

Saving Lives

by

January OWC

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FADE IN

EXT. NEPAL - MOUNTAIN RANGE - DAY

SUPER: 1946

The early morning sun rises over the towering peaks.

EXT. MANASLU MOUNTAIN - DAY

MICHAEL DOYER, 28, who has a body like a finely-carved statue, is a good way up the jagged wall. Every muscle is on display as he stretches for a rock, grimaces -- finally gets it and painfully lifts himself to a ledge.

A bit winded, he catches his breathe. Checks his timepiece.

INSERT -- Timepiece

It reads 7:30 A.M.

BACK TO SCENE

Taking in the view, Michael takes a drink from his canteen.

A HUMMING sound echoes from inside the mountain wall.

Michael glances back to see a small opening in the mountain.

He clears away small rocks and opens a hole big enough for himself to squeeze through.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Mostly dark. The sun peaks through the newly man made hole but not enough light to expose the entire area.

The HUMMING sound grows stronger.

Michael turns on a flashlight. Scans the cave. Eroded hieroglyphic murals on the walls.

He follows the sound along the far wall and stops.

MICHAEL'S P.O.V. - TINY HOLE IN THE WALL

A purple glow emanates from within.

BACK TO SCENE

Curiosity gets the best of Michael. He looks around for anything to smash through the wall. Finds a rock on the ground and with one swing, breaks through the dirt wall uncovering a purple stone the size of his palm.

He snatches the stone, admires its beauty. The stone starts to glow then emits a purple stream covering Michael's body. And just like that, he's gone. Vanished from sight.

EXT. MANASLU MOUNTAIN - DAY

The purple stream shoots down to the base of the mountain. Michael appears, utterly shocked by what just happen.

MICHAEL

How in god's green earth...?

He peers up. Something catches his eye.

Above on the mountain, it's himself climbing to reach the ledge he so frantically tried to achieve just moments ago.

MICHAEL

That can't be.

He checks his timepiece.

INSERT - Timepiece

It reads 7:20 A.M.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael's dumbfounded.

MICHAEL

I'm ten minutes... in the past?

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

An old, white bricked building. Adequate.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. HOSPITAL - ROOM - NIGHT

The walls are painted brightly, seem to bleed white.

A spot in the carpet gives the impression of it being scrubbed recently.

CAROLINE DOYER, 55, frail, lies in bed fidgeting. She SCREAMS as her eyes shoot open.

Michael springs up from a chair in the corner of the room.

MICHAEL

Mother. It's me, Michael.

Michael heads over and kneels by her side.

CAROLINE

Oh, Michael. Thank goodness it's you... How long was I out?

MICHAEL

About an hour. I didn't want to interrupt your sleep. Seemed so at peace... well, that is until the nightmares kicked in... Kept calling for Peter and Emily. Do you know them?

Caroline's eyes well up as she shrinks away from him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's troubling you, mother?

CAROLINE

I haven't been completely honest with you.

MICHAEL

I'm not following. You've always been straight with me.

CAROLINE

Only if that were true... There's something you need to know, something I should have told you years ago.

MICHAEL

What is it?

Michael's face is a look of confusion. Caroline faces him.

CAROLINE

You're not my only child... Before you were born, I had a son and daughter.

Caroline half-smiles.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

They were both full of life. Not a care in the world. You would have loved them so.

MICHAEL

Why didn't you mention this to me before?

CAROLINE

I was afraid of how you would react. I couldn't bare the thought of you rejecting me... I didn't want to risk losing you.

A tear escapes down her face. Michael seems forgiving.

MICHAEL

How did they pass?

CAROLINE

An accident. A horrible, horrible accident...

MICHAEL (V.O.)

And that's when she told me. The news was indeed horrible, much more than I had imagined. I didn't know how to react. Angry? Scared? Depressed? But I wasn't about to sit back and do nothing. Time was ticking on my mothers life. There was only one thing to do. I had to go back in time... and save my family.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael rummages through the closet, takes out a heavy wool jacket and a small box.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

So I headed home. Found the warmest clothes I had...

Michael opens the small box. Grabs a handgun from inside.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Armed myself...

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A six foot table and a elongated mirror furnish the otherwise empty room.

Michael stands at the table with three items displayed before him. A small object wrapped up in cloth, a monitor with flashing lights and dials along the side and a one-foot metal rod with three-prongs evenly spaced at the end of it.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I knew I was ready. Six months of experimental time travel was exhilarating to say the least but I was off to my greatest achievement to date.

Michael unwraps the cloth, revealing the stone. The purple glow brightens the room.

Michael picks up the rod and places the stone between the prongs. A perfect fit.

