

CON CALL

by

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INT. HOUSE BASEMENT - NIGHT

TITLE: OCTOBER 21, 1999

A windowless room strewn with schematics and electronic parts. EVERETT CANE, 37, concerned more with his future than his present, paces and runs his hand through his messy hair.

He dials a mobile phone on speaker.

EVERETT

Come on, answer. Answer the phone.

His patience and nerves get the best of him.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Answer, for God's sake!

And the call answers.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

The Voice on the call sounds just like Everett. Static causes the sound clarity and video to remain fuzzy.

EVERETT

Who is this?

The weak signal drives Everett from his wooden bench through the small, fortified lab. The static subsides.

VOICE (O.S.)

You know who this is. I can't see you. Not clearly.

Everett glances at the top of the staircase and sees nothing problematic, but turns his back on any potential prying eyes.

EVERETT

Password? And I haven't written it or spoken it. So, think carefully.

A rumble of thunder interrupts; static flickers the screen. Everett turns and glances up at the basement door again.

VOICE (O.S.)

Displacement.

Everett smiles until an unnatural boom, followed by a woman's scream, comes from upstairs. The basement lights flicker out.

A crack of lightning reveals a shadowed presence under the kitchen door up the steps.

EVERETT

No!

He grabs the banister, then releases it and feels for a wrench. The kitchen door opens, revealing a SHROUDED FIGURE.

Nothing is seen, but a struggle is heard until a burst of light from a gun's discharge. The phone falls to the floor.

VOICE (O.S.)

What's happening? No! No!

Through the blurry video, the Voice looks like Everett. A gloved hand reaches down and ends the call.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

CALL TO OCTOBER 20, 1999. DISCONNECTED.

The date is one day earlier.

BACK TO BASEMENT

Silence consumes the space, save for the sound of a crying baby.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PHONE RETAIL STORE - DAY

TITLE: OCTOBER 21, 2024

A moderate crowd of consumers browse new phones on the counters. LOGAN CANE, 25, more comfortable with prototypes than people, taps on a phone in each hand.

SUMMER (O.S.)

Decide, Logan!

SUMMER STONE, 24, a fiery redhead born with intermittent hearing issues when the conversation isn't about her, taps her fingernails on the counter. She looks at STORE GUY, 21.

SUMMER

He's always like this. Gum, ice cream, you name it. Indecisive!

Store Guy nods like a dog, catching every third word. Logan comes from behind and drops nine phones on the counter.

LOGAN
I'll take them. Put it on my
account.

EXT. PHONE RETAIL STORE - DAY

The crisp autumn wind kicks up the dying tree leaves. Summer
buttons her purple jacket as she walks ahead of Logan.

SUMMER
Honestly! Why do you make me wait
when you know you're going to buy
them all? You could have them
delivered to your office! It's
cold!

Logan, in shorts and a Red Sox T-shirt, catches up to her.

LOGAN
Well, it's nice to get out among
the people. The lab gets dull. And
you keep me warm, my dear.

She stops cold, forcing Logan to do the same.

SUMMER
Sweetie, that's thirty minutes of
my life I can't get back.

She is serious. He knows to move past it.

LOGAN
I'll be in the lab for a while with
this new batch. Call you--

SUMMER
Tonight? You'll call me tonight?
I'll call you. Make sure you hear
the phone.

He smiles and holds up his bag of Answer buttons.

LOGAN
How can I miss it?

EXT. PARADOX BUILDING - DAY

Brick and mortar, thirty-story building in downtown Boston.

INT. PARADOX BUILDING - LAB - DAY

Many racks of computers line the walls. LEDs feverishly dance on the devices while the A/C unit keeps the area frigid.

Workbenches sit adjacent to the glass room. Logan eases into his seat and drops his new bag of phones onto the counter.

TYLER, 35, a tech geek who's comfortable when he makes others uncomfortable, pushes his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

TYLER
Is that the new batch, chief?

LOGAN
It's Christmas morning, bud.

TYLER
I'm Jewish.

LOGAN
What? Since when?

TYLER
My cousin introduced me to a chat group with really hot Jewish babes.

LOGAN
Is this the same cousin who introduced you to that woman who burned your eyebrows off?

TYLER
That was an accident. She dreamed Hulk Hogan's mustache was attacking me and tried to help.

They stare at each other before Logan laughs. Tyler smirks.

TYLER
Hey, I wouldn't judge my choice of women. Summer makes it feel like 'winter is coming' all year.

LOGAN
A Game of Thrones pun? The show ended years ago.

TYLER
Do you know what else ended years ago? Summer being allowed in here after the 'Lipstick Incident'.

TYLER(cont'd)

Facts bled into fiction, which turned into folklore, but all people remember is that it had something to do with her fire-hot lipstick, the sprinkler system and six firefighters out on disability by the end of it.

Logan's smile dissipates. He nods quietly.

LOGAN

Happy Chanukah, my friend.

Tyler rummages through the new phones. Logan's phone buzzes. He stares at it and sighs.

LOGAN

The Board meeting is over.

Tyler cringes. He holds two phones in the shape of a cross.

LOGAN

Good luck and Godspeed, my son.

INT. PARADOX BUILDING - EVERETT'S OFFICE - DAY

The elevator door opens to a lavish penthouse. Expensive art hangs as marble statues of Kings and Emperors line the room.

Logan slowly exits and takes the long walk to a desk. Behind it sits EVERETT CANE, 62, a man of great means and little patience. Everett faces the window. Logan softly sits down.

LOGAN

How did the Board meeting go?

Everett remains in his turned-away position. He keeps his hands to his lips and stares out the window.

Logan motions to speak. He opts not to. Everett turns.

EVERETT

What progress have you made on H.G.W?

Logan studies his father's face. It's void of expression.

LOGAN

Uh, well. Not much?

Everett remains stoic. He turns his chair toward the window. Logan's body rocks from side to side before blurting out.

LOGAN

I think we really have to decide if now is the right time to pursue something like H.G.W., considering everything that's been happening lately with the Board--

Everett's leather chair flips back. His interruption; calm.

EVERETT

The business is losing money. They want me to step down.

Logan's mouth drops. Everett pounds his fist on the desk.

EVERETT

From my own company!

Everett takes a deep breath and adopts a reassuring smile.

EVERETT

But that will not happen. What they want and will get... well, time will tell. Leave the jackals in my crosshairs. You need to focus on the project.

Logan smiles. He rises with his best game face on.

LOGAN

Well, the paradigm engine has had what I'd consider some minor achievements. Let me get back to it. Stay tuned, dad.

Everett returns the false expression.

EVERETT

That is good news. Keep me informed on any progress, son.

Before the uncomfortable silence resurfaces, Logan smiles and heads for the elevator. He winces as he hears the last words.

EVERETT (CONT'D)

Because it will either be the company's future or the final nail in our coffin.

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

The sun sets off Logan's brownstone windows. He climbs the steps, scooping up two FedEx deliveries. He opens his door as a voice stops him mid-step.

SPECIAL DELIVERY SAL (O.S.)
Excuse me, Sir.

Logan turns back to SPECIAL DELIVERY SAL, 35, a tall, gangly man in a white worker's outfit. Logan looks past him as he neither saw nor heard the man come up from behind that fast.

LOGAN
Where did you come--

SPECIAL DELIVERY SAL
I have a delivery for you, sir.

Sal smiles and hands Logan a FedEx box. Logan looks at the aged FedEx box and at the new FedEx box under his arm.

LOGAN
Looks a little old. Did you guys
lose it?

Sal shakes his head and holds out his iPad for a signature.

SPECIAL DELIVERY SAL
No, Sir. This is exactly when
you're supposed to receive it.

Logan's confused but shrugs and signs with his finger.

LOGAN
I haven't seen you before. I
thought I knew all of you by now.

Sal tips his hat.

SPECIAL DELIVERY SAL
Special-Delivery Sal, at your
service. Have a great day, bud.

