

MR.TIME

Written by

Mark Renshaw

Copyright © January 2014

Based on, 'Searching the Internet for evidence of time travelers'
Robert J. Nemiroff, Teresa Wilson
Cornell University - December 2013

Email m_w_renshaw@hotmail.com

This screenplay may not be used or produced without the express permission of the author

FADE IN:

INT. CORNELL UNIVERSITY HALLWAY - NEW YORK - DAY

Sprinting along while desperately trying to hold onto a multitude of documents is LAUREN(18). She is attractive but inclined to conceal her looks. Her hair is swept awkwardly over her face, she wears comfortable baggy clothes.

Out of breath she bursts into the--

DEAN'S OFFICE

The reports go flying onto the floor.

MR. MCINTYRE glances up from his desk. He's fiftyish, wearing a scruffy tweed suit and glasses perched on the end of his nose; he desperately needs a 21st Century makeover.

MR. MCINTYRE

Lauren, do you ever knock?

Lauren scrambles through her papers.

LAUREN

Sorry Mr. McIntyre but I found one!

MR. MCINTYRE

Found what?

LAUREN

A time traveller!

Mr. McIntyre sighs. He assists Lauren in gathering her papers together.

MR. MCINTYRE

Wouldn't it be easier if you used a pen drive?

She brushes a curtain of hair over her head, laughs nervously.

LAUREN

I suppose I'm a bit old fashioned.

MR. MCINTYRE

You're eighteen. Isn't old fashioned what happened yesterday?

He dumps a heap of papers onto his desk. Sitting down, he motions her to join him.

MR. MCINTYRE (CONT'D)

Now, what's it all about this time?

She remains standing.

LAUREN

You remember the Hackathon I organized?

He shakes his head.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

The day where the Physics students can do any research they want, no matter how theoretical?

The penny drops.

MR. MCINTYRE

Ah yes! You er...

(shuffles through some of his own papers)

Ah, here it is, you were going to do 'The Possible Impact of GRB Detector Thresholds on Cosmological Standard Candles'.

LAUREN

No, I changed it at the last minute to 'Searching the Internet for evidence of time travelers'.

MR. MCINTYRE

What?

Lauren pounces on her papers, scours through her data.

LAUREN

The idea was simple really. I carried out a search on all social media for prescient mention of information not previously available. In effect; finding evidence of people discussing events before they happened

MR. MCINTYRE

Oh Lauren. Need I remind you of the last theory of yours?

INSERT - NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE

"CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S BODY STOLEN" emblazoned above a stock photo of Charlie Chaplin. The date of the paper is March 3 1978.

BACK TO SCENE

LAUREN

But they could have cloned him!

MR. MCINTYRE

Not in 1978! Luckily the Swiss government saw the funny side of your accusations. Hey wait a minute, did you say you found a Time Traveller?

LAUREN

Yes!

Eureka! She finds the page she's looking for and proudly places it in front of the Dean.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I got a positive match out of one hundred and sixty nine potentials.

Mr. McIntyre glances at the page. He frowns at Lauren.

MR. MCINTYRE

This is a tweet?

LAUREN

Yes yes, but see what it says?

The page is a printout of a tweet from Mr. Time. It reads "Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life - RIP Steve Jobs".

MR. MCINTYRE

I'm sorry Lauren I don't get it.

LAUREN

The date, look at the date of the tweet!

MR. MCINTYRE

October 5, 2010. But didn't Steve Jobs die...

LAUREN

Yes! He died October 5 2011! And look at the name of the account who tweeted it.

MR. MCINTYRE

Mr. Time. Oh come on Lauren. You can be so naive sometimes. This is obviously a prank.

LAUREN

No! I've been through his history, he's real, he's here somewhere in New York. If I could talk to him maybe I could confirm...

MR. MCINTYRE

Confirm what? That he's a time traveller? You expect he's going to say "Yeah you got me, I'm a time traveller!"

LAUREN

No, maybe, I don't know, but he tweeted about an event one year to the day before it happened!

MR. MCINTYRE

If he tweeted before Twitter was invented, that would be impressive. As it stands this is all very circumstantial.

