

Small-time

By

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INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY

MILES, 20s, slouches in his chair. A bare table sits between him and two POLICE DETECTIVES, both wearing suits. Miles looks down at his left arm which is soaked in blood.

DETECTIVE #1

If you cooperate with us we can get you a plaster for that.

MILES

Isn't this against my human rights or something?

DETECTIVE #2

We'll decide what rights you have.

DETECTIVE #1

If you cooperate with us, maybe we could get you some aspirin.

MILES

I could bleed to death here.

DETECTIVE #2

Well you'd better make your last words worthwhile then.

MILES

I've already told you everything I know; I was at my boss's office. He was telling me about a job, a heist.

DETECTIVE #1

For the item we now have in our evidence locker?

Miles hesitates.

MILES

Can I speak with my lawyer? Don't I get a phone-call or something?

DETECTIVE #1

Miles watches too many American Cop shows, I think.

DETECTIVE #2

Tell us what this "item" does.

Miles looks from Detective #2 to Detective #1.

MILES

It's pretty sophisticated. If you got it for me, I could show you.

DETECTIVE #2

Nice try.

DETECTIVE #1

So things didn't quite go as planned?

Miles looks at his heavily bleeding arm, then back at Detective #1.

MILES

Obviously.

DETECTIVE #2

So who shot you again?

MILES

I don't know who they were. I thought they worked for my boss, maybe they do... I've pissed off a lot of people recently.

DETECTIVE #2

I can see why.

DETECTIVE #1

None of this is making much sense, Miles.

The door opens behind the two detectives. Miles looks up at the person that has just entered.

MILES

And it's just got a bit more confusing.

The detectives turn around. MILES' DOPPELGANGER stands in the doorway. He is wearing a trench coat and has a fire extinguisher in his right hand. The detectives are speechless.

The doppelganger swings the fire extinguisher, knocking Detective #2 unconscious. Detective #1 raises his arms as the doppelganger swings at him.

Detective #1 falls to the ground, cradling his arm.

DETECTIVE #1  
You broke my arm!

Miles' Doppelganger walks over to Detective #1 and stands over him, holding the fire extinguisher menacingly.

MILES' DOPPELGANGER  
I can get you a plaster for that.

He thrusts the extinguisher down at the detective's face.

TITLE SCREEN- "SMALL-TIME"

INT. RUNDOWN FLAT- DAY

Miles is sitting in a chair. His hands are hand-cuffed behind his back, locking him to the chair.

The room is dirty and badly in need of a joiner, not to mention a new decorator.

Miles' arm appears to have no wound.

FLASHCARD- 'THURSDAY'

GOON, heavysset and hulking stands silently in the corner.

MILES  
See the game last night?

Goon nods.

MILES  
That was never a sending-off.

GOON  
He punched the ref.

MILES  
I know, but he had it coming. He should have just put his hands up and said- 'Yeah I deserved that. Play on'.

GOON  
We'll see if you feel the same in 2 minutes.

MILES  
Aw why do you have to be like that? Besides...

Miles shrugs his shoulders emphatically.

MILES

...if you want me to put my hands  
up you need to un-cuff me.

Goon looks unimpressed.

GOON

Unlikely.

Unseen by Goon, Miles slips a thin piece of metal wire from his sleeve. He moves it into the handcuff lock and wiggles it around.

Miles shakes his head.

MILES

I guess not. You're dense, but not  
that dense. Worth a try though.

GOON

Anyone ever told you, you talk too  
much?

Miles thinks.

MILES

My speech therapist.

FRANCINE, 50s, tall, well-dressed and over-bearing, enters the room.

MILES

Francine.

She walks right up to Miles and presents a briefcase.

FRANCINE

You stole this from me.

MILES

I know that. I was there when I  
stole it, dumb-ass.

Francine looks at Goon and nods briskly.

Goon walks up to Miles and punches him hard in the face.

GOON

You can't put your hands up, but  
you did deserve that. Play on?

Francine looks at Goon, confused.

FRANCINE

What?

Miles spits out some blood on the floor.

MILES

It's an in-joke.

Miles is still working the wire around the handcuff lock.

Francine turns back to Miles.

FRANCINE

Miles, I'm not a cruel person.

MILES

Yeah I was getting that impression. You seem lovely.

FRANCINE

But I do have pride, and an eye for talent.

Miles looks up at her.

FRANCINE

If you merely apologise for wronging me, then I would consider forgiving you. There might even be some employment in it for you. You're a gifted lock-pick.

Miles looks from Francine to Goon.

MILES

I'm sorry...

Francine smiles.

MILES

...that it took you this long to realise how good I am at picking locks.

Goon moves towards Miles to punch him again.

The handcuff lock clicks open. Miles quickly stands up, swinging the open handcuff as hard as he can.

He buries the handcuff deep into Goon's cheek.

Goon screams and drops to the floor.

Miles turns to Francine and holds out his free hand.

MILES

The case.

Francine looks from Goon, to Miles and the bloody hand-cuff in his hand.

MILES

Don't think I'm above beating up an old woman.

She grudgingly gives him the case.

FRANCINE

I gave you a chance. Now, you're a dead man, Miles.

Miles greedily snatches the case and opens it. Inside is rows of cash.

MILES

Not today, at least.

He looks at Goon, rolling around on the floor then looks at his watch.

MILES

But I suppose it is only 10am.

He grabs a wad of cash from the briefcase and throws it at Goon.

MILES

Sorry about that.

He snaps the case shut.

Miles exits.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FLAT- DAY

Miles exits the close and runs round a corner into an:

ALLEY

His phone rings. He takes it out and looks at it.

The display shows the word "ABE".

MILES

Fuck.

He looks around the alley. Along one side is a row of large bins. He stands at the first one and walks along the row, pointing at the bins as he goes.

MILES

1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

He stops at the fifth bin and slides the case underneath it, pushing it as far back as he can reach.

He gets up and runs off, looking over his shoulder as he goes.

EXT. CITY STREET- DAY

Miles is striding quickly down the street. He rounds a corner as his phone rings again. This time he answers it.

ABE (V.O.)

You're 30 seconds late.

Miles checks his watch.

MILES

I've got half past. My watch doesn't have a second hand. No wait, 31 past now, sorry.

ABE (V.O.)

Where are you?

Miles comes to a stop.

MILES

I'm standing in front of you.

ABE, standing in a doorway, turns to face Miles. In his 50s, with glasses and old-man clothes, Abe still looks intimidating. He throws his cigarette butt into the street.

ABE

You look like shit. Rough night?

MILES

I've not been home yet.

Abe raises an eyebrow.

ABE

Oh, really? Get a bit of dirty?

MILES

It's not what you think.

Abe sees the handcuff still attached to Miles' hand.

Abe gives Miles a look.

ABE

To each their own.

Abe enters the building, as Miles follows, fumbling with the handcuff.

INT. ABE'S OFFICE, FOYER (CONT.)

An attractive Receptionist, MELISSA, watches as the pair enter the nicely furnished foyer.

MELISSA

Hi, Miles.

MILES

Hey, Melissa.

ABE

Eyes on the prize, son. I've got a new job for you.

MILES

I thought you invited me here for my outstanding company.

He finishes picking the handcuff lock and puts it on the desk in front of Melissa.

He winks at her, she giggles back.

ABE

If you encourage him, Melissa, you're fired.

Melissa looks put-off, but she slides the handcuffs into her handbag.

Abe and Miles climb the staircase.

ABE

You like museums? That's where the job is.

MILES

Art? Or some sort of priceless artifact?

ABE

Nah, it's not an exhibit. There's a research department in the basement of the Brownian Museum on the east side. A certain Dr. Matthews has been working on something.

MILES

What is it? A weapon? Is it a big deal?

The pair reach the-

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Abe stops to look at Miles.

ABE

It's big.

MILES

Really? How big?

ABE

Massive.

MILES

Well, what is it?

Abe looks around before leaning in close to Miles. Miles does the same.

ABE

Your momma's ass. Now get in my office, we have business to discuss.

They walk into Abe's office.

INT. ABE'S OFFICE (CONT.)

They sit across the desk from one another.

ABE

I can't tell you much just now. All I can say, is it's an

(MORE)

ABE (cont'd)  
advanced hand-held device and I  
want it. There's 4 other guys on  
this job.

Abe hands Miles a folder.

ABE  
The details are in here, you know  
the drill.

Miles takes the folder and gets up to leave.

MILES  
It's as good as done.

ABE  
Park your arse, we're not done  
here.

Warily, Miles sits back down.

ABE  
The guys on this heist, I picked  
them for a reason; they're a shower  
of pricks.

MILES  
I'm sitting right here, Abe.

ABE  
Not you, you nitwit. Though you  
don't do yourself any  
favours. They're loose cannons,  
costing me a lot of money.

MILES  
So?

Abe takes out a pistol from his desk drawer and places it on  
the desktop. Miles looks from the gun to Abe and back  
again.

He laughs nervously.

MILES  
What do you want me to do with  
that?

ABE  
Keep them safe, protect them from  
harm so they'll live another day to  
lose me more money and give me more  
(MORE)

ABE (cont'd)  
headaches. I want you to shoot  
them Miles. Clearly.

MILES  
Abe, I'm a lock-pick, not fucking  
John McClane. How am I supposed to  
kill 4 guys with a pistol? I've  
never even held a gun.

ABE  
There's a lot of money in it for  
you.

MILES  
I'm not a killer, Abe. Count me  
out of this one.

Miles stands up. He puts the folder on the table and goes  
for the door.

ABE  
Miles.

Miles turns around.

ABE  
A lot. Of. Money.

Miles looks out the door, then back to Abe.

INT. VAN- NIGHT

Miles sits in the back of the large van. Benches line  
either side and the middle space is littered with tools,  
bags and other rubbish. Two people sit either side of the  
van while a fifth drives.

Miles looks around at RUFUS, 40s. His heavy build sways  
less than the other passengers. The passing street lights  
shine on his bald head and line the scars on his face with  
shadows as he glowers at Miles.

MILES  
Evening.