With a smile and a pivot, Sal is down the concrete steps and gone in the blink of Logan's eye.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An open-air floor plan with a small side room. The residence is a chaotic reflection of Logan's mind; a scattered mess of cables, circuit boards, and coffee-stained papers.

The open-layout bachelor pad has a lab workbench. Multicolored LEDs blink in disjointed harmony and glow against walls cluttered with diagrams and sticky notes.

Logan locks his front door and plops on the couch.

LOGAN
Honey, I'm home.

AIDA (O.S.)
Welcome back. How was your day?

LOGAN
Never as good as when I'm back here with you.

AIDA
So sweet. Would you like a massage?

Logan closes his eyes and smiles. He hunches upward.

LOGAN
Oh God, yes. Summer won't do them.

AIDA
Massage specials are now being offered at Sensei Sally's Massage Emporium. Would you like me to book a massage now?

Logan opens his eyes and looks toward his workbench. A blue glow circles a computer orb.

LOGAN
Aida, you need to get more conversational speech training. You're still missing cues.

AIDA
I am sorry. I will run more simulations tonight while you recharge.

LOGAN
Sleep, Aida. Sleep.

AIDA
Sleep. I will now go into Standby.

LOGAN
No, no. The word is sleep, not
recharge.

Logan's eyes settle on the old FedEx box. In one motion, he
grabs the battered box and tears it open.

AIDA
Yes, I have now added that data.
Would you like to hear today's
simulations on H.G.W?

Logan stares at the contents of the box; a single bubble-
wrapped key. Average in size and shape; but a brownish metal
with a small electronic chip embedded at its top.

LOGAN
Hmmm. What did you say?

AIDA
H.G.W, the project you have been
working on for three years. Named
after H.G Wells, the author who
wrote about time--

LOGAN
I know what it's about, Aida. I
programmed you, remember?

Logan studies the key as he walks to his lab table.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
OK, Logan, just a quick look and
then get this place cleaned up and
dinner ordered before--

BLACK SCREEN

TITLE: TWO HOURS LATER

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

The front door handle jiggles and opens. Summer enters.

Logan sits at his desk fidgeting with the key.

LOGAN
Crap.

Summer's signature mix of irritation and charm lights the room. With a theatrical sigh, she drops her sequined purse on the couch. She scans the room before settling on the empty kitchen table. A bag of Chinese food sits next to her feet.

SUMMER

Traffic sucked. Dinner's now cold.
Place is a mess. You tinkered too
long? Probably. Human dessert?
Probably not.

Logan spins in his chair, a sheepish grin as his response.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

All because someone can't use one
of his nine thousand phones to let
me know he wasn't ready.

Logan plugs a power cord into the key and walks to her.

LOGAN

Sorry I didn't let you know the
food was already here. I got caught
up in lab stuff.

Summer gestures toward the clutter.

SUMMER

You're always caught up. Go date
your gadgets. Where is she? What's
her name? Fluesy? Bimbo?

Logan steps behind her and gently massages her shoulders.

LOGAN

You know her name is Aida;
Artificial Intelligence Data
Analyst. And I think someone needs
a massage.

Aida's glow returns.

AIDA

Would you like me to book the
Sensei Sally's massage package we
discussed earlier?

Logan cringes as Summer tenses and slaps his hand off her.

DISSOLVE TO.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - BED AREA - NIGHT

Logan and Summer sleep peacefully when a bright light startles her awake. She pops up in bed but doesn't see where it came from. She lays down, but Logan's snoring irks her.

SUMMER

Great. I need to make sure he gets
a place with a real bedroom.

Summer glances at the kitchen table, raises an eyebrow and throws off the covers. She strolls to the table and burrows into the Chinese food bag.

She eats the fortune cookie and reads the note in it.

SUMMER

"Happiness is near when life throws
an opportunity your way."

She scoffs and drops the fortune on the remains of the pork-fried rice on Logan's dinner plate.

SUMMER

And I'm going to throw a fit if he
doesn't treat me better.

A faint hum from Logan's desk catches her attention. The key glows red, repeating the bright light. She walks over and lifts it, squinting at the tiny CPU chip embedded in it.

SUMMER

Logan, wake up. Did your lab guys
send you a party favor?

Still half-asleep, Logan cracks one eye open. Then both. He yawns and tosses his covers off. He stumbles over to her.

LOGAN

Well, I'll be. It probably just
needed a good charge.

Summer shrugs, indifferent to his words. He tries to take the key from her palm, but she closes her fist and raises it up.

SUMMER

You know, I could get this cut to
fit your apartment lock. It might
be easier than me waiting outside
every time you lock it.

She dangles it like a carrot on a stick. Her little, playful smile is completely lost on him. Her grin fades.

SUMMER

You know... for when I move in?

LOGAN

(beat)

Oh. Well...we haven't really...
talked about that.

Her anger surfaces.

SUMMER

Well, maybe we should talk about
your wound!

LOGAN

What wound?

Summer steps back and hurls the key at his forehead, hitting and leaving a small, bloody cut. She turns and heads toward the bathroom. Logan winces, pressing his thumb to the wound.

LOGAN

Summer, wait!

Unplugged on the floor, the key glows red until Logan picks it up and his blood smears on the chip. Suddenly, the glow turns green and the key emits a green laser light upward.

The laser projects a blurry address and a number: 672389.

Both Logan and Summer freeze in their positions.

SUMMER

What the hell?

Logan's tone and demeanor change.

LOGAN

No idea. But we're going to find
out.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Summer stands over Logan's shoulder as he searches on PC.

The couple pick on Chinese leftovers and debate.

Logan draws complicated formulas on his whiteboard. Summer draws diamond rings.

He sleeps on her lap and flinches from a nightmare.

Summer repeatedly bashes the key on the marble counter until Logan wrestles it away from her.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO LIVING ROOM - DAY

The sun rises on their coffee mugs and crumpled notes. Logan wakes and nudges Summer, who removes her sequined eye mask.

LOGAN

Thank you for trying.

SUMMER

For some reason, I thought it was mildly fun. Go figure.

Logan touches her hand and forces a grin.

LOGAN

You don't have to humor me, hon.

Peeved, Summer swats his hand away.

SUMMER

I don't humor anyone, 'hon.' You can take that to the bank.

Logan's eyes widen. He pulls out his iPhone and types.

LOGAN

Oh, you gotta be kidding me.

He holds the phone screen up to Summer. She smiles.

EXT. FIRST NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING - DAY

Marble architecture of a structure that's been there forever.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

High ceilings, low amount of updated decor visible. A few people conduct business. Summer and Logan sit waiting.

LOGAN

A bank and a deposit box. Why?

SUMMER

We're going to find out, lover. And if it had to lead us anywhere other than a jewelry store, a bank works.

She hugs his shoulder and giggles.

SUMMER

Isn't this a hoot? I wish I'd thought of something like this for your birthday last year. I'd pay away all your father's money to see you looking this lost more often!

Logan grins and then processes her words.

LOGAN

This isn't a gag, right?

Summer drops her playfulness and raises her eyebrow.

SUMMER

Honey, if we were playing this my way, we'd be at a bank on Rodeo Drive, not downtown Boston.

LOGAN

That's true.

The BANK AGENT, 34, and SECURITY GUARD, 45, walk over.

BANK AGENT

Thank you for your patience. We are ready to go into the vault.

INT. BANK VAULT

The Bank Agent removes the dusty, rectangular box and places it on a desk in front of Logan and Summer.

Logan stares at it longer than Summer has patience for.

SUMMER

Oh my God, open it! I'm actually excited!

Logan grins and nods. He carefully places the tip of the key in the metal tumbler. It doesn't fit. Summer's nerves flair.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

Shove it in, lover. Do you need a few beers first?

Logan frowns as the Bank Agent and Security Guard share a look. A little elbow grease shove, and the lock clicks open.

Logan remains stoic. He lifts the single object from the box: a hybrid of a BlackBerry and an early iPhone. The phone is dusty and clearly uncharged. No instructions, no power cord.