Lauren goes silent, withdrawn. She bites her lip nervously.

MR. MCINTYRE (CONT'D)

Look, you are smart but have an overactive imagination and a lot to learn. Send this Mr. Time a message, ask him about the Tweet. I'm sure he'll respond with an innocent explanation; if he exists of course.

LAUREN

Yes sir! Thank you sir!

MR. MCINTYRE

But no direct contact, understand?

LAUREN

(nodding enthusiastically)
Of course!

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Lauren knocks on the door to an apartment. It opens slightly, a shadowy figure peeks out from the crack.

LAUREN

Mr. Horaz? It's me, Lauren Miller. We spoke on the phone?

MR. HORAZ (O.C.)

Ah yes. Come in.

The door widens. She enters.

INT. KITCHEN

TIMOTHY HORAZ (60s) is pouring coffee. He's well kept for a man of his age, his trim frame covered with smart, casual clothing. His face is lined with friendly wrinkles complete with a disarming smile.

Lauren accepts her cup, takes a sip.

LAUREN

Mr. Horaz, I...

MR.HORAZ

No need to be formal. It's Timothy but please call me Tim. Only my boss calls me Timothy.

LAUREN

Sorry, Tim. I was hoping we could speak about that tweet?

TIM

Ah yes. I'm afraid you've got me there. I'm a Time Traveller.

Lauren drops her cup. It smashes on the floor. She doesn't notice.

LAUREN

You...you admit it?

TIM

Yup. I must have got my years messed up when I tweeted that. Thirty eight followers I've got and none of them noticed.

Lauren's jaw is wide open in shock.

TIM (CONT'D)

Do you want to see my wormhole?

LAUREN

Your what?

TIM

Wormhole. It's right there, under the sink.

Tim leads a stunned Lauren to the sink. The casing has been removed exposing the pipes underneath. There is nothing unusual to be seen.

LAUREN

I don't understand?

TIM

Wait and watch.

Water slowly forms on the pipe. It builds up and drips downwards then VANISHES.

Lauren GASPS. Tim pulls a 25 cent coin from his pocket. He checks the date on it (2008).

TIM (CONT'D)

Watch closely.

Tim flips the coin. His aim is perfect. It lands under the pipes. Another drip drops, lands on the coin and both disappear.

LAUREN

Oh wow! Where did it go?

TIM

2008. Probably.

LAUREN

How do you know?

TIM

Experiments. I lost a plumber before I worked out what was going on under there. Then I tried a few things out myself. Of course now I've got an eternally dripping pipe.

LAUREN

Wait a minute, you lost a plumber?

TIM

Sure. I noticed the leak, called a plumber. I was making him a cup of coffee when I saw him go 'POP!'.

LAUREN

Did he return?

Tim shakes his head. He opens a laptop and brings up a web page. He shows the screen to Lauren.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME (1916) - DAY

Soldiers race across a foggy, war-torn field. The men scream battle cries with sheer exhilaration.

TIM (V.O.)

It took me some time but I traced him back to 1916. Grant Williams. He joined the American 11th Engineer Regiment.

In the rear of the charge, GRANT WILLIAMS(20) powerfully built, smiles as he chews on the remains of a cigar.

TIM (V.O.)

He got caught in a crossfire, died
a hero saving a lot of lives.

Grant notices something out of the corner of his eye; ENEMY TROOPS attempting to flank their position through the fog.

Without hesitation he screams a warning and charges the enemy, his BROWNING MACHINE GUN spewing bullets.

BACK TO PRESENT

Lauren sags into a chair.

LAUREN

This is all too much. My brain
hurts.

Tim brushes the remains of the cup from the floor.

TIM

You get used to it after a while.

LAUREN

How long has this been going on?

TIM

The wormhole thing? Couple of years
now, I blame the Hadron Collider
personally.

LAUREN

A couple of years? And you've never
reported it? Never been tempted to
try it?

Tim smiles with a twinkle in the eye.

TIM

Oh I've tried it all right. Would
you like to have a go?

LAUREN

What me? But how would I get back?

