

7 Rooms

by

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EXT. FIELD - DAY

A vast, open area of grass surrounded by mountains in the distance. THOMAS REED, 35, the bold vision-to-decision type, exits his 1942 Buick and walks ten feet ahead.

He stops, cleans his speckled glasses, looks around and smiles. MARY REED, 34, content to nurture, steps to his side.

THOMAS REED
We're home, Mary.

Mary smiles and puts her head on his shoulder. He hugs her.

TITLE: REED MANOR. 1942.

MONTAGE - IN RAPID MOTION.

- The sun rises as construction crews erect a mansion.
- A pregnant Mary hands Thomas water as he directs builders.
- Sunsets over a built mansion. Gates form the perimeter.
- Mary hold a baby boy, who becomes a teen, then an adult.
- Communities pop up around Reed Manor.
- Winters turn to Spring, that give way to Summer and Fall.
- Years, decades, fashions pass. 1948, 1958, 1968, 1978, etc.

END MONTAGE

EXT. REED MANOR - CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY - DAY

A taxi stops in front of the aged mansion. ARTHUR REED, 65, always alone in a crowded room, steps out. The taxi leaves.

TITLE: 2005

Arthur removes a photo of himself, 55 and MILDRED REED, 55 in it, from his jacket pocket. He looks up at the mansion.

ARTHUR
We're home, Mildred. I promise to
make this painless as possible.

Arthur takes a step and trips over a large rock. He falls flat on his face and is knocked unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. REED MANOR - CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY - DAY

SATELLITE SAL (O.S)
Sir? Sir, are you all right?

Arthur opens his eyes and squints at SATELLITE SAL, 28, as quirky as the all-white uniform he wears. Arthur wobbly rises and fingers a bloody abrasion on his forehead.

ARTHUR
Yes. I'm clumsy at times. My home has its share of bumps in the road.

SATELLITE SAL
No worries. I've fallen off that ladder once too many times.

Arthur looks at the ladder on the Surreal Satellite van behind the worker. Before he can ask, he's handed a pamphlet.

SATELLITE SAL
You're all set! Enjoy 755 channels of entertainment and fantasy!

Arthur looks at the pamphlet while Sal gets in his truck.

ARTHUR
Wait, who ordered satellite TV?

Sal glances at his phone, then upward to the darkening sky.

SATELLITE SAL
I think it said it was pre-paid, but my signal's gone. Looks like the weather has me on hold. I can call you later, sir.

Sal screeches away before Arthur can respond. The dirt and gravel kick up a dust storm that Arthur coughs on.

He waves it clear and sees KANO, 75, still deliberate in mind and body, standing on the porch step. Rain begins to fall. Arthur smiles at Kano.

KANO
Welcome home, Arthur!

The two senior citizens embrace before they enter the house.

INT. REED MANOR - FOYER - DAY

Decor of value, not updated since the 1980s. Kano removes his coat and catches his reflection in the mirror. He wipes the rain from his left eye patch. Arthur lowers his glance.

KANO

No, Arthur, I did not order the satellite TV. I thought the worker said a 'Mister Reed'. Though, now I think perhaps he said a **mys-tery**?

Arthur pauses in step before he continues on.

INT. REED MANOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arthur studies the room. Kano lights the fireplace.

KANO

When I phoned Springwood and they mentioned you had left, I assumed you wanted the satellite installed. You should have let me know you were coming home. Is everything OK?

Arthur eases into the leather armchair and smiles. It fades.

ARTHUR

Their care is sufficient. I just missed ... my home.

KANO

It has been ten years, Arthur. I wish you had let my visits continue. As time went on, you would not...

ARTHUR

After my fall, the hip ... it took a long time to heal. And since Mildred passed-- after a while, I just didn't want you to ... It's good to see you, old friend.

Kano nods. He studies Arthur's face and body shift.

KANO

And now since you have long recovered, you thought to surprise and return home for a visit?

KANO(cont'd)

That is nice. Your home has missed,
and waited for you.

Arthur glances around at the room; his eyes indicate concern.

ARTHUR

As always, you have taken good care
of it, my friend. My father's
greatest achievement was always
bringing you into our lives and our
home to tend to its needs.

Kano notices Arthur's tightened lip. He slightly bows.

KANO

How should we celebrate tomorrow?

ARTHUR

I think I've celebrated enough
birthdays, my friend.

KANO

Nonsense! 65 is a proud moment! Let
us do something special.

The fireplace's crackle gives Arthur a moment to reflect. He
raises his eyes to the mantle. It holds a photo of Mildred.

The one next to it is Mildred and JESSICA, 16. A dated photo
shows her Sweet Sixteen party. Arthur stares at it.

Kano is watching. Arthur grins.

ARTHUR

Sure. Let's discuss in the morning.

INT. REED MANOR - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Aged furniture void of dust. Arthur wears his pajamas and
watches an old TV with rabbit-ears antenna on top. The
REPORTER, 32, sits at a desk.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...and this storm continues to
punish the Southeast, despite no
signs of rain in the forecast.

Arthur lowers the volume and walks over to the dresser. He
lifts a framed photo of Mildred and himself. The photo shows
them hugging under a banner saying HAPPY 55th, ARTHUR!

Arthur smiles. He's ten years younger in the photo. A little thinner, a little more hair. He looks in the dresser mirror and frowns. The contusion on his forehead is purplish.

ARTHUR

Ten years, Mildred. It feels longer. If it had all gone differently, I think you would still be here. But don't worry...

He carries the frame to the bed. He sits and places an envelope addressed TO KANO next to him. With a kiss of the photo, Arthur looks upward.

ARTHUR (cont'd)

I'm coming, dear.

Arthur opens a drug vial and swallows pills. A lot. He gulps a cup of water and peacefully lays down. His eyes shut.

With increasing frequency, rain and thunder wail. A loud bang against the outside of the bedroom wall forces his eyes open.

ARTHUR

(sighs)

Really? I just need some time to--

The bangs gets quicker; louder, until it forces Arthur to angrily rise and trudge to the window. He hoists it open and squints out through the pelting rain.

A coaxial cable violently slaps against the side of the shingles. Arthur reaches, but its inches from his fingertips.

His eyes follow the cable up to the roof. It's connected to a huge satellite dish that hovers above the mansion.

The storm forces his retreat back inside. His eyes follow the cable through the wall and on the floor to the TV.

He's about to yank it out of the wall when the TV suddenly turns to loud static. Arthur sighs. His finger is about to hit the power button on the TV when loud thunder booms.

EXT. REED MANOR - ROOF - NIGHT

Atop the sprawling mansion, the massive satellite dish is struck by lightning. It lights up the steel structure with a green glow that shoots into its coaxial cable junction box.

BACK TO MASTER BEDROOM

Arthur's finger touches the TV power button just as the green glow of electricity traverses the cable into the TV. The crackle from the screen thrusts Arthur back into the wall.

He lays there for what seems like a moment; unsure if it is.

When he staggers upward, he hears the shower running from the Master bathroom.

Arthur walks into...

INT. REED MANOR - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

...a foggy bathroom.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
My shower is on, but I didn't
shower. What was the point? A clean
corpse? Maybe Kano came in and was
running it for--

The water stops as the shower curtain pulls open from inside.

ARTHUR
Oh, my dear Lord!

Mildred curiously tilts her head. She wraps a towel around herself and steps out toward her vanity mirror.

MILDRED
Yes? I told you I was coming up to
take a shower when we finished
dinner. Is everything okay?

ARTHUR (V.O.)
This isn't real. It can't be.

Arthur stutters to speak.

ARTHUR
What? I... no. My head is bleed...

He stares in the vanity mirror. He's ten years younger, slimmer. Dressed in slacks and a buttoned shirt.

He touches his forehead, now void of the contusion. Mildred brushes her hair and furrows her brow.

MILDRED
Did your birthday dinner not go
down well?

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Dinner? What the heck did we eat
ten years ago?

MILDRED
Arthur Reed, stop playing games!
Oh, oh, wait. I'm sorry, I forgot.
I said I left your card up here.
It's right behind you, dear.

