

LOVE TAKES TIME

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FADE IN:

EXT. HILLS - NIGHT

Rolling hills silhouetted against a steel grey sky.

SUPER: "SCOTLAND - 1143 AD"

Settle on a campfire in the center of a small circle of tents.

Suddenly, a SCOTTISH WARRIOR bursts into the clearing waving a two-handed sword.

SCOTTISH WARRIOR  
He's back! The demon thief is back!

Panic, as FRIGHTENED CLANSPEOPLE spill out of the tents. Men grab weapons and dash about. Women hug trembling children. Terror in their eyes.

WARRIOR TWO  
Did he steal your soul?

SCOTTISH WARRIOR  
Nae. Me whiskey. An' me shoe!

He holds up one bare foot. An INHUMAN CACKLE snaps their heads up.

WARRIOR TWO  
Thar be the demon!

He points to the edge of the encampment. A HUNCHED, DARK FIGURE scuttles into the darkness.

All the men give chase.

FRIGHTENED CHILD  
Is it the English?

FRIGHTENED MOTHER  
Nae. That hairy demon is not of  
this world...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHADOW ROOM - NIGHT

Strange shapes stagger across the walls, which seem to melt in the eerie darkness.

A BODY pressed to the floor. BLAINE PRESCOTT, 38. Eyes closed. Motionless.

A HAND reaches out. Soft and delicate. Fingers tease the curls of his neck.

RED LIPS tickle his ear with a whisper.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I will always be yours...

Blaine smiles at the words. His eyes flutter open. But the figure is already retreating into the shadows. He can only make out her long dark hair. The curves of her back.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Come find me...

Her soft words echo as she is swallowed by the darkness.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Blaine wakes with a start. His head pressed against a keyboard.

DIFFERENT VOICE (O.S.)

It's about time.

A coffee cup slams down beside his head. He sits up, wiping sleep from his face.

BLAINE

(yawning)

How long..?

SAMANTHA 'SAM' DELUCCI, 32, pretty, purple hair and Goth attitude, smirks at him.

SAM

Don't ask me. I only work with you.

(smirks)

But the way you were smiling, it musta been some dream.

BLAINE

Uh, sorry. Long days, you know?

SAM

Preaching to the choir, bossman. My blood type is Red Bull Positive these days.

Blaine stretches. Scans the imposing wall of monitors lining his control panel.

BLAINE

So...where are we?

SAM  
Somewhere in Glasgow. Eleven-forty-three. I keep losing time lock.

BLAINE  
And Oscar Wild?

SAM  
Still trying.

BLAINE  
We have to bring him back.

SAM  
I'm on it.

Her fingers fly over the bank of touch screens.

SAM (CONT'D)  
No!

BLAINE  
What's wrong?

SAM  
See for yourself.

She swipes at her screen, and the data slides to his monitors.

BLAINE  
No!

SAM  
That's what I said.

He snaps into hyper-concentration mode. Head scanning from screen to screen. Fingers flying across the keyboard.

BLAINE  
This could be him. Quantum phase disruption on fourteen-C.

SAM  
Sweet. That's why you're the boss.

Although their workstations are five feet apart, the two scientists attack their computers in unison. Keyboards clatter. Dials turn. Screens flicker. A symphony of unspoken compatibility. Until...

BLAINE  
Got him! Oscar, you're coming home.

SAM  
 (grimly)  
 My lucky day...

INT. QUANTUM PHASE MODULE - CONTINUOUS

Separated from the Control Room by a glass wall, the huge translucent tube erupts in SPARKS and LIGHTS.

The outline of a body struggles to emerge. Not quite there.

Not quite human...

BLAINE  
 We're losing him! Increase photon  
 flow twenty-six percent!

SAM  
 Increasing photon flow.  
 (muttering)  
 C'mon, you hairy...

BLAINE  
 Phasing in now...

A CRACKLE of simulated LIGHTNING, and OSCAR WILD materializes. Not the famed playwright, but a CHIMPANZEE with a satchel strung across his stooped shoulder.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
 Welcome back!

The small ape STAGGERS, then FALLS OVER backwards.

Blaine and Sam run to the sprawled and steaming chimp.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
 He's smoking!

SAM  
 (sniffs)  
 He's drunk. Again.

The chimp takes a swig of whiskey, then reaches up and grabs Sam's butt. She slaps his paw away.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 How does he always manage to find  
 booze wherever we send him?

BLAINE  
 Chimp's got mad skills. Let's see  
 what else he brought us.

Sam rifles through the satchel. Pulls out...

SAM

One worn leather sandal... A few old coins... clay bowl... Nothing that proves he was in Twelfth Century Scotland.

BLAINE

(examines the coins)

Nothing you couldn't pick up at a Highlander cosplay convention. And since he brought them straight back, even carbon dating won't register their age.

The chimp wobbles to a seated position.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Better run him through the CT Scan and DNA analysis. Just to make sure there's no damage at the cellular level.

SAM

(to Oscar)

Nice job, fur man. The least you could've done is brought back some nine hundred year-old Scotch.

INT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Exhausted, but elated, Blaine stumbles into his kitchen. Grabs a beer from the fridge. Raises the bottle.

BLAINE

(sighs)

...good day...

TAZ

Turning Australian, mate?

Blaine whips around to see a heavy-set, bearded man in a "KILL ALL CUPCAKES" T-Shirt.

BLAINE

What are you doing here?

TAZ

Checking on your progress...

TAZ, 35, plops down at the table.

TAZ (CONT'D)

Making sure you're eating right and have no spontaneous deformities. No third arms or webbed feet from all of that science-y crap you do every day.

BLAINE

Mom kicked you out again, huh?

TAZ

(shaking his head)  
You'd think she'd learn I keep coming back home? Beer cold?

BLAINE

Not this one. I'm guessing you drank all the others?

TAZ

That's what brothers are for.

BLAINE

I should'a been an only child...

TAZ

I'll drink to that.  
(raising his beer)  
You got mail by the way.

He pulls a few crumpled letters from his back pocket.

BLAINE

Any you haven't opened?

TAZ

You think I don't respect your privacy?

BLAINE

You're here, aren't you?

TAZ

Point taken.  
(carefully)  
You may want to finish that beer before you read the one from Tricia...

At the mention of her name, Blaine leafs through the letters quickly. Tosses the bills and finds a postcard. He reads the message on the back and his face falls.

BLAINE

She broke up with me...by postcard?

TAZ

Coulda been worse. She could've dumped you by email, like Janet... Or voice mail, like Cathy... Or texted you from her new boyfriend's apartment, like Monica.

(shudders)

That was cold even by my standards... But look at the bright side! At least your 'Dear Blaine' letter didn't come with postage due...like Eleanor. Or was that Pam?

Blaine says nothing. He rises slowly and takes the postcard into...

INT. BLAINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pulls a photo of him and TRICIA from a frame on his dresser. Grabs a pair of scissors he keeps on hand for just this type of occasion, and cuts himself from the photo. Opens the top drawer and drops the 'him' half of the photo into a pile of other 'him-halves.'

Then he takes the half with Tiffany's face and pins it, along with the postcard, to his Misery Board. On the board are half-photos and breakup notes and letters from nine different women.

TAZ

(entering)

Aw, man. She made the Misery Board. And I had such hope for this one.

BLAINE

Me, too.

TAZ

Love sucks.

BLAINE

Love doesn't suck...

Blaine looks at the board. All those beautiful smiles. All those doomed relationships.

TAZ

You want to tell me.

BLAINE

Remember, Emily?

TAZ

Henderson? Brunette, buxom...every guy on campus wanted her.



BLAINE  
Things were starting to get serious.  
(beat)  
Her parents didn't think I was right  
for their daughter.

TAZ  
Is that why you moped around half  
your senior year?

Blaine walks back into the kitchen.

BLAINE  
She was beautiful, strong-minded,  
and wasn't afraid to break a nail.  
(beat)  
I knew she was the one.

TAZ  
So you're trying to find another  
Emily.

BLAINE  
Evidently she doesn't exist.

TAZ  
Bro... You'll find the right one  
someday.

BLAINE  
Not in this lifetime, Taz... Not in  
this lifetime...

CUT TO:

INT. BLAINE'S LABORATORY - DAY

Blaine and Sam scouring the data.

BLAINE  
This can't be right...

SAM  
I've usually found that when people  
say things can't be right, they're  
usually wrong about that.

BLAINE  
I'm detecting an anomaly in Oscar's  
DNA.

SAM  
That pickpocketing primate is an  
anomaly all by himself.

BLAINE

According to this data, Oscar's mitochondria function is off the charts, and telomeres are lengthening.

SAM

Uh, I speak tech, not bio. What's all that mean for the fur guy?

INT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Taz on the phone. In a restaurant T-shirt that reads: "I DON'T GIVE A FORK."

TAZ

(stunned)

He's getting younger?

Intercut phone call with Blaine in the Laboratory.

BLAINE

(into phone)

I kid you not. I ran the tests four times just to be sure. Sending Oscar back in time appears to reverse the aging process by a small, but quantifiable degree.

TAZ

(into phone)

That's just so you...

BLAINE

(into phone)

Huh?

TAZ

(into phone)

Always have to be the over-achiever, don't you? You couldn't be satisfied building the first workable time machine. You had to go and discover the fountain of youth too!

BLAINE

(into phone)

I didn't mean to, Taz. Besides, you're the biologist in the family. I'll need you to confirm the results. And check for any side effects we may be missing.

TAZ  
 (into phone)  
 So...I get my name on the Nobel Prize  
 too?

BLAINE  
 (into phone)  
 The Prescott Brothers. "The past is  
 our present to you."

TAZ  
 (into phone)  
 How long you been waiting to use  
 that one?

BLAINE  
 (into phone)  
 ...a month or two...

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

Blaine leads Taz in. Sam sits at her control panel.

BLAINE  
 You remember my lab partner, Dr.  
 Delucci?

TAZ  
 Who could forget the amazing Sam  
 Delucci? Princess of Particle  
 Physics. Queen of Quantum Mechanics.  
 Tigress of Time Travel.

SAM  
 Nothing like an intro from the  
 infantile brother. How ya been, Taz?

TAZ  
 It's Dr. Taz now. Got my PhD in  
 Biology since last we met.

SAM  
 Guess they give those out to anyone  
 these days.

BLAINE  
 Enough flirting, you two. We've got  
 work to do.  
 (to Taz)  
 And remember, this is all totally  
 top secret, off the grid, right?

TAZ  
Absolutely. My lips are Krazy Glued.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A MAN WITH HEADPHONES watches a monitor recording...

TAZ (O.S.)  
(through monitor)  
...I'll guard your secrets with my  
life... Now, where's this time  
traveling chimp of yours?

INT. LABORATORY EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Sam holds Oscar on a table, as Taz scans blood slides.

BLAINE  
So..?

TAZ  
Well, it's not puberty. But your  
chimp does seem to clock in a few  
years below his chronological age.

SAM  
That's gonna put the Monkey Viagra  
industry out of business.

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Blaine, Taz & Sam crack a six-pack.

BLAINE  
You know what this means? If we are  
able to stabilize the temporal phase  
fluctuation, we have the key to both  
time travel and eternal youth! And  
you know what that means?

TAZ  
No more cheap beer!

Oscar the chimp sucks down a beer too.

SAM  
We're gonna be rock stars!

TAZ  
Bigger than Bill Nye the Science  
Guy!

BLAINE

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.  
We still have to make sure time travel  
is safe for humans. With no side  
effects.

TAZ

I'd be willing to sprout an extra  
toe if I get to be college age again.

SAM

Wouldn't do you any good. Your mental  
maturity would still register as an  
aspiring fifteen year old.

TAZ

You know you want me.

SAM

You can take your extra toe and stick  
it...

BLAINE

You two stop it!

Blaine downs the rest of his beer. He stands.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Its got to work. I made a promise.

TAZ

Alright Bro. Spill it.

BLAINE

Even though dad was an English  
professor, he believed that time  
travel was possible. He dreamed of  
meeting Shakespeare. Before he died  
I promised him I that I would find a  
way. Let's get to work.

INT. NOVA INNOVATIONS - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Nova Innovations founder and NBA owner, DAVID BRIDGES, 77,  
sits at his massive desk, overlooking the city skyline.

JACOBSON, the Man Wearing Headphones in the earlier scene  
enters.

JACOBSON

Mr. Bridges?

BRIDGES

And you are?

JACOBSON

Irwin Jacobson. I work on the seventh floor. Assigned to...

BRIDGES

Blaine Prescott. Of course. Has he made any progress?

JACOBSON

More than anticipated. If I may?

Bridges nods and Jacobson sets a laptop on the massive desk. He hits a key and...

BLAINE'S VOICE

(through laptop)

You know what this means? If we are able to stabilize the temporal phase fluctuation, we have the key to both time travel and eternal youth. And you know what that means?

TAZ'S VOICE

(through laptop)

No more cheap beer!

SAM'S VOICE

(through laptop)

We're gonna be rock stars!

Bridges nods, and Jacobson pauses the recording.

BRIDGES

Thank you, Jacobson. I will handle it from here.