TIM

Once you get to the other side
there's this distortion in the air
where the wormhole is. As long as
you remember where it is, you just
touch it and BAM, you are back in
this kitchen.

LAUREN

What happened when you went?

Tim pours Lauren another coffee. He sits down next to her.

TIM

First few times I went it was rather boring. Standing around in 1972, the novelty wears off after a while. The seventies are not as good as I remember.

LAUREN

But what about the timeline? Isn't it dangerous? Paradoxes, Butterfly Effects and stuff?

TIM

It's not like that at all. See, I've come to see time as a person; I call him Mr. Time. Just like any person he defends himself, doesn't like anybody messing with him. You try to change time he stops it. You try to go back to 1800 in modern clothes you'll end up naked and in an insane asylum. You try to win the lottery, the ticket will mysteriously get eaten by a crocodile. Stuff like that. You get me?

Lauren shakes her head. Tim chuckles.

TIM (CONT'D)

Once you know the rules and you realize Mr. Time has a wicked sense of humour, you can have a bit of fun and see some incredible events. Now I know from your blog you are a big fan of Charlie Chaplin.

LAUREN

Only the biggest ever!

TIM

How would you like to go to the 1928 premiere of The Circus?

LAUREN

For real? I'd pretty much do anything; that's like my favorite film of all time!

TIM

(laughs)

I know, but you can't go like that. We'll have to disguise you a bit first.

LAUREN
A disguise? What disguise?

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Lauren stands transformed. She is covered from head to toe in dark, heavy clothing. Inch thick tights, long skirt, heavily padded dark overcoat and to finish off; an overbearing hat.

LAUREN
I look ridiculous. Are you sure
this will work?

He hands her a small purse.

TIM
Sure. It did for me!

In the pouch Lauren finds several coins, all marked by the year 1928.

TIM (CONT'D)
These clothes and the coins should
help you land in the right time and
place.

Her shoulder's slump. She goes pale.

TIM (CONT'D)
What is it?

LAUREN
This is crazy. What the heck am I
doing here? I can't be dressing up
like a demented nanny and go
parading off to 1928. That's
insane! I should report this and
get it investigated properly.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, CALIFORNIA - 1928

The sidewalk is deserted. A shimmering sphere appears. It floats near the ground. SUDDENLY disguised Lauren appears. She is sprawled on the ground holding out a coin.

She rises unsteadily to her feet. Glancing around she spots the Grauman's Chinese Theatre in the distance. A small crowd is gathered and the outside is decorated based on a circus theme.

Incredibly a mobile phone rings. Lauren fumbles in her pocket, pulls out a phone. She answers.

LAUREN

Oh my god, I'm here! I'm actually here! I can't believe you talked me into this, I can't believe I'm talking to you on a phone in 1928. How can that be?

TIM (V.O.)

Calm down Lauren. Remember what I told you.

LAUREN

Oh yes! The signal travels through the wormhole, how silly of me to forget such an insane explanation.

Lauren searches around. She spots a small shimmering spot in the air close to the ground.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Speaking of which I've found the opening.

TIM (V.O.)

Good, remember where it is. Now go see Charlie Chaplin, enjoy yourself but be careful.

Lauren heads down the street, the bulky clothes hinder her movement.

LAUREN

This padding is rubbing in all the wrong places. I think I'm inventing the wedgie.

TIM (V.O.)

You are doing fine.

LAUREN

You never said why the phone is allowed. Won't this Mr. Time take offence?

TIM (V.O.)

I told you, if you know how to play by the rules certain things are permitted. I'll show you a clip on the net later which will explain all. Just make sure you hold it close to your ear and out of sight. People of that time will think it's a hearing aid.

She approaches the theatre entrance. Most of the crowd has dispersed.

LAUREN
Darn, I think I've missed him.

A OLD MAN in a suit tips his hat to Lauren as he walks past. She follows in his footsteps trying to blend in.

Lauren wanders passed a life-size stuffed ZEBRA complete with a saddle. Out of the corner of her eye she sees a CAMERAMAN filming the event from an old fashioned Tripod mounted CAMERA.