Arthur turns and raises the birthday card from the marble counter. It says *Happy 55th Birthday, Honey!*

The Hallmark card's date: Jan 6 1995. Ten years earlier.
Arthur drops the card and sputters back into...

BACK TO MASTER BEDROOM

... the room and the bed post. He lifts the frame. It still shows Arthur and Mildred. Thunder crackles.

Arthur drops it from his hand and rushes back into...

BACK TO MASTER BATHROOM

...the room and sees Mildred grimace before she walks toward the doorway to the Hall.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Did she just say something?

MILDRED
I thought that card was funny. Let
me grab your gift--

Her words abruptly end as she fades into the dark hallway.
Arthur looks at his younger self in the mirror. She returns.

MILDRED
--wasn't in my closet, but I think
I left it in your office.

Mildred stares at Arthur, who's deep in thought.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
I get it. The pills. They worked.

Arthur smiles. Not to Mildred, but himself.

ARTHUR
I've passed, Mildred.

MILDRED

(beat)

This is not funny, dear.

Arthur gently fingers the vanity wood.

ARTHUR

I fell and broke my hip on this table a few days after you passed. Kano had it out by the curb the next morning in pieces as I went to the hospital. Yet, here it is. If this is heaven, I wish I'd have been a little less frumpy.

Mildred stares at him. Her silence breaks with laughter.

MILDRED

OK, right. You just want to mess with me because I said you now should eat healthier. I got it. Let me grab your gift.

Mildred heads toward the Hall. Arthur quickly follows.

ARTHUR

Mildred, wait.

MILDRED

Patience, Arthur. Just give me--

A few feet behind, Arthur's pursuit through the door arch and across the door's threshold halts once his first step hits...

INT. REED MANOR - UPSTAIRS WRAP-AROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

...the dark hallway. Arthur stands alone. Thunder and lightning break the silence. Arthur braces against the railing. He touches his forehead. His contusion is back.

He's also back in his pajamas. Across the stairwell, Kano peeks out of his bedroom door. Arthur ducks into...

INT. REED MANOR - OFFICE - NIGHT

...a face full of a leather baseball glove. TEEN ARTHUR, 15, raises his hand to his closed eyes to shield anything more.

TEEN ARTHUR (V.O.)

Oww! What the...

He bends and picks the glove up and smells the shiny oil on it. His reflection in the wall mirror; a teenager dressed in dungaree shorts, a tee shirt and baseball cap. He's the cliché poster child for vintage 1950 TV shows.

FRED REED, 17, perpetually irked by the pressures of a first born son, rolls his eyes. Teen Arthur gawks at Fred, who looks every bit the gangly teenager of the time. Denim jeans with the white ankle tube socks and a tight striped shirt.

FRED

Oh stop, you're fine. Don't make
Mom think you're hurt! I told you
it wasn't in the living room, doof.

Teen Arthur's glance around the room buckles his knees. A wooden desk stacked with high school books and homework.

A small black and white TV. Posters of Hollywood starlets. Marilyn, Jayne Mansfield and Annette Funicello. A new comic book that would be a classic in Arthur's old, current age.

The window is open and it's a sunny, clear, crisp day. Fred turns away toward the dresser mirror and combs his thick, greasy hair into a D.A.

TEEN ARTHUR

Fred? My God. Look at you. You're
so young. You're hair...

FRED

What? And yeah, like James Dean.

TEEN ARTHUR

Just. Wow. I mean, when it started
to recede by the time you were
twenty, we all felt--

Fred angrily turns and throws the Mr. Potato-Head on the dresser. Teen Arthur braces at it hits his body and scatters.

FRED

My hair is awesome! No jokes!

TEEN ARTHUR (V.O.)

He really would be balding by 25.

Fred flips back to his hair. The transistor radio on the desk plays "Mr. Sandman" by the Chordettes. Teen Arthur touches his young face. Fred walks toward the door.

FRED

Eww, what are you doing? Touching yourself? Freak. Let's go, we can have a quick catch before mom has your birthday dinner on the table.

TEEN ARTHUR

What game? My birthday?

Teen Arthur glances at the pinned calendar on the wall. 1955. January 6 is circled in red. Fred is a step from the doorway.

TEEN ARTHUR (V.O.)

15? My God, I feel wonderful.

FRED

Let's go! Before it gets any darker. And don't expect a gift from me. Turning 15 is no big...

Arthur flexes in the mirror and smiles; until he realizes.

TEEN ARTHUR

Wait!

He turns and chases Fred through the doorway, but...

BACK TO WRAP-AROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

...Fred is gone. The rain is relentless against the skylight. Arthur is back to his older self. He spits blood on the floor. He reenters the...

BACK TO ARTHUR'S ROOM - DAY

...past, rejuvenated by the feel of his 15 year-old body. He notices the sunlight through the open window. He looks out and sees his father's car park in the circular driveway.

TEEN ARTHUR

My God. Dad.

Teen Arthur smiles and leans out the window...

EXT. REED MANOR - WINDOW OF ARTHUR'S ROOM - NIGHT

... where the storm soaks his aged body. Arthur looks up and sees the Satellite dish on the roof and the cable that runs into this room. He thrusts backward to...

BACK TO ARTHUR'S ROOM - DAY

...the room of 1955. Teen Arthur falls to the floor. He rises and looks out the window, just missing his father enter the house. He slumps back down and stares in the wall mirror.

TEEN ARTHUR (V.O.)
Well, kid. If we're not dead, we
need to figure this out. Quickly.

Teen Arthur rises. He turns on the TV and the Mickey Mouse Club show plays in black and white. He shakes his head.

TEEN ARTHUR
Oh how I miss you, Annette.

He looks ahead out his bedroom door. It's bright from the sun through the hallway's skylight. He sighs and exits into...

BACK TO UPSTAIRS WRAP-AROUND HALLWAY

...pitch darkness. Thunder and a crackle of lightning illuminates the hallway. Kano is right in Arthur's face.

ARTHUR
Kano! Jesus!

Arthur braces his body on the rail and grabs at his heart. Kano holds up his glass of wine.

KANO
No, Arthur. I cannot turn water to
wine. But I can clean it up well.
(beat)
Why were you in the storage room?

Arthur looks back and flips the light switch on the outside wall to his old room. From his vantage point, all he sees are boxes and bags. He flips it off and turns to Kano.

ARTHUR
Catching up on the past.

KANO
Well, I -- Arthur? You're bleeding.

Arthur touches his contusion. Kano takes him by the arm.

KANO
Come, sit down in my room and I
will tend to it.

Kano leads him across the hall. Arthur peers at other rooms.

ARTHUR

No, I'm fine. Really. I just...

Kano releases him to open his door. Arthur follows Kano in...

INT. REED MANOR - KANO'S ROOM - NIGHT

...to see the back of KANO 35, 35. Kano spins surprised.

KANO 35

Arthur! Where did you come from?

ARTHUR 25, 25, freezes his motion and stares in Kano 35's eyes. Both eyes. Arthur 25 looks in the dresser mirror. There it is. Arthur's long hair, sideburns, plaid shirt and green pants. His jawline was firm; body form still fit.

ARTHUR 25

Uh, I just stepped out of the guest bathroom and wanted to chat.

Kano 35 squints toward his door. His words are deliberate.

KANO 35

The guest bath? All right. What may I help you with?

Arthur looks around. He smiles when he sees the television.

ARTHUR 25

Uh, can you put on the TV? I want to show you something.

Kano 35 speaks volumes in his silence. He reaches down and clicks the TV's metal dial. It turns on. Kano 35 frowns.

KANO 35

Look at them. They just scream and call it singing. Then the girls scream for these... bugs.

Arthur 25 sees a TV Guide on the TV's metal stand. Just like on the tube, the Fab Four are on the cover. He laughs.

ARTHUR 25

Beatles, Kano. The Beatles.

Kano 35 shakes his head. His black hair flows side to side.

ARTHUR 25 (V.O.)
 John, Paul; all four of them. Still
 clean-cut with their shaggy hair
 and matching black suits. This
 juncture, the first time around,
 was a marvelous time in my life. It
 was 1965. I was 25 years old.