Rufus only glowers.

ASH is late 20s and pretty in a striking way. Where the  
passing street lights highlight Rufus' imperfections, they  
make Ash look beautiful. She leans forward.

ASH  
Rufus hasn't been very talkative  
lately.

MILES  
Oh.

Miles leans back in his seat, placated.  
He looks around the van, twiddling his thumbs.  
He quickly leans forward again.

MILES  
Why not?

ASH  
He hasn't said much since the  
Russians took his tongue.

MILES  
The Russians?

ASH  
Or the Arabs or the Yakuza. He  
never told me about it.

MILES  
Of course not.

Miles looks at Rufus, who is still glowering.

MILES  
Sorry. It must be annoying not  
being able to communicate.

Rufus slowly lifts his hand up and gives Miles the finger.

MILES  
Well, I understand that.

MARTIN, 30s, skinny and gaunt hits Miles in the arm.

MARTIN  
Don't you ever shut up?

MILES  
Only when I'm eating, or fucking.

MARTIN  
Why don't you go fuck yourself and  
shut up, then.

Miles walks to the front of the van. The driver, MAX, 20s, turns to see Miles.

MAX  
Getting restless?

MILES  
Can't a guy make some conversation?

MAX  
This is a heist, not 'Loose Women'.

Suddenly, Max stomps on the breaks as a hooded man runs in front of the van. Miles goes hurtling into the front of the van. He lands upside-down sprawled over the gearstick.

The man bounces off the bonnet and lands a few feet in front of the van.

MAX  
Get out of the fucking road you psychopath!

He lies still, spread-eagled in the middle of the road.

MARTIN (O.S.)  
Max, what the fuck!?

He doesn't move.

Miles tries to get back into an upright position.

The man still doesn't move.

MAX  
Come on, get up.

He stirs.

MAX  
Thank fuck, he's ok.

The man gets up and sways. He turns to face the van.

MAX  
Now get the fuck out of the way!

Miles manages to sit upright in the passenger seat, holding his hand to his head and wincing.

MAX  
(to Miles)  
You ok, mate?

MILES

I think so.

Miles looks out the windscreen and glimpses the man just as he runs out of sight. He looks exactly like Miles.

MILES

Holy shit, did you see that?

MARTIN (O.S.)

Can we get a move on? Next time some idiot jumps in front of us just plow them down. We're on a schedule here.

Max puts the van in gear and continues driving.

MAX

(to Miles)

See what?

Miles looks back through the passenger window. He holds his head.

MILES

Nothing.

EXT. ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE BROWNIAN MUSEUM- NIGHT

The van pulls up and stops.

EXT. ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE BROWNIAN MUSEUM (CONT.)

Ash and Rufus both jump out of the back and immediately cross the road. They crouch down next to a power box and take off their bags.

The van drives away.

INT. VAN (CONT.)

Only Miles, Max and Martin are left in the van. Martin checks his watch.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BROWNIAN MUSEUM ENTRANCE (CONT.)

The van pulls up to the kerb. Floodlights bathe the front lawn of the museum, the long path that leads up to the grand oak doors of the entrance.

More lights adorn the front walls of the museum, lighting up its gothic architecture at key points.

INT. VAN (CONT.)

Miles has his hand on the door handle.

MARTIN

Once the power's out you'll have about 40 seconds to open the door before the power is restored and the security systems reset.

Max is winding up an old fashioned alarm clock.

MARTIN

Open the door after that and we're fucked.

EXT. POWER BOX (CONT.)

Rufus crouches next to Ash. He holds a torch over her head, lighting the inside of the power box. She has a screwdriver clenched tight between her teeth and two hands inside the power box. Rufus hands her a pair of wire cutters.

INT. VAN (CONT.)

Max is still winding up the alarm clock. Miles puts on a tattered old back-pack. Max sets the time to 11:45, before putting the clock on the dashboard.

Martin peels his eyes away from his watch. He nods at Miles.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BROWNIAN MUSEUM ENTRANCE (CONT.)

All of the lights go out. The Museum and the surrounding area plunges into darkness. Miles and Martin burst out of the van and sprint towards the front door.

Running up the path, Miles un-shoulders his bag. Martin follows.

They arrive at the-

FRONT DOOR

The pair skid to a halt at the door. Miles immediately pulls out a small black case. He opens it, revealing several small tools.

He takes two out and puts them into the first of three locks in the door.

Martin looks at his watch.

MARTIN  
30 seconds.

MILES  
You're not helping.

He twists and the lock clicks open.

MARTIN  
You're going too slow.

On the second lock, Miles takes a new tool from his case and inserts it into the lock.

MARTIN  
10 seconds.

Miles wipes his forehead. The second lock pops open. Martin looks down the street. A row of lampposts light up.

MARTIN  
Hurry the fuck up!

On the last lock now, Miles drops one of his tools. He puts one in his mouth and picks up the dropped one.

MARTIN  
5 seconds... fuck it, let's go!

Martin stands up and turns to leave.

MILES  
Wait.

The third lock opens with a satisfying click and the door swings open a crack.

Martin turns back to Miles as all of the lights turn back on.

Silence.

MILES

And you thought something was going  
to go wrong.

Miles turns around to face the door.

HECTOR, late 50s, the museum security guard stands in the doorway. He swings his nightstick, smacking Miles across the face and knocking him off his feet.

Martin is on him a second later. They struggle together. Martin knocks Hector to the ground and wrestles the nightstick from his hands.

Miles clutches his bleeding face.

MARTIN

Ass handed to you by a pensioner,  
Miles?

MILES

He snuck up on me.

MARTIN

From the front?

Martin is on top of Hector, struggling to restrain him. Ash and Rufus arrive on the scene.

MARTIN

You wanna give me a hand here?

INT. MUSEUM MAIN HALL- NIGHT

Martin is tying Hector to a chair in the middle of the hall while Rufus holds him down. Exhibits in glass cases line the hall, spaced between thick marble pillars that hold up a mezzanine level that borders the uppers levels of the walls in the hall.

Martin looks at Hector's name badge.

MARTIN

Hector. You the only one on  
tonight?

HECTOR

Go fuck yourself.

Martin pulls hard on a rope, making Hector gasp.

MARTIN  
That's a yes then.

ASH  
How did you know we were coming in  
the front door, old man?

HECTOR  
Old man? My eyes may not be what  
they used to be, but the security  
cameras still see little pricks  
like you just fine.

Rufus narrows his eyes and stares at Ash.

ASH  
I disabled all the cameras.

Hector smiles.

HECTOR  
Somebody fucked up.

MILES  
This is irrelevant. We have a job  
to do.

Miles wipes his bloody nose with the back of his sleeve.

HECTOR  
Fancy another round, son?

MILES  
Fuck you.

ASH  
You got beaten up by an old man?

MILES  
He surprised me. He had a weapon.

ASH  
What was it, a zimmer frame?

Ash and Martin laugh at him. Even Rufus smiles.

MILES  
He's sprightly.

Martin walks over to his back-pack which is resting by one  
of the pillars. He throws the remains of his rope into it.

MARTIN  
Come on. You two.

Martin points at Ash and Rufus.

MARTIN  
Go upstairs to the security office  
and erase the footage on those  
tapes. We proceed as planned.

Ash grabs the keys from Hector's belt.

HECTOR  
A little lower.

Ash and Rufus exit. Martin grabs his bag and signals for Miles to follow. They head over to a door marked "Basement".

They go through.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT CORRIDOR (CONT.)

Martin locks the door behind them.

MILES  
We're looking for the Research  
department.

MARTIN  
Are you the narrator? I know what  
we're looking for.

They make their way down the stairs and along the under-lit corridor. At the end of the corridor is a lift. In between them is a door marked "Research Department" in large, thick black letters.

MILES  
Do you think this is it?

Martin stares at Miles.

Suddenly, the lift 'bings' and the doors open.

Miles and Martin look at it.

They look at each other.

MILES  
You sure there's no one else in the  
building?

MARTIN  
Go check it out.

Miles looks incredulous.

MILES  
You're the tough guy. I'm just the  
lock-guy.

Martin looks from the lift to Miles. He nods towards the  
Research door.

MARTIN  
Do your thing, lock-guy.

Miles gets out his tools and starts working on the door.

MILES  
You don't even know my name do you?

MARTIN  
Fucking shut up.

Martin looks in his back-pack. He rummages around before  
looking at Miles.

MARTIN  
You been in my bag?

Miles looks confused.

MILES  
No.

MARTIN  
Don't lie to me, lock-guy. My  
knife's gone.

Martin steps towards Miles threateningly.

Miles stumbles backwards.

MILES  
It wasn't me I swear!

Martin doesn't look happy. He puts his bag back on and  
turns back to the lift door.

MARTIN  
(muttering)  
It better not have. Fucking kill  
you.

Martin slowly approaches the open lift door. It is dark inside and the whole lift can't be seen from Martin's position.

Miles goes back to the lock-picking.

MARTIN

If there's another security guard  
in there, you better come out now  
before I beat you to death.

Miles takes another tool from his set and inserts it into the lock.

MARTIN

Come on now.

Martin has reached the edge of the lift door.

MARTIN

Last chance.

He springs around the door with his fists at the ready.

The lift is empty.

Martin drops his guard.

A click. The research door is open. Miles puts his tools away and opens the door.

MILES

So do you know what we're looking  
for in here?

INT. MUSEUM RESEARCH DEPARTMENT (CONT.)

A lab stool crashes over Miles' head and he collapses to the floor.

Martin runs over and grabs the assailant by the throat and throws her to the ground.

Martin turns the lights on.

CLARE, 20s, pretty and wearing a lab-coat lies sprawled on the floor. She turns around to get up, but Martin draws a gun.

MARTIN

Ah-ah-ah...

Miles rolls over, clutching his head.

MILES  
You're opening the next door.

CLARE  
Miles?

Miles looks confused. He looks over at Clare.

MILES  
Clare?

He then looks at Martin.

MILES  
Holy shit, you have a gun?

MARTIN  
The more pressing matter is; how do  
you two know each other?