JACOBSON

Yes, sir.

He moves to take the laptop, but Bridges stops him with a single stern look.

Intimated, Jacobson exits, leaving the laptop on the desk.

Alone in the office, Bridges hits a key.

BLAINE'S VOICE

(through laptop)

...we have the key to both time travel and eternal youth. And you know what that means?...

BRIDGES

Yes, I do, son. Yes, I do...

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

Blaine adjusting equipment. Sam and Taz at the control panel.

SAM

So what's the dish on big bro over there? I mean, he's super smart and not halfway hideous, but like, the boy has less than zero social life. He's always here in the lab.

TAZ

That's Blaine. He'd be a monk, if he didn't hate the hairstyle so much.  
(sighs)  
It's like he feels he has to achieve some earth-shattering something, or no woman would ever want him.

SAM

That's messed up.

TAZ

Hey, just because he's super smart doesn't mean the dude's not an idiot.

BLAINE (O.S.)

(from other room)

You know I can hear you, don't you?

TAZ

(whispering)

Losers have good hearing...

BLAINE

Heard that too!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NOVA INNOVATIONS - DAY

A long table of NOVA EXECUTIVES fidget nervously under the stern gaze of their CEO.

BRIDGES

Maybe it's me. Maybe I'm expecting too much. I foolishly thought hiring the top scientific minds...supplying them with the best technological resources... and paying them three times more than anyone else...would give us a *little bit* of an advantage...

EXECUTIVE 1

Sir, I do believe we are getting close...

BRIDGES

Really? And by close you mean..?

EXECUTIVE 2

We have modeled an algorithm, which in theory...

BRIDGES

Wonderful! I was hoping the twenty-three billion we've spent so far would allow us to transport *theories* back in time. That seems practical.

EXECUTIVE 1

With all due respect, sir. The physics behind time travel is extremely complex. The Russians and Chinese have been working on this for decades, and they have only been able to transport a single photon thirty-seven seconds into the past.

BRIDGES

Our goal is to send a human being back years. Centuries! Not let some photon experience *deja vu*.

EXECUTIVE 2

Perhaps in the next twenty or thirty more years, our research will...

BRIDGES

Have I not made myself clear? I want it this fiscal year! I want to break the news live on every radio, TV and streaming channel across the planet. That's what I'm overpaying you for. That's what I expect!

EXECUTIVE 3

I'm sorry, Mr. Bridges. It simply can't be done. No living entity...

BRIDGES

No living entity could be sent into the past and come back alive. I wonder... Do you consider an ape to be a living entity?

EXECUTIVE 3

Sir?



BRIDGES

Because I know for a fact that a chimpanzee has traveled several times into the past, and come back safe and sound.

EXECUTIVE 1

That's impossible!

BRIDGES

(darkly)

Are you willing to bet your career on that?

Each executive trade bewildered stares.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Have you heard of Blaine Prescott?

EXECUTIVE 2

I'm not familiar...

Bridges throws his cell phone against the wall.

BRIDGES

Prescott has solved the time travel code with one assistant and a chimp, funded by a federal grant!

INT. BLAINE'S LABORATORY - DAY

Taz and Blaine stand before a table of artifacts. Sam slaps Oscar's paw away from her butt.

SAM

So help me, fur-man! If you paw me one more time, I'll Jurassic Park your hairy...

Oscar shrinks back in horror.

BLAINE

Cut it out, Oscar. That behavior is so Twenty-Ten.

TAZ

Do apes have a #MeToo movement?

SAM

Clearly, you're every bit as evolved as he is.

TAZ

What? Me? No... Am I?

BLAINE

Can we focus here, people?  
 (to Oscar)  
 And primates?

Oscar covers his face.

SAM

Yes. You should be ashamed of  
 yourself, Gropey McGropeface.

Oscar looks even more embarrassed.

BLAINE

So after six trips into the past,  
 this is all Oscar has managed to  
 bring back...

They stand before a table with his meager artifacts...

SAM

Two rocks. Some pottery. A few old  
 coins. Some badly worn footwear.  
 Three empty bottles. And ladies  
 undergarments from five different  
 centuries...

TAZ

I would love to see how he snagged  
 those.

Taz high-fives Oscar.

SAM

Which one can I euthanize first?

BLAINE

*As I was saying...* nothing here offers  
 conclusive proof that he actually  
 time-traveled.

TAZ

What about the data? And the  
 recordings?

BLAINE

Conspiracy theorists would eat us  
 alive. If they don't believe we  
 landed on the moon, they aren't going  
 to buy this.

SAM

So where do we go from here, bossman?  
 (MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

No recording equipment survives the energy pulse and phase migration. All we have is the word...I mean the grunt...of this perverted chimpaholic.

TAZ

I'd believe him.

BLAINE

You believed in the tooth fairy until you were twelve.

TAZ

Who was never actually disproven...

SAM

Um, grown up talk, boys. Okay? As I see it, we are left with only one alternative...

BLAINE

(forcefully)

Unh-unh. I won't risk that.

SAM

We have the chips...

BLAINE

No! I don't want that on my conscience!

TAZ

What?

SAM & BLAINE

(both snapping at him)

Nothing!

INT. LABORATORY - TAZ'S POV - LATER

Through a glass partition, Taz watches Blaine and Sam argue angrily.

INT. NOVA INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Jacobson, again with headphones. Listening. Recording.

SAM (O.S.)

(through headphones)

It's the only thing that makes sense!

BLAINE (O.S.)

(through headphones)

I said no! End of discussion!

INT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In his dimly lit kitchen, Blaine grimaces at the taste of warm beer, as he agonizes over schematics of a quantum phase module. Taz enters quietly.

TAZ

I'm not stupid, you know.

BLAINE

(without looking up)

Never said you were.

TAZ

I know what you and Sam were arguing about. And I think she's right.

BLAINE

Yeah? You think I'm ready to throw this all away and be a murderer?

TAZ

It's only murder if it doesn't work.

BLAINE

Look. All we know is we sent a chimp...somewhere. Maybe into the past. Maybe not. And each time I was barely able to bring him back. Those are pretty sucky odds.

TAZ

But worth taking.

BLAINE

Easy for you to say.

TAZ

I'm guessing Sam wants first ride?

BLAINE

She doesn't understand the risks.

TAZ

She probably understands them better than anyone.

BLAINE

Maybe she does. But what if I calculate wrong? What if I send her into the middle of the bubonic plague?

TAZ

I'm sure you...

BLAINE

That's the difference between us. I'm never sure. The technology is too raw. The quantum fields too unstable. And even if it does work, we don't know if there are any long term effects!

TAZ

C'mon, Blaine. You didn't come this far just to wimp out now. You knew it had to come down to a human test eventually. You need a witness. Someone who can bring back proof.

BLAINE

It's too dangerous.

TAZ

Of course it is. You ever think about how crazy it was for the first astronauts? These maniacs strapped their butts to a hundred foot Roman candle that was either going to explode or blast them somewhere no one had ever been before! And maybe, just maybe, they'd survive the fiery re-entry to crash into the ocean! Those guys knew the risk. They knew the danger. But because of their courage, we conquered space and history was made.

BLAINE

I can't risk it.

TAZ

You mean, you can't risk her...

INT. BRIDGE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The aging billionaire sips a rare bourbon in his luxurious mansion, gazing at the twinkling cityscape below.

ELLINGSWORTH, 60, impeccable as always in his butler finery, extends a silver tray with a second bourbon.

BRIDGES

It's not enough, you know.

ELLINGSWORTH

Sir?

BRIDGES

One starts with nothing, and works a lifetime to achieve the unachievable. Fighting, always fighting. Gaining fame. Earning billions. Giving away nearly as much. Building a reputation. Then a legacy.

(a bitter swallow)

But there's always one thing you want more than anything. One thing you can never have...

ELLINGSWORTH

And what would that be, sir?

BRIDGES

(softly)

The chance to do it all over again...

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Blaine brushing his teeth. Spots something in the mirror.

BLAINE

What the..?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mouth still foaming with toothpaste. He turns to see CARTER, 40, stylish and threatening in his black suit and sun glasses. Backed up by THREE OTHER DARK SUITED MEN.

CARTER

Mr. Prescott. We are here to take you to your morning meeting.

BLAINE

Huh? Wha' meeting?

The Dark Suited Man hands him a towel to wipe his mouth.

CARTER

I am not authorized to divulge that information.

Another DARK SUITED MAN emerges from Blaine's bedroom, carrying a change of clothes.

BLAINE

Hey!

CARTER

(to the other Man)

The blue tie.

(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)  
 (to Blaine)  
 You will want to wear these.  
 (menacingly)  
 I'm afraid I must insist.

INT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A sleepy Taz peeks out the window to see...

EXT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carter and the other Dark Suited Men push Blaine into a black SUV with darkened windows.

TAZ (O.S.)  
 Hey!

Taz runs outside in his T-shirt and tighty whities.

TAZ (CONT'D)  
 Blaine!

Too late. The SUV screeches away from the curb.

INT. NOVA INNOVATIONS PENTHOUSE - DAY

Carter shoves Blaine into a chair facing David Bridges desk.

BRIDGES  
 Nice of you to join me, Mr. Prescott.

BLAINE  
 Did I have a choice?

Bridges just smiles. Nods to the Dark Suited Men. They turn and exit with military precision.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
 Impressive. Do they run on D batteries?

BRIDGES  
 No. Just orders and adrenaline. I hope you didn't find my staff too imposing?

BLAINE  
 I'm pretty sure that's exactly the impression you wanted to make.

BRIDGES  
 Indeed. I assume you know who I am?

BLAINE

David Bridges. Founder and CEO of Nova Industries. Inventor. Billionaire. Philanthropist. And some would say tech pirate.

BRIDGES

Some would be wrong.

BLAINE

Oh, and kidnapper. Though I'm betting it doesn't say that on your company's Mission Statement.

BRIDGES

Come now, Blaine. May I call you Blaine? We are men of science. Big thinkers. Risk takers. Or at least we should be.

BLAINE

I'm not following.

BRIDGES

Of course you're not! You don't follow. You lead! And as I understand it, you are leading by quite a margin.

BLAINE

I'm sorry. What exactly are we talking about here?

BRIDGES

Time travel, my boy. You've achieved things I couldn't do with thousand of times the resources you have.

BLAINE

(cautiously)

I'm not sure where you are getting your information, Mr. Bridges. But time travel is impossible with today's physics.

BRIDGES

I suppose Oscar might have a different opinion.

BLAINE

(starting to sweat)

Oscar? I don't know any guy named Oscar.



BRIDGES

Come now, Blaine. Lying does not become you. I know exactly what you've been doing. It's my business to know. To keep my eyes on possible competitors and their progress. And you've cracked it, my boy! Time travel! The holy grail of quantum mechanics! Only you need a human subject. One willing to take the risk. Willing to make history beside you.

BLAINE

And that would be..?

BRIDGES

Me. I will be your guinea pig. Your crash test dummy. The first human to travel back in time.

BLAINE

Sir, I...

BRIDGES

And I will even pay you for the opportunity. I have already guaranteed a limitless line of credit to upgrade your lab. Ten million dollars and myself as a test subject. What more could you ask?

A long pause.

BLAINE

You understand the risk involved?

BRIDGES

I'm seventy-seven years old. I've accomplished more than anyone could imagine. More than I could have imagined, growing up in a small town in Kentucky. But even winning gets old after a while. I need one more thing...one more big thing...to give my life meaning. You can give me that.

BLAINE

And if it fails?

BRIDGES

Then it fails. I go out in a blaze of glory.

(MORE)

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

I've had my lawyers draw up a release, so no matter what happens, you won't be blamed or held liable. You continue your research with my funding. No questions asked.

Blaine is shaken. This is everything he wants, but...

BLAINE

Can I...Can I have some time to think about it?

BRIDGES

Absolutely. Take a day. Talk it over with your partner, Dr. Delucci. I'm sure you'll both see nothing but upside with this deal.

A simple nod, and the Dark Suited Men appear in the office.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

My associates will see you home now.

BLAINE

Uh, thanks...

BRIDGES

Just remember, Blaine. There's nothing but upside here.

INT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Taz still in his Ewok pjs.

TAZ

Ten million dollars! Just to let him be a time travel tourist?!

BLAINE

That's what he said. He's not even trying to buy us out, though I bet that will come later.

(beat)

What I want to know is, who tipped him off? He knew all about Sam and the Oscar trips we conducted.

TAZ

Wait, why are you looking at me?

BLAINE

You never could keep a secret. Remember Marcy Golinski?

TAZ

Bro, that was fifth grade! And she played doctor with everybody.

BLAINE

This is a lot bigger than Marcy.

TAZ

Dude, I swear on my Game of Thrones dragon action figures that I didn't tell no one nothin'! And it's not like David Bridges is a Snapchat buddy of mine.

(pause)

What about Sam?

BLAINE

No way. I trust Sam. She'd rather go straight-up Barbie doll than talk about anything we do in the lab. Bridges would have more luck getting Oscar to talk.

They both consider this for a moment, then...

BLAINE & TAZ

Naaww...