Kano 35 turns from the strange singers to pose his question.

KANO 35
 Is this what you came to show? This
 is of importance? Especially today.

Arthur 25 looks at the TV Guide's date.

ARTHUR 25 (V.O.)
 My birthday. Of course!

Arthur 25 does a double look out into the sunny hallway.

ARTHUR 25
 Oh, no...

Through the arch, Arthur 25 sees JESSICA, 5, walk past the doorway. She gently strolls with her hand along the bannister before she swiftly heads down the steps.

ARTHUR 25
 Jessica!

Kano 35 turns his head just as Arthur 25 starts to leave.

KANO 35
 Arthur, Wait. Is she OK? Let me
 help you--

ARTHUR 25
 --No! You can't follow me...

Arthur 25 feigns accidentally knocking over Kano 35's jar of pennies from his dresser. They go everywhere. Kano 35 drops to his knees in an attempt to corral the bouncing coins.

KANO 35
 Aiii!

ARTHUR 25
 Sorry!

Arthur 25 closes the door behind him as he crosses the threshold back into the hall and...

BACK TO UPSTAIRS WRAP-AROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

....the thunder roars. The hallway is dark and empty. Arthur grabs the bannister and braces his back as his blood drips. Jessica is nowhere seen.

ARTHUR
Jessica! My sweet baby...

Arthur coughs hard; takes a deep breath to compose himself.

ARTHUR
Get a hold of yourself, old man. If
I'm not dead, and these time jumps
are somehow real, this old body
isn't handling the shifts well.

He straightens and uses the wall as a guide to step in the...

INT. REED MANOR - GUEST BATHROOM - NIGHT

...room. It's dark. Arthur flips on the light and stares into the mirror above the sink.

ARTHUR
What the...

Arthur remains old. And bleeding. He yanks a tissue out of the box on top of the toilet and pats his head.

ARTHUR
So, the plot thickens.

He vomits into the sink, seeing remnants of the pills.

KANO
Arthur?

Kano stands in the doorway. Arthur washes his mouth.

KANO
You disappeared. Now I see why. So
you are ill? Was my dinner--

ARTHUR
No, of course not. I've had a
little bit of a stomach bug. Your
soufflé was delicious. As always.

Kano reads some level of truth on Arthur's face. They exit...

BACK TO UPSTAIRS WRAP-AROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

... into the shadows from the skylight. Kano flips the hallway light switch but nothing happens.

KANO
It seems the bulb is out. Or the
fuse. I will grab my flashlight.

Kano enters his room. Arthur scans the perimeter of the wrap-around stairway. He coughs blood into his tissue.

KANO
You do not have long.

ARTHUR
(turns)
What?

Kano shines his flashlight up at his own face. He looks like a Jack-O-Lantern. Arthur hides the blood.

KANO
Until the diarrhea starts. You know
how you get after you vomit. Tea.

Kano moves toward the stairway. Arthur's a few steps behind.

ARTHUR
It seems I am a ticking time bomb.

KANO
Come, Arthur. I will make the tea.

Kano walks down the large staircase. His light points down at the steps. Arthur sees Kano descend until the light is gone.

ARTHUR
Kano?

Arthur sighs. He takes a deep breath and walks down into...

INT. REED MANOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...the bright open area near the bottom of the steps. The room is filled with people. Everyone is occupied in their own conversations and do not notice Arthur 35, 35, among them.

Arthur 35's view in the coat rack mirror provides guidance. His hair is fuller, slightly messed, with patches of gray scattered from his sideburns.

He rubs his goatee as he stares in the mirror and runs his hands against his snug blue suit vest.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
Not bad. Not as good as 25, but--

LAURA (O.S.)
Laura. Laura Turbon from town.

Arthur turns, not recognizing the woman. LAURA, 38, oblivious in reading a room, has her hand out and sympathy eye on. Arthur shakes her hand and smiles.

ARTHUR 35
Yes. Yes, Laura! Long time. Long.

She's confused by his reaction, though she pushes past it.

LAURA
How are you? That's my concern.

Her stare tinges with a sense of sadness. Arthur surveys the room while he tries to remain focused on her question.

ARTHUR
I'm..uh, fine. I'm doing fine.
Please excuse me for a minute.

Arthur walks away as Laura still speaks, but he hears none of it. A few of the children, dressed in their Sunday best, watch television across the room. Arthur moves closer.

The newscaster's voice became clearer with each step.

ON THE TV

An older NEWSCASTER, 60, sits in his anchor chair.

NEWSCASTER
And that's the recap; stay tuned
for a brand new game show, debuting
here on NBC.

The game show's familiar musical introduction accompanies the simple graphics flashing across the screen.

ARTHUR 35
Wheel of Fortune! New? Get out!

A PLUMP KID, 10, removes his gaze from the TV to Arthur 35.

PLUMP KID
It brand new, Mister. See.

The Plump kid hands him the TV Guide from the top of the wooden television console. Arthur 35 absorbs the dates.

ARTHUR 35
Jan 1-7, 1975. My 35th birthday.

PLUMP KID
Oh, man. What a bad day for it to be your birthday.

LAURA (O.S.)
Show some respect!

Laura reaches across Arthur to shut off the console. She yanks the Plump Boy by his ear.

LAURA
I'm so sorry, Arthur. He will not ruin your service for her.

Arthur 35 squints as if he suddenly senses something. He turns; drawn through the crowd to the far side of the room.

Each step through the open area leads to more sympathetic gazes from the crowd as they part to keep his path clear.

Arthur 35 briskly walks into the back row of folding chairs filled with people. He grasps the wooden seat with two hands.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
Oh no. Dear God, no. No!

Arthur 35 trudges toward the front row of seats as if he's sleepwalking. He finally stops in front of the casket.

The soft sobs of a few mourners become evident as Arthur 35 gazes at the surrounding flowers. In the casket peacefully rests JESSICA, 16. Arthur 35 leans and hovers above her hand.

Memories flood Arthur 35's fractured mind.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Arthur holds baby Jessica in the hospital.
- Arthur teaches Jessica, 5, to ride a bicycle.
- Arthur, Mildred and Jessica, 8, roast marshmallows.
- Arthur hears Mildred scream and runs out the front door.

END MONTAGE

Arthur 35 hand touches Jessica's fingers. He sobs. A hand touches his shoulder.

FRED 37 (O.S.)
She looks beautiful, Art.

Arthur 35 turns and gazes into his brother's eyes. Middle-aged and bald with black-rimmed glasses, FRED 37, 37, another jolt to Arthur 35's senses. Yet, he adjusts quicker.

ARTHUR 35
She does, Fred. Absolutely
beautiful. Just like Mildred looked
when we first met.

Arthur 35's mind drifts; evident by his internal smile, until it quickly dissipates. He seizes Fred by the shoulder.

ARTHUR 35
Mildred. Fred, where's Mildred?

Arthur 35 scans row of seats as he nervously glances around. Fred looks around and points.

FRED 40
Uh, she's going into the kitchen.

Arthur 35 glimpses Mildred 35, 35 in a black dress and hat, sobbing quietly as she crosses through the kitchen door.

Fred 37 tries to console, but Arthur 35 pushes him aside and runs toward Mildred 35. His erratic behavior forces the crowd to scurry from his path, but they cost precious time.

He calls out to Mildred 35, but the swinging door between the kitchen and living room already closes her away from sight. When he pushes through the door, his only recourse is...

INT. REED MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

...to stop in place and let the shift take its effect. There's a temporary ringing and a short blurring of vision, but he recovers sooner rather than later. Mildred is gone.

There is just a kitchen. A kitchen that looks as it did a long time ago. Clean, white ceramic tiles bordered by a neutral, light brown trim. Simple, plain, nothing flashy.

Just like his mother. Simple and very much alive.

MARY 39 (O.S.)
What's wrong, Arthur dear?

MARY 39, 39, her dress covered by a plain red apron, turns her head from the dishes she scrubs in the sink.

From a much lower height, ARTHUR 5, 5, looks up at her.

ARTHUR 5 (V.O.)

