LEAPER

Ву

Ме

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A young child's bedroom. Toys scattered across the floor, mixed in with various clothes. Cowboy wallpaper. A computer desk. Various video-game posters on the walls.

ANDY (6) a cute young lad with an innocent demeanor and dark eyes, sits on the edge of his bed.

In his hand is a picture of his father, MITCH (31) a strapping man with facial stubble and a smile on a face otherwise twisted by sadness.

ANDREW (V.O)

I never knew my father, but my mother always tells me he was one of the kindest men she ever knew.

A tear trickles down Andy's cheek. He rubs the picture with his thumb and winces.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Same bedroom, fifteen years later. The place is tidy. Clothes in the open wardrobe dangle off hangers. The computer is on some technology blog-site.

ANDREW (21) handsome, unshaven, disheveled, rummages through a box cluttered to hell with various pieces of metal, wires and other such objects.

He pulls out a red wire and sits it on the computer desk next to a dead, silver watch.

ANDREW (V.O)

He died in a car accident on December 8th, 2007. Drunk driver veered him off the road. They didn't find him for six hours and by that time there was nothing left. It hurt my mother, made her lose everything she was.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large TV hangs on the wall. Neatly kept room. Navy carpet. Bland walls. Coffee table cluttered with magazines.

ASHLEY (49) delicate, lost, older than her age, eyes filled with years of regret and sadness, sits on a chair by the window. She stares out into the black street beyond.

Andrew walks into the living room and notices her. Compassion fills his face. He walks over to her, takes hold of her hand and tries to gain her attention.

ANDREW

Mom?

She does not respond.

ANDREW

Mom, I'm going now. I don't want to leave you alone, but I have to do something, okay?

She does not care. He lays a kiss on her cheek and walks out of the living room. Andrew stops by the doorway and takes a look back at his mother. He leaves.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Overflowing garbage cans line the sidewalks. Dim streetlights hang over the streets, one flickers on/off.

Andrew locks the front gate and gazes left/right. The emptiness is haunting.

ANDREW (V.O)

Twenty-one years ago, my father died in a car accident. Fate called his name early.

Andrew walks down the street, pulls his hood over his head.

ANDREW (V.O)

My mother is a shell, stuck in a never-ending cycle of doubt, regret and pain. My father was the only man she ever loved.

Andrew stops at the corner of the street, checks for movement and declares it is safe.

He rolls up his sleeve, the watch rests on his wrist, slowly ticking away.

ANDREW (V.O)

Imagine if you could change the past, see the future, what would you do with that power? Would you reverse the hands of time to strike rich? Or use what you have to undo a mistake?

Andrew taps in a date on the watch-face: 08/12/2007.

He takes a breath and a final look at his house, and taps the watch and disappears from view.

ANDREW (V.O)

That was my intention.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Patrons sit in the booths. Some are truckers, some are merely travelers.

MISSY (23) a pretty young thing in diner-garb, fills a trucker's coffee cup and hands another patron the bill.

The front door bell jingles. Andrew walks in, takes a swift look around the diner.

Andrew takes a seat at the bar, next to a rather suspicious man, gazing out of the corner of his eye at the newcomer.

Missy sets the kettle on the counter and tosses a tea towel over her shoulder. She whips out her notepad.

MISSY

What can I get ya?

ANDREW

Cup o' Joe.

MISSY

Want some pie?

**ANDREW** 

No.

Missy clicks her pen and goes on with her business. Andrew scans the diner. He spots truckers, patrons, travelers... and his father, in the corner on his own.

Andrew walks over to his father's booth.

Mitch flips through his newspaper, particularly the sports section. He sips coffee, adjusts the page.

This seat taken?

Mitch looks up and acknowledges Andrew. He gestures to one of the empty booths around the diner.

MITCH

There's plenty to choose from.

ANDREW

I could use the company.

Andrew takes a seat. Mitch folds up his paper, finishes his coffee and sets a few dimes on the bill tray.

ANDREW

Going somewhere?

MITCH

Home.

Mitch grabs his coat, stands.

**ANDREW** 

If you get in that car, you'll die.

Mitch stops and observes Andrew. His look is dead serious.

MITCH

Are you threatening me?

**ANDREW** 

Warning. Why don't you take a seat? Coffee?

Mitch begins to suspect something, but takes a seat. Missy moseys on over with the coffee pot, pours two cups.

MISSY

You ought to be getting home, Mitch. That wife of yours can't take care of a baby all by her lonesome.

Missy acknowledges Andrew, whom offers her a stony look, as if to tell her to go away. She obliges.

Mitch and Andrew exchange looks. Andrew takes the paper, notices the date: 08/12/2007.

MITCH

You gonna explain yourself or do I have to call the warden?

(grins)

11:45pm, December 8th, 2007. A drunk driver rams you off the road, you hit a tree, car explodes. You're not found for six hours and by the time you are, the only thing that can identify you are dental records.

Mitch furrows his brow.

ANDREW

Sounds crazy, I know - but I'm here to change something and I intend on succeeding. If you'll play along that is.

MITCH

You're from the future?