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Sam comes in to find Blaine and Taz ransacking the lab. Taz wears a Shakespeare in the Park shirt.

SAM

Lose something?

TAZ

We got bugs!

SAM

Ugh. Like roaches? I hate roaches.

TAZ

No. Like spies and stuff. That kind of bug.

BLAINE

Uh, Taz. For future reference... if you think someone has placed a hidden microphone and is listening in, it's best not to *announce* that you know they have a hidden microphone and are listening in.

TAZ  
 Oh, right. My bad.  
 (loudly)  
 Um...Forget I said that!

BLAINE  
 (rolling his eyes)  
 Yeah. That'll work...  
 (to Sam)  
 Let's power up the control panel and  
 run a sweep for any transmitting  
 frequencies tied to the energy spike.

TAZ  
 And do a cavity search on Oscar. I  
 don't trust that monkey.

SAM  
 You and me both.

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Awash with lights. Sam adjusts settings.

SAM  
 All systems operational. Running  
 random frequency scan now.

A FLASHING LIGHT captures her attention.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Possible anomaly in the Quantum Phase  
 Module. Not sure it's our bug, but  
 it's acting pretty skanky.

BLAINE  
 (to Taz)  
 Let's go check it out.

INT. QUANTUM PHASE MODULE - MOMENTS LATER

Blaine and Taz pull at the floor panels of the time transport  
 tube. Sam speaks to them through the Control Room intercom.

SAM (O.S.)  
 See anything?

BLAINE  
 Nothing yet.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM  
 Keep looking. Something is wonky in  
 the time transport interphase.

Oscar creeps up behind Sam and taps her on the butt. She whirls around.

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to shred you, monkey man!

She chases the chimp around the room. Oscar leaps onto the control panel, stepping on all the switches and keys.

SAM (CONT'D)

Get down from there, you spastic ape!

Oscar jumps up and down. Accidentally triggering...

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh, God!

INT. QUANTUM PHASE MODULE - CONTINUOUS

The glass doors of the massive tube swing shut. Trapping Blaine and Taz in a sea of STROBING LIGHT and SMOKE.

BLAINE

Wait...

And in a FLASH, they are GONE!

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM

Look what you've done!

Sam scrambles to reverse the sequence. Too late.

She races around the lab in a panic.

SAM (CONT'D)

Where did they go? When did they go?! What if I sent them to the Titanic? Or in the middle of a blitzkrieg?

(trying to calm herself)

Okay, Sam. Breathe. Think... Best case scenario, you time traveled your boss to a death-free zone. Worst that happened, you vaporized him and his cute brother into fourteen trillion tiny pieces...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUDDY ROAD - NIGHT

Taz & Blaine sprawled in the muck. They slowly sit up. Faces covered in mud.

BLAINE

We look so politically incorrect  
right now...

TAZ

Wha...where are we?

BLAINE

I'm not sure. I'm not even sure  
when are we. I think we time traveled.

TAZ

Just when I was scoring points with  
Sam, she *Back To The Future*'d me?!

BLAINE

One: I'm pretty sure this was  
accidental. And Two: you were so  
not making points with her. You're  
not even her type.

TAZ

Oh, and you are?

BLAINE

Me? I doubt I'm anybody's type.

THIEF #1

And what 'ave we 'ere?

Blaine & Taz scramble to their feet, surrounded by THREE  
THIEVES in 16th Century rags.

THIEF #1 (CONT'D)

A pair o' right dandies wallowin' in  
the muck!

THIEF #2

They might'a taken a fair wallop to  
the noggins. Not knowin' where they  
be and such.

BLAINE

No. We're fine. We know exactly  
where we are.

TAZ

Right... Where are we?

THIEF #1

They be daft for sure, if'n they do  
not know they be on the road to  
Londontown.

(menacingly)

Though I'd wager they have some copper  
on them.

TAZ

Oh, great! Scrap recyclers!

BLAINE

(whispering)

I think they mean money. They're  
trying to rob us.

(to Thief 1)

You are trying to rob us, aren't  
you?

THIEF #1

If you please.

THIEF #2

(wielding a dagger)

An' even if you don't!

TAZ

Knife. Knife! He's got a knife!

BLAINE

I can see that.

TAZ

(whispering to Blaine)

Um, dude, this may be like a real  
good time to zap us back to the lab.  
Like, anytime now... Zap, bam and  
we're outa here. Okay?

BLAINE

Just give him your money, Taz.

TAZ

Money. Got it.

Taz rifles through his pockets. Pulls out a wallet and some  
crumpled bills. Hands them to Thief #1.

TAZ (CONT'D)

Sorry. All I've got is a couple of  
fives and a MasterCard.

THIEF #1

And what, pray tell, am I to do with  
these scraps of rag?

(MORE)

THIEF #1 (CONT'D)  
 (tosses them away)  
 Hand over the Queen's currency or  
 see yerselves split from throat to  
 gizzard!

BLAINE  
 That is money where we come from.

THIEF #3  
 And where, pray tell, is that? The  
 bloody moon?

THIEF #2  
 I say we slit their throats nice and  
 proper like.

TAZ  
 Again, good time to revisit the whole  
 'back to the lab' concept...

BLAINE  
 Wait! I have this!

Blaine pulls out his iPhone. It lights up.

THIEF #2  
 What kind of magic box be this?

BLAINE  
 It is magic. I have imprisoned the  
 souls of many men in this magic box.  
 Behold!

He pushes the Music app and a HEAVY METAL SONG, with screaming  
 guitars BLARES OUT!

THIEF #2  
 It's true! The voices come from the  
 magic box!

THIEF #3  
 And they sound in great torment!

Thief #1 is skeptical. He steps closer. Dagger drawn.

THIEF #1  
 That may be. But it takes more'n  
 ghostly noises to save yer skins,  
 wizard!

Blaine turns on the flashlight. Blinds the Thief with it.

THIEF #2  
 He has the moon itself in that box!



TAZ

Yeah. You got it. It's a moon phone!  
With Verizon on the horizon!

BLAINE

And I shall use this moonlight to  
trap your souls! Now flee! Flee!  
Or be imprisoned forever!

The artificial light and screeching song are too much for the  
terrified Thieves. They run off into the darkness.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Gotta love technology.

TAZ

Just glad you didn't have soft rock  
on your playlist.  
(wiping the mud off)  
So we're in London, huh?

BLAINE

Judging by the dress and accents,  
I'd say around 1600...give or take a  
century.

TAZ

That means you and I are the world's  
first time travelers! I am so gonna  
post that on my Instagram once we  
get back!

BLAINE

*If we get back...*

They start walking towards a distant town.

TAZ

Dude, look at the bright side. We  
just hopped back four or five  
centuries and ran off three Medieval  
gangbangers! We are time lords! We  
made history! We are history! We  
might even be able to change history!

BLAINE

And we may BE history if Sam can't  
figure out how to get us back. The  
iPhone trick isn't gonna work forever.  
No way to charge it in the Dark Ages.

TAZ

Be in the moment, bro. It's an  
adventure. And you got me here too.  
I got your back.

(MORE)

TAZ (CONT'D)  
 (stomach growls)  
 But time jumping sure makes you  
 hungry. I need to chow down something  
 fierce!

BLAINE  
 Why am I not surprised?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Sam frantically punching keys and scanning monitors. Swivels her chair to Oscar, cowering in the corner.

SAM  
 This is all your fault, you pick-  
 pocketing primate!

He raises his arm in self-defense, as she raises a coffee mug to throw at him. She stops in mid-throw. A realization.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 That's it! Oscar, you're a genius!  
 A genius with fleas and filthy habits,  
 but I'll take it...

Oscar looks confused, forearm still shielding his head.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (like explaining to a  
 child)  
 Your chip! The quantum transponder  
 in your arm! Blaine implanted one  
 in his arm too, hoping he'd get to  
 time jump one day. That's how we  
 can track him!

And she attacks the keyboard and touch screens. A scientist on a mission to save her man.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Okay, so you've never done this  
 without Blaine. Without his cutely  
 annoying smile...and his nerdy  
 obliviousness to every signal you  
 throw to him...  
 (shaking it off)  
 Focus, girl. You can't flirt with  
 him if he gets torn apart by dinosaurs  
 or fed to lions in the Colosseum...

The image rattles her and she taps furiously on her keyboard.

Suddenly, a faint PINGING registers on one of the monitors.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Gotcha! Thank Gandalf!  
 (muttering)  
 At least Blaine's still alive.  
 Hopefully, his sexy brother is too...

She adjusts a phase regulator with oscillating pulse locator.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 Looks like they landed in...

CUT TO:

EXT. LONDON ALLEY - NIGHT

Blaine and Taz sneak through a darkened alley.

ARCHAIC SUPER: 'LONDON, 1592'

TAZ  
 So how will Sam find us if we move  
 around?

BLAINE  
 I knew I would be taking a time jump  
 eventually. So I developed a locator  
 phase defying quantum chip paired  
 with a traceable photon particle in  
 a symbiotic quantum pairing that...

TAZ  
 Dude. English. We're in England.

BLAINE  
 I put a locator chip in my arm. The  
 same as Oscar. We were able to  
 identify its energy signature wherever  
 and whenever he went.

TAZ  
 But I don't have one.

BLAINE  
 (frowns)  
 I know. That's a problem. I'm sure  
 we can find a way around it so you  
 don't end up stuck in this century.  
 (looking around)  
 First thing we have to do is find a  
 way to blend in.

TAZ  
 Now you're talking my skill set! I  
 specialize in being invisible.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Blaine and Taz walk among the locals. Hair messed up and bent over like peasants.

TAZ  
(terrible accent)  
Aow, guvnah! 'ow 'ard it be to milk  
'eiffers?

Heads turn. Nobody's buying it.

BLAINE  
Yeah. You blend.

He pulls Taz into an alley.

BLAINE (CONT'D)  
Maybe some more mud will help.

A horse trots by. They start smearing mud on themselves.

TAZ  
Ugh... Dude! This ain't mud!

BLAINE  
(gagging)  
Yeeech. Can this get any better..?

The horse whinnies with amusement.

TAZ  
At least we smell like everyone else.

A wealthy couple walk by. Crinkle their noses, and toss a few coins at Taz.

TAZ (CONT'D)  
Thank ye kindly, guvnah!  
(to Blaine)  
Hey! At least we got money!

BLAINE  
How much?

TAZ  
How am I supposed to know?

BLAINE  
Look. There's a pub. Maybe we have  
enough to buy dinner.

INT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - NIGHT

A busy 16th Century pub catering to the unclean masses. Rough hewn tables with even rougher hewn MEN. The large hall is heavy with smoke from the blazing hearth and many candles.

TAZ

Well, it ain't Burger King.

BLAINE

Shhhh. We can't attract attention.

TAZ

(gesturing)

Someone is.

A crowd cheers on two competitors. GUNTHER - a Shrek look-a-like without the ogre's height or green skin. And JULIET, 26, sassy and stunning. She pulls back her long black tresses, as the two raise large flagons of ale.

CROWD

(chanting)

One...two...three!

Juliet and Gunther gulp down their brews. Juliet slams hers down on the bar first. The CROWD CHEERS.

JULIET

Never doubt a lady!

She sweeps up the coins on the table.

GUNTHER

She cheated!

JULIET

(laughing)

Spoken like a man who can't hold his ale! Doth the gentleman want a rematch?

Gunther grudgingly slams another few coins on the table.

Quickly refilled, Juliet & Gunther raise their flagons of ale once more.

CROWD

(chanting)

One...two...three!

Again, Juliet empties her mug first. The crowd cheers. Juliet laughs, as she scoops the coins into her apron.

JULIET  
Go on home, Gunther. And let real  
men drink!

Ridiculed by the crowd, Gunther raises his heavy mug like a  
weapon. He LUNGES towards Juliet, but is FLIPPED BACKWARDS  
before he reaches her.

The Crowd stares at Blaine, standing over the sprawled man.

BLAINE  
Where I come from, it's not polite  
to threaten a lady.

GUNTHER  
(groaning)  
She h'ain't no lady. She's a barmaid!  
A common strumpet...OWWWWW!

Blaine grinds his heel into the prone man's hand.

BLAINE  
I suggest you apologize to the lady.

GUNTHER  
I h'ain't gonna...OWWWW! I apologize!

BLAINE  
(letting him up)  
Then fair thee well, kind sir.

Gunther staggers to his feet with an evil look, then stumbles  
out of the pub. A flagon of ale is pressed into Blaine's hand.  
He winces from the happy slaps on his back.

TAZ  
(under his breath)  
So much for not attracting attention.

Juliet sidles up to Blaine.

JULIET  
My knight in muddy armor.

BLAINE  
It's not all mud.

JULIET  
That I know. Yet, it was noble what  
you did. I have never seen a battle  
so quickly won.

BLAINE  
(embarrassed)  
Three months of jujitsu at the Y.

JULIET

You speak strangely. And your clothes  
are stranger still. You are a  
stranger to these parts?

BLAINE

(lost in her eyes)  
Strangely, uh...yes...

JULIET

Where do you harken from?

BLAINE

I, um... we...

Blaine is mesmerized by Juliet's beauty. Opens his mouth but  
can't seem to speak. Taz steps forward, equally smitten.