SUMMER

Are you kidding me? No!

Summer storms out of the vault, prompting the Bank Agent to follow. Logan catches the security guard's eye. They exit.

SECURITY GUARD

Watch that live wire.

Logan stops and looks around his feet before looking back up. The Guard's stoic expression changes to a grin.

SECURITY GUARD

I meant her.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Logan tosses the phone on the couch and grabs a drink from his fridge. Aida's glow spins on her orb.

AIDA

Welcome home, Logan. What did you find in the bank's vault?

Logan scoops up the phone and walks to Aida on his desk.

LOGAN

Another - surprise! - Phone.

AIDA

I see.

LOGAN

Well, that's what I need you to do. See what kind of power cord this needs. I don't recognize it.

Logan holds it up to a small camera plugged into Aida's orb. Her circle glows until it stops.

AIDA

I do not recognize this power source adapter. It may be customized. Would you like me to analyze the pin layout?

LOGAN
Sure. Knock yourself out.

AIDA
I cannot knock--

LOGAN
An expression, Aida! Jeez!

INT. PARADOX BUILDING - LAB - DAY

Tyler fidgets with an open phone circuit board. Logan enters.

TYLER
Well, well. The prodigal son
returns.

Logan puts his knapsack on his desk.

LOGAN
What are you talking about? I never
left. Do you even know what that
saying means?

Tyler lifts his head and ponders. He returns to his work.

TYLER
What brings you in this late? I
figured you were working at home.

Logan looks through his desk drawers.

LOGAN
I need a power cord. Do you have
one for this?

Logan holds up the bottom of the old phone. Tyler squints.

TYLER
Where the heck did you get that?
Was it Vintage night at one of your
beta-testing groups?

Logan stares at Tyler.

LOGAN
So, you've never seen this phone?

TYLER
(beat)
If I did, would I ask you where you
got it from?

Logan studies Tyler's face before he moves on.

LOGAN
I'm building a birthday joke
surprise for Summer.

TYLER
Oh, she's going to love it. It
looks like it will bounce nicely
off your head when she throws it at
you, like she throws everything
else at you.

Logan turns and touches his head where Summer hit him with
the key. His eyes look up at the security camera's red
blinking light. He puts the phone in his pocket and leaves.

LOGAN
I'll be back.

TYLER
Hasta la pasta, Arnold.

Tyler watches him leave. He looks at the security camera too.

INT. PARADOX BUILDING - KITCHEN AREA

Standard plain kitchenette area complete with one table and a
water cooler. LILY, 33, stands brewing coffee. Logon enters.

LILY
Hello, Mr. Cane.

Logan opens the fridge and removes a can of soda.

LOGAN
It's still Logan, Lily. I tell you
all the time.

LILY
I'm sorry. Working for your father
makes it a habit.

LOGAN
How's my old man today? Still at
Defcon 1 about the Board?

LILY
Well, he has been more intense.
I've been putting a lot of their
calls through to him lately.

LOGAN

We own a phone company. You'd think
my dad would know how to send it to
voicemail.

They share a smile as Logan exits the area.

INT. PARADOX BUILDING - LAB

Logan walks back into his vacant office. He drops in his seat
and opens his drawer. Tyler walks in, holding mail.

TYLER

Didn't you check that drawer?

Logan pushes it shut. He rubs his eyes.

LOGAN

Do you know how you can look for
something in the same spot three
times, and then somehow find it?
I'm shooting for that outcome.

TYLER

So, like a miracle?

LOGAN

Look, sometimes, when all else
fails, we need...

Logan opens the bottom drawer and lifts a power cord.

TYLER

No way. Really?

Logan pulls the phone out of his pocket and plugs it in.

TYLER

Praise Jesus! By the way, I'm
Christian again.

He does a double take on Tyler before he stares out the
window at the setting sun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PARADOX BUILDING - LAB - DAY

Logan lifts his head off the desk as the morning sun hits him
in the eyes. He opens his eyes to Everett's steady gaze.

EVERETT

Another night in the lab? Devotion
to our craft, or did that woman
lock you out of your apartment?
Again.

Logan rubs his eyes and licks the corner of his lip.

LOGAN

That was only once. Maybe twice.
(beat)
No. Summer's fine. I just had some
things to finish here.

Everett glances around the room. His eyes land on the old
phone. He stares at it until he returns his gaze to his son.

EVERETT

A new phone? It looks old.

Logan looks at the device, resisting the urge to touch it.
Acknowledging it means giving it more attention.

LOGAN

Oh. Yeah. It's a birthday gift for
Summer. I'm programming an old
phone to do some silly new tricks
when she turns it on.

Everett stares, his expression unreadable. After a pause, his
slight chuckle breaks the tension.

EVERETT

I'm sure she'll love that.

He rises and walks toward the door. His voice fades as he
disappears down the hallway.

EVERETT

Make sure you record her reaction
so I can watch after Board calls.

Logan watches his father vanish from view. He sighs and turns
back to the fully charged phone. He tries multiple ways to
turn it on, but to no avail. Tyler walks in.

TYLER

Morning, boss. Another night here?

Logan is flustered by his need to turn the phone on.

TYLER

So, it's powered up but not on now?

Logan glares at Tyler. Tyler puts his hands up in surrender.

TYLER

Now, now. Save your zeal for
Summer. It looks like you sent her
last dozen calls to voicemail.

Logan drops his head in his hands.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Logan enters and places the old phone by Aida's orb on his desk. He walks to the fridge for juice.

AIDA

Welcome home. Did you sleep at your
office again?

LOGAN

Not now. I have one woman I need to
deal with soon.

AIDA

I believe Ms. Summer Stone was
quite upset on the other side of
your front door last night.

LOGAN

Yeah, I saw her heel marks on it.
Well, the new marks.

Pounding on the front door startles Logan.

SUMMER

Let me in, Logan! If I dent another
pump, I swear; I don't even want to
think about it!

Logan sighs. He peeks out the window and calculates if he can slither down the drainpipe. He's too exhausted to try.

He opens the door and braces for impact. Her leather handbag smacks against his shoulder as she huffs by him.

SUMMER

Where is she? Where's the ho that
kept you from answering my calls
all day yesterday?

AIDA

Are you referring to myself?

Summer turns toward Aida's orb.

SUMMER

Don't even get me started on you. I already have a whole manifesto written for when I'm done using you as a baseball for my bat!

Logan rubs his shoulder and points at the old phone on his desk. Summer is already heading that way but picks up speed as she snatches it. She whirls back toward him.

SUMMER (CONT'D)

This one has her own key, and I'm still breaking a nail knocking? Where's my key?

Like a pitcher with a perfect windup, she flings the phone at Logan before he can duck. It strikes the other side of his forehead and bounces back in her direction.

Logan grimaces as he touches his new lump.

LOGAN

How do you have such great aim?!

They suddenly notice that the force of the impact pops open a hidden side compartment on the phone. Logan moves to pick it up but Summer beats him to it.

SUMMER

That's weird. I don't remember any of your old phones doing that.

She places her thumb on the metal plate inside the open compartment as if it's begging for a fingerprint. Nothing.

She frowns. She notices the purplish bruise on Logan's forehead and frowns again. She tosses him the phone.

SUMMER

Sorry, babe.

He catches it as she heads out the front door.

SUMMER

I'm grabbing breakfast for us. Make sure she's not here when I get back, or I'll pull the hair out of one of you.

He softly closes the door behind her and places his thumb on the metal plate. The phone powers on.

ON PHONE SCREEN

Everything on it looks old: fonts, colors, and design. For a moment, the date adjusts from October 20, 1999, to October 21, 2024.

Logan blinks, unsure of what he just saw.

The phone hums and vibrates until a blue light illuminates its edges. The light fades and the phone dials out.

The call automatically switches to speakerphone. It rings twice before it makes a strange sound. The call connects. It's static-filled, but a man's voice hesitantly speaks.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Logan doesn't move or speak.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hello? Is someone there?