Miles stands up.

MILES  
School, among other things. It's  
been a while, Clare. How you been?

Clare gets up.

CLARE  
Better, before I was held up at gun  
point.

Martin waves the gun at her.

MARTIN  
Easy. Where's the device?

CLARE  
I've no idea what you're talking  
about.

Martin cocks his pistol.

MARTIN  
Don't play games, I'm not a patient  
man.

MILES  
You weren't supposed to have a gun.

MARTIN  
Well it's just as well I do have  
one. Where's the device?

MILES  
Tell him, Clare. It'll be easier  
for you. He won't hurt you.

Clare stares at Miles.

Miles holds her gaze.

CLARE  
It's in the safe over there.

MARTIN  
Was that so hard?

Miles goes to the safe.

MILES  
So, what you been up to  
then? Research? Science stuff?

CLARE  
How'd you figure that out?

MILES  
What's the combination?

Clare looks at Martin and his gun, then to the door. Martin follows her gaze.

MARTIN  
Nobody coming to save you, pretty.

Clare looks back at Miles.

CLARE  
You're a lock-pick. Can't you just  
open it without the combination?

MILES  
Just tell me the numbers.

Clare looks at the door again.

Martin cocks his gun.

Clare looks back at Miles.

CLARE  
12 left. 3 right. 24 left.

MILES  
Got it.

Miles opens the safe and pulls out the device. White, about the size and shape of a dust-buster with a pistol-grip and a trigger. A small dial with a few buttons and knobs adorn the side, but not much else.

MILES

Kinda looks like a laser-gun or something.

Miles looks at Martin, who looks blank.

MILES

Anyway, shall we?

Miles goes for the door.

Martin doesn't move.

MARTIN

She knows who you are.

Miles looks between Martin and Clare. Clare is shaking.

MILES

She won't tell anyone.

MARTIN

No. She won't.

Martin shoots Clare in the face at point blank range. She collapses behind a desk.

MILES

No!

Miles lurches towards Clare's body. Martin stops him with a gun in his face.

Miles stares him down.

MILES

Am I next?

MARTIN

Afraid so.

Martin cocks the gun.

Running footsteps are heard through the door.

Martin and Miles look at the door.

It smashes open, landing on top of Miles.

CUT TO:

BLACK

INT. MILES' FLAT LIVING ROOM- DAY

Miles wakes up with a start. He sits up straight and surveys his surroundings.

Sitting on the couch, he rubs his face and winces as he touches the back of his head. He looks at the coffee table in front of him.

The device sits on it.

He looks confused. He checks over his shoulder nervously before looking back at the device.

It sits there doing nothing.

Miles slowly leans forward towards the device.

He picks it up slowly. It does look like some sort of futuristic weapon.

A knock at the door.

Miles jumps. He looks at the device, then at the door.

Silence.

Another loud rap.

MILES  
(shouting)  
Just a second.

He runs to the open-plan kitchen and hides the device in the cutlery drawer before going to-

MILES' FRONT DOOR

He walks up to the peephole and looks through.

Two hulking, mean-looking men stand there; COLE and GOINES, both mid-30s.

COLE (O.S.)  
Open up Miles.

MILES

Why?

COLE (O.S.)

It's about what happened in Abe's office yesterday.

MILES

You guys police?

GOINES (O.S.)

You know we're not, Miles. It's Goines and Cole. Open the door.

Miles scratches his chin ponderously.

He opens the door.

Goines raises his eyebrows and looks at Cole.

GOINES

He actually opened the door.

COLE

I'm as surprised as you.

Cole shrugs and the two enter the flat.

Miles leads them through to-

MILES' LIVING ROOM

MILES

You guys want a coffee? I really need a coffee.

Cole leans over to Goines.

COLE

(whispered)

What's going on here?

GOINES

(whispered)

I have no idea. Run with it.

Cole and Goines sit down in the living room as Miles goes to the open-plan kitchen.

COLE

Yeah, I'll take one.

GOINES

Tea, please.

Unseen by Miles, Goines takes out a pistol. He slowly and quietly cocks it before returning it to his belt. Cole nods at him.

Miles turns the kettle on and takes mugs out of the cupboard.

MILES

So this is about what happened last night?

COLE

It is. You just disappeared, Miles. You want to explain that to us?

MILES

I wish I could. I just blacked out and woke up on my couch. Now I just feel fucked.

GOINES

Fucked like a New Hampshire Whore, right?

Miles looks supremely confused.

MILES

What?

Goines looks confused as well.

GOINES

Like a New Hampshire whore.

Miles looks from Goines to Cole and back again. He shrugs.

GOINES

Never mind.

Miles spoons sugar into a mug.

GOINES

So, the device.

MILES

How do you guys take it?

COLE  
Do you have decaff?

MILES  
Of course not.

COLE  
Weak, then.

GOINES  
About the device.

MILES  
Milk?

COLE  
Please.

GOINES  
Do you still have the--

MILES  
Sugar?

COLE  
No thanks.

Goines looks at Cole, annoyed.

GOINES  
Are you two finished?

Cole turns to Miles.

COLE  
Do you have sweeteners?

MILES  
I've got saccharine tablets.

COLE  
Ugh, no thanks. Just without.

Goines stares at Cole. Cole looks at Goines, before turning away, sheepish.

GOINES  
Do you have the device or not,  
Miles?

MILES  
I managed to at least do one thing  
right.

COLE  
Great. Is it here?

Miles opens up the cutlery drawer and puts his hand on a teaspoon. The device sits right next to the cutlery.

Miles looks over at the two guys.

MILES  
Yeah. Are you going to take it to Abe?

Cole and Goines look at each other, perplexed.

GOINES  
Right, what is going on here? What's your game?

MILES  
What? You two are here to pick it up for Abe, right?

GOINES  
Right, enough fucking about.

Goines stands up and draws his pistol.

GOINES (CONT.)  
Give me the device.

MILES  
Oh shit! Will people stop pulling fucking guns on me.

Cole stands up.

COLE  
Just give us it and we'll leave you alone, Miles.

Miles' hand is right next to the device. He slowly grasps the handle, putting his hand on the trigger.

MILES  
I haven't finished the tea yet. Why don't you sit back down and EAT LASER, GOONS!

Miles draws the device and points it at Cole and Goines, repeatedly pulling the trigger.

Nothing happens.

Miles looks confused. He looks at the gun and its multiple buttons and dials.

MILES

Can you just give me one second to figure this out?

Cole looks at Goines, then back to Miles. He points the pistol at him and fires.

Miles squeals before ducking back down behind the kitchen cabinets.

Huddled on the floor, Miles turns the device over in his hands.

MILES

What the fuck do you do?

He looks closer, seeing a numeric dial marked "Y M D H Mn S". Next to that, a power button.

Goines slowly walks around towards the other side of the cabinets.

GOINES

Miles?

COLE

Careful, Goines.

Miles flicks the power button. A low hum resonates from the device.

A little digital battery lights up with four bars; full. Zeros light up the numeric dial, except for under "D" which has a "1".

Cole is almost around the cabinet, gun extended.

Miles points the device at Cole once more and pulls the trigger.

A bright, white light fills the room. Miles has to shield his eyes.

A few seconds later, the light disappears.

Miles is still sitting on the floor of the kitchen. Cole and Goines have gone.

Miles stands up and checks the flat. He looks at the device again.

MILES  
I need a coffee.

Miles grabs his keys. He stuffs the device into his backpack and exits the flat.

INT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

Miles sits at a window seat. In front of him is a ridiculously large coffee and the device. He stares thoughtfully at the device as he takes a large gulp of the coffee.

He sighs and looks out the window.

A look of confusion crosses his face.

Suddenly he gets up and runs outside.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP (CONT.)

Miles looks down the street at a girl that is walking away from him.

MILES  
Clare?

The girl stops and turns around.

It is Clare.

CLARE  
Miles?

MILES  
You're alive!

Miles runs forward and hugs Clare.

She looks confused.

CLARE  
I'm happy to see you too,  
Miles. It's been a while.

MILES  
It feels like forever.

Miles takes a step back and looks her up and down, smiling.

MILES  
My God, how did you survive?

CLARE  
Miles, I should really be going.

MILES  
No, wait. You really need to come  
and have a coffee with me. I'm  
really confused.

Clare looks at her watch. She sighs.

CLARE  
Is confusion a good reason to have  
a coffee?

MILES  
Just a small coffee, then.

CLARE  
A tiny one.

INT. COFFEE SHOP- DAY

Miles places an enormous coffee in front of Clare.

MILES  
I don't know where to  
start. Nothing's really making  
much sense. Most of all that  
you're not dead.

CLARE  
Glad to disappoint.

MILES  
I'm not disappointed.

Miles looks over his shoulder, then back at Clare.

He leans in.

MILES  
(whispering)  
I used the weapon, Clare.

CLARE  
What weapon?

MILES

You know, that device you've been working on. I somehow ended up with it. I just blasted two goons in my flat into dust.

CLARE

How do you know about the HTTM-12?

MILES

Uh, hello?

Miles takes out the device. Clare's eyes go wide.

CLARE

Miles, how did you get that?!

Miles looks confused again.

MILES

Don't you remember anything about last night? The gunshot must have given you amnesia or something.

CLARE

Are you trying to tell me, you stole that last night?

MILES

For fuck's sake, Clare! We broke into the museum, I took this HTTM-12. You got shot in the fucking face! I used this thing to vaporize a couple of thugs not twenty minutes ago.

CLARE

So, you're telling me you used the HTTM-12 twenty minutes ago?

MILES

Yes.

CLARE

Miles, what day is it?

MILES

Friday. What's that got to do with anything?

CLARE

It's Thursday. The HTTM-12 isn't a weapon, it's a time machine.

MILES

Shut up.

Clare stares at Miles. Miles sits, thinking.

He looks at the HTTM-12, then back at Clare.

MILES

So that means...

Miles scratches his chin.

MILES

That's insane.

He takes another swig of his coffee.

MILES

So you're telling me that when I used this thing this morning, it was actually tomorrow morning and I've traveled back in time?