This was too surreal. I was now aware of what was happening. At least part of it. Each time jump was to one of my birthdays. It was 1945 and I was five years old.

Arthur 5 looks at his reflection in the steel refrigerator. Short cropped hair, corduroy shorts and a buttoned shirt.

MARY 39

Arthur? What has you troubled?

ARTHUR 5

Nothing, momma. Nothing at all.

Arthur 5 focuses on the items of interest around the room. The hanging calendar did indeed show Jan 6 1945. The large, white stove boils a tea kettle. Mary 39 smiles.

MARY 39

Nothing? Well, that's good, since today is a big day.

She shuts the faucet and dries her hands on the hand towel.

MARY 39

Please take your birthday cake into the dining room. Your brother is being a pill coming downstairs, but your father won't wait all night.

Arthur 5 tilts his head toward the kitchenette table. His birthday cake with the number "5" candle stands tall atop the vanilla frosting; "Happy Birthday!" in blue frosting.

MARY 39

Do you think it's too heavy? I can do it if you would like. Oh, listen! There's your song!

Arthur 5 looks up on the shelf at a small white portable radio. Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow! by Vaughn Monroe plays. Mary 39 bops her head back and forth.

ARTHUR 5 (V.O.)

I gazed into her loving eyes. I missed her.

ARTHUR 5(cont'd)

For a long time I wished I had her voice recorded, wished so badly just to hear it once more. Now I just wanted-- a hug. Before she realized, I was in her arms.

Arthur 5 rushes into her embrace. She squeezes him tight.

MARY 39

Happy birthday, dear.

She gently breaks apart and looks toward the cake.

MARY 39

Go ahead, Arthur.

Arthur 5 lifts the cake. She pushes the swinging door open. With the ability to peer between rooms, in essence, between portals, Arthur 5 stares at the increasingly impossible.

THOMAS 40, sits at the dining room table. He reads a paper.

ARTHUR 5 (V.O.)

Though it shouldn't have been a shock at this point, I could see my father sitting at the dining room table, reading the evening paper. He was young, at least much younger than I remembered him in the last few years of his life. I marveled at his dark, gelled hair and mustache, only remembering this appearance from old photos. Black and white photos, at that. In color, in person, alive; it was just too bizarre.

Without realization, Arthur 5 crosses through the doorway...

INT. REED MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

... into the darkness. It is empty, quiet and still. Until the thunder and lightning brighten the room. The cake is gone. Arthur coils at the sight of his aged reflection in the china closet glass.

ARTHUR

Sweet mercy!

Arthur clutches his heart as he drops into a chair. He raises the bloodied tissue still clutched in his hand up to his mouth. He stares at it before he slowly rises.

ARTHUR

The cake! Where did it--

Arthur pushes through the swinging door until he's...

BACK TO KITCHEN - NIGHT

...a child again with his cake in hand. Mary 39 is surprised.

Arthur 5 squints his eyes, tired of the games. Mary 39 walks from the icebox with a glass bottle of milk.

MARY 39

What's wrong Arthur? You stepped in and back out.

ARTHUR 5 (V.O.)

Though I felt rejuvenated in the body of a 5 year old, I was still dying in my overall reality. I could feel it under the health of my youth. Time to think was paramount. Time. A strange concept. One which I apparently had no control of. I had to figure out why some of the rooms were a portal while others were not. I needed to get back to the funeral without my mother following and having a heart attack if she did. I sighed and did the only thing I could do.

Arthur 5 drops his cake. Mary 39 squeals. When she falls to her knees with napkins in hand, he grabs the glass milk bottle off from her hand and bolts for the door to...

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

... find the funeral still going on. Feeling thirty-five again and despite a searing pain above his right eye, Arthur 35 stands silent without the milk bottle.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)

Though I was catching on to the illusions, the pain was increasing.

He stands in place and pushes the door to the kitchen back open. Mildred 35 stands crying against the beige fridge.

Arthur 35 sticks his head through the open doorway and...

BACK TO KITCHEN - NIGHT

...sees Mary 39 still on her knees as she clean cake up. He can see his 5 year-old head in the steel fridge's reflection.

His young hand still holds the milk bottle. He pulls his head back and returns to...

BACK TO LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...the funeral in 1975.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)

It was incredible how I could see the continuity from room to room through the portals, but each time period did not allow me to pass over the threshold.

KANO 45 (O.S.)

Arthur, is everything all right?

Arthur 35 spins and faces KANO 45, 45, still with both eyes.

ARTHUR 35

Kano, look at you, looking at me!

Kano is unsure of the comment.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)

The absence of his eye patch to cover an injury not yet sustained, an injury I would unintentionally cause tomorrow night, in his time line, still left me speechless.

Arthur 35 relaxes his hyper mode.

ARTHUR 35

No, no. You look great. It just that my mind is...

Arthur 35 unintentionally glances in the direction of the casket. Kano 45 touches his shoulder in support.

KANO 40

We will get through it, Arthur. All of us, together.

Arthur 35 nods as he thinks out loud. His mind wanders.

ARTHUR 35

My sweet girl. When that drunk bastard ran Jessica down... for him not to stop; to keep driving. The months we suffered until his arrest.

KANO 40

Arthur, what are you talking about? What "drunken person?"

Kano 45's question snaps Arthur 35's stream of consciousness.

ARTHUR 35

What? What do you mean what drunk--
(beat)
Dear Lord, we're a week after her accident! What am I thinking?

Arthur 35 seizes Kano 45's shoulders.

ARTHUR 35

We need to talk.

Arthur 35 notices the crowd notice his reaction.

KANO 45

Arthur, I realize this is a very traumatic moment for you.

Arthur 35 coughs hard enough to draw blood into his palm. He panics and loses his sense of Kano 45's presence.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)

Regardless of the shift, the pills are still killing me. Period.

KANO 45

Let me take you to the kitchen--

Kano 45 grabs Arthur 35's forearm and heads for the door. Arthur 35 takes a step then snaps out of it. He pulls back.

ARTHUR 35

No. Kano, listen. Listen carefully. What I'm about to say... We will know each other a long time. Very long. I am not here. I mean, I am here on some level, a level I can't comprehend, but I'm here-- again.

KANO 45

I see.

ARTHUR 35

No! Don't do that. Forget that I'm your employer. I need you to believe what I am saying!

KANO 45

I do, Arthur. I believe you.

Arthur 35 releases his arm and straightens upward.

ARTHUR 35

You do! You do? What do you understand?

KANO 45

I understand that you feel completely detached after the loss. After Jessica's passing. It is very understandable.

ARTHUR 35

No. No! Stop! Listen to me! Damn! There's no other way to say it and I know how it sounds, but I'm from another moment in time.

Kano 45's expression remains stoic; his pause is long.

KANO 45

Arthur, I think I need to find Mildred and let her know that you are not--

ARTHUR 35

No! Mildred can't be a part of this. Her state of mind could not handle this right now!

KANO 45

Arthur, at least let me tell the doctor. He and his assistant are around here somewhere; I think I saw them on the front porch.

Arthur 35's eyes bulge. His eyes frantically search the room.

ARTHUR 35

The doctor? Dr. Whitten is here? How could I forget? He was here!

KANO 45

Arthur? Why would your family doctor not be at Jessica's funeral?

Arthur 35's eyes cross as another mouthful of blood coughs up. His body gives out. As he falls into unconsciousness, a woman screams. His last words are barely audible.

ARTHUR 35
Because he... killed Jessica.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. REED MANOR - STUDY - DAY

Arthur 35 lays with his eyes closed.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
My eyes remain closed as I regain consciousness. The ringing in my ears is increasing, but it's telling me my time to do what I needed to do was decreasing. My thoughts were still scattered but all their voices became stronger.

MILDRED 35 (O.S.)
Do you think the stress has overcome him?

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
Mildred. I knew her voice, regardless of time.

KANO 45
It is no surprise. He was not speaking rationally.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
Kano. Ever the skeptic. I was about to open my eyes when I heard the voice that unlocked a thousand years of agony.

DR. WHITTEN (O.S.)
Of course. Under the circumstances, it's understandable. I'll give him something to calm him down.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
Whitten! Dr. John Whitten.