Logan takes a cautious step forward.

LOGAN

Hello.

The Voice is silent. Logan steps closer. There's a brief pause before the static crackles.

VOICE (O.S.)

Where am I calling?

LOGAN

Excuse me? Who is this?

VOICE (O.S.)

Who am I calling? And when?

Logan's head wound throbs and his patience thins.

LOGAN

What do you mean 'when'?

VOICE (O.S.)

Did the phone fully charge? Did you find the proper power source? I should have put the proper... You didn't have trouble powering it?

LOGAN

Well, I had to-- look, who is this?
Is this Tyler? Did you get Bobby or
Deb from Dev to call--

VOICE (O.S.)

No, no. Please. Despite what you
may think, we don't have time...my
God, the irony. Listen to me
carefully, son. We--

LOGAN

Son? Excuse me, but this isn't
funny. I've been losing my mind
over this stupid joke, so spare me
the condescending tone and tell me
what the hell this is about!

The silence stretches. It allows Logan's nerves to settle.

VOICE (O.S.)

Of course. Can I ask..., can you
please tell me your name?

LOGAN

(beat)

Fine. My name is Carl.

VOICE (O.S.)

(beat)

Please. I can assure you; this is
not a joke. Is this Logan?

Logan clenches his fist.

LOGAN

Last chance before I hang up. What
the hell do you want?

The Voice remains steady; methodical.

VOICE (O.S.)

I need your help. Please. My life--
our lives, may be in great danger.
I should start at the beginning,
but you are now proof that there is
no beginning, middle, and certainly
no end.

LOGAN

(scoffs)

You're wasting your last breath on
cryptic bullshit? Goodbye.

Logan's finger hovers over the END button; but he freezes.

The phone's screen displays: CALL CONNECTED: 631-243-5343
DATE: October 20th, 1999.

LOGAN
(mutters)
Why does the date on this phone...?

VOICE (O.S.)
Listen to me. I assure you. This is
not a joke.

Logan glances around the room.

LOGAN
So, what are you saying? That I'm
on a call with the past? That
you're calling through space and
time? Do you think I'm some idiot?
How about you just come talk to me
in person?

VOICE (O.S.)
(sighs)
If that were possible, we wouldn't
be in danger.

Logan slams the End button. He runs his hand through his
hair, wincing when he touches his bruise. Frantic, he jogs...

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - SIDE ROOM

...into a windowless, cluttered mess of a room. Clothes,
wires and cookie boxes everywhere. He opens the closet and
rummages through an old until he finds an address book.

LOGAN
Come on, where is it...

His fingers skim down a page until he stops cold.

Everett and Nancy Cane - 631-243-5343

BACK TO LIVING ROOM

Logan grabs his jacket and storms out.

INT. PARADOX BUILDING - EVERETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Logan trudges off the elevator and right to his father's desk. Everett is startled. He motions to react harshly but notices his son's harried condition.

EVERETT

Logan? You look dreadful. Are you feeling well?

LOGAN

(glares)

Well, then I guess your benefits package sucks.

EVERETT

Son, I don't know what's wrong, but that doesn't excuse your rudeness.

Logan paces and rocks his body.

LOGAN

You know that H.G.W. isn't working. We aren't going to make it happen. Did you think messing with my head would motivate me? At first I thought it was Tyler messing with--

Irritated, Everett stands and buttons his suit jacket.

EVERETT

You're not well. Did you take your pill? Go home.

LOGAN

(sneers)

Go home? Which home? When?

He turns and storms back to the elevator.

LOGAN (CONT'D)

And I like my ADD. It makes me forget some of the games you play.

Everett watches the doors close. He sits down and taps keys on his computer, bringing up live feeds from security cameras, including Logan's lab and his apartment workbench.

EXT. PARADOX BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

Logan's iPhone vibrates and jolts him. He stares at it.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Standard interior. Yuppies with puppies. Logan sits across from Summer. She studies him; skeptical but not pushing.

SUMMER

I had a whole alibi prepared for when I threw you out your window after you skipped out on breakfast, but you really seem frazzled, lover. Are you OK?

LOGAN

I don't know why this bothers me so much. It still may be a joke, but...

Logan stares into his latte. She notices.

SUMMER

OK, so run it back to me. You finally found the one power cord you needed among the zillion you own. Check. But it didn't turn on?

Logan stares at her. Doesn't even blink.

LOGAN

Check.

She stares back at him, unsure but still not pushing.

SUMMER

Well, if the phone's been sitting there for years, wouldn't the bank have records? You did ask him that stuff when I went to the bathroom?

It's written all over his ashamed face. Now, she's happy.

SUMMER

You have an I.Q. of like, a gazillion, graduated college in two years, and could be making a fortune in Silicon Valley and treat me as I should be treated, and yet...

He sighs. His sheepish smile returns. She's back in charge.

INT. FIRST NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK - DAY

TITLE: TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES LATER

Logan and Summer sit waiting. The Bank Agent walks over.

BANK AGENT
It looks like the account holder is
a Mr. Giggles.

Logan and Summer stand. Her new penciled-in eyebrow raises.

SUMMER
Mr. Giggles?

BANK AGENT
Yes, the account was created twenty-
five years ago. It has never been
accessed since. Very strange.

Logan is dumbfounded. Summer's other brow lifts.

SUMMER
Why didn't you tell us when we were
here last time?

The Bank Agent doesn't flinch.

BANK AGENT
Because you didn't ask.

Logan slowly holds Summer's purse-swinging hand down.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The young couple walk down a moderately crowded block.

SUMMER
Why would someone send you a phone
when you were a year old?

LOGAN
They didn't require a real name or
address. I can't even see how that
was possible back then. It was
1999, not 1899.

Summer stops in front of a jewelry store.

SUMMER

I need to pick up the chain that you broke.

LOGAN

Wait, the gold one? It got caught on my hand when you tried to mash a banana in my eye.

SUMMER

Tomato. Banana. To-mat-o.

She gives him a quick peck on the cheek and enters the store. Logan stands for a moment before he grunts and leaves.

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Logan enters and locks his front door. He opens his fridge and guzzles down half of the remaining orange juice before collapsing on the bed. He looks at Aida's orb on the desk.

LOGAN

Aida, when I make a call in a second, I want you to record and analyze the man's voice. Compare it against all known recordings of my father.

AIDA

OK. I will complete your request.

Logan sighs and turns the phone on with his thumbprint.

LOGAN

(mutters)

How did you have my thumbprint?

AIDA

I do not have your--

LOGAN

I'm talking to myself, Aida.

AIDA

Is that what double-talk means?

LOGAN

Oh, funny. You're learning.

The phone screen lights and dials out. It makes noises and a light show and connects.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hello? Logan! Thank you, thank you
for calling right back!

Logan's body tenses.

LOGAN
Right back? It's been a day. Let's
not waste time. Who is this?

A long pause precedes what needs to be said.

VOICE (O.S.)
Logan, it's your father.

Logan wants to ask a thousand questions. Only one comes out.

LOGAN
When is this?

VOICE (O.S.)
(beat)
1999. October 20th, 1999.

Silence.

VOICE (O.S.)
Logan, please. I can truly explain
this. Everything. But I have to ask
you something. Am I still alive? In
your year? In 2024?

Logan tilts his head, posturing how to respond.

LOGAN
I mean...what do you want me to--
yes. Yes, you're alive.

The Voice is shaky, but jubilant.

VOICE (O.S.)
I am? I am! Oh God, thank you!

LOGAN
This isn't funny. It's not a joke!

VOICE (O.S.)
No, you're right! It's not. It is
not funny, but it is not a joke.

LOGAN
Then explain! How is this possible?

VOICE (O.S.)

Son, the technical logistics...they aren't important right this second, but your life and mine. They are important. Oh, and I am so happy to hear you are alive.

The voice chokes up, which causes Logan to calm down.

LOGAN

So, you did it. You created it. So, why have you been bothering me for the last three years? Why the secretive push?

VOICE (O.S.)