CLARE

So it worked? It really worked? You'd better not be winding me up here.

Miles is in awe.

MILES

That's...

Clare nods.

CLARE

Heavy.

The two sit back in their seats, lost in the moment.

A waitress walks past. Miles grabs her apron.

MILES

Two vodkas please.

The waitress exits.

CLARE

I can't believe it worked!

Miles laughs.

MILES

My God. I knew you were an  
over-acheiver in school, but a  
fucking time-machine?

Clare laughs, but cuts it short.

CLARE

Wait a second, what about all that  
other stuff? You said you're a  
thief and that you stole the  
HTTM-12. And that I died!

MILES

Did I? I might have been mistaken.

CLARE

Don't lie to me, Miles. What's  
going to happen?

MILES

You're beautiful, you know that?

CLARE

Miles!

The waitress returns with two glasses of vodka.

MILES

Thanks.

Miles downs one.

He downs the other one, too.

CLARE

Miles?

Miles sighs.

MILES

When we're pulling the heist  
tonight, something goes wrong. One  
of the guys, he...

Miles looks at Clare. Her face is a picture of rage.

CLARE

You haven't changed at all. I knew  
I was right to dump you.

MILES

I thought it was mutual.

CLARE

Not that it matters anymore, since I'll be dead by tomorrow.

MILES

Don't you see. I can change it all now. I have a fucking time-machine, I can do what I want.

CLARE

My time-machine!

MILES

I can set it right. Don't worry, I can change what's going to happen.

CLARE

Not necessarily. It depends whether the rules of time-travel are multiple realities or predestination.

Miles looks blankly at Clare.

CLARE

Back to the Future, or Bill and Ted.

MILES

Gotcha.

CLARE

I might already be dead because of you.

Clare punches him in the arm.

Miles sits, looking at Clare.

MILES

Well, only one way to find out.

Miles gets up and grabs his back pack.

CLARE

Miles, what are you doing?

Miles grabs the HTTM-12 and throws it in his back pack.

CLARE  
You can't take that!

MILES  
I might need it.

He runs for the door.

CLARE  
Miles!

Miles runs back and kisses Clare on the cheek.

MILES  
Don't worry, I'll save you.

He exits, leaving Clare looking suitably confused.

INT. ABE'S OFFICE, FOYER- DAY

Miles enters the foyer. There is nobody there. He walks up to the front desk, apprehensively.

Once there, he looks around. Nothing.

A toilet flushes. Miles looks over to the right wall and sees the door to the toilet. He quickly runs up the first flight of stairs.

He stops and looks down. Melissa exits the toilet and walks back to her desk, putting her headset back on.

Miles continues up the stairs.

INT. ABE'S OFFICE, UPSTAIRS LANDING (CONT.)

He walks along the corridor, up to Abe's office door.

He stops and braces himself.

He walks through the door.

INT. ABE'S OFFICE (CONT.)

Miles enters.

MILES  
Abe, I know that you don't see  
people without appointments but...

The office is empty.

At a loose end, Miles walks over to Abe's desk.

He opens the first drawer; pens, stationery, nothing out of the ordinary. He opens the second drawer; several pistols sit looking up at him.

Miles looks incredulous.

He opens the third drawer; folders. He flicks through them. He pulls one out.

It is marked: "HTTM-12".

He looks around the room, then back at the folder. He opens it and begins to read.

Inside, there are floor plans of the Brownian Museum, blueprints of the HTTM-12 as well as photographs of it. There is also a photo of Clare.

Miles stops to look at it. A sad smile comes across his face.

ABE (O.S.)

If you encourage him, Melissa,  
you're fired.

Miles jumps. He looks at the door.

ABE (O.S.)

You like museums? That's where the  
job is.

Miles runs over to the door. Opening it a crack, he peeks out. Looking through the slightly open doorway, Miles sees Abe and PAST-MILES having the same conversation he had before.

PAST-MILES (O.S.)

Art? Or some sort of artifact?

MILES

(whispering)  
Man, this is weird.

ABE

Nah, it's not an exhibit. There's  
a research department in the  
basement of the Brownian Museum on  
the east side. A certain Dr.  
Matthews has been working on  
something.

PAST-MILES  
What is it? A weapon?

The pair reach the top of the stairs.

Miles quickly closes the door. He scans the office for a hiding place

ABE (O.S.)  
Your momma's ass. Now get in my office, we have business to discuss.

Miles dives underneath Abe's desk and hugs his knees.

Abe and Past-Miles walk into the office. They both sit down at opposite sides of the desk, with Miles huddled between their legs, trying not to touch either of them.

ABE  
It's an advanced hand-held device and I want it, that's all I can tell you. There's 4 other guys on this job.

Abe hands Past-Miles a folder.

UNDER THE DESK

Abe slips his shoes off and crosses his legs. His foot is directly in Miles' face. He makes a disgusted face. and slaps his hand over his nose and mouth.

ABE  
The details are in here, you know the drill.

Past-Miles takes the folder and gets up to leave.

Miles breathes a sigh of relief, turning away from Abe's foot.

PAST-MILES  
It's as good as done.

ABE  
Park your arse, we're not done here.

Warily, Past-Miles sits back down.

Miles rolls his eyes and pulls his T-shirt over his face.

The conversation continues exactly as before.

Miles opens his bag and takes out the HTTM-12. He looks more closely at it.

Once again, he sees the numeric display marked by the letters: "Y M D H Mn S".

It all makes sense now. He begins fiddling with the dials. Some of the displays change from 0 to other numbers.

Another switch is marked by two positions. The first points to a "-" and the second position is a "+". He flicks it back and forwards a few times.

MILES  
(whispering)  
Makes sense.

PAST-MILES  
I don't approve of killing,  
Abe. Count me out of this one.

Past-Miles stands up. He puts the folder on the table and goes for the door.

Miles puts the HTTM-12 back in the bag and watches him go.

ABE  
Miles.

Past-Miles turns around.

ABE  
A lot. Of. Money.

Past-Miles looks out the door, then back to Abe. He walks across the room, picks up the folder and exits.

ABE  
That's what I thought.

Abe stands up and presses a button on his desk phone.

ABE  
Melissa, send in my 12'o clock.

MELISSA (O.S.)  
Right away, sir.

Abe takes his hand away from the phone and turns around to face out of the window.

Miles looks incredulous. He makes a move to leave, but stops. He looks unsure.

Abe is still looking out the window, apparently admiring the view.

Miles smiles. He crawls out from under the desk, stands up and creeps towards the door.

Abe still has his back turned.

Miles turns to the door, smiling broadly now.

The door opens.

Miles pirouettes towards the wall, staying behind the opening door until he becomes pinned between the door and the wall.

Max, the driver, enters.

MAX

You had a job for me, Abe?

ABE

Don't you knock, Max?

MAX

Sorry, Abe I...

ABE

Close the door.

Max walks back over to the door. He reaches out and pulls the handle. The door swings shut. Miles is not hiding behind it.

He is hiding behind the couch, a couple of feet from the door.

Max walks over to the desk and sits down. Abe turns around and also sits down.

MAX

So you have a job for me or not?

ABE

It's simple enough, just pick up a few guys, drop them off at the Brownian Museum.

MAX

Getaway job?

ABE

Not exactly. Nobody will be getting away from this, except you of course.

MAX

Of course. So why won't they be getting away?

ABE

The guys on this heist, I picked them for a reason. They're a shower of pricks, loose cannons that are costing me a lot of money.

MAX

So why are you putting them on this heist?

ABE

They all have orders to kill each other.

Miles looks shocked. Max smiles.

MAX

And the lucky participants?

ABE

Rufus, Ash, Martin and that little smart-arse, Miles.

Miles looks incredulous, he mouths the words "smart-arse?".

MAX

So you just sent these guys off, all packing heat?

ABE

More or less. I gave Miles blanks though. I wouldn't trust him with a pea-shooter. The others will take care of him.

Max laughs.

MAX

What if some of them get away.

ABE

I'm not worried about it. I have deniability.

Abe hands Max a folder.

ABE  
Here's the details.

MAX  
Cheers, Abe.

Max gets up and goes for the door.

MAX  
Consider it done.

Max exits, pulling the door shut behind him. Miles stands up from behind the couch.

Abe gasps.

Miles has taken his blank-loaded gun out and is pointing it at Abe.

MILES  
A smart-arse you wouldn't trust  
with a pea-shooter?

ABE  
Miles, what are you doing?

MILES  
I can't believe you'd say that, I  
thought we were friends!

ABE  
Have you been hiding in my office?

MILES  
That's beside the point. The point  
is--

Miles takes out the HTTM-12 from his bag.

MILES (CONT.)  
--you can call off the job  
tonight. Here's what you want.

Abe picks up the device.

ABE  
How did you--

MILES  
It doesn't matter. All you need to  
know is that I deliver, and you are  
a back-stabbing prick. I think  
that concludes our business.

Abe looks from the time machine to Miles. He takes a long draw from his cigar.

ABE  
I think it does.

MILES  
Just make the calls.

Abe shrugs. He picks up his phone.

ABE  
No heist tonight.

He dials the phone. It starts ringing.

ABE  
No hard feelings?

He holds out his hand for Miles to shake.

Miles just looks at it.

MILES  
No, they're still very hard. I  
ought to shoot you right now.

Miles points his gun at Abe.

ABE  
Go ahead, I only gave you blanks.

A gun shot cuts through the air.

Abe stands still, one hand holding the phone, the other still outstretched for Miles to shake.

Miles looks at Abe, shocked.

A red stain slowly blossoms on Abe's shirt. He looks down at it before collapsing.

Miles turns to the door.

Goines is standing with a gun pointed at where Abe had just been standing, Cole at his shoulder.

GOINES  
Easy.

COLE  
Nice shot.

Miles turns to face the pair.

COLE

Who are you?

MILES

What do you mean? We just met like an hour ago, no wait. Never mind.

GOINES

What are you on about?

COLE

Better do him too, witness and all that.

Goines points his gun at Miles. Miles draws his too.