He clicks a dial on the monitor.

INSERT -- MONITOR

Latitude 50 degrees 05 minutes North. Longitude 50 degrees 07 minutes West.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael points the metal rod at the mirror. A stream flows from the stone hitting the mirror, causes a purple glow around the edges.

Michael steps through the mirror. Gone.

INT. SS CALIFORNIAN - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: APRIL 14TH 1912

The room is decked out in brass. From the poles to the stand holding the large wooden wheel.

Captain STANLEY LORD, 34, balding, thin framed, with a face weathered from his experiences at sea, stands at the window. Barely able to keep his eyes open.

Telegraphist, CYRIL EVANS, 20, sits at a desk with a small wireless radio stationed in front of him.

Crew member, LOUIS CARSWELL, 42, stands at the wheel.

LOUIS

What are your orders, Captain?

CAPTAIN LORD

We stand pat for the night. No sense in trying to cut through all that ice. We'll resume in the morning when we're good and ready.

CYRIL

And what about the Titanic? I've tried numerous times to warn them but they're not responding.

CAPTAIN LORD

And I doubt they will. Not with the chance to break the speed record in their grasp... Southampton to New York in 7 days. My god, I never thought I would see the day...

Captain Lord lets out a big yawn, heads for the door.

CAPTAIN LORD (CONT'D)

...Now if you both excuse me, I'm set to retire for the night.

EXT. SS CALIFORNIAN - STARBOARD - NIGHT

Not a crew member in sight.

The purple stream shoots down from the dark sky, lands on the deck of the steamboat. Michael appears, the force of the beam slams him against the ships rail. He's okay, uninjured.

He stows the rod in his jacket pocket and heads towards the bow of the ship.

INT. SS CALIFORNIAN - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Cyril is gone. Louis remains at the wheel.

Michael rushes in.

LOUIS
Who are you? How did you get...?

Michael ignores his questions.

MICHAEL
You need to turn this ship around.

LOUIS
I most certainly will not.

Michael takes out his handgun, points it at Louis.

MICHAEL
Than we're going to have a problem.

INT. SS CALIFORNIAN - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Long hallway. Bland in color and attractiveness. It attaches to the sleeping quarters.

Louis bangs on a door marked -- "Captain."

LOUIS
Captain! Captain Lord! Wake up,
sir!

CAPTAIN LORD (O.S.)
What is it?!

LOUIS
You're attention is being
requested!

CAPTAIN LORD (O.S.)
By who?! Can't you see it's late?!

Louis glances back to Michael who holds the handgun firmly to his back.

LOUIS
He's not inclined to say, sir!

The door CREAKS open. A weary Stanley, dressed in pajamas, stands at the doorway. Focuses on Michael and his handgun.

INT. SS CALIFORNIAN - WHEELHOUSE - NIGHT

Captain Lord paces back and forth.

Michael holds the gun to Louis who's at the wheel.

CAPTAIN LORD

A deranged madman is what you are.
How dare you ask me to risk my life
along with the crews. The ice is
too thick. We're sure to sink in
minutes.

MICHAEL

We'll be fine. Trust me.

LOUIS

But the Titanic can surely survive
on it's own.

MICHAEL

Wrong. Reality is they'll be sunk
in no time.

CAPTAIN LORD

This is pure nonsense! The Titanic
is indestructable. She's built to
withstand even the mightiest
icebergs around.

MICHAEL

It's thinking like that makes you
as nimwitted as the ones who
constructed it. Any minute from now
one of those mighty icebergs will
rip the side of the hull leaving
the ship incapacitated. There's no
time...

A white light shines through the wheelhouse's window.

The three men rush to the window. The white light stays in
the air for a few seconds than disappears into the night.

MICHAEL

It's started. That's the first of
their emergency flares.

LOUIS

Maybe he's right, sir. A distress
signal, perhaps?

Lord downplays the situation.

CAPTAIN LORD

People... We all need to calm down.
It's clearly Captain Smith's way of
celebrating the ships maiden
voyage. Revelling in the fact that
their the biggest and fastest ship
these waters have ever seen.

Michael grabs Lord by the collar, holds the gun to his chin.

MICHAEL

Stop with the goddamn bullshit! My family is aboard that ship along with hundreds of people who need our help. Turn the ship around or I swear to god I will shoot you where you stand.

Lord never takes his eyes off the gun. Motions to Louis.

CAPTAIN LORD

Do what he says.

EXT. SS CALIFORNIAN - NIGHT

Water swirls as the ship moves and breaks through the ice.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

We were less than seven miles from the Titanic. There was hope now. Enough lifeboats to save everyone on board. History was about to change... forever.