TAZ

A long time ago in a galaxy far, far  
away.

(wedges between them)

You'll have to forgive my brother.  
He's the awkward brainy type.  
Fortunately, I got all the looks in  
the family. I'm Taz. And you are..?

JULIET

Baffled by your speech, I must say.

TAZ

Well, as we said. We're not from  
around here. We're from...uh, South  
Heffield...shireberg...ton...

JULIET

Heffieldshirebergton?

TAZ

It's north of York. Turn left at the  
plague house.

Blaine steps between them. Obviously jealous.

BLAINE

Don't mind my brother. He was dropped  
on his head as a child. Repeatedly.

JULIET

(with pity)

The same thing happened to one of  
our sheep. And the poor creature  
could never piss straight from that  
moment on.

TAZ  
I can piss straight!

BLAINE  
That's it. Keep thinking positive,  
little brother...  
(to Juliet)  
I um, was impressed with how you  
outdrank that guy.

JULIET  
As was I in how you bested Gunther  
with your Chew Schizo.

BLAINE  
Jujitsu.  
(embarrassed)  
Anyway, I'm Blaine.

JULIET  
Might that be a name, or a disease?

TAZ  
Ha!

BLAINE  
Uh, it's my name. Blaine Prescott.  
And this is Taz.

JULIET  
Such odd monikers. Your land is  
strange indeed. I am Juliet.

BLAINE  
...Lovely.  
(even more embarrassed)  
Uh, I mean your name...is lovely.  
And you. You're kinda lovely too.  
Not that looks are everything, but,  
well, in your case, I mean, yeah.

JULIET  
(to Taz)  
Has your brother only recently learned  
our language?

TAZ  
Very recently. He was born in Deep  
Nerdington, where the weirdling boys  
seldom speak to women folk.

JULIET  
Pity. Though I must confess, I am  
rather charmed by his shyness.



Her radiant smile melts them both.

BLAINE

And I am charmed by your...everything!

JULIET

Are you farmers? You do have the  
smell of dung about you.

TAZ

That was his idea!

HUGE HORACE, 48, a giant bear of a man, carries two massive  
kegs of ale on his broad shoulders.

TAZ (CONT'D)

(stunned)

That is one big man...

HUGE HORACE

Juliet! Mind your customers! Their  
throats be gettin' dry.

JULIET

Duty beckons, Sir Blaine of Prescott  
and Lord Taz of Heffieldshirebergtton!

She dances off with a smile, and a fistful of flagons.

INT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

Blaine watches Juliet laughing with the crowd, slapping big  
oafs on the back, flirting with even the homeliest of men.

TAZ

She's something, isn't she?

BLAINE

Who?

TAZ

The woman you can't take your eyes  
off of.

BLAINE

I've never seen anyone so full of  
life.

TAZ

And well-endowed.

BLAINE

Is that all a woman is to you?

TAZ

No. Kinda. It's not like you and I have had a lot of success with girls. Ladies. Females... Outside of video games, that is. Just me and Lara Croft - Tomb Raider. We go way back.

Blaine's eyes are drawn back to Juliet, laughing with the rough and dirty customers.

BLAINE

How can she work in a dump like this and be so cheerful?

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL BOOTH - PRESENT DAY

Sam pushes Oscar's trash, banana peels and candy wrappers off the control panel.

SAM

How can I work in a dump like this?!  
 (scanning the monitors)  
 Where are you Blaine? Please don't be dead. Please don't be lying in a muddy ditch somewhere...or in the desert, dying of thirst...

INT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - NIGHT

Taz grabs a half-empty flagon from a man passed out beside him. Sniffs, then drains it.

TAZ

Y'know. If it wasn't for all the sticks and stems floating in it, this beer isn't half bad.

Blaine shakes his head, then watches the barmaid laughing and flirting with even the skeeziest of men. It's clear everyone adores her. Including...

TAZ (CONT'D)

I think I'm in love.

BLAINE

Me, too.

HUGE HORACE

Are ye now?

They look up to see the huge man behind them.

TAZ

Maybe. Possibly. What's it to you?

He drops two heavy kegs at their feet. The floor rattles.

HUGE HORACE  
That there be my own daughter ye be  
moonin' over.

BLAINE  
(gulps)  
Your daughter? Juliet?

HUGE HORACE  
That she is. And though she be a  
spinster, do not expect a dowry if  
ye aim to marry her!

TAZ  
Whoa! Hold the phone, big daddy!  
Who's talking marriage here?

He towers over both of them.

HUGE HORACE  
(menacingly)  
You had other intentions toward my  
daughter?

TAZ  
(terrified)  
What? No. Me, I'm just a wing man  
for big brother here. That's all.  
No harm, no foul. We're cool.

HUGE HORACE  
(stomping away)  
Bah! Foreigners! The king should  
build a wall...

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Sam desperately plotting algorithmic models. Then, a CRASH.

SAM  
(calling out)  
Oscar! What are you into now?

Silence.

Then the sound of WHIMPERING...

SAM (CONT'D)  
Oscar..?

The terrified chimp slinks back into the room. Followed by  
Four DARK SUITED MEN.

SAM (CONT'D)

Who are you? What are you doing in my lab?!

David Bridges pushes past his Henchmen. Leans uncomfortably close to Sam.

BRIDGES

So it is your lab now, Miss Dellucci?

SAM

You...you're David Bridges.

BRIDGES

I am aware of that.

(coldly)

What I want to know is why you sent Dr. Prescott into oblivion?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - NIGHT

Taz and Blaine slumped over on the table.

TAZ

(wasted)

Dude... I feel like an air mattress... right after a pair of ten thousand pound elephants sat on it...

BLAINE

(equally tired)

It's the quantum phasing... it depletes the enzymes and destabilizes your ability to process crabs...

TAZ

You said crabs...

BLAINE

I meant carbs... What do you want from me? It's the Sixteenth Century and I won't even be born for another five hundred and...whatever years...

Juliet moves to their table, huge flagons of ale in her hand.

JULIET

You lads have been sitting here half the night, and neither of you have eaten or drunk anything.

BLAINE  
 (handing her the coins)  
 Sorry...All we have is this... Is  
 that enough for something to eat..?

TAZ  
 (sighs)  
 And maybe take a bath in that beer  
 mug?

Juliet counts the coins and smiles.

JULIET  
 A bit down on your luck, eh?

BLAINE  
 We're light years past luck...

JULIET  
 Here then.  
 (hands them ale)  
 'Tis the least I can do for the  
 gallant knight who rescued me.

They leap at the flagons. Drain them in long gasping gulps.

TAZ  
 (picking out the stems)  
 This is the worst beer I've ever  
 tasted.

BLAINE  
 I know.  
 (to Juliet)  
 More. Need more. More.

Juliet laughs and drops two more mugs of ale, then moves off.  
 Blaine and Taz suck them down like men dying of thirst in the  
 desert. They pick twigs and stems out of their teeth.

TAZ  
 So bad... So good...

BLAINE  
 (a realization)  
 So this is why Oscar always came  
 back drunk! It counteracts the  
 physical effects of the quantum  
 phasing...

TAZ  
 Or maybe he missed too many 'Apes  
 Anonymous' meetings.  
 (MORE)

TAZ (CONT'D)

(burps)  
I would sell my left armpit for a  
half-dozen Big Macs...

Juliet drops two huge plates of meat before them.

JULIET

Can't say who'd barter for such a  
strange body part hereabout, but  
perhaps this might sate your hunger.

TAZ

(grabbing a ham shank)  
Bless you, my child!

BLAINE

(devouring a joint)  
Now I know I'm in love!

Juliet's face reddens. Both hurt and embarrassed.

JULIET

Perhaps it is different in your  
country. In this land, we do not  
make a mockery of deep affection.

BLAINE

I...I'm sorry, Juliet. I did not  
mean to insult you. I...

JULIET

(wounded)  
'Tis nothing. I best get back to my  
chores...

And she dashes off, leaving Blaine stunned and sad.

TAZ

You know that saying about not biting  
the hand that feeds you?

BLAINE

I didn't mean too...

TAZ

Whatev. Nice going, Romeo.

ROMEO (O.S.)

Did you beckon?

TAZ

Huh?

A gaunt and gangly youth, twice as dirty as they are, bumps into the table. ROMEO FORENZI is 17, the most unlikely look for a storied lover. The clumsy kid nearly trips, overburdened with dirty plates.

ROMEO

I believe you called my name.

BLAINE

When?

ROMEO

(embarrassed)

Forgive me, good sirs. My hearing has not been well since I was kicked in the head by a mule last winter. Or was that my father? Though I was certain I heard someone call my name...

He tries again to balance a tall load of dirty plates, but they CRASH to the floor. From behind the bar, Huge Horace screams at him.

HUGE HORACE

Romeo! You clumsy oaf!

TAZ

Dude, that's your name?!

ROMEO

Romeo. Not 'clumsy oaf,' though each seems to fit me well...

BLAINE

Don't take offense, but you sure don't look like a Romeo to me.

ROMEO

(confused)

How then is a Romeo meant to look?

TAZ

Completely, exactly not like you.

ROMEO

Sadly, this is the name and face I have borne all my days. A not uncommon name in my native Mantua. As for the homeliness of my face, it was a cruel gift from my mother, who was not considered comely of visage.

HUGE HORACE

Romeo! Cease your pratter! There are stables to clean and food to prepare!

Blaine and Taz look at their meat.

TAZ

Hopefully, not in that order...

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Sam is unnerved by the billionaire and his silent Bodyguards.

BRIDGES

Blaine and I had an understanding. I was to be the first man to time travel, in exchange for a rather substantial sum of money. Now that plan seems to have been upended.

SAM

It was an accident! Oscar jumped on the control panel and...

BRIDGES

(raising a hand)

Spare me the details. I know everything that happened. My associates here will make sure no one else finds out.

(seeing her panic)

Calm yourself, Dr. Delucci. I did not become the third wealthiest man in the world by threatening people.

Carter chuckles. Bridges shoots him a stern look.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

I am more concerned with how we are going to bring Dr. Prescott and his brother back. Please explain the process to me.

SAM

Blaine has a transponder chip implanted in his forearm. The pulse is hardened against quantum wave distortions.

Points to a faint PINGING on the screen.

SAM (CONT'D)

This is him.

(MORE)



SAM (CONT'D)

The signal appears to emanate from London. Around the late fifteen hundreds.

BRIDGES

And you are able to bring him back?

SAM

I'm...uh, working on it.

INT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - NIGHT

Huge Horace stomps over to a very drunk Taz and Blaine.

HUGE HORACE

(gruffly)

You lot best be on yer way. We shutter the pub long before morn.

TAZ

(very drunk)

Will do, my noble barkeep!

(spits out a twig)

And I commend you on your most excellent beer-salad!

Blaine breaks off a hunk of bread. Bites and gags.

BLAINE

Ugh! This bread has mold on it!

Huge Horace grabs the bread. Looks at it. Then rubs it on his pant leg. Hands it back to Blaine.

HUGE HORACE

That suit yer taste, ye fancy-pants foreigner?

He stomps off. A beat. Then Blaine and Taz laugh drunkenly.

BLAINE

(slurring)

High time we be off, Shir Tazhmando of Fordshireberg!

TAZ

(equally toasted)

After you, Big Blaine of Fancyantstown!

They wave to Romeo, clumsily sloshing water from a bucket.

BLAINE

And to you, Romeo, Romeo! Parting  
is such sweet sorrow.

TAZ

And we'll be back if coins...I can  
borrow! Ha!

Blaine and Taz collapse in laughter, as they stagger towards  
the door. A familiar STRANGER watches them with interest.

BLAINE

Where is fair Juliet? She is the  
sun and I'm likely to moon...someone.  
Heeheeheeee...

EXT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - CONTINUOUS

They spill out into the muddy alley, still laughing.

BLAINE

I haven't been thish drunk in a half  
a millenimacum...millenimanum...  
(seriously)  
...In a very long time...

He slaps his leg and they laugh themselves silly again.

GUNTHER (O.S.)

And what 'ave we 'ere?

They look up to see Gunther and TWO THUGS standing over them  
in the moonlight.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

I been looking for ye, blaggard.

TAZ

I don't think he likesh you much,  
Blaine-Brain. Heeheeheeee

BLAINE

(trying to stand)  
Be off with you, you odiferously  
shmelly man! I am far too intoxicated  
to chewshitzu with you at this present  
time...in the past...

GUNTHER

(cruelly)  
'at's right wot I was counting on...

He pulls out a dagger. The other Two Thugs crowd closer.

TAZ

Uh, excuse me, big brother...but  
thish ain't looking too good for ush  
at this preshish moment in time...

BLAINE

I got thish...

Blaine rises to a wobbly jujitsu stance. As Gunther rushes forward, he tries the same takedown throw. But this time, Gunther knows what's coming, and slashes upwards with his dagger. BLOOD erupts from Blaine's forearm.

TAZ

No...thish ain't looking too good at  
all...

GUNTHER

Ha! Yer fairy dance tricks won't  
work twice on old Gunther!

Blaine and Taz cower, as their attackers surround them.