(beat)

What?

LOGAN

I said if you already created this, why 25 years? Why the key? All this cloak-and-dagger crap?

VOICE (O.S.)

I...well, so many questions. Understandable though, quite understandable. I worked on this for a long time, son. The phones, yes, open a portal. A rift in time. It breaks the continuum for which the telecom signal acts as a front-end carrier to reach a frequency that cuts--

LOGAN

OK, OK. I hear you. You can tell me the specs later. I went to college. I get it.

VOICE (O.S.)

(proud)

I hoped you would. That's why I waited for at least a year after you should have graduated.

Logan is not looking for a pat on his back.

LOGAN

Why didn't you just call me?

VOICE (O.S.)
Call you? Son, call where? When?
How? The portal can only cut into
the past. To what has already
happened. While I realize this can
all sound ridiculous, well even
your mother--

LOGAN
Mom?

VOICE (O.S.)
What? Oh, yes, of course. Your
mother. I--

They both realize at once.

VOICE (O.S.)
Logan, your mother?

Logan closed his eyes. His silence speaks loud and clear.

VOICE (O.S.)
(whispers)
When?

LOGAN
I... it was, some time ago.

VOICE (O.S.)
When? When did your mother pass?

Logan runs his fingers through his hair. He jogs into the
side room and back out with a box in hand.

VOICE (O.S.)
Logan? Are you there?

Logan tosses papers out of the box until he finds an aged
newspaper clipping.

WOMAN DIES IN HOUSE FIRE. The date: October 21st, 1999.

LOGAN
She passed... recently. About five
years ago. Natural causes.

VOICE (O.S.)
(beat)
I see. Did she go peacefully?

LOGAN

Yes.

(beat)

Is my mother there?

VOICE (O.S.)

I'm not sure it's best to hear your mother's voice. If she has passed, it may be best--

LOGAN

But you can call me out of the blue and the past, and that's OK?

VOICE (O.S.)

Son, I had to know. I am sorry.

LOGAN

Had to know because you are possibly in danger? Why do you believe you are in danger?

VOICE (O.S.)

That's not important anymore. The fact that you're alive in 2024 to call back means you are well. You confirmed that I'm still alive and your mother will see many more years with you before--

Logan listens, but his mind races in multiple directions until they leak from his lips.

LOGAN

Tell me why you're in danger!

VOICE (O.S.)

Why are you-- Logan, what's wrong?

LOGAN

Please... Dad.

The voice let out a deep breath.

VOICE (O.S.)

Secrets are never secret for too long. What I do at work and privately at home ...well... secrets eventually leak like air out of a balloon. Powerful people have little patience.

Logan paces the room, gazing at a recent photo of his father signing an award plaque he receives from the mayor. He nods.

LOGAN
I know that well.

VOICE (O.S.)
Maybe I'm getting too paranoid, but I believed the threat to be credible. I couldn't put you and your mother in danger.

LOGAN
I need you to take me through this one puzzle piece at a time. If your danger is real. If... you were to die shortly, you expected me to tell you when and where?

VOICE (O.S.)
Oddly said, but yes.

LOGAN
You are quite alive.

VOICE (O.S.)
And IF I was not, and as long as you were able to remain alive and receive my package, I hoped, prayed, all these variables would work in my favor to bring us to the point we are now.

Logan starts to rock his body. His mind is on fire.

LOGAN
Just like that? HOPE your phones worked? PRAY that FEDEX would keep their word to deliver a package 25 years later to no particular address? And BELIEVE the bank would remain open? You belong in Vegas with those odds.

Silence validates Logan's concern. His impatience overflows.

LOGAN
Answer me!

VOICE (O.S.)
(beat)
Logan. I'm confused, but that doesn't excuse your rudeness.

The same sentence Everett said earlier.

VOICE (O.S.)

Son, FedEx has been around for a long time. I obviously didn't know where you would be living now, but I know FedEx would easily be able to track you down 25 years later; in any state. The computer systems must be off the charts by now. The new movie out now, The Matrix, is what I believe our future will be. I'm sure it's more like that in your world now. And that bank? I gave you the address. It's been there for over a hundred years. The odds, as you mentioned, were in my favor. The phone, well, I needed you to be the only one who could access it, and that was with your blood and your fingerprint. As for the call slicing through the past? I tested them personally myself.

LOGAN

What? Did you call yourself?

VOICE (O.S.)

Yes, just now. Well, I called back a day earlier. With both phones in my possession, calling one from the present to the other a day earlier is the parameter of their structure. It didn't work...yet because I had to finish some parameters. Tomorrow, I will call myself back today.

LOGAN

So, until I took it from the bank and it auto-called back to you, it hasn't worked.

VOICE (O.S.)

That is correct.

LOGAN

Why not try calling further back? Like a hundred years?

VOICE (O.S.)
I cannot call back to Alexander
Graham Bell on the day he created
the phone.

LOGAN
Was that a joke?

VOICE (O.S.)
That depends. Was it funny?

LOGAN
No. But that's what makes it funny.

Logan puts his face in his hands. He hears a baby's cry. The
now half-muffled Voice speaks to someone on his end.

VOICE (O.S.)
Please. No. Not now. I really--

LOGAN
Who is that?

VOICE (O.S.)
Son, please. Hold on.

LOGAN
Who is that? Is that...she's there?

The Voice, still muffled, suddenly has a woman's voice,
NANCY, 35, speaks clearly over him.

NANCY (O.S.)
Logan! My boy!

Logan backs away from the phone.

LOGAN
Mom?

NANCY (O.S.)
Logan? Logan, can you hear my
voice? My son, oh my lord, my son!

Logan freezes.

NANCY (O.S.)
Everett, is he there? I don't hear
him?

The Voice, now called YOUNG EVERETT, calmly speaks to her.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Nancy, please. Give him a moment.

Logan stumbles through his box and pulls pictures of his mother dated 1995, before her death in the fire.

NANCY (O.S.)
Oh, my boy. Talk to me, please.

Logan hears a baby's cry. The child, in essence, is himself. He drops a picture of his mother holding him as a baby.

LOGAN
Is that crying... me?

NANCY (O.S.)
Oh my god, your voice. My baby!
You're all grown!

LOGAN
(sheepishly)
I'm all grown, mom.

The younger Everett takes the phone.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Logan, I...don't know how wise...

NANCY (O.S.)
Where is...which button turns it on?

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Nancy, don't...

A slight scuffle leads to a live view of his mother on his phone screen. She's young and beautiful. She can't see him, only his ceiling. Logan reels back.

LOGAN
What the heck? You have video on this? Why didn't you--

Logan unconsciously lowers the phone camera on himself.

NANCY (O.S.)
Oh! Look at you!

Like a child, Logan awkwardly tries to fix his hair and straighten his shirt. The signal is not great. It fades in and out. Logan moves the phone around to get a better signal.

LOGAN
(mutters)
I can't believe I'm moving around
to get a better signal, in time.

Nancy's face is visible, but the baby in her arms is not.

LOGAN
Since I don't have a brother...

Nancy smiles and holds the phone's camera on the child.

NANCY (O.S.)
Logan, meet, the most adorable baby
in the world!

Logan grins, unable to fully smile. It's just too strange.

LOGAN
Cute kid. Though, I'm not really a
kid type of guy.

NANCY (O.S.)
Be nice! Apparently, I'm not a
grandmother there, but you'll have
kids one day!

SUMMER (O.S.)
Who the heck is she?!

Summer's voice shatters the moment. Logan spins and sees
Summer standing there, miffed.

LOGAN
Summer! How did you get...

Summer holds up a key.

SUMMER
I took your key and had one cut.

Summer raises her fist high.

SUMMER
Self-empowerment! My therapist told
me I have every right.

Flustered, Logan looks back and forth at his mother and
Summer. Summer looks at the phone.

SUMMER
A friend of yours?

LOGAN
Well, no. Not exact--

Nancy speaks as a mom would speak.

