. TOWN -- CRANE SHOT SHOOTING FROM ABOVE -- EVENING

We're back at the spot where Clark was buried, earlier. Three new graves have been dug; the one in the middle is being filled in as we watch; we see that it's JoJo. (Terry's in the first grave, already buried.) Two extras are busy laying Trader Joe down in the second grave; Tommy stands nearby, numb with grief. Michael and Angel stand by the edge of the third grave. Michael is helping Angel stand; her leg is splinted and heavily bandaged.

ANGEL

Do you know if we still have any grass seeds left?

MICHAEL

(shakes her head)  
I don't know.

CRANE SHOT BEGINS CIRCLING TO THE RIGHT<sup>14</sup> --

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14 We build a track around the cemetery, and put the camera on that, tilted high enough that we don't see the track. Since the cemetery is in the center of town, as the camera makes loops of the cemetery, we'll also see, in BG, the rest of the town.



Angel and Michael (or, more precisely, the cemetery) are still the focus of the shot, as the shot begins to track around them.

ANGEL

We should check. I think Trader Joe would like grass growing over him.

Michael nods. The two men burying Trader Joe start shoveling dirt in over him.

MICHAEL

Where do you think he went?

ANGEL

Home. I guess he went home. He wanted to die. He hurt so bad.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry.

A shovelful of dirt covers Trader Joe's face.

ANGEL

You probably did the right thing ...  
let's go inside.  
(she looks around)  
It's going to be cold tonight.

CAMERA HAS LOOPED ENTIRELY AROUND --

-- to the beginning of the previous shot. Angel and Michael are gone, and the scene darkens into nightfall. The SHOT CONTINUES TO LOOP --

SPIDER DEVLIN (V.O.)

It was cold that night ... and other nights. But they survived, and their children survived, and humanity survived. And outgrew the ignorance and the fear that had nearly killed it. And in time the race matured, and became a thing that humans of another time would not have recognized, as it moved on to other and greater pursuits ... and put away at last the concerns of childhood.

LOOP CONTINUES -- THE TOWN BRIGHTENS.

In daylight. Looking no different -- except that there's a little patch of green, where Trader Joe was laid to rest.

PLAY *THE LAST RESORT*, BY THE EAGLES:

*She came from Providence  
The one in Rhode Island  
Where the Old World shadows hang  
Heavy in the air*

LOOP CONTINUES -- TOWN AT NIGHT

Lights glow at the guard towers.

LOOP CONTINUES -- RAINING OVER CEMETERY -- DAY

The grass is really growing around Trader Joe's grave.

*She packed her hopes and dreams  
Like a refugee  
Just as her father came  
Across the sea*

LOOP CONTINUES -- BACK TO START -- FAVORING ANGEL -- DAY

A new grave is being dug in the cemetery. The grass covers the cemetery. Angel, Michael, and an extra (a man, the father of the dead child) stand by the grave. Angel kneels to place the shrouded form in the grave.

LOOP CONTINUES -- FAVORING MICHAEL

We see that Michael is holding the hand of another young child, who's watching the proceedings without comprehension.

*She heard about a place  
People were smiling  
They spoke about the Red Man's way  
And how they loved the land*

LOOP CONTINUES -- BACK TO START -- DAY

The town architecture is visibly different -- there's a new building being raised, off to one side. The grass has grown to cover much of the town center. Everything is cleaner.

LOOP CONTINUES -- ANGEL AND CHILD COME INTO SIGHT

The construction is visible in the BG, with Michael overseeing it. Angel is visibly older, perhaps thirty. She has a child in her lap, and is reading to her, while two other children play together not far away.

LOOP CONTINUES -- FAVORING MICHAEL

Overseeing the building; also older, she looks happy.

LOOP CONTINUES -- BACK TO START -- DAY

A family shot: Michael is being laid into the ground. She looks to be perhaps fifty years old, and Angel looks to be about forty. Most of the town is out for the burial -- Michael is being buried next to Trader Joe's grave. Angel has three children with her -- the oldest of them a boy of about eighteen, the youngest a girl of about thirteen.

*They came from everywhere  
To the Great Divide  
Seeking a place to stand  
Or a place to hide*

LOOP CONTINUES -- INTO A CLOSER SHOT OF ANGEL

Tears pour down her cheeks, but otherwise she is expressionless. She's older ... wrinkles around her eyes, streaks of gray in her hair. The green grass has covered every place that used to be dirt, everywhere in town.

LOOP CONTINUES -- LATE AFTERNOON

Angel's son is in the garage, working on Spider's Harley, stripping it down. He's about twenty now, two years older than in the last shot.

*Down in the crowded bars  
Out for a good time  
Can't wait to tell you all  
What it's like up there*

LOOP CONTINUES -- ANGEL'S DAUGHTER COMES INTO VIEW

We see his assistant, Angel's daughter, now fifteen. She's reading to him, aloud, from a Harley Davidson maintenance manual, turning the fragile pages with great care; she's plainly related to him, and to Angel --

*They called it Paradise  
I don't know why  
Somebody laid the mountains low  
While the town got high*

LOOP CONTINUES -- ANGEL COMES INTO VIEW

Sitting with a middle-aged man -- the father of her children, simply one of the extras we saw throughout. They're sitting together on a porch outside the "town hall," now rebuilt, repainted -- Progress. Angel is about 40 and her hair is completely white. The LOOPING CAMERA slows, slows ... and stops on Angel. WE DOLLY IN:

ANGEL  
(quiet pride)  
Listen to her read.

GRAVEYARD -- CRANE SHOT -- NIGHT

SHOOTING DOWN into the graveyard. It's covered with grass, end to end. Angel is lying on the grass, by herself, staring up into the night sky.