JULIET (O.S.)

Maybe this will!

From behind, Juliet SMASHES a heavy flagon on Gunther's skull. He goes down, face first, in the mud.

Huge Horace grabs the other Two Thugs and SMASHES their heads together. He looms over the three barely conscious villains.

HUGE HORACE

And ye owe me fer the broken flagon,  
Gunther!

Juliet rushes to Blaine. Wraps his bleeding forearm with her apron.

JULIET

This is a grievous wound. I fear  
you may lose your arm.

BLAINE

(panicked)  
Lose my arm?!

HUGE HORACE

Better'n yer life.

BLAINE

(starting to faint)  
I can't lose my arm... how will I  
clap..? How will I...

He passes out in Juliet's arms. She turns to Taz.

JULIET

Have you no place to slumber tonight?

For once, Taz is stunned into silence. He slowly shakes his head. Juliet nods to her father, who tosses Blaine over his shoulder like a rag doll. Stomps away, muttering...

HUGE HORACE

...Bloody foreigners...

TAZ

(stunned)

Literally...

And they trudge off into the night.

INT. BARN - MORNING

Blaine slowly rouses, laying on a foul-smelling bale of hay.

TAZ

I thought we lost you for a moment.

BLAINE

Wha...what happened?

TAZ

The guy you flipped in the pub came back for revenge. And he was a quick learner.

Taz nods to Blaine's arm, which is wrapped with bloody rags.

BLAINE

(weakly)

My arm... Am I going to lose it?

TAZ

(trying to be positive)

It was close. But luckily we ended up in Huge Horace's very unsanitary barn for the night.

He gestures to the pigs chewing on rotting meat.

TAZ (CONT'D)

They won't discover antibiotics for another few hundred years. So we stopped the infection the old Medieval way. I suggest you don't look...

Blaine unwraps the bloody rags to look at his wound.

BLAINE'S ARM

Covered in maggots.

TAZ (CONT'D)

Told you not to look. The maggots will eat away any infection. After they finish, we'll clean them out and stitch up your arm. Not exactly Urgent Care, but it should work.

Blaine rewraps his arm. Tries to take it all in.

BLAINE

You saved me...

TAZ

Actually Juliet and her three-story Dad saved you. I just remembered the maggot trick from biology class.

Blaine wobbles to his feet. His face goes ashen.

BLAINE

My arm!!

TAZ

Relax. I said you weren't gonna lose it.

BLAINE

You don't understand! This is where the chip was! The only way for Sam to track us! The only way we can ever make it home...

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - THE PRESENT - DAY

Sam scans her monitors. Frowns.

SAM

Something's wrong. I lost Blaine's quantum transponder signal.

BRIDGES

What does that mean?

SAM

It means there's no way to bring them back. They're lost in time...

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. SHADOW ROOM - NIGHT

Like the second scene. Strange shapes melt in the eerie darkness.

Delicate fingers tease the curls on Blaine's neck. The woman's face comes into focus...it's Juliet.

JULIET

You found me at last...

Blaine pulls her into a soft, sensuous kiss.

INT. BARN - MORNING

Blaine kissing a very confused sheep.

TAZ

Am I interrupting something?

Blaine's eyes open, and he realizes what he was doing. Starts to cough, choke and spit.

TAZ (CONT'D)

Man, you are so in need of a woman.

BLAINE

I must have been dreaming. Ugh.  
Yuck!

TAZ

You're supposed to count sheep. Not court them. How's the arm?

BLAINE

(flexing)  
Not bad. Still feels creepy thinking about the maggots though.

TAZ

Medieval health care. Gotta love it. I went back to where we were attacked. Couldn't find the chip in all that mud.

BLAINE

So we're stuck here. In the Sixteenth Century.

(steps in manure)  
And, yup. In a barn...

TAZ

Maybe we're looking at this all wrong.  
(MORE)

TAZ (CONT'D)

We've got Twenty-First Century minds  
in the dark ages. We could invent  
electricity. Build a toilet.

BLAINE

That's not how it works...

Taz grabs an apple off the barn floor. Holds it up.

TAZ

(excited)

We could make an iPhone five hundred  
years early! We'll be kings! Gods!  
Steve Jobs!

BLAINE

(angrily)

No! That's exactly what time WON'T  
let us do! The past is set, and we  
don't belong here! We don't exist  
in this time.

TAZ

But we are here.

BLAINE

For now... Think of history like a  
fast-flowing river. It'll allow  
some little blips here and there,  
but it's not going to let us dig a  
whole new channel. Alter the flow.  
The more we try to change history,  
the more it will try to self-correct.

TAZ

And by 'self-correct' you mean..?

BLAINE

Make us disappear. Like we were  
never here...

Suddenly, a dark shadow falls over them. They look up to see  
a massive figure silhouetted in the doorway. Wielding a rusty  
pick ax and a wicked hooked implement.

Huge Horace. An evil grin on his grimy face.

INT. LABORATORY - PRESENT DAY

Sam frantically punching buttons. Trying to explain to Bridges  
how desperate the situation is.

SAM

That's what everybody gets wrong about time travel! You can't change the past. You can't assassinate Hitler or bring a machine gun to Ancient Rome.

BRIDGES

Why not?

SAM

History won't let you. It's a force. The grooves are carved too deep.

BRIDGES

But it's not all fate. I can make a thousand different decisions that have a huge impact.

SAM

On the *future*. Because the future isn't written yet.

(sighs)

Why do you think there's no record of Oscar - an African chimpanzee in Twelfth Century Scotland? Why do you think we try to pull him out within twenty-four hours? If he causes too big a disruption in the flow of time, history will try to erase him.

BRIDGES

You mean, kill him...

She stops. Grows pale.

SAM

That's why we have to figure out a way to bring Blaine and Taz back as soon as possible. If they make too big of a change... somehow, some way, they'll be erased too.

BRIDGES

What if they keep their heads down? Don't make waves. Live out their days in quiet obscurity?

SAM

I'm not sure... As long as they don't father a child, or introduce technology too far ahead of its time. Maybe that buys them a few months. A year or two at most.



BRIDGES

(softly)

A year or two can be a lifetime...

She shudders at the dark expression on his face.

EXT. DIRT FIELD - DAY

Huge Horace stomps down two large mounds.

HUGE HORACE

'at should learn 'em!

(calls out)

Ye got it now?

Behind him, Blaine and Taz hack at the rocky soil with a pick ax and crude hoe.

TAZ

Yup! We're good. Seeds go in the dirt. Not a tough concept.

BLAINE

(muttering)

PhD's in physics and engineering...  
and here I am, planting potatoes in  
pig shit!

HUGE HORACE

Ye toil in the fields and work in  
the tavern or there be no food. Bad  
enough I have to open my barn to ye.

TAZ

It's all good! I rated the barn on  
Yelp. Four stars.

HUGE HORACE

(stomping away)

...Must be daft, taking the likes of  
them in...

TAZ

Y'know, I was thinking. This ain't  
so bad. Fresh air. No student loans  
to pay off. Everything's organic.

BLAINE

'Organic' seems a lot cleaner printed  
on a label. Not so much when you  
see it plop out of the back end of a  
farm animal.

TAZ

Still, as long as we're stuck here,  
I can see me settling down with  
Juliet. Raising a litter of little  
Taz-lettes.

BLAINE

First off, Juliet's not your type.  
Secondly, you can't have any kids.

TAZ

Are you kidding? You're talking to  
a Titan of Testosterone here! A  
Prince of Potency. My little swimmers  
could medal in the Sperm Olympics.

BLAINE

Okay, way too much information...  
What I'm saying is you can't father  
children because you won't be born  
for another half millennium. You  
can't introduce a whole new line of  
descendants. History won't let you.  
It needs to protect a past that's  
already happened.

TAZ

So, like my kids wouldn't make it?

BLAINE

They never did. So they never will.

TAZ

History's a bitch.

BLAINE

The best we can do is stay as  
inconspicuous as possible, and hope  
Sam finds some way to rescue us.

INT. LABORATORY - PRESENT DAY

Bridges and his Men watch Sam run through another simulation.

COMPUTER VOICE

Simulation fail. Insufficient data  
for system lock.

SAM

(glares at Bridges)  
Having fun watching me crash and  
burn?

BRIDGES

Believe me, Dr. DeLucci. I am just as interested as you in bringing your co-workers home.

SAM

Blaine...Dr. Prescott is my partner. Taz is just...well, Taz. Cute, but deranged.

BRIDGES

You like him.

SAM

What? No. I'm just...feeling guilty I sent them to their deaths in the Middle Ages. Wouldn't you?

BRIDGES

Absolutely. But humanity's greatest accomplishments have always involved some danger. It may have been an accident, but clearly Dr. Prescott, knew the risks. You should think of him as a hero. Not a victim.

SAM

And what are you? The villain?

BRIDGES

(shrugs)

That remains to be seen. However, right now, I am merely trying to help you get them back.

SAM

It'd be a lot easier if your goon squad wasn't breathing down my neck.

BRIDGES

My men are here to assist you. Keep you focused.

SAM

Funny. That sounds an awful lot like kidnapping and false imprisonment.

BRIDGES

Honestly, Dr. DeLucci. If there's even the slimmest hope of rescuing Blaine and his brother, is there any other place you would rather be?

Sam scowls. Jabs at her computer keys.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Blaine wakes at the sound of Taz's snoring.

He stands. Kicks a rock out from under the hay bale he was lying on. Looks over to see the love-struck sheep.

BLAINE

(to sheep)

Not tonight. I have an 'everything  
ache.'

He tip-toes out of the barn into...

EXT. FARM - CONTINUOUS

...A star-filled night. He looks up in awe.

Juliet sits on a log, a short distance away.

JULIET

Do you see the same night sky in  
your land?

BLAINE

Nothing like this.

JULIET

How sad. These stars bring me peace.  
And hope.

BLAINE

Hope?

JULIET

That there is more to this world  
than what we can see and touch.  
Something far grander than a barn  
and a pub.

(blushes)

You think me foolish.

BLAINE

No. I think you beautiful. Like  
the stars.

Now it's his turn to blush.

JULIET

I wonder if there are other worlds  
out there among the stars. And perhaps  
God gave us their light to draw us  
to them.

BLAINE

There are worlds out there. Billions  
and billions of them. And one day,  
men will walk on the moon itself.

JULIET

(shoves him gently)  
You make sport of me, sir.

BLAINE

It's true. I have seen machines  
that free men from the earth and let  
us soar beyond the sky.

JULIET

You spin such wondrous tales. But I  
would so like to see them, if only  
your words were true.

BLAINE

I would never lie to you, Juliet.  
And...and if I ever do find my way  
back home, I would love to show them  
to you.

She stares into his eyes. Finds the sincerity there. And the  
sadness.

JULIET

But you cannot find your way home,  
can you? You have been exiled?

BLAINE

In a way. My whole life. My dreams.  
My work. They're all gone now.

JULIET

(taking his hand)  
Then perhaps it is time you built a  
new life here.

Her face in the moonlight is too much for him. Their lips  
pull together like magnets. Meet in a passionate kiss.

JULIET (CONT'D)

(breathless)  
That was...

BLAINE

Amazing.

JULIET

Unseemly.

BLAINE

I...I never thought I would find you.

JULIET

I was not lost. I was here all the time.

BLAINE

I'm the one who was lost. I had given up hope of ever finding love.

JULIET

But you are so kind?

BLAINE

Most women I've met are more into money and sex.

JULIET

Sex?

Blaine reaches over and whispers into Juliet's ear.

JULIET (CONT'D)

Oh! We do not call it that.

BLAINE

What do you call it?

Juliet reaches over and whispers into Blaine's ear. She giggles.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I like that too!

JULIET

Here, tonight, with me...Is it merely sex that you seek?

Blaine reaches out to Juliet's hand. They walk to her cottage.

BLAINE

I'm old-fashioned. Well, future old-fashioned at least...I believe two people should first have love and respect for each other. And vow to always be true before they sleep together.

JULIET

Then I should take my leave now.

(MORE)

JULIET (CONT'D)

For the night is far too warm...the  
stars much too bright...and your  
kiss far too tempting to keep my  
thoughts chaste.

(kisses him)

Good night, sweet prince.

BLAINE

Parting is such sweet sorrow that I  
shall say good night 'til it be  
morrow.

(smiles)

Uh, that's just something I read  
long ago. But it was meant for you.

She smiles shyly. Then sprints off toward her cottage.

INT. BARN - MOMENTS LATER

Blaine closes the squeaky barn door. Taz sits up on his hay.

TAZ

Trouble sleeping?

(no reply)

You told me I couldn't get involved  
because it would change history.  
And now you're out there locking  
lips with the landlord!

BLAINE

I...I couldn't help it. The stars  
and the...her.

TAZ

That's just great. You haven't had  
a meaningful date since high school.  
But plop you back five hundred years  
and you go playing Romeo to her  
Juliet!

BLAINE

You think I don't know how messed up  
this is?! How my first real shot at  
love is with someone who could be my  
great-great-grandmother's great-great-  
great grandmother?!

(collapses on the hay)

You and I are going to die here.