EXT. RMS TITANIC - NIGHT

Quite a sight to behold. Even in it's current state, it's magnificent in both size and beauty. But sadly, it's quickly coming to an end, the bow of the ship dips extremely low touching water for the first time in its short existence.

SCREAMS fill the night.

Several lifeboats descend to the icy water. Some filled to the maximum, others just half of its capacity. Mostly WOMEN and CHILDREN but a few lucky GENTLEMEN too.

The SS Californian approaches.

EXT. SS CALIFORNIAN - STARBOARD - NIGHT

Crew members ready lifeboats.

Michael hitches a ride with a CREW MEMBER as their lifeboat is lowered to sea.

Dozens of lifeboats row towards the mighty Titanic.

Captain Lord stands at the deck railing above.

Below, Michael rows the boat, catches Captain Lord staring down at him. Lord comes to attention and salutes. Michael can only smile back.

EXT. RMS TITANIC - NIGHT

The bow of the ship dips further down into the water.

Michael's lifeboat touches the side of the Titanic.

A lifeboat half filled with WOMEN and CHILDREN lowers from the Titanic next to Michael's boat.

Michael steps off the ledge of his lifeboat and steps onto the neighboring lifeboat and leaps for a rope that dangles down the side of the Titanic.

PASSENGERS watch in amazement as Michael climbs to the top. His days of mountain climbing eases his hike. He reaches --

THE PROMENADE DECK

Chaos everywhere. PEOPLE scramble to fill the remaining lifeboats, push and shove each other around. An ELDERLY MAN falls overboard in the struggles.

Michael moves through the dense crowd.

MICHAEL

There's no need to fight. The Californian has plenty of lifeboats to go around!

No one seems to listen. More fights break out.

WALLACE HARTLEY, 33, band member, tries his best to calm the situation. He plays his violin, gently strokes its strings.

The upset passengers look on. The fighting has stopped. For a brief moment the thought of dying has exited their minds.

Soon, other band members join in with Wallace.

WHEELHOUSE

Unable to see past the crowd, Michael climbs the side of the structure and stands on top of it. He now has full view of his surroundings.

Michael scans the bow of the ship, spots Caroline in the distance. Almost doesn't recognize her. Her youth and beauty far outway what she's become now.

MICHAEL

Caroline!... Caroline!

Caroline appears frantic, doesn't hear Michael over all the SCREAMING and SHOUTING from the crowd.

Caroline is grabbed by a CREW OFFICER and placed into a lifeboat. She fights to get off but the officer holds her back. The lifeboat lowers.

PETER (O.S.)

Mother!... Mother!

Michael turns to see a TALL MAN, 40's, in the middle of an altercation with PETER DOYER, 6, and EMILY DOYER, 4, along the rail of the ship.

Emily SCREAMS.

The band plays LOUDER, drowns out Emily's voice.

Michael jumps down, heads straight for the children, almost is trampled over by an OVERWEIGHT WOMAN struggling to fit a lifejacket around her body.

PORTSIDE

The Tall Man rips Emily's lifejacket off of her. Peter does his best to defend his sister, hits the man with everything he's got but the man easily pushes him to the ground.

TALL MAN

Get off me, boy...

Turns to Emily smiling. Tips his hat.

TALL MAN

Thanks little girly. No hard feelings, I hope?

Michael presses his gun against the Man's temple.

MICHAEL

Should be ashamed attacking an innocent girl just to save your pitiful life.

TALL MAN

I didn't mean her any harm.

MICHAEL

You want the lifejacket so badly? Fine. Take it. You'll surely need it.

Michael grabs the man and pushes him over the rail.

Michael helps Peter to his feet.

PETER

Thanks, Mister.

Michael's speechless. Takes in the moment. Peter checks Emily's arm for bruises.

PETER

You okay?

Emily nods "Yes" as Michael mutters to himself.

MICHAEL

I can't believe what I'm... I mean, they're right here in...

Peter snaps his fingers in Michael's face. Michael focuses back at the situation at hand.

MICHAEL

Sorry, got lost in the moment. Must hurry. No time to spare.

EMILY

What about, mother?

MICHAEL

She's fine. Probably half way to the Californian as we speak. Let's go.

Michael hoists Emily up, holds her tight in his right arm. He holds Peter's hand and guides them through the crowd working their way towards a lifeboat.

MICHAEL

I have two children here! Two children!

A CREW OFFICER acknowledges Michael, grabs Emily from him and places her aboard the lifeboat.

Michael picks up Peter and hands him to the officer.

MICHAEL

Be brave. Soon you'll be reunited with your mother.