NANCY (O.S.)
I'm his mother, young lady. Mind
your manners.

A slight scuffle is heard as Young Everett takes the phone.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
That's enough of that, dear.

NANCY (O.S.)
Oh stop. If she's there, she knows.

Summer encroaches on Logan's position. He takes a step back.

SUMMER
What? Logan, what did she say?
Knows what? Who are they?

LOGAN
It's not... you wouldn't... they're
my parents.

Summer stares and waits for the laugh to follow. It does not. She furrows her nose, moving her hand to speak a few times and hoping any of them would interject. They do not.

Finally, she's at a loss for words.

SUMMER
Ummm, ok.

LOGAN
(sighs)
Trust me, I know how this looks.

Summer nods before he ~~(MORE)~~ takes control.

SUMMER
Oh, trust me, honey, I know how it looks, too. It looks like you think I'm too stupid to figure out what's going on. You don't want me to move in, you don't want to marry me and change my last name from Stone, which you know I HATE, and you want me to think you're crazy. Well, you know what, lover? You're right.

SUMMER(cont'd)

You and your lab buddies on the phone are crazy!

Summer storms toward the door. She spins and throws the key and hits him square on the forehead; again.

SUMMER

Crazy!

She slams the door behind her. Logan rubs his forehead.

LOGAN

How does she have such good aim!

Younger Everett quickly intercedes.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Logan, before you do anything hasty, stop and take a breath. Let her go right now. Your mother was foolish to tell her who we are. Once this is over you can tell her it was all a joke. She seems to love you dearly, otherwise she would not be so upset.

Logan kicks his wastepaper basket. Papers scatter all over.

LOGAN

She's right! This is crazy! So, what now? What do we do from here? What have you planned as the next step? I mean, everything you set to happen has happened. What now?

His father ponders the question.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Well, the variables played out in a linear fashion. The worst did not transpire. But, tell me something. Am I a rich man?

LOGAN

Rich? I mean, you own a telecom company. You aren't living check to check, that's for sure.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

I see. And as far as you know, well it's obvious now, you have no inclination of what I built?

LOGAN

No.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

What did you mean earlier when you said, why are you bothering me for these last 3 years?

Logan tilts his head and mumbles to himself.

LOGAN

That's right. Why didn't you...

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

What was that? Speak up, son. Our connection must have a weak signal.

Logan still talks to himself as he moves for a signal.

LOGAN

If you built it, why haven't we by now... you could have changed....

It dawns on Logan.

LOGAN

Mom!

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

What? What about your mother?

Logan looks over at his fireplace.

LOGAN

Where is she? Right now?

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

She went to put the baby, you... err, the baby to sleep.

Logan leans into the phone camera.

LOGAN

I need you to listen carefully.

EVERETT (O.S.)

What...are...you....

The present-day version of his father, now OLDER EVERETT, stands by the open front door. Logan turns.

LOGAN

Dad!

Older Everett motions toward the phone in Logan's hand.

OLDER EVERETT
Is that...?

LOGAN
Dad, please...

Older Everett slowly moves his hand toward the phone screen. Logan mutes the call and switches the phone off of screen mode/speaker mode as he steps back from his father.

LOGAN
Dad, please. Let me explain.

Older Everett stares ahead. His thoughts leak from his mouth.

OLDER EVERETT
I... I did it.

Logan tilts his head.

LOGAN
Dad? Did what? What did you do?

Older Everett's eyes focus. They stare into Logan's pupils.

OLDER EVERETT
Son. Please step aside. I would
like to talk to myself.

Logan's brain is on fire. He places the phone upright in a cradle. Older Everett nods a gesture of gratitude and steps closer to the phone.

OLDER EVERETT
Do I just... speak?

LOGAN
Well, no. You have to unmute. It's
still just a phone, dad.
Your...phone.

Older Everett glances at Logan, before hitting the button.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Hello? Hello! Logan, are you there?
I can hear something again!
Logan, did you shut the screen? I
can't see you?

LOGAN
Yes, Dad.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Who is there with you?

Logan looks at Older Everett, unable to find the right words.

LOGAN
You are.

OLDER EVERETT
Hello.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Please turn the video back on.

Older Everett turns it on. Both Everett's are startled. They feel each other out without as much of a smile.

OLDER EVERETT
Look at you.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Am I?

OLDER EVERETT
So, we did it. We actually did it.
Can you move the phone around the
lab so I can see? It's a long time.

Young Everett waits an uncomfortable minute before obliging.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Just like you remember?

Older Everett wipes a tear from his eye. The signal weakens. Older Everett lifts the phone from the raised cradle.

OLDER EVERETT
What's happening? What's wrong?

Logan takes the phone. He moves around but it disconnects.

LOGAN
Damn. No!

He tries to redial, but it just disconnects. Older Everett puts his hand on Logan's arm.

OLDER EVERETT
Relax, son. You still don't look
well. Let me try.

He gently takes the phone from Logan but has no luck.

LOGAN

Dad, we need to get... you, back on the phone. Now!

OLDER EVERETT

Well, yes, I realize the magnitude of this, but I don't understand your tone?

LOGAN

No! Mom! Think! Mom is going to die tomorrow night in that house. The fire will consume it!

Older Everett's mind floods with thoughts.

OLDER EVERETT

Your mother? Oh Lord! You're right!

LOGAN

We have to get the connection back now! Wait, wait. If you built this 25 years ago and tested it, why didn't you use this moving forward? Why did you have me try to build this over the years?

OLDER EVERETT

What are you asking?

LOGAN

Why didn't you go back and tell yourself about the fire?

Older Everett stares at an angry Logan. His tone changes.

OLDER EVERETT

Are you making an accusation against your father?

Out of habit, Logan is about to step back, both in word and posture. He does not.

LOGAN

Just answer the question.

Older Everett notices the bravado. His voice hardens.

OLDER EVERETT

Have you forgotten that the fire
burned down the entire home,
including the lab, my devices and
killed the woman most important to
both you and I?

Logan's eyes try to piece it. Older Everett doesn't stop.

OLDER EVERETT (CONT'D)

Have you forgotten the concussion
and head trauma I received from the
falling beams in the house? The
months I spent in the hospital.

Logan's demeanor eases.

LOGAN

No, it's--

OLDER EVERETT

No, how can you have forgotten when
you were only a baby, and I barely
escaped with you in my arms. The
paramedics later said I barely made
it out the back. I was unconscious
for 2 days, my boy.

LOGAN

Dad, I know.

OLDER EVERETT

(eases)

The concussion. The bouts of memory
loss. The trauma of losing your
mother. Your mother over a threat I
created by the creation of this...

He points to the phone.

OLDER EVERETT (CONT'D)

...device. I am not surprised how
much I have blocked out.

Logan remains still with his head down.

LOGAN

I'm sorry.

Older Everett closes his eyes.

OLDER EVERETT

Not as sorry as I am.

LOGAN

Well, we can change it now. We just need to get... you... back on the phone and make sure the fire doesn't happen.

Logan grabs the phone and hits redial before older Everett can move. The phone makes its strange noises and connects.

LOGAN

Yes!

They got Young Everett's voicemail.

LOGAN

Damn! No! I need to leave a message!

Older Everett ended the call.

LOGAN

Wait! What are you doing?

OLDER EVERETT

Logan, listen. This is not real.

The confused son of past and present steps back.

LOGAN

What? Why are you saying that?

Older Everett paces the room.

OLDER EVERETT

It has taken a moment to really pull my thoughts together. This is very bizarre. Now that I gathered my thoughts, it is clear.

Logan fingers to redial, but doesn't press it.

LOGAN

What's clear?

OLDER EVERETT

Think, my son. What we are trying to build now? What you must be closer to doing than you even imagine. Our enemies must know.

LOGAN

Enemies? What enemies?

OLDER EVERETT

Every business has enemies. Trust me my boy, the first caveman who built the wheel had his idea stolen by the second caveman living under a rock next to him. Just because I shield you from the shadows. From our own Board. They probably have cameras here right now.