TAZ

Maybe not. Maybe Sam will...

BLAINE

Sam can't find us! And History won't allow us to stay, let alone be happy!  
(broken)  
I have no future, and I have none to offer Juliet... All I can give her is heartache.

TAZ

I'm sorry, bro. This time travel sucks big time.

BLAINE

(with a sad smile)  
Now who's the poet in the family?

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Juliet listens outside. Her face a mask of confusion.

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - PRESENT DAY

An exhausted Sam turns to Bridges.

SAM

Okay, here goes. I have a tentative lock on a rodent's molecular structure.

BRIDGES

A rodent isn't a human.

SAM

You've never met half the guys I've dated...

She enters a complex sequence into the control panel.

SAM (CONT'D)

Cross your fingers. This could get messy...

INT. QUANTUM PHASE MODULE - CONTINUOUS

Lights STROBE. The glass tube fills with SMOKE & SPARKS.

Sam and Bridges run in. She swings open the door to find...

PUDDLE OF FLESH-COLORED GOO

Still quivering.

Carter tries to hold back his vomit.



COMPUTER VOICE

Simulation fail. Subject unable to retain corporeal integrity.

BRIDGES

To say the least...

SAM

That was our last hope! I can't bring Blaine and Taz back like this!

BRIDGES

There is one option left.

SAM

No. It's too risky.

BRIDGES

You said yourself, we may have no other choice.

SAM

We? You didn't just melt a century old squirrel! You didn't send your partner and his cuddly brother into oblivion! You don't have that on your conscience!

BRIDGES

And neither should you. It was an accident. That is the risk you take with world-changing technology.

(softly)

And trust me. My conscience is anything but clear. This may be my one chance to atone for it.

SAM

No. No way. Even if Blaine's time jump was an accident, this would be murder.

(looks at the puddle)

Or worse...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON HAND AX

SPLITTING a charred leg. Bone splinters and seared flesh FLY EVERYWHERE.

JULIET

And that is the proper way to chop a thigh!

INT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - NIGHT

Blaine and Taz watch Juliet hack at a large roast.

JULIET

(to Blaine)

'tis your turn to wield the bone splitter.

BLAINE

Uh, I'm not sure I have your skill at this.

HUGE HORACE

The fancy man has less of an arm than my spinster daughter!

(darkly)

If you cannot earn yer keep, ye will have to fight the pigs for table scraps!

Juliet places a gentle (but bloody) hand on his arm.

JULIET

My father means no offense, Blaine of Strangelands. He is just not accustomed to a man having such lady-like hands.

BLAINE

Uh, thanks for that.

Blaine picks up the hand ax. Hesitates, then swings.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

(with a yell)

Karate CHOP!!!

And the meat flies everywhere. Juliet is impressed.

JULIET

Is that your shoe-shitsey?

BLAINE

Jujitsu. Looks like I made a mess.

HUGE HORACE

Pick it off the floor. The diners need not know.

He grabs a hunk of meat off the dirt floor. Rubs it on his grimy pant leg, then drops it on a plate.

TAZ

Guess we won't be getting a thumbs-up from the health inspectors this week.

HUGE HORACE

You. Roll in another cask of ale!

TAZ

Right away, your huge-ship!

HUGE HORACE

(shaking his head)

...Foreigners...

Taz exits and Huge Horace stomps off, leaving Blaine and Juliet a moment alone.

BLAINE

Juliet...can I ask you a personal question?

JULIET

Why am I as yet unmarried?

BLAINE

Well, yeah. I mean, you're beautiful, smart, charming, fun and beautiful. Did I mention beautiful?

JULIET

You flatter me, sir.

BLAINE

I'm serious. You are so easy to talk to. I...I've never met a woman like you.

JULIET

Have they no barmaids in your country?

BLAINE

Yes. But even a Hooters girl can't hold a candle to you.

JULIET

What is a Hooter? And why would she wish to burn me with a candle?

BLAINE

See? You're funny!

JULIET

(confused)

Am I? And is that a desirable thing?

BLAINE  
Very...very desirable...

He loses himself in her eyes. Their lips drift closer...  
Suddenly, a hunk of dripping meat is shoved in their faces.

ROMEO  
I found this on the floor.

Geeky Romeo, skittish and straggly, drops a big hunk of roast in front of them. Destroying the moment.

JULIET  
Thank you, Romeo.

BLAINE  
Yeah, thanks a lot...

JULIET  
I best be off before my father finds  
yet more cause to grumble.  
(to Romeo)  
Come, Romeo. Let us gather cabbages.

Blaine watches them leave. Sighs heavily.

WILL (O.S.)  
You favor that woman.

A familiar customer is in the pub. He eyes Blaine carefully.

BLAINE  
Huh?

WILL  
I have been observing you for days.  
It appears the lovely Juliet has  
captured your heart.

BLAINE  
Is it that obvious?

WILL  
To one who has written sonnets  
dedicated to love.

BLAINE  
Juliet...she is like the sun, and I  
can't help but moon over her. Sorry.  
Bad joke.

And that's why the customer looks so familiar! It's WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE!

BLAINE (CONT'D)

(recognizes him)

Actually, it may even be your joke...  
Aren't you..?

WILL

William Shakespeare. At your service.

BLAINE

Wow, you're...wow.

WILL

Does that pass for conversation in  
your land?

BLAINE

No, I mean...uh, I'm just a big fan!

WILL

I see no fan?

BLAINE

I mean I love your plays. I've read  
everything you've ever written!

WILL

Surely, you jest, sir. I have mounted  
but a handful of humble plays, and  
published even fewer lines of rhyme.

BLAINE

But you have. I mean, you will.  
You'll be the most famous playwright  
of all time!

WILL

May your words tease the ear of the  
goddess of Fate. My tragedies have  
attained a modest following, to be  
sure. Though I have yet to find a  
muse that will set free my plays to  
speak eloquently of love.

(sighs)

What is your name, good sir?

BLAINE

My name is Blaine.

WILL

Do not despair. The name William is  
plain as well, but 'tis the one I  
was gifted.

BLAINE

No. Blaine is my name. B-L-A-I-N-E.

WILL  
 Ah, That is plain indeed. So you  
 covet fair Juliet's heart, plain  
 Blaine?

BLAINE  
 I don't know. Yeah. I guess so.  
 I've never met a woman like her.

WILL  
 Have you told the lady of your love?

BLAINE  
 Me? No. I tried, but...  
 (sadly)  
 ...it could never work. We are from  
 two different worlds.

WILL  
 Ah. Star-crossed lovers. The essence  
 of tragedy.

BLAINE  
 I guess.

WILL  
 Hmmm. 'Juliet and Blaine.' 'Blaine  
 and Juliet.' The pairing does not  
 lay kindly on the ear... Perhaps  
 something more melodic. Juliet and...

A loud CRASH.

HUGE HORACE  
 (yelling)  
 Romeo!

ROMEEO (O.S.)  
 Sorry!

WILL  
 (intrigued)  
 Hmmm...

INT. LABORATORY - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

Carter hands Bridges three miniature disks.

CARTER  
 We could only find these three, sir.

SAM  
 You have no right to grab stuff from  
 our lab. That is proprietary tech!

BRIDGES

Dr. Delucci, if I wanted to steal your designs, I'd already have them. But I'm not after your technology. Not yet, at least.

SAM

You think I'm afraid of you?

BRIDGES

I wouldn't consider you very smart if you weren't.

(examines the chips)

I assume each of these is coded to a certain biophasic frequency?

Sam doesn't answer. Carter puts a heavy hand on her shoulder.

CARTER

Answer him.

SAM

(hesitates, then...)

They each have a unique signature and can be shielded from quantum disruptions.

BRIDGES

So, in theory...if you were able to send them back to Dr. Prescott and his brother, you could lock in on their frequencies and pull them back?

SAM

In theory...But those backup chips haven't been tested, and they have a sixty percent failure rate. Plus, there's the problem of getting them to the right people.

(gestures to Oscar)

Our drunken ape is not the most reliable.

(gestures to Carter)

I bet yours isn't either.

CARTER

Watch it, lady!

SAM

Either way, probabilities of success are zero point four-seven or less.

BRIDGES

Which is why someone with a brain would have to deliver them.

Sam's eyes widen when she realizes what he means.

SAM  
Oh, no. Unh-unh.

INT. 'GROWLING INNARDS' PUB - NIGHT

Taz and Blaine in period rags, clean up in the pub.

TAZ  
(scratching)  
I'd sell my soul for a shower.

The entire pub hushes. Everyone staring at Taz.

TAZ (CONT'D)  
Uh, figure of speech.

BLAINE  
(whispering)  
Watch what you say. They hang witches  
in this Century.

The pub continues to stare at Taz.

TAZ  
Aw, c'mon. It's a joke. Doesn't  
anyone in this time period have a  
sense of humor?!  
(whispers to Blaine)  
Sam better think of something quick.  
We need to get out of the Middle  
Ages before we're middle-aged!

INT. LABORATORY - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

SAM  
You just saw me turn a squirrel into  
slime stew! If you think I'm hopping  
into that machine and trusting your  
Men in Black wannabees to run the  
controls, you're sixty billion worth  
of crazy.

BRIDGES  
You are not going in that machine.  
I am.

SAM  
What?

CARTER  
What?



BRIDGES

I take three tracers, deliver two to Dr. Prescott and his brother. Then you lock on our signals and bring us all back home.

SAM

Why are you doing this?

BRIDGES

Aside from the fact that it is our only feasible option?

(sighs)

Can you imagine what it's like to have everything you ever wanted? Accomplished everything you could ever dream of? After that, the only thing left is boredom...

SAM

Wow. I feel all kinds of sorry for you.

BRIDGES

Sarcasm noted. I want to go down in history as more than just a brilliant inventor and ruthless businessman. I want something to cap off my legacy. Being the first human to go back in time...

(shrugs)

However, being the first hero to rescue a stranded scientist might be even better publicity.

SAM

How do you know I won't send you to some prehistoric leper colony?

BRIDGES

I trust you have far too much scientific integrity to let that happen. Simply send me back to the same coordinates and time period you sent Dr. Prescott and his brother.

SAM

The location is no problem but time calculations are not that exact. We might be a few days off either way.

BRIDGES

I can live with that.

SAM  
 (under her breath)  
 I hope so...  
 (resigned to it)  
 I assume you're leaving me no choice?

BRIDGES  
 You assume correctly.

SAM  
 (shrugs)  
 You're funeral.

CARTER  
 Better not be.

She shows Bridges an indentation on the chips.

SAM  
 Okay. Time jump One-Oh-One. Once you find Blaine and Taz, or in case of emergency, press the top of the chip. That will activate the homing phase sequence, automatically pulling you back home. But be sure everyone is holding on to their chip. Anyone without one will be left behind.

BRIDGES  
 I understand.

CARTER  
 Better take this too, sir.

Carter hands him a weapon. Bridges slips it under his jacket.

BRIDGES  
 Thank you, Carter.

He palms the three tracer chips. Walks toward the Quantum Phase Module. Steps inside.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)  
 Oh, and in the event you decide to send me to that prehistoric leper colony...my men have orders to deal with you in a most impolite way.

SAM  
 Got it. No pressure there.

Sam punches in data. The machine begins to HUM and SPARK.

SAM (CONT'D)  
 (over intercom)  
 Last chance. You sure about this?

BRIDGES  
 Time to add 'hero' to my list of  
 accomplishments. Just bring us home  
 safely, Dr. Delucci.

CARTER  
 (menacingly)  
 Or else...

HUMMING and SPARKS increase. A BLINDING FLASH and the tube  
 fills with SMOKE.

And Billionaire David Bridges DISAPPEARS!

CUT TO:

EXT. MUDDY ROAD - NIGHT

Bridges sprawled in the muck. Slowly sits up to see...

The same THREE THIEVES in 16th Century rags.

THIEF #1  
 And what 'ave we 'ere? Another dandy  
 wallowin' in the muck!

THIEF #2  
 'e don't seem to know this 'ere is  
 our road!

Bridges stands. Brushes the mud off his suit.

BRIDGES  
 Gentlemen, would you be kind enough  
 to tell me what year this is?

THIEF #1  
 Ye don't know yer years?

THIEF #2  
 Must be daft.

THIEF #3  
 (nervously)  
 Or a wizzard like those other two!  
 This one talks as odd as 'em.

BRIDGES  
 Ah, you mean the two scientists from  
 the future? Well, at least that  
 means I am on the right time line.

THIEF #1

Now, don't ye be thinkin' we can be frightened off by yer noises and the like! This 'ere is our road, and we say who can pass or no!

BRIDGES

I don't wish any trouble. I just need to know where those other two 'wizards' went.

THIEF #1

We knifed 'em good fer tryin' to bewitch us.

THIEF #3

No, we didn't. We ran away when they shot moonlight and demon voices at us!

THIEF #1

'e don't 'ave to know that!

BRIDGES

Well, I don't happen to have moonlight and demon voices on me. However, I do have this...

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the Taser that Carter slipped him.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Now kindly tell me where the others went?

THIEF #1

And why should we?