Arthur 35 opens his eyes and tries to spring up toward DR. JOHN WHITTEN, 47, a man who cures the ills of strangers while his own manifests. Arthur 35's tired body is met by Kano 45 and Dr. Whitten's hands forcing his chest back down.

ARTHUR 35
No. No! You! I know!

Dr. Whitten stares at Arthur 35 before he raises a smile.

DR. WHITTEN
Settle down, son. Just relax.

Mildred 35 screams out, causing the doctor's assistant, GLORIA, 25, drawn like a moth to the flame of success, to comfort her. Gloria embraces Mildred 35 around her shoulders.

GLORIA
Mrs. Reed! Please! Let the doctor help him. Let's go to the kitchen and get both of you a cup of water.

Arthur 35 covers his heart as he staggers to sit up. The women exit the room. Dr. Whitten reaches in his medical bag.

DR. WHITTEN
All right, Arthur. Let's see if we can give you a little rest.

KANO 45
Do you think it best to sedate while a house full of people mourn the loss of his child?

Dr. Whitten stops his motion to gaze on Kano for an uneasy moment. He gently removes his empty hand from the bag.

DR. WHITTEN
Of course. How are you feeling, Arthur? You seem to have had a panic attack out there.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
He said "out there", but how is that possible? We are in a different room than the living room, but I'm still 35. Doesn't matter. This bastard needs to pay.

Arthur 35 wobbly stands to face Dr. Whitten. He pulls his fist back, but the women return. He opens his clenched grip.

It does not go without notice to Kano 45 and Dr. Whitten. Mildred 35 extends a glass of water to Arthur 35.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)

It was the first moment to squarely focus on Mildred in this decade. Thought the death of our only child weighed heavily, she was still my sweet Mildred; my everything.

MILDRED 35

How are you feeling now, dear?

Arthur 35 takes the glass and touches her hand. He grins.

ARTHUR 35

If I have you, I have my world.

She embraces his smile, which abruptly ends by Dr. Whitten.

DR. WHITTEN

Mildred, you look a little pale. I'd like it if you would let Gloria take your temperature.

Mildred 35 nods as Gloria leads her to a chair across the Study. Arthur 35 turns his angst back to Dr. Whitten, but Kano 45 steps in between.

KANO 45

Arthur, may I have a word with you?

Arthur 35 keeps his stare on the doctor, whose stare is now equally amiss. By Kano's second request, he concedes.

Kano 45 leads them past the women toward the window. He whispers as Arthur 35 stares back toward the doctor.

KANO 45

Arthur, what is going on? What is your problem with Dr. Whitten? He has been your doctor for 20 years. He brought your daughter into this world!

Arthur flips his piercing glare on Kano 45.

ARTHUR 35

And that bastard also took her out!

Kano 45's expression finally shows surprise.

ARTHUR 35

Look, I can't make you rationally believe it, to think I've already lived this age, this day before.

Arthur 35 points toward the window.

ARTHUR 35

You may see sunshine and a clear beautiful day out there, but the time I'm travelling back from is in the middle of a fierce night storm. I don't know how I've made it here, but I have. And I am telling you what you and I, everyone, will find out eight months from now when Gloria cracks and has a breakdown. When she tells the police that she and the fine doctor are having an affair; that one night on the way back from the motel, with a few too many drinks in him, he ran Jessica down like she wasn't even there!

Kano 45's gaze suddenly feigns disinterest as he turns to face Dr. Whitten's walk over. Arthur 35's temper rises.

DR. WHITTEN

Is everything alright?

Arthur 35 steps in front of Dr. Whitten.

ARTHUR 35

Not by a long shot.

Arthur 35 punches Dr. Whitten square in his face; hard enough to cause his flop backward onto the coffee table.

ARTHUR 35

But the short-shot was overdue!

Gloria's scream forces Kano 45 to restrain Arthur 35.

KANO 45

Arthur! Control yourself!! Mildred, please remove Gloria from the room!

Mildred panics, but complies. Kano 45 holds back Arthur 35.

ARTHUR 35

Kano, let me go!

Arthur 35 still is able to kick Dr. Whitten in his side.

ARTHUR

Get up, 'doctor'! Do you think I don't know? You killed my daughter during one of your boozing sexcapades. Cheating on your wife with Gloria for, what was it? God, it's been so long. Twelve months? Yes, that's what it turned out to be. Close to a year!

Arthur 35 tries to shove Kano 45 out of the way, but is flipped around by Kano 45's quick bending of his arm.

KANO 45

Arthur, stop! You will seriously hurt him!

Whitten tries to kick Arthur 35, but kicks out Kano 45's legs, causing his fall and head smash against table.

Arthur 35 leans to Kano 45's side, but he's already unconscious with blood visible on his black hair.

ARTHUR 35

Kano! No!

Dr. Whitten smashes the drink glass on the back of Arthur 35's skull. He drops on his stomach, but remains conscious.

DR. WHITTEN

You are one crazy son of a bitch!

Dr. Whitten runs his hand into his messed hair as blood drips from his lip. He spits a mouthful into his handkerchief.

He walks to the bar, pours and guzzles a drink down. His fluttering eyelids indicate his savor of each drop.

He opens his eyes and glances at the door. No sign of women.

DR. WHITTEN

That paranoid, little bitch of mine told you? She actually told you all that? No, she swore she wouldn't. She knows she's just as responsible. How do you know? You were fine when we arrived today!

Arthur 35 coughs up blood. He knows time is running out.

ARTHUR 35

It doesn't matter. It's too late. I'm too late. This has happened.

Whitten shakes his head. He guzzles another drink.

DR. WHITTEN
You've cracked. That's
understandable. Everything else...
Either way, this ends now.

Dr. Whitten removes a syringe and vial from his medical bag. He pulls the fluid into the cylinder as Arthur 35 looks around his Study. He drags himself closer to the window.

ARTHUR 35
So you're going to kill me? Just
like you killed our daughter?

DR. WHITTEN
(sneers)
She shouldn't have been walking so
close to the street. Her death was
an accident. You; you've brought
this on yourself.

Arthur struggles to rise to one knee. His hand rests on the open window sill. Kano 45 stirs; lifts his head and winces.

ARTHUR 35
Oh, thank the Lord!

Kano 45 opens his eyes. He sees ten feet between the doctor and Arthur 35.

KANO 45
What is happening?

DR. WHITTEN
He's having a breakdown and needs
to be sedated. He's a risk to
everyone in this house. Help, Kano.

Kano 45 hesitates to move. He feels his wound and grimaces.

ARTHUR 35
Kano! Listen to me! I didn't mean
to hurt you! I know what I sound
like but you've got to believe me!

Kano 45 rises and slowly moves toward Arthur 35. He nods to Dr. Whitten and both seize Arthur 35 before he can escape.

KANO 45
No, Arthur, it is you who needs to
believe. Let us help you.

ARTHUR 35
Kano, no! He's going to kill me!

DR. WHITTEN
Hold him! I've got one chance!

Dr. Whitten pulls the needle up as Arthur 35 contorts his leg backward. He screams.

ARTHUR 35
Outside! Kano! My foot! Look down
at my foot!

Kano looks. Just as Dr. Whitten lunges to jab the needle, Kano grabs his wrist and stops the injection.

KANO 45
Stop! Do not touch him!

Dr. Whitten's surprised eyes lock with Kano 45's furrowed brow. They both look down at Arthur 35's leg. It's soaked.

The sun clearly shines outside.

Kano 45 releases Arthur 35 and yanks the needle away. Arthur 35's body falls downward just as Dr. Whitten punches Kano 45 in the back of his head, sending him back to the floor.

As he kicks him, Arthur 35 rises and grabs the doctor's neck.

ARTHUR 35
You won't get away again, you--

Dr. Whitten thrusts backward and sends Arthur 35 crashing through the glass window into the...

EXT. REED MANOR - OUTSIDE OF STUDY - NIGHT

...the rain-soaked mulch bed. An aged Arthur hits the ground hard. The darkness illuminates between lightning bursts.

He lays half conscious on his back. The pelting rain in his eyes cause him to slowly sit up. His eyes widen.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Unbelievable.