Peter and Emily huddle with each other, scared. Shivering from the cold they both smile at Michael.

Michael watches as the lifeboat lowers.

MICHAEL

And be nice to your little brother. Something tells me you owe him that.

The lifeboat disappears out of sight.

INT. TITANIC - F DECK - NIGHT

A torrent of water pours down the corridor.

JOHN, 30's, crew member, stands guard at a locked gate. PASSENGERS push at the gate, try to break out.

EXT. RMS TITANIC - NIGHT

Lights flicker around the Titanic.

INT. TITANIC - D DECK - NIGHT

Michael pushes past panic-stricken PASSENGERS carrying suitcases, personal items... whatever they can hold.

INT. TITANIC - F DECK - NIGHT

Passengers continue to bang against the gate. An OLD WOMAN cries for HELP. John points his gun at them.

OLD WOMAN

Let us out. We'll surely die in here!

JOHN

No one leaves until the first and second class passengers are off the ship.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Unlock the gate!

Michael approaches fast. John turns, aims his gun at him.

JOHN

Stand back!

MONTAGE - ESCAPE THE TITANIC

- 1) EXT. RMS TITANIC - The hull MOANS with terrifying sounds as the stern begins to lift out of the water.
- 2) INT. F DECK - John loses his footing, falls forward into Michael. The two men trade punches to the mid section and face. Michael knocks the gun away from John and shoots the lock off the gate. Passengers are free, open the gate.
- 3) EXT. RMS TITANIC - The stern rises high in the air exposing the three huge propellers.
- 4) INT. GRAND STAIRCASE - Passengers rush up the steps. Glass shatters all around them as water burst through doors and windows. A wooden post snaps, slams Michael to the ground. The metal rod falls out of his pocket and disappears into the water.
- 5) EXT. RMS TITANIC - The hull begins to break under pressure. The front funnel's cables snap free from its mounts and sends the huge pillar crashing into the water.
- 6) EXT. PROMENADE DECK - Passengers escape out. Wood splinters behind them as they dive into the water. Lifeboats wait nearby.
- 7) EXT. RMS TITANIC - The hull splits in half, the stern crashes into the water.
- 8) EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - Survivors watch as a purple stream shoots into the sky from the sea.

END OF MONTAGE

The Titanic sinks, disappears into the deep sea forever.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

SUPER: YEARS LATER

It's a mess. Along the walls, pinned up pictures of diagrams. More on the floor. Clothes are scattered about.

Michael sits at the table, wears a welding mask. Flames spark as he welds on metal.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Years had gone by since the rescue of Titanic's passengers. Over fifteen hundred people originally died that cold April night but the SS Californian's quick response reduced the death toll to just sixty-two. Hundreds of men who were the bread winners in their respected families survived. Families prospered instead of sinking into poverty.

The metal takes form, shaped into a bracelet. Michael uses tongs to pick up the hot metal, dips it in water.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I often wonder had I elected to board the Titanic instead of the Californian what could have happen. Chances were I could have saved everyone on board but White Lines Company, the ship's engineers, wouldn't have learned their lesson. Who's to say the Titanic wouldn't have met its fate on the second or third voyage killing everyone on board. I guess we'll never know.

Michael knocks a newspaper to the ground as he fits the purple stone into the bracelet.

He bends down to pick it up and pauses.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

Captain Stanley Lord holds the "Loving Cup" trophy. Received in honor of his rescue efforts.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael smiles, places the paper on the table.

He attaches the bracelet around his wrist.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Mother passed away in 1956, ten years later than she had previously. Maybe the joy of having Peter and Emily around invigorated her will to live longer. I like to think so... Peter studied and got his Masters in Business where he successfully runs a Fortune 500 business in Florida. He's currently married with five kids. God help him... Emily teaches in New York. Last I checked she was on her way to becoming a professor at Columbia University.

Michael stands in front of the mirror. The stone starts to glow purple.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

As for me, I'm living life to its fullest. Currently flourishing as the world's greatest mountain climber. In fact, I'm about to set another record right now.

Michael taps on the stone, vanishes.

EXT. MOUNT EVEREST - DAY

SUPER: MAY 29TH 1953

The sun beats down on the snowy peak.

EDMUND HILLARY and TENZING NORGAY reach the summit. They celebrate by hugging each other.

EDMUND HILLARY

We did it! Mount Everest is ours to claim. I can't wait to tell...

Norgay taps Edmund on the shoulder.

TENZING NORGAY

Ah, Edmund. Sorry to say, but someone's already beat us here.

Edmund turns to see Michael standing twenty feet away.

MICHAEL

Hey boys, what took you so long?

FADE OUT