CLOSE SHOT -- ANGEL

She's lying with her head resting against a headstone that says "MICHAEL ALTALOMA." A book lies facedown on the ground beside her -- the picture book Angel showed Spider, twenty years ago.

*And then the chilly winds blew down  
Across the desert  
Through the canyons of the coast  
To the Malibu*

*Where the pretty people played  
Hungry for power  
To light their neon way  
Give them things to do*

BRIDGE LEADING OUT OF TOWN -- TRACKING -- NIGHT

Angel walks slowly, without hurry.

LONG SHOT -- DESERT -- NIGHT

Angel walks on and on through the darkness.

YET ANOTHER SHOT OF ANGEL WALKING --

We SEE HER BREATH frosting around her in the bitter cold.

LONG SHOT -- A ROCKY AREA

Angel sits among the rocks, barely moving.

CLOSE SHOT

Angel stares into the darkness. Waiting for the end.

*Some rich men came and raped the land  
Nobody caught 'em  
Put up a bunch of ugly boxes  
And Jesus people bought 'em*

EXT. TOWN -- NIGHT

Angel's daughter walks into the street outside the town hall.  
She has a flashlight in one hand -- she speaks to someone OFF-  
CAMERA:

DAUGHTER

Have you seen Mom?

EXT. DESERT -- NIGHT

Angel looks up, looking into the distance. The reflection of a  
light touches her eyes --

LONG SHOT -- DESERT -- ANGEL'S POV

A white light appears in the distance. With Angel, we watch it  
approach ... watch it resolve into Spider Devlin.

*They called it Paradise  
The place to be  
They watched the hazy sun  
Sinking in the sea*

(*"LAST RESORT" BEGINS A LONG INSTRUMENTAL BRIDGE*)

TWO SHOT -- SPIDER AND ANGEL

He appears to be perhaps a few years older ... but quite aside  
from that, he's *changed*. The bitterness, the angry set of his  
features, has vanished. And he's glowing ... glowing in the  
darkness.

ANGEL

Are you an angel, Spider Devlin?

Spider smiles at her.

SPIDER

No. Just a man who knows how to do some things I didn't used to.

ANGEL

You went forward. You didn't go back at all.

SPIDER

I was *taken* forward -- forward a very very long way. Would you like to come home with me?

He holds out his hand; she takes it. They step into --

FRAME FLARES WHITE

LONG SHOT -- EXT. HILLSIDE -- DAY

Spider and Angel step through the Ripple Effect, and find themselves looking down onto a green valley, at the foot of a huge chain of mountains, the western slopes of the Sierras; the valley beneath them is filled with trees and high grass. At the far end of the valley, BARELY VISIBLE, are a small set of buildings.

ANGEL

You went back and got your people.

SPIDER

Some of them. The ones I could. A few thousand, in the cities right before the bombs hit. They ... the people who taught me. That was all they would let me take. Where their disappearance wouldn't affect the course of events. Your children grew up, and their children and their children ... and one day *their* children didn't need this planet any more. This place. They said we could have it.

ANGEL

(softly)

We?

Spider's smile is so filled with joy, with a wisdom born of loss, that it is almost painful.

SPIDER

My children ...

(sudden grin)

And their mother ... come home with me, Angel. I'd like you to meet my daughters.

SOMEWHAT LATER -- WIDE ANGLE

They've walked halfway down the mountain when two little girls appear, running toward them.

NEW ANGLE -- FAVORING GIRLS

Spider is vaguely visible in the FG. Two little girls, six and eight, run toward him.<sup>15</sup> Spider grabs them and lifts them up, spinning around with them, and Angel and Spider and the children walk away down the hill together --

ROLL CREDITS --

The sky darkens, and we pick out in the distance the lights of a small town, nestled in the foothills of a mountain. OUR POV lifts up, moving and turning a hundred and eighty degrees, passing over the small forms of Angel and Spider Devlin and the children, heading out toward the ocean. We hit the coast, flying low, crossing pristine empty stretches of beach, out into the ocean, across the darkening waters, flying straight into the scarlet setting Sun --

*You can leave it all behind  
And sail to Lahaina  
Just like the missionaries did  
So many years ago*

*They even brought a neon sign  
"Jesus is Coming"  
Brought the White Man's burden down*

---

15 This is the shot we used at the beginning of the movie, when Spider learns New York has been nuked, back when we think his girls are dead.

*Brought the White Man's reign*

The Sun expands to fill the frame:

*Who will provide the grand design  
What is yours and what is mine  
'Cause there is no more new frontier  
We have got to make it here*

All we can see now is the DEEP SCARLET LIGHT --

*We satisfy our endless needs  
And justify our bloody deeds  
In the name of destiny  
And in the name of God*

SLOW, SLOW FADE, SCARLET TO BLACK:

*And you can see them there  
On Sunday morning  
Stand up and sing about  
What it's like up there*

*They called it Paradise  
I don't know why  
You call someplace Paradise  
Kiss it goodbye*

BLACKNESS -- END CREDITS

In the SILENCE, we hear the faint sound of CRICKETS CHIRPING, of FOOTSTEPS. The BEAM OF A FLASHLIGHT strikes down into the darkness --

SHOT OF THE PICTURE BOOK

-- lying on Michael's grave. Angel's daughter reaches down INTO THE FRAME, picks the book up.

SHOOTING OVER DAUGHTER'S SHOULDER --

Lit by the flashlight, the picture Angel showed Spider, all those years ago ... it's upside down, and she ROTATES IT UNDER THE CAMERA --

MOVING IN SLOWLY ON THE PICTURE BOOK AS IT ROTATES



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... and now visible, in the picture's distance, are Spider and Angel, with Spider's daughters a little ahead of them, walking into the end of time together.

HOLD SHOT --

THE END