Arthur stares up at the broken glass hanging from the Study window. From inside the room, Dr. Whitten is staring out at Arthur. Or in Arthur's direction.

DR. WHITTEN
No! He couldn't have ran that fast!

Arthur watches as Dr. Whitten runs from view, replaced moments later by a woozy Kano 45, who utters the obvious.

KANO 45
Impossible.

Arthur watches Kano 35 look around for him.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
I'm sorry, my faithful friend.
We're literally decades apart.

Mildred 35 appears behind Kano 45. Arthur struggles to stand.

MILDRED 35
Oh my God, what happened?! Where's
Arthur? I heard a noise from the
other room!

Kano 45 turns his head toward the doors to the living room.

KANO 45
Where are the doctor and Gloria?

Mildred 35's eyes dart in and out of the broken window.

MILDRED 35
They... he grabbed her hand and left.

Kano 45 takes a final look through the window before he turns and runs from view. In the pouring rain, Arthur's aged body stands in the mud beneath the study window.

He coughs more blood as lightning crackles. He stares at Mildred 35, though he knows she can't see him. She turns to leave and he instinctively calls out as thunder rumbles.

ARTHUR
Mildred!

BACK TO STUDY

Mildred 35 stops and turns back. She stares vacantly out into the sunshine as her hand moves toward the outside of the broken window. Arthur moves his soaked hand to meet hers.

BACK OUTSIDE

A loud crackle of lightning and rumble of thunder stops him.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Had the crackle of lightning not
intervened, I may have made a grave
mistake, one from which her already
fragile psyche might never recover.

Arthur pulls his hand back. Mildred shakes her head as she
squeezes her eyes closed. She disappears from Arthur's sight
as he looks up toward the roof.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
The green glow on the house was
still visible, though not as bright
as earlier. I believed the dimmer
the glow, the quicker my demise.

The lightning illuminates his path. Almost as a guidance.

ARTHUR
This ends now.

EXT. REED MANOR - SIDE OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Arthur staggers with his hand slipping off the rain-soaked
wooden planks. He reaches the attached garage.

EXT. REED MANOR - GARAGE - NIGHT

The two-car structure sits exterior to the mansion, attached
only by a Mud room between them. Arthur tries to open each
garage door, but they are locked.

With his back against the wall, he tries to stay under the
pitched roof to avoid the storm, but still gets soaked.

Arthur reaches the side utility door and enters it.

INT. REED MANOR - GARAGE - NIGHT

Garden tools hang in the shadows. Arthur fidgets for the
light switch. Once on, he sees his aged reflection in the
modern car parked next to him. He still drips from the rain.

ARTHUR
Well, that's a bummer.

He opens the interior garage door to the Mud room and...

INT. REED MANOR - MUD ROOM - NIGHT

... Mildred 45, 45, stands against the dryer folding clothes.

MILDRED 45

Well, have you finished the lawn?
Are you OK?

ARTHUR 45, 45, looks down at his dry khaki shorts and shirt.

ARTHUR 45 (V.O.)

I felt it immediately, though the
pain subsided quicker. Part of it
may have been the immunity was
accelerating my death. Regardless,
her voice, from any decade, was
sweet music to my ears.

Arthur 45 smiles and wipes his brow.

ARTHUR 45

Uh, fine. The lawn is done.

Arthur 45 stares in the mirror on the wall coat rack.

ARTHUR 45 (V.O.)

My hair was graying; the bags under
my eyes evident. I surmised by our
clothes style, we were in our 40s.
I don't know why, but when I
finally heard the music, it all
suddenly made sense. Behind
Mildred, above the shelf over the
dryer, the portable gray television
did what it was supposed to do.
Broadcast. I blurted it out.

ARTHUR 45

Of course. The televisions and
radios. The connections.

Mildred 45 catches the last words.

MILDRED 45

Hmm? What about the connections?

She glances at the Madonna music video playing on MTV.

MILDRED 45

Can you believe what they let her
get away with on television?

ARTHUR 45
My dear, it is 1985 and spoiler
alert: she's not a virgin.

Arthur 45 smiles and clicks off the television and turns on the portable yellow radio by its side. The oldies music station playing "Save the Last Dance for Me" by The Drifters.

MILDRED 45
Oh Arthur, it's our wedding song!

ARTHUR 45
Have you saved it for me?

He asks for her hand without a word spoken. She obliges. He holds her as if it's the last time he will dance with her.

She senses something more than a casual embrace. As she motions to speak, a loud rumble of thunder interrupts.

MILDRED 45
Oh, it sounds like it's going to
rain. Strange I didn't hear the
weatherman call for it.

Arthur 45 snaps out of it.

ARTHUR 45 (V.O.)
It probably never rained on this
day in 1985. That's why the
weatherman hadn't called for it.
It was calling for me.

His sudden kiss surprises her. Neither a peck, nor overly sensual. But it was deeply heartfelt.

ARTHUR 45
I'll grab the keys and pull the car
into the garage. Be right back.

He breaks their embrace and opens the kitchen door. Eyes still on Mildred 45, he crosses the threshold...

INT. REED MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

...and Arthur 5 is right back into 1945, next to the oven. The sun shines bright through the window.

ARTHUR 5
I just knew I was back in a five
year old's body.

ARTHUR 5(cont'd)

The sensations throughout my body made clear that the pills were taking their toll more so than the shift in time. I paused, clearly hearing "In the Mood" playing on the radio. My mother loved Big Bands. The music proved my theory.

Arthur 5 walks over to the radio. It has a black coaxial cable connected to it that runs down the wall into a junction box. Arthur 5 yanks the cable out of the wall and...

...an aged Arthur stands holding the cable. The leap buckles his knees as the water drips from his soaked pajamas.

The storm rages as the lightning flashes outside. All of the kitchen contains newer appliances.

ARTHUR

The connections. Unbelievable.

Arthur plugs the cable back into the junction box and...

...Arthur 5 stands with his hand on the cable as HENRY 45, 45, hovers over him. Arthur 5 is awestruck.

HENRY 45

Well, it is not a cookie jar, but you certainly seem caught, son.

Arthur 5 stares at his father before he realizes his hand is on the cable and he lets it go.

ARTHUR 5

Dad?

Henry 45 smiles. He leans over and tightens the cable.

HENRY 45

Same as yesterday and tomorrow.

ARTHUR 5 (V.O.)

My father joked, unaware of what the word 'yesterday' and 'tomorrow' truly meant to me. His voice was not what I remembered at this age. Like my mother, I had no recordings of either of them, but I marvelled at the sounds I was privileged to hear again.

Arthur 5 quickly regains his composure, still harnessing the experience and poise of his aged self. Henry 45 notices.

ARTHUR 5
The music sounded like it was
fading in and out, so I just wanted
to tighten the coaxial.

Henry 45 raises his brow. Arthur 5 realizes why.

ARTHUR 5
Uh, the cable thingy.

HENRY 45
That's an interesting choice or wo--

Arthur 5 rushes into his father's unexpected arms. Henry 45
smiles and embraces him.

ARTHUR 5 (V.O.)
The hug was both sorely needed and
the perfect diversion.

Arthur 5 breaks the embrace and points to the remains of his
birthday cake on the table.

ARTHUR 5
I'm sorry. It was heavy.

Arthur 5 opens the fridge and reaches deep inside it.

HENRY 45
I see. Shouldn't you be going?
Isn't it a matter of life or death?

He yanks his head out with a glass coke bottle in his mouth.

ARTHUR 5
What!

Henry 45's smile dissipates. He lifts his pipe to his mouth.

HENRY 45
Isn't Fred waiting for you to play
ball with the other kids?

Arthur 5 glances out the window. It a sunny day and he can
see his brother and other boys playing catch. He sighs.

ARTHUR 5
Right, right. Baseball. We've been
playing since I could walk.

Henry 45 stops lighting his pipe. He stares at his son.

HENRY 45

Arthur, are you feeling well?

Arthur stares outside. He smiles. Life here was good.

ARTHUR 5

I'm fine, sir. These are great,
years, aren't they? No worries.