She pauses and winks at the camera, using the phone to hide most of her face.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
Oh wow Tim. I think I just did the world's first photobomb!

TIM (V.O.)
Be careful Lauren, don't let anyone know about the phone.

LAUREN
OK spoil sport. God this is incredible! I can't believe I'm here doing this!

She moves out of the shot, examines the elaborate decorations.

Movement out of the corner of her eye causes her to look up. She GASPS.

LAUREN (CONT'D)
It's him!

TIM (O.S.)
Who?

Exiting the theatre discreetly is the legendary CHARLIE CHAPLIN. He is escorted by a dapper GENTLEMAN in a pinstripe suit who surveys the area with calculated professionalism.

Lauren stands star-struck as they walk in her direction.

LAUREN
Charlie Chaplin!

Charlie notices Lauren. He winks.

Although dressed in his civilian attire, Charlie adopts the physical mannerisms of the Little Tramp.

He mimes bumping into an invisible wall, then stumbles backwards in shock. Lauren gasps and giggles as Charlie moves to his left, then right but finds the way blocked by the unseen obstacles.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

He's miming for me!

Angrily he draws his hands like they are guns and motions firing them at the wall.

Walking confidently forward he bumps into the wall again. Charlie looks at his fingers, not understanding why they didn't work, then mimes throwing them away.

TIM (V.O.)

Are you happy?

LAUREN

(quietly)

I've never been so happy in all my life!

TIM (V.O.)

Good.

Determined, Charlie takes a few steps back then charges at the wall. He bounces off it spectacularly, the feigned impact sends him sprawling. His escort looks on indifferently.

LAUREN

Perfect.

A tear travels down her cheek.

Charlie leaps to his feet, performs a forward roll and bows towards Lauren; the impromptu display is over.

Instinctively Lauren points the phone towards her icon. A flick of her thumb SWIPE she then presses down CLICK and a photo is taken.

Charlie and the Gentleman frown in confusion

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

What is that?

LAUREN

(to herself)

Oh no!

(putting the phone back to her ear)

Tim, I took a picture of him. I'm sorry it was an accident, I didn't even think.

The Gentleman shifts uneasily; something is not right here.

GENTLEMAN

Who are you talking to Lady?

TIM (V.O.)
Remember what I told you; think,
adapt, fit in!

LAUREN
(fake, loud southern
American accent)
Oh Lordy! They've gone and put a
black man in the White House.
Whatever is this world coming to?

TIM (V.O.)
I said fit in, not act insane!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
(to the Gentleman)
I can hear someone, it sounds like
it's coming from that device.

TIM (V.O.)
Get out of there, now!

LAUREN
(pointing behind them)
Oh my, is that Buster Keaton? He's
my favorite!

Charlie and his escort are successfully distracted. Lauren hikes up her skirt with one hand and takes off with a speed that defies the years of her appearance.

The duo view her escape with mouths agape, momentarily stunned by what they are witnessing. Charlie is the first to break out of the spell.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
Stop her!

They give chase. Lauren is running as fast as she is able. She still has the phone to her ear.

She glances behind her. Four patrolling POLICEMEN join in the chase.

LAUREN
(breathing hard)
I'm being chased by the Charlie
Chaplin and the Keystone Cops, this
is awesome!

Up ahead she can just about make out the small swirl near the floor. Escape is near!

TIM (V.O.)
(sadly)
Lauren. Lauren I'm so sorry.

LAUREN

Don't worry, they won't catch me.

TIM (V.O.)

This is the way it has got to be,
you are where you belong now.

LAUREN

What do you mean? I...

Lauren trips over suddenly. She crashes to the floor. Her hat and wig go flying, as does the phone. It BOUNCES once, twice, three times. Finally it lands on the wormhole spot and POP it disappears.

Lauren is on the floor gazing on in horror. The men have almost caught up to her. The wormhole closes!

LAUREN (CONT'D)

No!

The men are confused, stunned by Lauren's new appearance and distress. They shuffle around nervously, conferring.

The Gentleman retrieves her wig and hat as Lauren screams.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

NO!