MILES

Not so fast. If you take me down, I'll take one of you, too.

COLE

He just said you only have blanks in your gun.

MILES

You were here when he said that?

Goines and Cole nod simultaneously.

MILES

Well I guess I'm fucked like a New Hampshire Whore then, right?

Miles looks at Goines. He looks blankly back.

GOINES

What?

MILES

Like a New Hampshire whore?

Goines shrugs.

MILES

Never mind.

COLE

Any last words?

Miles looks around the room. The HTTM-12 is sitting on Abe's desk.

He quickly picks it up and points it at Cole and Goines.

GOINES

You going to dust-bust us to death?

MILES

This is the latest in laser-weapon technology. One move and I'll annihilate you two.

Goines lifts his pistol slightly.

Miles pulls the trigger.

Cole and Goines wince. A whining electronic whir loops a couple of times before dying out.

Cole and Goines both laugh.

COLE

And I thought JML usually did good work.

MILES

Fuck.

Miles keeps pulling the trigger, the display on the HTTM-12 flickers before shining brightly, the whining noise slowly gathering momentum.

Cole lifts his gun and shoots Miles.

The bullet goes through his left arm as Miles cries out in pain. He pulls the trigger one more time.

The white light fills the entire room again, as Miles time-travels for the second time.

INT. ABE'S OFFICE- DAY

The light disappears. Miles drops the HTTM-12 and screams.

MILES

Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!

He grabs his arm.

MILES

He shot me, that total fucking cunt!

He stops for a breath, only now surveying his surroundings.

Half a dozen FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS are staring at Miles. Crime-scene tape is stretched over the door. Two of the investigators have stopped in the middle of putting Abe onto a stretcher to stare at Miles.

MILES

Great.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY

Detective #1 walks in front of Miles, sitting in the same chair as before.

DETECTIVE #1

So things didn't quite go as planned?

Miles looks at his heavily bleeding arm, then back at Detective #1.

MILES

Obviously.

DETECTIVE #2

So who shot you again?

MILES

I don't know who they were. I thought they worked for my boss, maybe they do...

DETECTIVE #1

None of this is making much sense, Miles.

The door opens behind the two detectives. Miles looks up at the person that has just entered.

MILES

And it's just got a bit more confusing.

The detectives turn around. FUTURE-MILES stands in the doorway. He is wearing a trench coat and has a fire extinguisher in his right hand. The detectives are speechless.

Future-Miles swings the fire extinguisher, knocking Detective #2 unconscious. Detective #1 raises his arms as Future-Miles swings at him.

Detective #1 falls to the ground, cradling his arm.

DETECTIVE #1  
You broke my arm!

FUTURE-MILES  
I can get you a plaster for that.

He thrusts the extinguisher down at the detective's face. He falls unconscious.

Miles gets out of his seat.

FUTURE-MILES  
We haven't got much time.

Future-Miles goes into his bag.

MILES  
Are you me from the future?

FUTURE-MILES  
No, you're me from the past.

MILES  
Potato, pot-ah-to.

Future-Miles takes the HTTM-12 out of his bag and hands it to Miles.

FUTURE-MILES  
You need to use this to get the other HTTM-12 out of the evidence locker.

MILES  
There's two of them?

Future-Miles takes off his trench coat and hands it to Miles.

FUTURE-MILES  
Put this on. Right now there's three. But it's the same one, just from different time-lines.

Future-Miles takes out another HTTM-12 from his bag.

FUTURE-MILES  
See? Two in this room, one in the Brownian museum.

MILES  
This makes no sense what-so-ever.

FUTURE-MILES

Trust me, it does. Put on the jacket.

Miles puts the jacket on.

FUTURE-MILES

You need to go back twenty-seven minutes to escape this room.

MILES

Twenty-seven minutes? How do you know that?

FUTURE-MILES

Because I was told to do it.

Future-Miles picks up the fire extinguisher again and leans against the wall by the door.

MILES

Told by who?

The door bursts open as a heavy-set police officer runs in.

Future-Miles whacks him on the back of the head with the extinguisher, knocking him out cold.

FUTURE-MILES

By me.

Miles looks confused.

FUTURE-MILES

Twenty-seven minutes.

Future-Miles runs over to the window. He throws the extinguisher through it, smashing the glass and proceeds to climb out.

He stops and turns to face Miles.

FUTURE-MILES

Oh, and try and remember that "I can get you a plaster for that" line. It's pretty bad-ass.

Future-Miles jumps out the window.

Miles starts fiddling with the HTTM-12.

Another two police officers burst in the door. They stop, shocked at the sight of the three unconscious men and the smashed window.

Miles pulls the trigger.

The usual white light and loud noise fills the room before fading away.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM- DAY

The room is quiet and empty, save Miles.

He slowly walks over to the door and tries it.

It opens with a click.

Miles looks out into the corridor. Nobody is there. He walks out into the hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY (CONT.)

He looks up at signs on the wall; an arrow points left down to reception. He follows it.

INT. POLICE STATION, RECEPTION (CONT.)

Miles enters, coming through a door marked "Restricted".

The reception is busy with activity, nobody notices him. Police Officers stride around immersed in their business.

The front door opens as Past-Miles is escorted inside with four officers pulling him along. Miles turns away to hide his face.

PAST-MILES

Look, everybody look! Police  
brutality! My arm is shot and  
bleeding and they won't give me  
medical attention!

One of the officers thrusts a night-stick into Past-Miles' stomach. Miles winces. Past-Miles goes limp and the police drag him away.

Miles watches as they head for another door marked "Restricted".

Miles runs towards them, but the door closes before he can follow them through. He tries it, but it is locked.

He looks around, stumped as to what to do.

A picture on the wall shows two men shaking hands with the police station in the background. One of the men is leaning on a spade. The plaque underneath reads: "Hillhead Police Station; opened 2nd December, 1975".

Miles looks thoughtfully at the picture.

INT. POLICE STATION, RECEPTION- DAY

The station is clearly still being built. The sound of construction work fills the air. Builders walk by with wheelbarrows and building tools. 70s music plays through a nearby radio.

White light comes from the corner that Miles was just standing in. A moment later, he appears out of thin air.

Nobody seems to have noticed his arrival.

He walks over to the doorway that was previously marked "Restricted". The door they dragged Past-Miles through.

The doorway has yet to be fitted with a door. He walks through it.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY

The police are dragging Past-Miles' unconscious body along the corridor.

The bright white light and noise fills the air again. Miles is standing there a second later.

He looks down the long corridor and glimpses Past-Miles being dragged around the corner.

Miles looks at the locked door he just surpassed and smiles to himself before walking down the hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION, END OF THE HALLWAY (CONT.)

Miles peeks around the corner. He sees Past-Miles being held up to a window in the wall with bars over it and a space for sliding things through. A man, WINDOW OFFICER, sits on the other side of the glass.

The police holding Past-Miles up give him a shake and a slap.

POLICEMAN #1

Wake up.

Past-Miles comes to.

POLICEMAN #1

Sign in here.

Past-Miles does as he says.

POLICEMAN #1

And fingerprint.

Past-Miles complies.

Miles looks around again for anything that might be of help to him.

He looks back around and sees the police dragging Past-Miles away.

Window Officer is holding Miles' back pack. He takes it out of sight.

Miles turns back around.

MILES

Shit. Think, Miles, think.

The bright white light and noise appears again.

Future-Miles appears holding the HTTM-12. He stows it inside his jacket again.

FUTURE-MILES

You need to make a distraction.

MILES

What kind of distraction.

FUTURE-MILES

Go for a run.

MILES

Are you nuts?

FUTURE-MILES

Trust the guy from the future.

Miles sighs and looks around the corner. Window Officer has returned to the window and is filling in some forms.

Miles looks back at Future-Miles. Future-Miles nods.

Miles sighs. He runs out from behind the corner, over to the window. He starts banging on it.

MILES

Hey, porky! I got free! And there's nobody to arrest me!

Window Officer looks totally nonplussed.

WINDOW OFFICER

Hey!

MILES

Aren't you gonna come and catch me?

Window Officer grabs a set of keys before running to the door.

Miles waits outside it, ready to run.

The door bursts open and Window Officer jogs out. Miles runs down the hall, being chased by window officer. He turns a corner and crashes into a woman carrying a stack of files. They go flying into the air.

Miles continues on down the hall. He looks back to see Window Officer bumping into the same woman. Window Officer looks out of breath already.

Miles runs ahead and around another corner. He continues down the hall and turns the last corner, ending up exactly where he started.

Out of breath, he gets out the HTTM-12 and programs it to take him back one minute.

He pulls the trigger.

The white light and noise.

INT. POLICE STATION, END OF THE HALLWAY

Past-Miles is hiding at the corner, watching Window Officer.

MILES

Shit. Think, Miles, think.

The bright white light and noise appears again.

Miles appears holding the HTTM-12. He stows it inside his jacket again.

MILES

You need to make a distraction.

PAST-MILES

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Past-Miles sighs. He runs out from behind the corner, over to the window. He starts banging on it.

PAST-MILES

Hey, porky! I got free! And there's nobody to arrest me!

Miles stays hiding at the wall as he watches the events occur again.

WINDOW OFFICER

Hey!

PAST-MILES

Aren't you gonna come and catch me?

Window Officer grabs a set of keys before running to the door.

Miles waits until Window Officer comes out and chases Past-Miles.

The door to the office is slowly swinging shut.

Miles sprints down the hallway and slides feet first towards it.

His foot jams inside the door just before it closes.

He gets up and enters the room.

INT. POLICE STATION, EVIDENCE LOCKER (CONT.)

Miles closes the door behind him. He immediately turns around and begins searching the room.

Rows of shelves cover the room. Miles runs up and down each aisle, looking for his backpack.

Not in the first row, he sprints to the other side.

He walks quickly, scanning all shelves. Time moves too fast.

On the last row, he stops. The backpack sits on the bottom shelf. He goes to grab it.

Next to the door, the white light and noise appear. Miles looks over at it. A second later, Future-Miles is standing there. He has the back-pack on his shoulders.