Logan raises his brow and looks around the room.

LOGAN

So? You're saying this is an elaborate setup?

OLDER EVERETT

It's the only logical explanation.

Logan sits down on the edge of the couch.

LOGAN

But, the phone that was sent?

Older Everett raises an eyebrow. He places his hand on Logan's shoulder.

OLDER EVERETT

How did you get the phone? Was it in a box outside your door?

Logan looks disillusioned.

LOGAN

FedEx.

OLDER EVERETT

I see.

LOGAN

That FedEx (MORE) was weird.

(beat)

My mother... I saw her, dad. Are you saying with enough pictures of public record after the fire? A great look-a-like?

Older Everett nod is stern.

OLDER EVERETT

Letting you see your mother; savages. We will find them, my boy.

OLDER EVERETT(cont'd)

We will not let them get away with this. But we must keep this to ourselves for now. Process this thoroughly.

LOGAN

So now what?

OLDER EVERETT

Now, I think you get a good shower and a night's rest under your belt. We can tackle this tomorrow.

Logan rubs his eyes.

LOGAN

Right.

Logan starts to cough from a little smoke near the fireplace. Older Everett is about to take the phone from him.

LOGAN

Can you grab me a bottle of water from the fridge.

Older Everett pauses but then moves toward the kitchen.

OLDER EVERETT

Of course.

Logan stares at the phone in his hands.

LOGAN

Not calling them back throws their plan off.

He slowly rocks in place.

LOGAN

It was dumb for them to make me think they can't call back.

Older Everett leans into the fridge.

OLDER EVERETT

That's correct, son.

Logan rocks more impatiently.

LOGAN

I'll show them. By not calling back...

Older Everett stops leaning and looks from across the room.

OLDER EVERETT

Logan?

Logan is in a trance.

LOGAN

By not calling back...

Older Everett swings the door shut and moves toward Logan.

OLDER EVERETT

Logan!

Logan redials. The sounds play and the call connects.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Logan! Are you there?

Logan motions with his hand for Older Everett to stand back. Older Everett slowly stops.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

What happened? Are you alright?

LOGAN

We must have been disconnected.
Sunspot or something.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

I see. Sunspots. Logan, are we
alone?

OLDER EVERETT

Do you mean am I...you, still here?
(beat)

I am here. What is it that you want
now? This has been, magical, to say
the least, but there are
consequences to the potential
paradox created here today... in
your day. Overall.

Logan hits the Mute button.

LOGAN

Keep him on the line. I want to run
a trace.

Logan unmutes and keeps it on speakerphone. Older Everett tries to interject but the look on Logan's face derails his plans. He nods.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Why can't I see either of you now?
Is everything OK, Logan?

OLDER EVERETT
Of course everything is fine, Mr.
... Good God, what am I even
supposed to call you?

LOGAN
Everything is fine! I have to use
the bathroom!

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
I see. The bathroom. And please,
just call me by our college
nickname.

Logan looks up from his tracing equipment. Older Everett looks away from Logan's stare. He keeps his hands in his suit pockets. His eyes remain closed.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Can you hear me?

Logan halts his trace. Older Everett opens his eyes.

OLDER EVERETT (O.S.)
Loud and clear enough. It takes a
moment for my aging mind to access
that data bank, Mr. Giggles.

Logan's eyes widen, but he waits for verification.

YOUNG EVERETT
(beat)
Yes, it has been a while.

Logan tilts his head.

LOGAN
Mr. Giggles? That's twice today.
Care to elaborate, gentlemen?

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
(miffed)
My fraternity brothers seemed to
think I was a bit dry in wit.

Logan shakes his head and finishes the trace.

LOGAN

Right. Mr. Giggles. Well, that joke has held up through time well.

OLDER EVERETT

If it is all the same, I will call you, Sir. As should be expected. What is the purpose of this call, present phenomena excluded.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Well, Sir, our conversing may well have answered any doubt on my mortality.

Logan walks over and mutes the call.

LOGAN

I can't trace this. At all. It's unlike anything I've seen. Why is he sticking to this line of questioning? If time, to say the least is short, why isn't he making his point?

OLDER EVERETT

Son, it is irrelevant. The joke is over. We can get the last laugh by ending this charade.

Logan ponders his words. He hovers his finger over the end button.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Son, your voice did not sound right earlier when I asked about mom.

OLDER EVERETT

Enough of this nonsense!

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Logan, turn the video back on.

Older Everett is about to end the call when Logan grabs the phone from his hand and steps away. He turns the video on.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Listen to me! That man is not your father! He is not me!

OLDER EVERETT

Enough! Logan, turn the phone off!

Logan backs further away.

LOGAN

What are you talking about? Do you seriously expect me to believe that? Do you seriously expect me to believe that the man who raised me alone since mom died is not my father? Expect a voice from the past to tell me that!

Older Everett's emotions rise.

OLDER EVERETT

Hang it up, Logan.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

Raised you alone? You said your mother died 5 years ago?

LOGAN

What the fuck do you want?

OLDER EVERETT

Hang it up!

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

What happened to her? Listen to me, you are in danger! He is not your father! Look at me! Look at this!

Younger Everett turns his camera to show his writing with his left hand.

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)

I am left-handed! He is a righty! The picture you showed me earlier on the wall! Look at it!

Logan's eyes scan the picture with the mayor on the wall.

OLDER EVERETT

Logan, he is lying. I am right-handed. I have always been right-handed! This charade is over. Give me that phone.

LOGAN

Dad, calm down! Give me a moment!

OLDER EVERETT
I will not be made a fool of! Do
you hear me, you fucking imposter!
I am Garrett Cane!

Logan and Young Everett freeze in their respective times.

LOGAN
Garrett?

Older Everett shakes his head as he rapidly stutters.

OLDER EVERETT
Ev...erett! Everett Cane!

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Garrett? What are you--

LOGAN
Aida! Analysis of their two voices!

YOUNG EVERETT (O.S.)
Oh god, no! Garrett! It's not
possible. Logan, get out now!

AIDA
Voices do not match.

Before Logan can turn his head from the video screen to Older Everett, he is knocked out.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LOGAN'S APARTMENT - SIDE ROOM

Logan hazily wakes. Bound by multiple computer power cords, his body is tightly tied to his computer desk chair.

Older Everett, now exposed as Garrett, rummages through Logan's papers. He notices Logan is conscious and stands upright to straighten his suit jacket.

He leans toward Logan's captivity and stares in his eyes.

GARRETT CANE
It still doesn't have to be like
this, Logan. I was trying to not
let it get to this point. I really
did try. You had to be stubborn.
Just like your father.

LOGAN

Who are you?

Garrett put his hands behind his back and paced the room.

GARRETT CANE

It should be clearer to you at this point. Orphaned twin children make for a clouded family tree, my obstinate nephew.

Logan's expression shows confusion until it doesn't.

GARRETT CANE (CONT'D)

At 12 years of age, your father was given a chance for a new life. The family that adopted him did not want both of us. Six months later, the fire that consumed my orphanage spared no one. Well, save one.

LOGAN

You? My father had a twin brother?

GARRETT CANE

I was bitter over his adoption. I did not receive one call from him in those first six months. Yes, it is easy to say that he was adapting to his new family, but that was no comfort. He was forgetting his own. I found no joy in setting the Orphanage ablaze.

LOGAN

So out of anger? You killed all those people? Those kids?

Garrett eyes reflect his processing of a time long passed.

GARRETT CANE

There was a ~~(MORE)~~ at the orphanage. Both by adults and worthless teenage boys content to beat me into submission. I put an end to it. And the other children's pain.

Logan is disgusted. Garrett moves past it.

GARRETT CANE

Assumed dead, I took care of myself. Although I was deprived of your father's education, I made do.

GARRETT CANE(cont'd)

I taught myself what I needed to know. I kept tabs on him. People I worked for were interested in his side inventions as well.

LOGAN

So he was right. He knew he was in danger. He just didn't know it was his own brother.