INT. TIM'S KITCHEN - PRESENT

Tim retrieves the mobile phone from under the kitchen sink. He glances at the photo of Charlie Chaplin.

TIM

I'm so sorry.

He deletes the photo.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Tim is wearing a Patient Care Assistant's uniform and carrying a bouquet of flowers. It is the graveyard shift, there are not many people around.

He enters a--

PRIVATE PATIENTS ROOM

Lying on a bed, hooked up to medical equipment via various tubes is Lauren who is now an elderly lady for real.

The room is decorated with flowers, gifts and photographs depicting her with people of all ages. It is a room full of love.

Lauren is watching a clip on the TV. It shows a looping clip in slow motion of her back in 1928 walking passed the Zebra.

Lauren notices Tim. She smiles at him.

LAUREN

I had a feeling you'd turn up now.

TIM

Hello Lauren. You are looking good.

LAUREN

And you are a remarkable liar. But I suppose I'm not in bad shape for a women in her nineties.

Lauren turns her attention back to the TV.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

They say on the internet that this is evidence of a real time traveller.

TIM

Do they now?

Tim places the flowers next to the window.

LAUREN

I say it's evidence that Mr. Time does indeed have a wicked sense of humour.

(focuses on Tim)

Don't you?

TIM

Me?

(laughs)

I'm not Mr. Time.

LAUREN

But your name, Horaz. It means Timekeeper. I've had plenty of *time* to research you.

TIM

I'm not Mr. Time, but you could say I am one of his helpers.

LAUREN

Like Santa?

Tim chuckles.

TIM

A bit yes.

Lauren smiles contentedly.

LAUREN

I knew it was something like that.

Lauren uses the remote to turn off the TV. She coughs several deep, painful coughs. Tim passes her a cup of water. She takes a small sip.

TIM

Are you angry with me?

Lauren is taken aback.

LAUREN

No! I mean, I was for a while. And scared. But I met the most remarkable man. Joe was his name.

Lauren glances at a photograph on the wall depicting her in her prime stood next JOE. It is the GENTLEMAN; Chaplin's escort. Tim smiles.

TIM

I know.

LAUREN

I just want to know why? Was it because I found the tweet?

Tim holds her hand gently.

TIM

No Lauren. That was part of the test and you passed.

Lauren frowns.

LAUREN

I don't understand?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TIM'S KITCHEN

GRANT WILLIAMS, sporting modern day clothes is sat drinking coffee chatting to Tim. Grant is pointing to something in a newspaper.

TIM (V.O.)

Some people are born out of time. They don't know it, they just know they don't fit in. They seek ways of escaping, even if the only way is through their imagination.

GRANT

But this advert you placed, it's just not possible.

Tim holds his hands up in mock surrender.

TIM
You got me son, I'm a time
traveller.

A coffee cup drops to the floor, freezing in time just before
it smashes.

INT. TIM'S KITCHEN - LATER

The civilian clothes have been replaced by a World War One
military uniform. Tim dusts the pants down. Grant fiddles
with his buttons nervously.

TIM (V.O.)
They spend their lives searching
for a fate which no longer exists.
They feel empty, wrong somehow.
Until I show them the way back.

He hands Grant a wallet and a phone.

EXT. THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME (1916)

Gravely wounded, his hands shaking, Grant manages to load
another clip into his gun.

TIM (V.O.)
Some are destined to be war heroes.

With grim determination and a ROAR he unleashes a reign of
death around him. The bullets tear through the enemy
soldiers.

TIM (V.O.)
And save the lives of people who
are fated to be positive ripples in
the fabric of time.

BACK TO SCENE

LAUREN
And to think I believed your tale
about losing a plumber.

TIM
Don't be too hard on young Lauren,
she was born in the wrong time.

LAUREN
Why the phone though? Why give me a
modern phone if I was destined to
live in the past?

TIM

Let's just say people need a little persuasion to stay where they belong. Remember what I said about Mr. Time protecting the timeline?

LAUREN

Barely. Something about breaking rules and time defending itself. What a minute! Are you saying that picture I took trapped me in the past?