He turns around to Miles.

FUTURE-MILES

I was just a few seconds too late.

Future-Miles goes to the door. He presses the lock-release button and exits.

Miles shakes his head and turns his attention back to the back-pack.

The HTTM-12 sits there untouched, next to his gun and lock-pick tools.

He zips it shut and runs to the door.

Window Officer walks past the window. He is heavily out of breath. He stops and leans with his hands on his knees.

Miles looks from him to the door. They are too close together for Miles to escape unseen.

He takes out the HTTM-12 and programs in "30" in the display marked "S".

He pulls the trigger.

The same whirring, whining sounds emits as the operation fails.

Miles panics. He looks out the window and sees Window Officer regaining his breath. He stands up and pulls out his keys.

Miles pulls the trigger several more times. The whine gets more hopeful sounding.

Window Officer slips his keys into the lock.

The HTTM-12 lights up. The bright white light and noise fill the room as Miles time-travels.

Window Officer enters the room just as Miles disappears. He doesn't notice anything.

INT. POLICE STATION, EVIDENCE LOCKER

White light and noise.

Miles appears next to the door. He looks over to the shelves and sees Past-Miles crouching next to the back-pack.

MILES

I was just a few seconds too late.

Miles goes to the door. He presses the lock-release button and exits.

INT. POLICE STATION, HALLWAY (CONT.)

Miles looks around the hallway. It is empty.

He runs towards where Past-Miles was dragged off by the other Police Officers.

INT. POLICE STATION, OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

Miles walks up to the a door. The sign reads "Interrogation Room #1".

He reaches for the door handle, but stops. He looks over to his right.

Attached to the wall is a fire extinguisher.

He grabs it and bursts into the room.

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION

All is calm and quiet. Birds sing, people walk calmly about their business.

A window explodes as a fire extinguisher flies out onto the grass.

A few seconds later, Miles clambers out and drops onto the ground. People gape at him as he runs across the lawn and out of sight.

EXT. ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE BROWNIAN MUSEUM- NIGHT

Bushes line the road across from the Brownian Museum. Miles hides among them, staring at the Museum.

He looks at his watch. He stands up and runs onto the road.

A van comes out of nowhere and knocks him down.

He falls flat onto his back as the van screeches to a halt.

Miles lies on the ground groaning.

MAX (O.S.)  
Get out of the fucking road you  
psychopath!

Weakly, Miles twitches. He slowly gets to his feet.

MAX (O.S.)  
Now get the fuck out of the way!

Miles stumbles a little before trying to leave the scene. He looks up briefly to see Max and Past-Miles staring at him.

Miles quickly stumbles off as the van drives away.

MILES  
I wish I'd remembered that.

EXT. BROWNIAN MUSEUM FRONT DOOR (CONT.)

Miles walks up to the front door. He tries it to see if it's open.

No luck.

INT. MUSEUM SURVEILLANCE ROOM- NIGHT

Hector sits in his chair, eating a doughnut and drinking coffee. Behind him the wall is covered in TVs. About 16 monitors show different angles of the Brownian, including outside cameras.

Hector swings around in his chair. He spots Miles trying to open the front door.

He puts his coffee and doughnut down.

HECTOR

One night in peace, that's all I  
ask.

He picks up his night-stick and exits.

EXT. BROWNIAN MUSEUM FRONT DOOR

Seeing that the doors are locked, Miles makes his way around  
the building.

EXT. BROWNIAN MUSEUM WEST WALL

Miles continues along the wall, looking in the windows.

He stops at one and peers inside.

Clare is walking along, mug of tea in hand.

Miles bangs on the glass.

MILES

Clare!

Clare jumps, spilling some of her tea. She winces and looks  
out of the window. She sees Miles.

She looks annoyed.

She points towards a door in the wall. Miles goes to it and  
waits.

A second later, Clare opens the door and lets him in.

INT. MUSEUM WEST WING (CONT.)

Miles walks in and stands next to Clare.

MILES

You are a sight for aching eyes.

CLARE

Miles, you scared me. I burned my  
hand.

Miles takes off his trench coat, revealing his bloody arm.

MILES  
Cry me a river.

She gasps.

CLARE  
Oh my God, Miles. What happened?

MILES  
I got shot and run over. Let's go  
downstairs, we don't have much  
time.

INT. MUSEUM RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

Miles sits in a stool as Clare dabs at his wound with cotton wool.

CLARE  
I'm not a medical doctor,  
Miles. You need to go to a  
hospital.

MILES  
Not until this is sorted.

Miles winces.

MILES  
I wouldn't need a hospital if you  
did a better job on that time  
machine of yours.

Clare looks affronted.

CLARE  
Come again?

MILES  
I got shot because it's  
temperamental.

Clare picks up the HTTM-12 and studies it.

She leans closer to Miles.

CLARE  
Here.

She points at the little battery diagram. One bar is left.

CLARE

Not much battery left. You have to be careful when you use this. You might end up stuck in the wrong time.

MILES

How many more times can I use it?

CLARE

Hard to say, considering someone stole it before I had a chance to do any tests.

MILES

Technically I've not stolen it yet.

Clare gives Miles a stern look.

Miles looks reproachful.

MILES

I'm sorry, Clare. I tried to stop the heist, but I fucked it up.

CLARE

Well, I'm still alive aren't I?

Clare smiles at Miles.

MILES

I'm such an asshole. It's my fault you die. Why did you even turn up here tonight?

CLARE

I work here. There was the possibility that you were talking shit the whole time. It's hard to accept that you're just gonna die when someone says you will.

MILES

You shouldn't have come.

The lights go off.

CLARE

A power cut?

MILES

No.

A few seconds pass.

CLARE  
I'm scared, Miles.

Miles looks at Clare. He gets off the stool and hugs her.

MILES  
We should never have broken up.

Miles takes a step back to look at Clare's face.

MILES  
Maybe you could have kept me on the  
straight and narrow.

Clare laughs.

CLARE  
The straight. Maybe not the narrow  
as well.

The lights come back on.

MILES  
I can still save you. But you're  
not the only person I can save  
tonight.

Miles walks over to his bag and shoulders it on.

MILES  
I'll come back for you.

CLARE  
You already did.

MILES  
Try and get out if you can.

Miles takes one last look at her before leaving.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT CORRIDOR (CONT.)

Miles enters the corridor. At one end are the stairs that lead up to the main hall. At the other end is a lift.

Miles runs along to the lift. He presses the up button.

The doors immediately open. He enters.

The doors close.

Clare pops her head through the door and looks up and down the corridor. She heads towards the main hall. She climbs the stairs and approaches the door at the top.

She opens it a crack and looks out into the main hall.

INT. MUSEUM UPSTAIRS OUTSIDE LIFT

The lift 'bings' to a stop on the first floor.

The doors open, revealing Miles. He exits the lift. Un-shouldering his bag he crouches.

He ruffles through the contents.

Miles draws his pistol.

The lift doors close behind him.

INT. MUSEUM MAIN HALL

Past-Miles, Ash, Martin and Rufus are all standing in the middle of the hall. Hector is tied to a chair in front of them.

ASH

You got beaten up by an old man?

PAST-MILES

He surprised me. He had a weapon.

CLARE

(quietly)

Oh, Hector.

Clare recedes back into the corridor, closing the door behind her.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT CORRIDOR (CONT.)

Clare runs back down the corridor. The only two doors in the corridor are the door to the research room and the lift door.

She goes to the lift and presses the button.

The display shows that the lift is at "1". A little arrow pointing down appears next to the "1".

Clare looks at it.

It doesn't change.

She looks over her shoulder and back to the display. It changes to "G".

Clare sighs.

END OF THE CORRIDOR

Miles and Martin enter the corridor.

IN FRONT OF THE LIFT

Clare spins around and sees the pair.

She turns back to the lift. It is still at "G", though the little arrow is still pointing down.

She looks back towards the stairs. Miles and Martin have locked the door and are descending the stairs.

Clare bolts towards the research lab.

She runs inside and locks the door behind her.

Miles and Martin approach the door.

The lift *dings* open.

The pair look over at it.

INT. MUSEUM UPSTAIRS OUTSIDE LIFT

Miles paces back and forwards, gun in hand. He slides it into the back of his trousers.

Rufus and Ash walk around the corner, but stop abruptly when they see Miles.

ASH

Miles?

Rufus looks confused.

ASH

What are you doing here, you should be downstairs.

MILES

Ash, Rufus, I need to explain something to you, but it's not easy for me to say.

ASH  
You're struggling to find words? I  
find that hard to believe.

MILES  
I know what Abe told you. I know  
what his orders were.

Rufus and Ash look at each other, then to Miles.

MILES  
I know he told you to kill everyone  
on this job.

Simultaneously, Rufus and Ash go for their weapons, but  
Miles is too quick for them.

He whips his gun from the back of his trousers and aims it  
at the pair.

MILES  
Not so fast.

Being held at gun point, Rufus and Ash freeze with their  
pistols by their sides.

MILES  
Drop them.

They both look at each other. Ash drops her gun. Rufus  
grudgingly drops his gun too.

MILES  
Good.

Miles wipes sweat off his brow.

Ash looks at Rufus.

ASH  
I can't believe we just got bitched  
out by this guy.

Rufus stares her down. He looks at her gun on the floor,  
then back to Ash's face. He gives her an accusing look.

ASH  
Don't act all innocent with me,  
what did you bring that for  
then? Self-defence?

She points at his gun on the floor.

MILES

Enough. I was given the same orders. Don't you see, Abe just wanted everyone to kill each other. But now we don't have to.

Miles edges closer to the pair, gun still pointed at them.

MILES

You two need to help me go downstairs and talk Martin down.

He looks at Rufus.

MILES

Or knock him down.

He stops a few feet in front of them.

MILES

Friends?

Ash looks from Miles' gun to his face. She looks unsure.

ASH

If I say yes, will you put that thing down?

MILES

Absolutely.

ASH

Then, yes. Friends.

Miles turns to Rufus. His face is hard and unreadable as ever. He glares at Miles. Miles looks right back, shaking slightly.