ANDREW

2027. We've got a gay president. The USA won the world cup in 2026. I graduated from college in 2025 with a diploma in science...

MITCH

Right, 'course you did, kid. Whatever floats your boat, but I have to be getting back to sane town now, so...

Mitch stands. Andrew pins his hand to the table.

ANDREW

I'm your son.

This changes Mitch's expression.

ANDREW

My name is Andrew James Grant, I was born December 7th, 2007. My mother's name is Ashley Grant, formerly Ashley Wilson, her parents were Scott and Debby Wilson. She met you on Spring Break in 1995, you brought her a sundae after she cut her knee at the lake. You talked for three straight hours and took her home, where you then told her she was the most beautiful girl you had ever seen and two months

(MORE)

ANDREW (cont'd)

later you proposed to her at her father's Birthday dinner...

MITCH

Stop.

Mitch moves Andrew's hand and takes a seat. This is all a lot to bear for him.

ANDREW

Point is, if you get in your car tonight, you die. I need to change what happens here.

MITCH

Say I believe you.

Andrew takes up his coffee.

MITCH

Say, for one second, I actually believe the bullshit coming out of your mouth. How in the hell did you get here?

ANDREW

I invented time travel.

Mitch laughs. Andrew remains serious.

MITCH

Yeah, and I invented space travel, cut me some slack, kid. I wasn't born yesterday.

ANDREW

I was.

Mitch turns away, shaking his head. Andrew sets the cup on a coaster and taps on the table impatiently.

MITCH

So, this grand plan of yours involves what? Sitting in a diner all night long?

ANDREW

Something like that.

MITCH

Sounds boring.

Could be worse. You could be on fire right now.

Mitch agreed with this. Andrew plucked a menu from the table and browsed the dessert section.

ANDREW

I could go for some pie, you?

Mitch shoots him a really look.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andrew wakes up and takes a look at his alarm clock. It reads: 11:45pm.

Giggling cries through the walls. Andrew listens in, smiles.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Same living room, different demeanor. Ashley sits on the couch with Mitch (now 51). They seem happy.

Andrew enters the living room.

ANDREW

Morning.

**ASHLEY** 

Andy - hey.

Ashley gets off the couch, lays a peck on Andrew's cheek. Andrew takes a seat at the dining table. Ashley wanders into the kitchen.

Mitch sits up, turns the volume down on the TV with the remote and stretches.

MITCH

You okay, champ?

**ANDREW** 

Great.

Mitch hands Andrew a pair of tickets to a baseball game.

ANDREW

You got them?

MITCH

You betcha.

ANDREW

Awesome. Ellie's gonna love it.

MITCH

Ellie? I thought we could go together?

Andrew gives his father a  $\underline{\text{really}}$  look. Mitch smiles, claps his son on the shoulder.

MITCH

I guess those days are behind us, eh? Too old to hang around with your old dad, huh?

ANDREW

I promised, Ellie I'd take her to the game. She loves baseball.

Mitch nods and understands. He grabs his coat from the arm of the couch and approaches the door.

Ashley gives Andrew his breakfast. Notices Mitch.

ASHLEY

Don't stay out too late.

MITCH

Wouldn't dream of it.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

An old muscle car sits in the garage. A MAN is beneath it, working on the engine.

Mitch knocks on the garage door.

MAN

Yep?

MITCH

Seems my son is too old to hang out with me these days.

The man slides out from under the car. It's OLD ANDREW (41). He wipes his oily hands on a dirty rag.

MAN/OLD ANDREW

I know the feeling.

Old Andrew walks over to the workbench, pops open the ice box, hands Mitch a beer and takes one for himself.

They sit on two small crates by the garage door.

MITCH

I never did understand one thing.

Old Andrew takes a swig.

MITCH

Why didn't you go back to your own time? Why stay?

**ANDREW** 

No reason.

Mitch contemplates. Old Andrew sits the beer on the ground.

ANDREW

It broke.

MITCH

It broke?

ANDREW

The time travel thing. It broke. I forgot to bring a spare wire.

Mitch laughs.

ANDREW

It's not funny.

MITCH

It's a little funny. You invented time travel, which takes a lot of intelligence to do, then forgot to bring a spare wire just in case it stopped working.

Old Andrew fishes the watch out of his pocket.

MITCH

I bet you wish Doc Brown was with you. Maybe get a flux capacitor - amp up those 1.21 gigawatz.

Does this look like a DeLorean?

Mitch takes a swig of beer, sighs.

MITCH

Call the Doctor.

ANDREW

Will you stop.

Mitch hides his smile.

MITCH

Do you miss her?

ANDREW

Miss who?

MITCH

Your mom.

ANDREW

Yeah. But, that life's gone now, so... can't change the past.

Mitch tilts his head. Old Andrew takes a look at the watch, sits it in a drawer.

ANDREW

Come on then daddy-o, we got work to do. Car's not gonna fix itself.

MITCH

Where'd you get it anyway?

Mitch and Old Andrew inspect the muscle car.

**ANDREW** 

Funny story. Twenty years ago, there was an accident on a back road in the sticks...

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER:

LEAPER