Tim nods. Lauren is shocked.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

How did you know I'd do that? I didn't even realize I was doing it until it was too late.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TIM'S KITCHEN

Tim retrieves a phone from under the sink.

On the phone is a picture, a 'selfie' of a beaming Grant stood next to a bemused SOLDIER. In the background a SARGENT is marching towards them; he does not look amused.

TIM (V.O.)

Human nature is somewhat predictable.

TIM

(mournfully)
I'm so sorry Grant.

A swipe of his finger and the picture is deleted.

BACK TO PRESENT

LAUREN

What about me though? I didn't save anyone, I didn't do anything special.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE - LAUREN'S LIFE

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, CALIFORNIA - 1928

A small crowd has gathered around a weeping Lauren. Charlie Chaplin is giving a statement to the police.

TIM (V.O.)
Everyone's destiny is different,
but no less important.

Joe ushers the crowd away, giving Lauren space.

TIM (V.O.)
For some their fate is to meet the
one true love of their life.

He helps Lauren to her feet. Their eyes meet.

-- HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD -- LATER

Charlie Chaplin signs an autograph for Lauren. Joe shakes his hand then offers Lauren his arm. She cautiously accepts and they walk away.

-- CHURCH --

Joe and Lauren's wedding ceremony is in full swing, the church is packed.

TIM (V.O.)
In living your life in the right
time to it's full potential, you
reached out and touched so many
people in all the right ways.

Charlie Chaplin is the best man. He walks with exaggerated care towards the couple carrying the wedding rings in a velvet lined box.

Suddenly he trips over. The crowd gasps. He goes down on his knees with the box held above his head.

It is all an act, he recovers and bows to the crowd. There is a thunderous round of applause, Joe and Lauren laugh heartily.

--HOSPITAL--

Cradling her BABY in bed, beaming new parents Lauren and Joe chat excitedly.

--COLLEGE--

Their SON attends his graduation ceremony while his parents and younger SISTER look on with pride.

--GRAVEYARD--

An older Lauren surrounded by several generations of weeping family members stand beside a gravestone.

The gravestone reads "Here Lies Joe Kendall. The world is a richer place because he once lived."

TIM (V.O.)

Although it's not always been easy,
you have been the best wife, mother
and grandmother to people that
truly matter. That is what you were
meant to do.

BACK TO PRESENT

A tear of understanding and happiness runs down Lauren's
cheek.

LAUREN

And what about you Timothy Horaz?
What is your fate?

Tim pulls out her mobile phone. He places his hand over the
phone. His hand glows briefly. He shows the screen back to
Lauren. She GASPS in shock.

The picture now shows a younger Tim stood with his arms
around his WIFE and two CHILDREN.

In the background is a futuristic Spaceship, while underneath
the label reads "HORAZ FAMILY TRIP TO MARS 2186".

TIM

I was young and naive once too you
know.

Lauren focuses on Tim intently.

LAUREN

But you had a family! Oh Tim, I'm
so sorry!

TIM

It's OK. I was angry at first but
I've come to accept and love this
life. What I do feels right.

LAUREN

What will you do now?

Tim shrugs.

TIM

Keep on searching for more people
like you I guess.

Lauren breaks out into another coughing fit. Tim holds onto
her hand, helps her through it. The exertion has all been too
much. Her eyelids flutter, she's close to sleep.

LAUREN

Do you think I'll ever get to meet
Mr. Time?

TIM

I think so. I think you'll see him
real soon. Sleep now. I'll keep
watch over you.

Lauren smiles briefly and drifts off to sleep. Tim monitors her breathing for a while. Satisfied he recovers the phone from her hand.

He stares sadly at the phone, absorbed in the memories of a lost future.

TIM (CONT'D)

I miss you all so much.

PRIVATE PATIENTS ROOM - LATER

Lauren wakes. She groggily props herself up and notices Tim on the chair next to her. His eyes are closed, he is pale.

LAUREN

Tim?

She reaches out to check for a pulse. There is none, he is dead.

With tears in her eyes she retrieves the phone from his hands. She studies the picture of him stood with his family.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry Tim. Rest now, your
work is done.

A swipe of her finger and the picture is deleted.

FADE OUT.