Rufus inhales slowly, before nodding.

Miles sighs as he lowers his gun.

Suddenly, Ash grabs the pistol out of Miles' hands. She shuffles back a few feet and points it at Miles and Rufus.

ASH

Get back.

MILES

Fuck!

ASH  
You're full of shit, Miles. As if  
Abe would ever trust you with a  
gun.

MILES  
It's true, we were all given orders  
to kill each other. Tell her about  
it, Rufus.

Rufus gives Miles a mute, annoyed look.

MILES  
Sorry.

He turns to Ash.

ASH  
It's nothing personal, Rufus.

MILES  
What about me?

ASH  
It is personal.

MILES  
I just want to meet one person that  
doesn't want to kill me.

ASH  
If you weren't such an annoying  
asshole, maybe I'd oblige.

She pulls the trigger. It fires.

Rufus and Miles are unharmed.

MILES  
I forgot to mention, Abe didn't  
trust me with real bullets.

Rufus looks from Miles to Ash. Miles looks at Rufus.

MILES  
Get her, Lurch.

Rufus runs at Ash.

ASH  
Wait, Rufus!

He punches her in the face, knocking her out cold.

MILES  
Nice one Andre.

Rufus looks at Miles, confused.

MILES  
Andre, the giant.

Rufus looks from Miles to the guns on the floor, Ash and Rufus' guns. He looks back to Miles.

MILES  
Rufus?

Rufus stares Miles down.

MILES  
Please don't.

Rufus runs for one of the guns. Miles runs too. He gets to the gun first and kicks it. It goes sliding off the edge of the mezzanine to drop to the floor below.

Rufus punches Miles in the face. He stumbles backwards, holding his wound.

Rufus spies the other gun, Ash's pistol. He makes a dash for it. Miles sees him go for it and dives after him.

He rugby tackles his legs, bringing him down with a loud crash.

They are both dazed. Miles stumbles to his feet. He picks up a nearby bin. He lifts it above his head and brings it down onto Rufus' skull.

Rufus barely notices. He stands up wraps his arm around Miles' neck. He lifts him off his feet. Miles thrashes his arms, trying to break free. Rufus stumbles around, struggling to keep his balance with Miles' movements.

They chance by a wall. Miles plants his feet on it and pushes back as hard as he can. Rufus goes sprawling onto his back, but keeps a hold of Miles.

Miles scrabbles at Rufus' hands, trying to pry them off his neck. He glances over to his right and sees Rufus' gun lying on the floor, almost within arms reach.

He reaches out for it. Rufus sees what he's doing and tightens his hold. Miles momentarily stops, gasping for air.

He stretches his hand out again. He is an inch short, but slowly getting closer. His hands grazes the grip.

A different hand picks up the gun.

Miles looks up to see Hector, the security guard.

HECTOR  
Let go of him, punk.

Rufus reluctantly lets go of Miles, who immediately rolls over and gasps for air.

Rufus starts to get up.

HECTOR  
No chance.

He walks forward and pistol whips Rufus.

INT. MUSEUM SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Hector walks in with Miles draped around his shoulders. He is still struggling for breath.

HECTOR  
Here, sit down, Miles.

Hector carefully lowers Miles into the seat.

Miles tries to speak, but he finds it difficult.

MILES  
You know my name?

Hector gives Miles a glass of water.

HECTOR  
From downstairs, remember?

Miles nods weakly. He tries to get up.

MILES  
Clare.

Miles starts coughing and collapses back into the seat.

HECTOR  
Give it a second, son. The BFG  
nearly killed you there.

MILES

I need to go and save Clare.

He looks over and sees her on one of the security cameras.

The screen shows Clare, standing in the corner of the room. Martin has his gun out. Past-Miles, holding the HTTM-12 has his back to the camera.

Miles leans closer to the screen.

MILES

Clare, get out of there.

Past-Miles walks to the door, off-screen.

Martin is speaking, but there is no sound on these TVs.

HECTOR

What is going on down there?

MILES

Come on, Clare, leave.

He leans closer. His hands tighten on the glass of water.

Martin points his gun at Clare and shoots her in the face, exactly as before. She collapses onto the floor, exactly as before.

Miles has failed again.

He screams and throws his glass at the television screen.

It smashes in a shower of sparks as Hector shields himself from the debris.

MILES

Fuck!

He leans over and puts his hands over his head.

Hector is in shock.

HECTOR

I'm calling the police.

Hector walks to the phone on the desk. He dials in the number. It starts ringing.

PHONE-OPERATOR (O.S.)

Emergency services.

Miles pushes down the receiver button, hanging the phone up.

MILES

It's not over yet.

Miles gives Hector a stony look.

HECTOR

Listen here, sonny. I'm in charge of the security of this museum and I--

MILES

I can still save her.

HECTOR

She was just shot in the face, if we get an ambulance here quickly and she's not dead already...

Hector moves his hand to dial in a number. Miles moves the phone away from him.

MILES

I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about changing things.

HECTOR

Miles, you already tried.

MILES

I know, but this time...

Miles looks at Hector, as though for the first time.

MILES

What do you mean?

Hector looks surprised.

HECTOR

You told me downstairs, when you untied me.

Miles stares at Hector.

MILES

When I untied you? I never--

HECTOR

I definitely need to call an ambulance. You sound a bit mentally damaged.

MILES

I untied you? That means that I'm definitely going to time-travel again! I can save her, Hector.

Hector just stares at Miles.

HECTOR

Come again.

MILES

This is kinda complicated, Hector.

Hector looks intrigued.

MILES

I've been time-travelling.

Hector raises an eyebrow.

HECTOR

So it actually worked? They did it?

MILES

You knew what they were doing in the basement?

Hector nods sagely.

HECTOR

I keep my ears open.

MILES

Well I have it now, the time machine and I have been trying to save Clare from getting killed, as well as those two idiots out there that tried to off me.

Hector takes all of this in.

MILES

You said I untied you, but I've not done that yet. If what I've learned from movies is correct, then I need to go back in time and untie you, or else it'll make a parabox

HECTOR

A paradox.

MILES

Yeah, one of those. So I have to go back in time again, or the universe will explode or something.

HECTOR

Makes sense. Though if what you're saying is true, then that would mean the rules of time-travel follow the predestination theory.

MILES

Bill and Ted, right.

Hector raises an eyebrow at Miles.

HECTOR

That would mean that there is no way for you to save Clare. It has already happened, was always going to happen and is unchangeable.

MILES

You know a lot for a security guard.

HECTOR

I keep my ears open.

MILES

Well then. Baby steps. I have to untie you. I'll see what I can do after that.

Miles takes out the HTTM-12 from his bag. He looks at the dial on the side. The battery is almost dead.

MILES

Not much battery left. This could be the last trip.

He starts fiddling with the knobs to get it to the right time.

HECTOR

That's it? Looks more like a super-soaker than a time machine.

Miles walks out into the hall and around the corner. He goes to Ash's unconscious body and take the gun out of her hand. He drops it into his bag. He turns to Hector.

MILES

Wish me luck.

Hector takes off a medallion from around his neck and throws it to Miles.

HECTOR

Bona of Pisa. Patron saint of travelers. Should work for time-travelers too.

Miles puts it over his neck.

MILES

Thanks, Hector.

He pulls the trigger on the HTTM-12.

The bright flash and noise of time travel.

INT. MUSEUM UPSTAIRS OUTSIDE LIFT

The lights flash as Miles appears out of thin air.

He stuffs the HTTM-12 in his bag and checks his surroundings. The door to the surveillance room is closed. He walks over to it and looks in the small window.

Hector sits in his seat, eating a doughnut, drinking coffee and watching the monitors.

He swings around in his chair and spots Past-Miles trying to open the front door.

Hector puts his coffee and doughnut down.

HECTOR

One night in peace, that's all I ask.

He gets up and picks up his night-stick.

Miles dodges out of the way, into a nook in the wall as Hector runs past him and down the corridor.

Miles peers out of his hiding place, looking in the direction Hector had just run.

Hector is gone.

Miles walks out into the corridor and approaches the edge of the mezzanine. He looks over, then at his watch.

Hector appears downstairs. He stops and doubles over, completely out of breath.

Miles heads down the corridor in the opposite direction.

He follows the corridor around to the top of a grand staircase, which leads down to the ground floor and the Main Hall.

He walks down the steps.

INT. MUSEUM MAIN HALL (CONT.)

Hector is still catching his breath.

Miles walks over to the opposite side of the hall and hides behind a large pillar.

He quickly moves his way up the line of pillars, always keeping out of sight of Hector, who has now regained his breath.

Miles is half way up the hall.

The lights go out.

HECTOR  
What in blazes?

Miles takes the opportunity to run quickly up the hall.

He missteps and tumbles into one of the pillars.

Hector spins around, flashing his torch in Miles' direction.

Miles holds his breath, as Hector takes a step towards his hiding place.

A rattle at the door.

Hector turns back around towards the door. Past-Miles is trying to pick the lock.

HECTOR  
Well, well, well.

Hector takes out his night-stick and half-jogs towards the front door.

Miles advances forward another pillar.

The lights come on.

Miles looks over to see Past-Miles being smacked over the head by Hector. The events play out just as before.

Martin is on top of Hector, struggling to restrain him. Ash and Rufus arrive on the scene.

MARTIN

You wanna give me a hand here?

Ash and Rufus grab Hector's legs as Martin climbs off him gingerly. They pick him up and bring him into the Main Hall. Past-Miles follows, holding his bleeding nose.

Miles makes one last dash to the next pillar. He is now just a few feet from the group in the middle of the hall.

MARTIN

Bring that chair over.

Ash pulls a chair over as Rufus holds Hector.

Martin takes off his back-pack and pulls out a length of rope. He throws the bag over away. It slides over to the pillar Miles is standing behind. It rests there open.

Martin looks at Hector's name badge.

MARTIN

Hector. You the only one on tonight?

HECTOR

Go fuck yourself.

Miles has heard this all before. He looks into Martin's bag. Glinting near the bottom of it is a heavy duty knife.