HENRY 45

Well, yes. I didn't remember having
too many worries at your age, son.

ARTHUR 5

Y'know, I could stay and maybe--

Arthur 5 puts his hands on the open window sill and his
fingers get wet as he crosses the threshold to outside.

He pulls them back and hides them before his father notices.
Arthur 5 coughs. He glances at the living room door.

ARTHUR 5

But I guess it's time to go.

He heads past his father drinking his Coke. With a last
glance at his father, Arthur 5...

INT. REED MANOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

... bursts into the living room with a searing pain. His Coke
is gone. People chatter loudly.

Back to bloody and battered, Arthur 35 feels the aches again.
Kano 45 rushes over. Blood trickles from his head.

ARTHUR 45

Kano! Where is he? Where's Whitten!

KANO 45

He ran out of the room after you...
crashed through the window. Where
did you go? You could not possibly
move that quick, unless...

Arthur 35 grabs Kano 45 his shoulders.

ARTHUR 35

Kano, we're out of time, but I
figured it out! It happens in the
rooms with any television or radio;
they're each portals to my past!

Kano 45's eyes convey his unending skepticism, but a glimmer of acceptance shines. Arthur 35 looks to capitalize on it.

ARTHUR 35
Follow me right now into the
kitchen and then come back out and
wait for me in here.

KANO 45
Arthur, I really don't think we
have the time to humor your--

Arthur 35 grabs Kano 45 by the arm and drags him to the door.

ARTHUR 35
When I step in here, follow me.

Arthur 35 steps backward through the swinging door into...

INT. REED MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

... the kitchen. His father is gone. Coke in hand once again, Arthur 5 takes a gulp while counting to ten. He steps back...

INT. REED MANOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...the living room. Kano 45 shakes his head in amazement.

KANO 45
... is incredible. I stepped into the
kitchen right after. You were
nowhere to be seen, Arthur.

Arthur 35 winces as he braces himself against the door frame.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)
I only caught some of his words, as
two shifts back to back almost
rendered me unconscious.

KANO 45
Arthur? What is wrong?

ARTHUR 35
Kano, time hasn't been on my side.
Every wired room has been a random
time. I was 5 years old in there.

Arthur 35 motions to the far side of the living room as he coughs up more blood.

ARTHUR 35
Whitten! There they go!

Kano 45 grabs his forearm as he's about to run.

KANO 45
Wait, wait!

ARTHUR 35
Kano, they're getting away!

KANO 45
Arthur, stop! If what you say is true, if they were originally not caught for the next eight months, you have already changed that. I will now make sure eight more minutes do not pass with the two of them free.

ARTHUR 35
So why are you holding me back?!

KANO 45
Think, Arthur! What was the closest room in years that you entered prior to Jessica's passing?

ARTHUR 35
I.. a few of them. But many years earlier. There's no one I can possibly tell that would take it seriously, not so many years later. Probably not even myself!

Kano 45 would not be denied.

KANO 45
No, think! There has to be a pattern to the rooms. A sequence.

Whitten and Gloria were moving toward the front door with a sense of urgency. The crowd was louder since the commotion.

ARTHUR 35
What? I don't know. I... wait, yes, 10 years. Each of the 5 rooms has had a 10 year span and--

KANO 45
--Yes! Astounding. Have you found the room from 10 years ago?

The living room buzzes. Children crying; a few women scream.

KANO 45
Think, Arthur! My room. Have you
been to my room?

A shriek from near the staircase precedes the one word no
homeowner ever wants to hear shouted. Laura screams.

LAURA
Fire!

People run to grab their children, others just stare,
paralyzed and waiting for the flames to claim their lives.

ARTHUR 35
Oh my God! Where is Mildred!
Whitten must have set the fire!

Mildred 35 chokes on the flames at the far side of the room.
Clutching the casket, she refuses to move even as someone
tries to pull her hand before running to save their own life.

Kano grabs Arthur 35's face.

KANO 45
Arthur! Did you go into my room?!

ARTHUR 35
What? Yes! It was 10 years ago!

KANO 45
That's it then! I will handle the
doctor and save Mildred. Do what
only you can do now and none of
this will need to happen. Get to my
room, Arthur! Make sure I know how
to prevent this future!

Arthur 35 nods and staggers toward the steps, dodging people
running for the doors. He reaches the base of the stairs as a
beam crashes from above. Flames engulf.

A second beam falls toward a crying child as Arthur 35 swoops
the boy to safety. A woman takes the hand of the child.
Mildred 35, Kano 45, and Fred 37, along with a few neighbors,
carry the casket through the front door.

Kano 45 leans back in toward Arthur 35's direction.

ARTHUR 35
The fire has the stairs blocked!

KANO 45

Through my outside window! You will
need to climb from outside!

ARTHUR 35

Where's Whitten?!

Amid the flames and mass hysteria, Arthur 35 sees the
escaping duo outside the open front doorway. As Whitten pulls
Gloria, she falls twice on the gravel path from the force.
Arthur 35 is just about to rush out when Kano grabs his arm.

KANO 45

Wait! Remember, you will not find
him out there, Arthur.

Their eyes lock and all that is needed to be said is done
without a word spoken. They embrace. Arthur 35 steps out and...

EXT. REED MANOR - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

... he looks back, unable to see Kano. The rain beating
against the porch roof.

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Kano 45 does not see him, though he smiles anyway through the
door where he assumes Arthur is.

BACK TO PORCH

Arthur feels the blood coming up into his throat. Time was
running out, but he still had to know. Stepping back over the
threshold ...

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

...as the last remaining neighbors run past Arthur 35.

ARTHUR 35 (V.O.)

The heat from the flames were
engulfing my home. But I had to
know.

The heat roars through the living room, consuming the
folding chairs like twigs in a bonfire. He looks out the
door, scouring the crowd for the doctor.

People run, cars screech away. Whitten screams at Gloria
outside his locked car as she hysterically rummages through
her bag. The jingling sound of keys came from behind Whitten.

Whitten turns into Kano's fist, knocking him unconscious.

ARTHUR 35

Yes! Kano, yes!

Kano, on one knee, uses Whitten's tie to bind his hands.
Gloria is frozen with fear.

KANO 45

The doctor is out, Miss Gloria.

Kano turns and smiles in the direction of the front door.

ARTHUR 35

(smiles)

He knew me too well. I nodded.

Arthur 35 coughs from the smoke inhalation, stepping back out of the front door and ...

BACK ON PORCH

...the night rain is heavier; the thunder louder. Arthur sees the glow around the house is almost gone. He falls to one knee, coughing up more blood than he thought possible.

Grabbing the drawer of the wicker table next to the front door, he yanks it open and dumps its contents on the floor.

He grabs a pen and the sticky note pad, scribbling furiously until he staggers off the porch into the drenching rain. He's soaked, but he keeps the paper dry in his clenched fist.

Arthur squints upward toward Kano's second-floor window. He grabs the porch railing and stretches his foot high enough to start the climb upward.

By the third step, he coughs so vehemently that he falls hard to the ground, knocking himself half unconscious. His hand slowly opens, wetting the note.

The roar of the thunder shutters his body, but he forces himself to sit up, realizing the note is partially wet.

He looks around and grabs a palm-sized rock from the ground and reaches for the newspaper inches away. Protected in its plastic delivery bag, Arthur put the newspaper inside his shirt against his skin. He rises to his feet.

ARTHUR 35

Give it all you have, Arthur. There is no tomorrow.

He slowly climbs to the porch roof. He sees Kano's window ten feet away. His vision is blurry, not from the rain alone, but from the inevitability of his approaching death.

It's Mildred's voice he hears calling, or maybe it's Jessica. The howling wind plays tricks on what's left of his mind.

His feeble attempt to push further is impeded when his pant leg gets caught on the edge of the roof. He started to cry, but any semblance of tears wash away in the rain.

The window is still four feet away. Arthur wraps the newspaper around the note and rock and throws it at the darkened window. The bag bounces off the glass and roll back down to the backside of Arthur's body.

ARTHUR
Oh, come on!

He can't find the package. He yells in utter frustration.

ARTHUR
Come on! A little help here!