Bridges pulls the trigger, and Thief #1 SPASMS UNCONTROLLABLY from the electrical jolt of the Taser.

THIEF #1 (CONT'D)

AUUNNGHNNNGHAAHH!

THIEF #3

(pointing, panicked)

They went 'attaway! To Londontown!

BRIDGES

Thank you, gentlemen. And I suggest you find another location to conduct your thievery. London may become quite busy in the future.

THIEF #2  
Yes, yer Lordship!

The frightened Thieves help their still-quivering partner up, then run off.

BRIDGES  
I think I'm going to like this century.

EXT. LONDON STREETS - LATER THAT DAY

Bridges looks around with wonder at the 16th Century town.

LILA  
Coo, you're a strange one.

LILA 40, a strumpet with billowing skirts and brown teeth, grabs his hand. Places it on her ample breasts.

LILA (CONT'D)  
Fancy a bit o' fun, guvnah?

BRIDGES  
No, thank you. But I would like to employ your services.

LILA  
'Employ yer services.' Never 'eard that one afore.

BRIDGES  
I am looking for two strange young men, who dress and speak like me.

LILA  
Oy, if yer taste is for strange young men who talk fancy, Lila can find 'em for ye. And ye can dress 'em any way ye like.

BRIDGES  
No. I am looking for two specific men. These two.

He pulls out photos of Blaine and Taz.

BRIDGES (CONT'D)  
They should have arrived sometime over the last few days.

LILA  
(looking at photos)  
Yer quite the artist, guvnah. Never seen paintings look so real!

BRIDGES

These are photographs...uh, never mind. It is important I find them soon. And this ring is yours, if you can locate them for me.

Her eyes widen at the expensive gold ring on his finger.

LILA

'at's a beauty all right. 'and over them wee paintings and Lila'll find yer boys fer ye.

(rubbing against him)

An' might be I'll throw in a little 'kiss n' tickle' fer free!

She flashes him a gaping, brown-toothed smile.

BRIDGES

(winces)

How very kind of you.

INT. "GROWLING INNARDS" PUB - DAY

Blaine cringes at the sound of a beastly GROWL.

BLAINE

What is that sound?

JULIET

That's just Romeo. The boy sleeps in the corner by the hearth.

At a nearby table, Shakespeare looks up from his ale.

WILL

Has not the boy a home to lay his head?

JULIET

'Tis a sad tale. Romeo's parents disowned him for daring to love a woman from the wrong family.

WILL

Hmmm.

He pulls out a quill pen and scribbles that down.

Taz takes a long pull from his flagon. Grimaces as he pulls stems and twigs from his teeth.

TAZ

Ugh.

(MORE)

TAZ (CONT'D)

Beer is supposed to have a head on it. Not a full wig and dandruff.  
(a sudden thought)  
Hey, Juliet. Can I borrow your scarf?

JULIET

I do not believe it will look as comely on you.

TAZ

But it will show I have taste!

He grabs an empty flagon. Covers it with the loosely knit cloth, then pours his ale through it.

Huge Horace stomps over.

HUGE HORACE

Ye are meant to be working! Not draining all me ale!

TAZ

(handing him the mug)  
Drink this.

HUGE HORACE

I 'ave no time fer...

TAZ

Please. Try it.

The big man scowls, then drains the flagon in one long gulp. Goes to pull them stems from his teeth, but...

HUGE HORACE

(stunned)  
What devilry is this?

TAZ

Not devilry. Technology!

He picks up the scarf covered with bits of hops and barley.

TAZ (CONT'D)

Filter out the hops and barley stems, and your customers will have a smoother tasting brew! And if we put loosely woven cloth near the spigot, we can strain your ale as you pour.

All the grimy customers shove their mugs toward Taz.

DRUNKARD #1

Do me!

DRUNKARD #2

Mine next!

HUGE HORACE

(impressed)

Ha! Yer a wizard, boy!

He slaps Taz on the back, nearly knocking him over.

TAZ

Thanks, ow...

All the other customers gather round, except one RUFFIAN who eyes Taz darkly.

INT. LABORATORY - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

Carter and the rest of Bridges' Bodyguards crowd around Sam.

CARTER

It's been two hours. Bring him back.

SAM

London's a big town. Even back then.  
We have to give him time to find  
Blaine and Taz.

CARTER

What if they're already dead?

SAM

Well, aren't you Mr. Sunshine?

CARTER

Bring him back now.

SAM

Not until he finds them and activates  
the chip.

CARTER

(menacingly)

Listen, lady..!

He crouches over Sam, but Oscar rushes to her defense by grabbing Carter's belt and pulling his pants down.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You stinking ape!

He throws a kick in Oscar's direction, but the chimp scuttles away. Carter pulls up his pants, angrily. Glares at Sam.



CARTER (CONT'D)

You better bring him back soon...

As he storms off, Sam gives a thumbs up sign to Oscar.

INT. "GROWLING INNARDS" PUB - DAY

Shakespeare is scribbling notes with his quill pen and ale.

TAZ

What are you writing, Mr.  
Shakespeare?

WILL

Please, do me the honor of addressing  
me as Will.

(sighs)

I am attempting to write a new play.  
I confess the muse has escaped me  
thus far, so I am using the story of  
Blaine and the fair Juliet as  
inspiration. Star crossed lovers  
from different worlds.

TAZ

Sounds cool. But maybe instead of  
different worlds, you like, have two  
families that hate each other?

WILL

Like the young Romeo's situation?

TAZ

Yeah. Only make it a real Family  
Feud. Not like the Steve Harvey  
game show. More like the Hatfields  
and the McCoys.

WILL

Your speech brims with befuddlement.

TAZ

And after the two lovebirds find  
each other, have your guy kill her  
cousin because he stabbed his best  
friend and turned him into worm food.

WILL

Hmmm. An interesting twist of fate.

(scribbling)

Stabbed you say? How does one spell  
that? Two 'B's or not two 'B's?

TAZ

Two B's. And you might want to write  
that line down too. It may come in  
handy in some other play...

WILL

(shaking his hand)  
Sir Taz, I do believe I have found  
my muse!

INT. LABORATORY - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

Carter and the Bodyguards loom over Sam. She whispers to Oscar.

SAM

I need to get these guys off my back,  
or they'll make me bring Bridges  
back before he finds Blaine and Taz...

Oscar extends his paw. Shows her Blaine's prescription bottle  
of sleeping pills.

SAM (CONT'D)

(smiles)  
I could seriously grow to love you,  
monkey man.

Oscar starts to reach for her butt. She swats him away.

SAM (CONT'D)

Not that way!

INT. LABORATORY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Oscar dumps the entire bottle of pills into the coffee pot.  
Carter enters.

CARTER

Get your filthy paws away from our  
coffee!

Oscar scampers away to avoid another kick. Carter scowls  
then pours himself a cup, as the rest of Bridges' men enter.

CARTER (CONT'D)

You better caffeine up. We'll give  
it until sunrise, then force the  
brainy dame to bring back Bridges.

DARK SUITED MAN #2

You got it, boss.

They each pour a full mug of the dosed coffee.

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carter and the others enter, sipping their coffee.

CARTER  
Fresh pot. You want some?

SAM  
I'm good.

Oscar secretly gives her a thumbs up. Sam smiles and pats his butt.

CARTER  
(shaking his head)  
Scientists are weird...

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Juliet and Blaine look up at the stars.

BLAINE  
(yawning)  
I don't know how you do it. Work the farm all day, then the pub until closing time.

JULIET  
Is it so different in your land?

BLAINE  
Most people in my world do an eight hour day sitting on their butts. Then watch Netflix or Hulu the rest of the night.

JULIET  
Netflix and Hulu? Your language makes me smile.

BLAINE  
(suddenly serious)  
You...make me smile.  
(grabs her hand)  
Juliet...I don't know if I will ever find my way back. But if that door opens again...I'm not sure I would want to leave you. I'm not sure I...

She places a gentle finger on his lips.

JULIET  
Shhh. Dearest Blaine.  
(MORE)

JULIET (CONT'D)

You torment yourself so with fears of what may happened or what has already transpired. In that way, you squander the very moments we are sharing.

BLAINE

You're right. You're absolutely right. Ever since I was a kid, I've been so obsessed with time, and the possibility of...

She hushes him with her own lips. He melts into her arms. After a long moment, they draw apart to catch their breath.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Why couldn't you have been born five hundred years later?

She kisses him again.

INT. BARN - LATER

Blaine opens the creaking door. Taz sits up on his hay bale.

TAZ

You're playing with fire.

(frowns)

You were the one that said we needed to keep a low profile.

BLAINE

I know...

TAZ

That we couldn't get too involved or something bad would happen.

BLAINE

I know.

TAZ

That we could die. Or she could!

BLAINE

Don't you think I know how screwed up this is?! I finally find a woman I can love, and there's no way I can have her, because she died five centuries before I was born! And...and even if Sam finds a way to get us back to our own time, there's no way to take Juliet back with us.

(MORE)

BLAINE (CONT'D)

I'll have to leave her behind...no explanation...no goodbye...

(collapses)

I thought I was doing something wonderful with time travel. But it only shoves in my face something I can never have...

TAZ

What's that?

BLAINE

Happiness...

(stands)

Now, if you'll excuse me...I'm going to try to steal one more kiss before history kicks my heart in.

He pulls open the creaky barn door. Exits into the night.

TAZ

(to himself)

Playing with fire, bro. You're playing with fire...

CUT TO:

BURNING TORCH

Touching a pile of hay. Setting it ablaze.

EXT. "GROWLING INNARDS" PUB - NIGHT

Gunther, the man beaten by both Blaine and Juliet, looks around for witnesses, as the Pub erupts in flames.

EXT. FARM - NIGHT

Blaine paces, as Juliet approaches.

JULIET

Sleep does not fall easily on a wounded heart.

BLAINE

How can you be so poetic and spend your life as a barmaid?

JULIET

How can you assume a barmaid would not have a heart that yearns? Or a mind to put that ache into words?

BLAINE  
I'm sorry. It's just that... It's...

JULIET  
You are leaving.

BLAINE  
I don't want to. Believe me.

JULIET  
And all your words of love were empty promises?

BLAINE  
No. I just...I'm afraid I will hurt you if I stay.

JULIET  
Better to injure me by leaving?  
What a kind soul you are.

BLAINE  
You don't understand.

JULIET  
Because I am a barmaid with little mind for complex thought.

BLAINE  
No. Because you are the woman of my dreams! My soulmate! The one I was meant to find! And just when I finally have you in my life...

JULIET  
Fire...

BLAINE  
Yes, that too, but...

JULIET  
(pointing)  
Fire! Off in the distance!

Blaine turns to see flames shooting into the night sky. Juliet runs to her cottage. Blaine runs to the barn.

JULIET (CONT'D)  
Father! There is a fire in the town!

BLAINE  
Taz! Get up! It's an emergency!

Huge Horace & Taz stumble out, wiping sleep from their eyes.

HUGE HORACE  
Looks like the Pub!

JULIET  
Noooo!

And the four dash off into the night.

EXT. "GROWLING INNARDS" PUB - MOMENTS LATER

The thatch roof is all ablaze. Juliet and the others push their way through the crowd that has gathered.

JULIET  
Romeo! He sleeps inside!

She runs toward the burning building.

BLAINE  
Juliet! No!

She does not hesitate. Dodges a fiery beam and disappears inside the flaming structure. Huge Horace takes off after her, as does Blaine.

TAZ  
It's too late!

But Blaine's heart will not let him stand by and watch his love die in flames. He too disappears into the burning pub.

Almost immediately, the roof crashes in. The crowd GROANS, then is hushed into silence.

For a long moment, only the crackle of flames is heard.

And then...

Huge Horace emerges, covered in ash and smoke. A lifeless Romeo slung over his shoulder. The crowd CHEERS. Except Taz.

Another tense moment, before Blaine stumbles out. Tears tracing soot tracks down his cheeks.

A deathly silent Juliet in his arms.

Huge Horace lays Romeo on the ground. Blaine bends to lay Juliet beside him.

TAZ (CONT'D)  
Is she..? Are they..?

Romeo COUGHS and SPUTTERS. But Juliet does not.

DRUNKARD #2

Poor lass. She 'as gone to meet 'er  
maker...

Huge Horace lets out a loud, desperate WAIL that only a father  
could understand. Blaine stares at his lifeless love, stunned.

TAZ

I'm...I'm so sorry, Blaine...

BLAINE

No... It can't end this way...

TAZ

You always knew it would.

BLAINE

(raging)

I said NO!!

And with wild desperation, he bends and starts to do CPR on  
Juliet's body. The anguished crowd is frightened by his  
madness. Blaine weeps as he compresses her chest. Shakespeare  
alone has the heart to speak.

WILL

(gently)

Juliet is beyond this vial of life...

BLAINE

(sobbing)

It isn't fair... I found you... You  
can't leave me..!

He bends to give her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Stares  
hopelessly at her soot-covered face.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Please, don't leave me...

He touches his mouth to hers one last time, and suddenly...

She GASPS with a huge breath of air! Her eyes flutter open.

JULIET

...Romeo..?

BLAINE

He's alive. You saved him.

JULIET

And you...saved me..?