Miles looks from it to Hector's ropes.

He takes the knife from the bag quickly, so as not to be seen by anyone in the hall.

Miles stands up straight, then goes still, seized by a thought.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT CORRIDOR (FLASHBACK)

Martin looks in his back-pack. He rummages around before looking at Miles.

MARTIN  
You been in my bag?

Miles looks confused.

MILES  
No.

MARTIN  
Don't lie to me lock-guy. My  
knife's gone.

INT. MUSEUM MAIN HALL (END FLASHBACK)

Miles looks satisfied.

MILES  
(whispering)  
So I did take his knife.

He pockets the knife. He looks back around just as Martin walks over to his bag at the base of the pillar. Miles narrowly misses being seen.

He throws the remains of his rope into it.

MARTIN  
Come on. You two.

Martin points at Ash and Rufus.

MARTIN  
Go upstairs to the security office  
and erase the footage on those  
tapes. We proceed as planned.

Ash grabs the keys from Hector's belt.

HECTOR  
A little lower, miss.

Ash and Rufus exit. Martin grabs his bag and signals for Past-Miles to follow. They head over to a door marked "Basement".

As soon as everyone is out of sight, Miles runs over to Hector.

Hector turns to Miles.

HECTOR  
 What the blazes? How did you do  
 that?

MILES  
 I exercise. I've also changed my  
 allegiances. You want out of this  
 chair?

HECTOR  
 Obviously.

MILES  
 And are you going to cooperate with  
 me if I free you?

Hector, takes a moment to think.

HECTOR  
 Yes.

MILES  
 Good.

Miles takes out Martin's knife and starts cutting through  
 ropes.

MILES  
 Now, I need you to go upstairs and  
 help me. I'll be getting strangled  
 to death anytime soon and you need  
 to--

Miles cuts through the last rope, freeing Hector.

Hector instantly throws himself at Miles, knocking the two  
 of them over. Hector plants his hands on Miles' throat and  
 throttles him.

HECTOR  
 You're right you'll be getting  
 strangled to death soon.

MILES  
 (muffled)  
 Hector! I'm on your side.

HECTOR  
 Break into my museum? Punks!

Miles knees Hector in the balls, knocking him onto the floor  
 and off of Miles.

Miles jumps to his feet gasping. Hector jumps up just as quick. Miles holds up his hand in front of Hector.

MILES

Wait, Hector. I'm trying to save Clare!

Hector stops in his tracks, suddenly suspicious.

HECTOR

How do you know Clare?

Miles groans loudly.

MILES

I'm sick of having to explain myself to everyone in the past!

HECTOR

I may be old but I'm not 'in the past'.

MILES

For once I just want one person to trust me!

Hector spies the medallion around Miles' neck. Bona of Pisa, patron saint of travelers.

HECTOR

Where did you get this?

He instinctively reaches for his own. It is still there.

He eyes Miles cautiously.

HECTOR

I will take your word for it, for now. If you can keep Clare safe, that's ok in my book.

Miles is relieved.

A gunshot rings over-head and echoes around the hall.

HECTOR

They have guns!?

MILES

It's ok, it's only blanks.

Hector stares at Miles.

HECTOR  
What kind of criminals are you?

MILES  
The incompetent kind.

HECTOR  
Agreed. You said you were about to  
get strangled... whatever that  
means? I'll see what I can do.

Miles is touched.

MILES  
Thanks, Hector. I'm upstairs.

Hector looks from Miles, to upstairs, then back to Miles,  
supremely confused.

HECTOR  
I will take your word for it.

He runs off towards the stairs, jogging awkwardly the way an  
old fat man does.

Miles instantly runs towards the door to the basement. He  
tries the handle, but it is locked.

He quickly takes out his tools and starts lock-picking.

Within a few seconds, the door is open. He runs through the  
door.

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT CORRIDOR (CONT.)

Miles runs down the stairs, jumping the last few steps.

He hits the ground running.

MILES  
Don't be too late.

A gun-shot rings out from the research room.

MILES  
Fuck!

He doesn't slow down, just keeps running towards the door.

He crashes into it shoulder first, smashing it open.

INT. MUSEUM RESEARCH DEPARTMENT (CONT.)

The door bursts from its hinges, landing on top of Past-Miles, knocking him out cold.

Martin spins around to see Miles standing in the doorway. Clare's body lies in the exact same spot as it always had, after being shot.

MILES

Fuck.

MARTIN

What the fuck!?

Miles turns to Martin. He quickly draws his gun from his back-pack and points it at Martin. Martin flinches and pulls his up too.

MILES

Drop it and I won't kill you.

Martin looks from Miles to Past-Miles.

MARTIN

So. You managed to get the time machine then?

Miles looks confused.

MILES

How did you--

MARTIN

Abe confides in me a lot more than you would think.

Miles fiddles with his gun, loaded with blanks.

MILES

So you knew that we were all to kill each other, then?

MARTIN

Actually, it was just me. He warned me beforehand about the whole thing.

MILES

Well, if you put your gun down, I'll give you the time-machine and I won't have to shoot you.

MARTIN

You think it will be that easy? You just threaten me and we both go our separate ways, live on our peachy little lives?

MILES

If you're up for it?

MARTIN

You don't even want revenge for your dead slut?

He motions towards Clare.

Miles grits his teeth.

MILES

I can wait.

MARTIN

You might have to wait a while. Abe told me something else. He told me that he gave you blanks instead of real bullets.

Miles expression is unmoving.

MARTIN

In my gun, he gave me real bullets.

Martin shoots Miles.

Miles is unharmed.

MILES

That's not your gun.

Martin looks confused.

INT. MUSEUM MAIN HALL (FLASHBACK)

Miles is standing by the pillar, hiding as Martin throws his back-pack over. Miles pulls out Martin's knife.

He looks back in the bag and spies Martin's hand-gun.

Miles pulls out his own gun and switches the two.

Martin comes over to the pillar.

Ash grabs the keys from Hector's belt.

HECTOR

A little lower, miss.

Ash and Rufus exit. Martin grabs his bag and signals for Past-Miles to follow.

INT. MUSEUM RESEARCH (END FLASHBACK)

Martin looks at his gun, incredulous.

MILES

I switched them.

Miles shoots Martin in the chest. He tumbles backwards over a desk and collapses onto the floor, dead.

Miles sighs and throws his gun away.

He runs over to Clare and crouches down next to her. She is out cold. He turns her face towards his.

On one side of her face are some burns from being shot at point blank range, but nothing too serious.

MILES

Clare? Clare? Wake up.

Clare slowly comes to. She turns to face him.

CLARE

Miles? I thought you weren't coming.

She touches her face and winces.

MILES

Careful. You've got some burns from the gun-shot.

CLARE

Gun-shot?

MILES

Yeah, you were shot in the face, remember? So, in the end I technically did save you.

Clare shoots him a glare.

MILES

Only saying.

Clare struggles a weak smile.

He smiles and helps her to her feet.

Hector bursts in the door, gun in hand.

HECTOR  
Freeze, punks!

Miles and Clare turn to face the door.

MILES  
It's ok Hector! It's just us.

Hector lowers his gun.

HECTOR  
You saved her?

Miles looks at Clare.

MILES  
In the nick of time.

He smiles.

Hector and Clare groan.

CLARE  
Ugh, that's terrible.

HECTOR  
That's bad, man.

Clare walks over to the unconscious Past-Miles, ignoring Miles' accusing gaze.

CLARE  
So, what are we going to do with  
this guy then?

MILES  
Well, to make all of this make  
sense, there's only one place we  
can put him.

Clare looks at Miles.

INT. MILES' FLAT LIVING ROOM- MORNING

Miles and Hector dump Past-Miles onto the couch. Clare follows.

Miles takes out the Past-HTTM-12 and places it on the coffee table in front Past-Miles.

MILES

Well, I think that wraps up all the loose-paradox ends.

Clare turns to Hector.

CLARE

I don't know how we're going to explain all of this.

Hector looks unworried.

HECTOR

I'm sure I'll think of something. I'm good on my feet.

Clare turns to Miles.

CLARE

And what about you?

MILES

I had been thinking about that. This whole episode has left my life in a bit of a state, to be honest. So I was thinking. There's enough juice in the time-machine for one last trip. I wouldn't mind going, I don't know, fifty years into the future, when my crimes have become void.

Clare looks incredulous.

CLARE

You think I'm going to let you take my life's work away with you?

Miles turns to Clare and looks into her eyes.

MILES

Well, I don't have to make the trip alone.

The pair look at each other.

CLARE

You're insane.

MILES

You're tempted. Why build a time-machine if you didn't want to use it.

CLARE  
We might not be able to come back.

MILES  
Why would we want to?

She looks at Hector, silently asking his advice. He smiles and shrugs.

Clare looks back at Miles, laughing.

CLARE  
50 years?

Miles turns the dial on the HTTM-12.

MILES  
To the day.

Clare looks over to Hector.

CLARE  
You're sure you'll be ok, Hector?

Hector smiles.

HECTOR  
Positive.

He winks again.

MILES  
Here, take this.

Miles scribbles something on a scrap of paper.

Hector and Clare look at each other, confused.

MILES  
Consider this my thanks.

Miles hands Hector the paper and turns to Clare.

MILES  
Ready?

Clare turns to Miles. She strides over to his and embraces him. Miles pulls the trigger. The machine makes its struggling noise as it slowly powers up. The sounds get louder and the light gets brighter. Miles and Clare lean close together, going in for a kiss. Just as their lips are about to touch;

They disappear.

FADE TO:

BLACK

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FLAT- DAY

Hector walks along the street. He turns up an alley-way; the same alley that Miles was in before.

ALLEY

Hector surveys the scene, the rows of dumpsters lining one side of the alley.

He pulls out the scrap of paper that Miles had given him and reads it.

He walks along the side of the dumpsters, counting.

HECTOR  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Stopping at the fifth bin, he gets on his hands and knees and rummages underneath the dumpster.

He pulls out the case and looks at it curiously.

He opens it.

HECTOR  
Holy shit.

FADE OUT