A crack of lightning illuminated everything. Surprised, Arthur shakes his head and grabs the newspapered rock.

As his heart seizes control of his body, his final throw does not smash the window, but drops against the windowsill.

Arthur's eyes roll back, and in all reality, he feels nothing of his backward fall off the porch's roof.

His lifeless body drops to the same spot as when he stepped out of the cab earlier in the day. He had come home to die. Mission accomplished.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. REED MANOR - FRONT CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY - DAY

SATELLITE SAL (O.S.)
"Sir? Sir, are you all right?"

Arthur's eyes open without much trouble. He moves his arm and feels no pain as he pushes himself off the ground.

ARTHUR
Uh, yes. I'm fine.

The cable worker smiles and points toward the ground.

SATELLITE SAL
Oh, OK. You must have tripped on
that. I didn't really notice it as
we were walking. Weird.

Arthur lifts the rock that exactly resembles the one he used
with the note. He glances up toward Kano's window.

SATELLITE SAL
Well, you're all set. 755 channels
of entertainment and fantasy!

Satellite Sal starts to leave.

ARTHUR
Wait, who did you say ordered this?

Satellite Sal resumes his walk to his cable truck and points
to the gentleman standing on the porch.

SATELLITE SAL
He did.

The truck pulls away, revealing Kano standing on the porch.
His dark sunglasses hide his eyes from view.

The two elderly friends exchanged smiles.

KANO
Welcome home, Arthur!

Their greeting point is the mid-distance separating them.
Though they both hesitate, their embrace is inevitable.

KANO
How are you feeling?

Arthur's mouth opens to respond, but he stops for a moment.
Was it a dream or a delusional fantasy?

ARTHUR
I'm glad to be back home.

A cab pulls up the driveway. It stops a few feet from the two
men. The door opens and the gravel is stomped on by the feet
of LINDSAY, 15, blonde, beautiful, so full of life.

Arthur's jaw drops. He thinks out loud.

ARTHUR
Jessica?

Kano leans over and gently whispers in Arthur's ear.

KANO
Shhh. Listen, my friend.

JESSICA (O.S.)
Hey, Dad.

Arthur doesn't see the girl's lips move, other than to pop a gum bubble. The words come from JESSICA, 45, as she steps from the other side of the cab.

JESSICA
A little help with the luggage,
dad? Miss Sunshine here packed
everything in her closet. Lindsay,
grab your stuff.

Lindsay rolls her eyes.

LINDSAY
Mom! Ugh! Hi, Grandpa!

She almost knocks Arthur over with a quick hug and is in and out of his arms before he can close around her small frame. Too much to process, but his smile is genuine.

ARTHUR
Hello, sunshine.

Kano removes the luggage while Jessica hugs her father. To her, it's just another hug. To Arthur, it's much more. She's surprised by his emotion.

JESSICA
Dad? Everything OK?

ARTHUR
(tearing)
Never better.

Jessica lightly pulled herself away.

JESSICA
Where's ... oh, never mind.

Her eyes slid past Arthur to the porch. Mildred, 65, smiles.

MILDRED
There's my ladies!

Arthur flips around. His lips quietly mouth her name. She strolls down the steps and walks past Arthur to hug her daughter and granddaughter in one motion.

Arthur marvels at all the women still in his life. While the ladies chat, a sad frown finds its way across his lips. Kano stepped over, his whisper meant for only Arthur's ear.

KANO
You don't remember anything other
than the moment you fell just now,
do you, Arthur?

Arthur squints at his dear friend and reflects.

ARTHUR
It doesn't matter.

KANO
I knew it!

EXT. REED MANOR - PORCH - DAY

Kano puts his arm around Arthur's shoulder and leads him back toward the porch. They sit on the wicker chairs.

Kano removes his sunglasses. Both his eyes look at Arthur.

Arthur's reaction is a genuine surprise. Kano pauses.

KANO
What? Arthur? Is something wrong
with my eyes?

ARTHUR
Uh, no. I didn't remember your
eyebrows being so bushy.

Kano, ever the skeptic, lowers his supposedly bushy brow. He opened the drawer from the table.

KANO
This is where you wrote the note,
did you not?

Arthur gazes at the drawer. Kano shakes his finger.

KANO
You didn't sign the note, Arthur.
It was the greatest riddle, trying
to figure out its origins. You?
Mildred? Someone else? It was so
difficult not talking about this
with any of you after that note
came through my window.

Arthur leans forward.

ARTHUR

But it never went through your window. I failed to smash it.

Kano grins as he removes a zip-top bag from his jacket.

KANO

Astonishing. Simply astonishing. I have held onto this for 40 years. I was sleeping that night in 1965, still mad at you for knocking over my pennies and not helping to pick them off the floor. That's when I heard a noise at my window. I ignored the first thud but the second led me to see what caused it. I saw nothing through the blinds and almost went back to bed.

ARTHUR

Why didn't you?

KANO

It was strange, but I thought I heard your voice yelling outside my window. At first, I thought it impossible. But ...

Kano trails off, removing the rock and remains of the long-since written sticky note. Arthur marvels at the aged authenticity of something he had penned only minutes earlier.

KANO

... but, I opened the window slightly to hear clearer. The rock and note fell in. Right on my floor. They were very wet, Arthur.

Kano smiles at his old friend.

KANO

... but it was a clear, crisp night.

The ladies walk past the sitting men. Mildred calls out to Arthur on her way into the house.

MILDRED

Don't sit out here too long, dear. You need a shave and shower before your birthday dinner.

Arthur runs his aged hand across his mostly clean shaven face. He returns his attention to Kano.

ARTHUR

So, you didn't think it was crazy?
The events I said would happen?

Kano takes a deep breath.

KANO

Just the first event. Well, maybe
even the second, MLK's death. The
Mets winning the '69 World Series,
Neil Armstrong on the moon when you
claimed. It all made it easier to
make sure Jessica was elsewhere on
the date you stated.

Arthur suddenly remembers.

ARTHUR

And Doctor Whitten?

Kano's lips tightened.

KANO

He crashed into a street pole.
Right at the spot you said Jessica
was not to be. Neither he or his
assistant Gloria survived.

The two men just nod their heads together slowly.

KANO

A shame.

Arthur exhales and puts his hand on Kano's shoulder.

ARTHUR

Indeed. Well, I must say, I'm
through thinking about anything
deeper than spending my birthday
with my family and the best
lifelong friend and caretaker I've
ever known. I mean, what more is
there to say?

Kano returns the smile but struggles for the words.

KANO

Arthur, I don't...

EXT. REED MANOR - DRIVEWAY LAWN - DAY

A helicopter lands in an open area near the edge of the driveway. It startles Arthur. Kano doesn't blink.

The PILOT, 30s, stepped out and jogs toward the porch. He stops in from of the two aged men.

PILOT

Sir, the Board needs you back at Headquarters. We can be back here in two hours.

Baffled, Arthur turns toward Kano.

ARTHUR

What? Am I the Director of --

KANO

He is here for me, Arthur. I will be back as soon as time allows.

Kano waits to hear, but Arthur has no words. As Kano rises, Arthur reaches for his arm.

ARTHUR

What? How?

Kano removes the aged newspaper again from the zip-top bag.

KANO

The newspaper that you used to wrap around the rock, Arthur. It was dated from today. 40 years into my future. It had an article on the back sports page talking about past World Series winn--

ARTHUR

--Oh, Kano. You didn't bet ...

Arthur doesn't realize he has stopped speaking. Kano grins.

KANO

I saw an opportunity to make a difference to help others. It was for the best. The corporation gives back to the community, Arthur.

Kano pats Arthur on the shoulder as he walks down past the Pilot, not hearing Arthur's final question.

ARTHUR

Are there any other surprises I
should know about?

Kano climbs into the helicopter as the Pilot removes his
sunglasses and smiles at Arthur.

PILOT

Happy birthday, Dad! Tell Mom we'll
be back by dinner.

Arthur's mouth drops open. The helicopter leaves and once all
is quite, Arthur looks up. He could have sworn he heard a
rumble of thunder in the sunny sky above.

FADE OUT.