BLAINE

I couldn't let you leave me...



He wraps her in his trembling arms.

WILL  
'tis a miracle!

DRUNKARD #2  
'e brought Juliet back from the dead!

And though Blaine and Juliet hug with tears of joy, the rest of the crowd begin to step back in fear.

DRUNKARD #1  
...Back from the dead...

DRUNKARD #2  
It ain't natural...

OLD WOMAN  
'e's a witch to 'ave such powers!

DRUNKARD #1  
Yes! A witch! I seen it myself!

DRUNKARD #2  
And she must be a demon spirit pulled back from the grave!

TAZ  
Are you crazy? He just gave her CPR!

DRUNKARD #1  
And you must be a witch too! What with yer odd clothes and fancy ale!

TAZ  
(laughs)  
Yeah. Witches make good beer. Right.

OLD WOMAN  
'e admits to bein' a witch!

TAZ  
Sarcasm. Don't you people get sarcasm? Facetiousness? Hello?

RUFFIAN  
I 'eard 'im say 'e would sell his soul fer a chowder!

TAZ  
A shower. I said I'd sell my soul for a shower!

OLD WOMAN

'e confesses again! Witches they be!  
Demons among us!

The crowd starts to grab and pull at Taz, Blaine and Juliet.

WILL

This is madness! They did nothing  
more than rescue these poor souls  
from a fiery end!

RUFFIAN

Poor souls, indeed!

DRUNKARD #2

Lost souls, more like it!

HUGE HORACE

(facing the crowd)

Leave yer hands off my daughter! Or  
ye'll answer to me!

OLD WOMAN

What if she's not yer daughter  
anymore. Yer daughter died in the  
fire. This is a spirit. Mayhaps an  
evil one.

DRUNKARD #2

You saw 'er dead yourself, afore  
this witch kissed life back into 'er  
corpse!

RUFFIAN

And under the waning moon!

Even Huge Horace hesitates, a creature of his time.

DRUNKARD #1

(pointing to Taz)

And I 'eard yerself call this one a  
wizard fer bewitchin' your ale!

TAZ

I just filtered out the crap! For  
Christ's sake! You can't all be that  
stupid!

OLD WOMAN

Y'see! 'e takes the Lord's name in  
vain! 'e's a witch fer sure!

DRUNKARD #1

They all are!

WILL  
Stop this madness at once!

OLD WOMAN  
Watch thy words, writer. Or we'll  
believe you a conjurer too!

And the screaming crowd drags Blaine, Taz and Juliet away through the darkened London streets.

A short distance away, Bridges - now in period clothes - watches the tail end of the angry mob push past.

BRIDGES  
What is going on there?

LILA  
Nothin' to trouble yerself with, yer  
Lordship. Just three more witches  
to meet the 'angman on the morrow.

BRIDGES  
How sad.  
(shrugs)  
But I suppose it is no concern of  
mine...

INT. LABORATORY - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

Sam tiptoes through the silent lab, until she sees...

BRIDGES HENCHMEN

Asleep on the floor. Oscar is wearing one of their ties.

SAM  
Looks good on you. Help me drag  
them into the containment room.

Together, Oscar and Sam start dragging the sleeping men off.

INT. LABORATORY CAGE ROOM - HOURS LATER

Oscar is throwing peanuts at the sleeping men, stacked on top of each other. Carter gets smacked in the eye and wakes.

CARTER  
Huh..? Wha..?

SAM  
Morning, Sunshine!

CARTER  
Let me out of here!

He steps on the face of another sleeping bodyguard. Rattles the cage bars.

SAM

I wonder what Bridges will say when he finds out his over-priced security detail was outsmarted by an ape.

Oscar gives her a high five.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now if you gentlemen will excuse me, I've got people to save.

She and Oscar strut off to the Control Room.

CARTER

Get us out of here!!!

DARK SUITED MAN #2

Unh... Who's stepping on my..?

CARTER

Wake up, you idiot!

INT. LONDON JAIL - MORNING

Blaine, Taz and Juliet sit in a crowded dank dungeon. A DRUNKEN PEASANT is sprawled out on the dirt floor beside them.

TAZ

Well, this sure ain't how I expected to go out. Hung as a witch before I got to cash in my 401k.

BLAINE

I'm sorry I got you into this, Taz.

TAZ

What? The accidental 'sucked back in time' part? Or the 'hangman's noose around my throat until my face turns purple' part?

BLAINE

Both, actually.

JULIET

You would not be condemned as witches if you had just let me die.

BLAINE

How could I do that? Knowing I was able to save you?

JULIET

There must be so many wondrous things  
in your land, if you are able to  
conquer even death.

TAZ

Trust me. We won't be able to conquer  
death this time.

JULIET

Then if I must die, let me face that  
dark journey standing beside my true  
love.

TAZ

Oh, great. He gets a girlfriend on  
the gallows, and all I get is...

The Drunken Peasant stirs, revealing himself to be...

TAZ (CONT'D)

...Gunther, the arsonist!

GUNTHER

I didn't do it!

TAZ

Word of advice, moron. If you commit  
a crime, it's usually best not to  
get drunk right afterwards and brag  
about it to the Sheriff.

GUNTHER

'at's sound advice, I suppose...

TAZ

Someone's coming. Is it the hangman  
already?

A Dark Figure emerges from the shadowy corridor. It is...

JULIET

Will!

BLAINE

Mr. Shakespeare, it's good to see  
you!

WILL

Would that I had better tidings to  
bear. But superstition runs deep in  
Londontown. And witches are blamed  
for every ill wind that blows.

BLAINE

Will there be a trial at least?

GUNTHER

Not fer witches.

(burps)

An' blabbermouth fire-setters, it seems...

WILL

I am afraid that is true. Would that I was able to alter fate.

BLAINE

I was a fool to think I could.

WILL

So the star-crossed lovers must come to a bitter end.

Blaine grabs Juliet's hand. Their eyes say it all.

TAZ

Will, buddy. Do me one more thing. Keep writing. You're gonna make it one day.

WILL

How can you be so sure?

TAZ

Because of this...

Taz pulls off his tunic to reveal his 'Shakespeare in the Park' T-shirt, bearing Will's face.

WILL

That is my visage you bear! Surely you are great wizards!

TAZ

No. Just big-time fans.

WILL

If it is within my power, I will keep you all alive in prose. For the world must know the tale of 'Blaine and Juliet.'

BLAINE

Romeo. Romeo and Juliet. It has a better ring.

WILL

As you wish.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)  
 (turning)  
 I fear it is time to meet your fate...

The SHERIFF, FOUR HEAVILY ARMED SOLDIERS and a HOODED HANGMAN push Shakespeare aside.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 Die well, my friends.

TAZ  
 Uh, thanks.

BLAINE  
 (nervously)  
 Taz..?

TAZ  
 We got this, bro.

Blaine kisses Juliet's hand, as the cell door swings open.

BLAINE  
 (softly)  
 Yeah. We got this...

EXT. GALLOWS - DAY

The condemned prisoners are lined up under four hangmen's nooses. Gunther, Taz, Blaine and Juliet tremble before the Hooded Hangman, as an Armed Soldier binds their wrists behind their backs.

Blaine turns to Juliet, tears in his eyes.

BLAINE  
 Juliet...

JULIET  
 'tis our time to fly, beloved. Your world will be the last thing I see.

The Hooded Hangman places a noose around each of their necks.

TAZ  
 (voice cracking)  
 We got this, bro?

BLAINE  
 Yeah. Love you too.

The Hooded Hangman bends toward Blaine's ear.

HANGMAN

(whispers)

You know what gold buys you these days?

He presses a note, and something smaller into Blaine's hand.

HANGMAN (CONT'D)

(whispers)

...unlimited access...

He also presses a chip into Taz's hands. Even with the imposing black hood, Blaine recognizes the eyes of...

BLAINE

Mr. Bridges..?

Bridges hesitates, then places the third chip into Juliet's hand.

HANGMAN/BRIDGES

(whispers)

Give my regards to the Twenty-First Century...

He presses the top of Juliet's chip. And with a FLASH and SHIMMER OF LIGHT, Gunther stands alone beside three EMPTY NOOSES.

The crowd GASPS. David Bridges pulls off his Hangman's hood and shouts to the terrified spectators.

HANGMAN/BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Surely these three were witches and powerful wizards!

(whispers to Gunther)

But you're not one of them.

And he kicks the stool out from under Gunther's feet, leaving the ruffian dangling on his noose.

HANGMAN/BRIDGES (CONT'D)

Sucks for you.

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - THE PRESENT - NIGHT

Sam's monitors and computers SPARK TO LIFE. As three BLIPS appear on her screen.

SAM

Got them!



INT. QUANTUM PHASE MODULE - CONTINUOUS

The huge translucent tube erupts in SPARKS, LIGHTS and SMOKE. Three Figures begin to appear.

Sam runs in and throws open the glass door.

SAM  
You're back! You're...

She sees Juliet.

SAM (CONT'D)  
...not David Bridges...

BLAINE  
Sam, I want you to meet Juliet.

JULIET  
Am I dead? Am I dreaming? What is this place?

TAZ  
(to Sam)  
Hey, beautiful. You miss me?

SAM  
Surprisingly...kind of.

TAZ  
Like, really?

Oscar runs in. Leaps into Blaine's arms. Juliet cowers.

BLAINE  
Oscar, buddy!

JULIET  
Is that what people look like in your world?

BLAINE  
I forgot. You've probably never seen a chimpanzee before. Oscar, meet Juliet. Juliet, meet Oscar Wild.

JULIET  
I believe I must sit down...

INT. LABORATORY CAGE ROOM - LATER

Bridges' men still behind bars.

JULIET  
 (confused)  
 So you cage men but let this monkey  
 creature run free?

SAM  
 He's way smarter.

TAZ  
 Smells better too.

CARTER  
 How do I know you didn't kill Mr.  
 Bridges? Or leave him behind so you  
 could take the dame?

BLAINE  
 Bridges gave me this note when he  
 was about to hang us.

SAM  
 He was about to HANG you?!

TAZ  
 Long story. I'll tell you over pizza  
 and Prosecco.

Blaine hands Carter the note.

SAM  
 What's it say?

CARTER  
 (reading)  
 "Stand down. This is my legacy."

SAM  
 His legacy?

CARTER  
 You need to get me on to Wikipedia.  
 Fast!

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carter, Blaine, Taz, Juliet and all of Bridges' men crowd  
 around Sam's computer.

JULIET  
 What is this magic box?

BLAINE  
 An apple.

JULIET  
Fruit grows strangely in your world...

CARTER  
(to Sam)  
Type in David Bridgestone.

SAM  
David Bridgestone?

CARTER  
It's the name he said he'd use if he  
ever got stranded back there.

Sam types it in.

SAM  
Oh, my God...

COMPUTER SCREEN

With a whole Wikipedia page devoted to...

SAM (CONT'D)  
(reading)  
Sir David Bridgestone...Exchequer of  
London. Fifteen Ninety-Two to Sixteen-  
Oh-Three.

TAZ  
What's an exchequer?

BLAINE  
A treasurer. Looks like he got to  
use his business skills after all.

SAM  
(reading)  
Knighted by Queen Elizabeth the First  
for service to the realm. Rumored  
to have invented...

CARTER  
(reading)  
...Rumored to have invented early  
prototypes of advanced technology.  
But all his inventions were destroyed  
in the Great Gloucestershire Flood  
of Sixteen-Oh-Seven, which also  
claimed his life.

SAM  
I'm sorry, Carter.

CARTER

Don't be. The boss got to start all over again and make a new mark on history.

BLAINE

It took a massive flood to make sure he didn't change the past too much.

CARTER

It's the way he would have wanted to go. Riding the wave in a legendary flood.

(to the other men)

Let's get back to Nova Industries and see what paperwork Mr. Bridges left behind.

DARK SUITED MAN #1

Yes, sir.

Carter and the rest of Bridges Dark Suited Men file out with military precision. Juliet collapses on the floor.

BLAINE

Juliet, are you all right?!

JULIET

Your world...there are so many wonders here... What if I am not able to grasp it all?

BLAINE

You will. It'll just take a little time.

(kisses her hand)

And time is what we finally have to share together.

JULIET

You said the past could not be changed?

BLAINE

It can't. But the future hasn't been written yet.

JULIET

Then let us write it together, my love.

They kiss. Sam and Taz watching them.

TAZ

Get a room, you two.

JULIET

Are we in need of one so soon?

TAZ

(to Sam)

So now that you saved history and rescued all our butts, what's goin' on with you, girlfriend?

SAM

I don't know. Pizza and Presecco?

TAZ

(kissing her hand)

Your wish is my command, dear lady!

SAM

Whoa! Looks like someone picked up some fancy manners in Jolly Olde England!

TAZ

As I was saying to Will Shakespeare...

SAM

You met Shakespeare?!

TAZ

Met him? He called me his muse!

And the four turn off the lights and walk off into their future.

While in the now darkened room, Oscar the chimp plays with the control panel and sets the dial for the year 44 BC.

The destination reads: Ancient Rome! A new adventure begins!

FADE OUT:

THE END