Garrett seems genuinely dismayed.

GARRETT CANE

I came to his home to get the phones. I didn't plan to kill him, but when he would not tell me where the other device was... a fight ensued. The fire was unintentional. But ironic.

LOGAN

You killed my mother, you bastard!

Garrett lowers his head.

GARRETT CANE

Unfortunate. Nancy deserved better. I saved you. How twisted a fate? I truly did have a concussion trying to get out with you. It was natural for the authorities to think I was your father. After all, I was already 'dead'. So, the way your father took my family, himself, away from the orphanage home, I took his from your home; you.

Logan pulls at his restraints.

LOGAN

Why keep me alive all these years?
Just for revenge?

GARRETT CANE

This many years later? I cannot be clear on everything myself. Partial revenge, partially a ready-made child. A child who, if he carried his father's intelligence, might eventually--

LOGAN

Create the same technology from parts you stole from my father's remaining phone?

GARRETT CANE

That helped build my enterprise. You were making strides. Closer than I could. But neither of us is your father. It became tedious watching you on the cameras I had installed in your lab, and the one in your living room.

Logan's reaction makes Garrett form a slight grin.

GARRETT CANE

Summer is quite untamed, eh?

LOGAN

You bastard! And now? What now?

Garrett removes the original receiver; Phone #2, from his jacket pocket as he picks up the other long-lost device, Phone #1, out of his other pocket.

GARRETT CANE

Now with both devices reunited, I can do as planned for the last 25 years. It only takes one call back to myself, once my wounds are healed back then, to pass along a few, shall we say, monetary tips? A rising stock. A lopsided World Series result. Everything you see on silly time travel movies.

Logan's thoughts stumble from his mouth.

LOGAN

Are you forgetting I still will get the other phone sent to me? You can't stop it from being sent.

GARRETT CANE

While that is true, once I make this call to myself now, you will not be fortunate enough to see this day again in any timeline. I am sorry about that, my son.

LOGAN

Don't you dare call me that.

GARRETT CANE

Habit. If you will excuse me, I have a call to make. Let's see, four months in the hospital would put me back on my feet somewhere around April 2000. Where does the time go?

He dials Phone #1 and after the light show, it starts to call out. Phone #2 lights, but Garrett doesn't touch it.

INT. BABYLON HOSPITAL - NIGHT

YOUNG GARRETT, 37, sits in a chair next to his hospital bed. He has a bandage on his head and a cast on his arm.

TITLE: APRIL 10, 2000

He hears the phone ring. He reaches under his bed and removes it from his personal knapsack. He answers it.

YOUNG GARRETT

Hello?

BACK TO LOGAN'S APARTMENT - SIDE ROOM

Just before he can speak, Garrett hears Logan's front door shake and open in the living room. He disconnects the call.

SUMMER (O.S.)

Hello? Any nuts here?

Garrett yanks the handkerchief from his breast pocket and quickly ties it around Logan's mouth before he can yell out. He leans into Logan's ear.

GARRETT CANE

Speak and you will be the cause of her demise.

Logan's eyes widen, but he complies. Garrett drags his chair into the closet and closes the door just as Summer turns the corner and enters the room.

SUMMER

Brrr! It's freezing outside!

Garrett is flushed and sweating. Summer notices.

SUMMER

But I guess you're toasty!

She takes off her gloves, but not her long winter jacket. Garrett fixes his hair and adjusts his jacket.

GARRETT CANE

I did not hear you come in. Wasn't the door locked? Do you have a key?

Summer barely listens as she looks at her chipped fingernail.

SUMMER

Hmm? Well, There should be an indent of one on your son's head. I had two cut. By the way, where is Mr. Phone King?

Garrett waves his hand as he conjures up a lie.

GARRETT CANE

Oh, well, he was feeling a cold coming on and went down to the drugstore to get some Tylenol. I was trying to clean up his messy area. Do something nice since he does not feel well. You understand, don't you?

SUMMER

I do! A piggy, isn't he? Do you want some help?

Summer picks up loose cables before Garrett can answer.

GARRETT CANE

Really, that is not necessary. Why don't we wait for Logan inside over a nice glass of wine?

Summer is oblivious to his words as she picks up things.

SUMMER

He's at the drugstore? Well, after the joke he played on me earlier; making me try to believe he was talking to his dead mother on that wacky old phone, he needs drugs.

Garrett's pulse quickens; a bead of sweat runs down his temple. She kept straightening, never making eye contact.

SUMMER

Can you imagine that? At first, he said FedEx delivered a key someone sent him 25 years earlier. Crazy!

Garrett makes a fist as he scans the area.

SUMMER

Then something about a bank holding an old phone for all those years. Crazier!

Garrett spots a dirty dinner plate with a fork and steak knife on it. He takes the knife and holds it behind his back.

GARRETT CANE

Crazy, indeed.

Her back to Garrett, Summer picks a few shirts off the floor.

SUMMER

Even if all that was true, it would sound like some wacky sci-fi flick where his life is in danger. I mean, blah, how cliché, right?

She moves toward the closet holding Logan, remaining with her back to Garrett as he positions himself behind her.

GARRETT CANE

Preposterous, indeed.

She puts her hand on the doorknob but stops to speak.

SUMMER

And in those dumb movies, some stupid blonde would probably need to die at some point.

Summer pulls the door open to see Logan bound and gagged. His eyes try to alert her to turn. Garrett raises the steak knife as Summer yells out.

SUMMER

Aida! Shut the lights!

The room goes black. Garrett reaches and turns the light switch back on. Summer, the fiery redhead, has a handgun pointed directly at his chest. She twitches her nose.

SUMMER

And I'm not dying my hair blonde for anyone, you son of a bitch!

Fear is evident in Garrett's eyes. Summer pulls the trigger three times. Her aim is still impeccable. Garrett falls dead.

Summer drops the gun like it was on fire and leans against the closet door. Finally, she focuses on Logan's captivity and removes his mouthpiece. He doesn't know where to start.

LOGAN

Summer! How? How could you...?

She hugs him like no woman has hugged her man. She calls out.

SUMMER

Girl power! Way to go, girlfriend!

AIDA (O.S.)

Right back at you.

Logan rubs his restraint-marks.

LOGAN

Summer, talk to me.

SUMMER

It was your dad.

LOGAN

What? My father? How? When?

Summer kicks one of his shoes out of her way.

SUMMER

You really are a pig, you know? Look, I'm not going to tell you I understand exactly what's happened in the last few hours, but when I stormed out of here earlier and got back to my apartment, some weird FedEx guy, Sam or Sal or whatever, handed me a package. It was a key to another box at the same bank. In it was a video from that old phone of yours of what just happened here in your apartment with me and you, and your parents. Logan. I was blown away. The bank guy said that lockbox was also 25 years ago!

Logan tries to speak, but she's a pro at cutting him off.

SUMMER

The end of the video was your father, young father, telling me you were being held captive by him - your father's brother, this old creep. There was a gun in the box, Logan. He told me to save your life, I had to be prepared to...

Finished untying Logan, Summer welcomes his embrace. He whispers in her ear.

LOGAN

Shhh, it's over now.

They sit silently, until she breaks the silence.

SUMMER

So, unless you finish cleaning this place, I am NOT moving in, I am NOT marrying you, and I am NOT raising our first baby, Paul if it's a boy, Paula if it's a girl, in this pigsty of a baby room.

Logan laughs; a tear rolls down his cheek onto hers.

LOGAN

Whatever you say.

Summer stares at Garrett's body. She yells out.

SUMMER

Aida, call the cops!

AIDA (O.S.)

The police are on their way.

Logan looks at Summer. She smiles.

SUMMER

What? Girl power. We cool.

Logan laughs. A phone rings, specifically, one of the two portal phones, receiver Phone#2, lying on the floor.

Summer and Logan stare at the ringing phone, neither moving to answer it.

The phone screen simply reads; INCOMING CALL, PAUL 631-243-5343. The year; 2050.

END