

# THE SANDS OF TIME

by

Léon Xu

Contact:

Tel: (+33) 06 95 98 42 42

Email: [leon.xu76@gmail.com](mailto:leon.xu76@gmail.com)

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FADE IN:

INT. PETER'S OLD BEDROOM — DAY — FLASHBACK, A FEW YEARS AGO

We see an **hourglass** on a bookshelf. The sand is running. There's a little **porcelain coin** with **the portrait of a little girl** on it.

**PETER(V.O.)**

Time is, like a river of sand. Solid yet fluid. If you run your fingers through it, you can feel it's every grain. What would you do with this sand, if you could grab it?

(the shelf shakes a bit)

What would you do, if you could reverse it's very stream?

Something seems to slam the other side of the wall, and it shakes the shelf even harder. The hourglass and the porcelain coin both fall. We look at them crashing on the ground. The porcelain coin falls first, **breaking in half**, then the hourglass, sending sand everywhere.

**PETER(V.O.)**

A power many wish they had. To repass an exam. To redo a date. To repair a mistake. But all I wanted was to remember.

The crash reverses itself. The hourglass and the coin fly back on the shelf and repair themselves.

EXT. SNOWY LONDON STREET — EVENING — PRESENT DAY

We follow **PETER** walking in the street. He's listening to music with his headphones, and holding his smartphone in his hand. He takes his keys out and enters a building. It's an old-fashioned one, with creaking wooden stairs. He starts climbing them, but there's melted snow, and he slips.

He falls down, and grunts. The music stops, because his phone fell from his hand and unplugged the headphones. Peter stands up slowly, holding onto the handrail, trying not to slip again. He picks up the phone. **It won't light up**. He sighs, and puts it in his pocket with his headphones. The door upstairs open. It's **ALAN**. He sees Peter.

**ALAN**

Hey Pete. You all right?

**PETER**

I think. But I broke my phone though.

**ALAN**

Oh crap. Want me to take a look?

**PETER**

No thanks, I'll go to the store.

He climbs up the stairs, and Alan lets him in.

**ALAN**

(closing the door)

Well, all my condolences man.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT — EVENING

Peter walks across the living room. He opens the door, and throws his backpack on the bed, then closes it and turns to Alan.

**PETER**

So. Abby is coming right?

**ALAN**

She said that she would.

Alan goes to the window and looks through the blinders.

**PETER**

(hanging his coat)

Not gonna dump us for the boyfriend again?

**ALAN**

Well she told me he was in Ireland.

**PETER**

Okay. I'll go in my room, got work to do.

**ALAN**

Again? What's giving so much trouble?

**PETER**

That P.h.D. ain't gonna land in my hands by itself.

Alan chuckles. Peter goes in his room. He sits at the desk, and starts pulling philosophy treatise books out of his bag. He sees something on his table, it's the **porcelain coin** from the flashback, but **it's in one piece**. He starts writing something, and stares at his book a bit. He writes a bit more. We hear television sounds coming from the living room. Alan is watching the news. The news are presented by **JOHN**.

**JOHN**

This morning, another strange electromagnetic field was sighted in Brighton. The man responsible is suspected to be Mr. Roy Ronson, a simple office worker, with no previous incident of the sort.

Peter seems to listen.

**JOHN**

The event has been filmed by a passer-by. Let's see the images.

Peter is writing. We hear the sound from the television. We hear shouts, and crashing, people screaming.

**JOHN**

Scary stuff. Right away, a report from George Abitbol.

We hear the door open. John turns off the TV. **ABBY** comes in, and puts her bag down.

**ABBY**

Hey guys!

**ALAN**

Pete?

**PETER**

Coming!

He starts standing up, after taking a last look at the porcelain coin.

**PETER**

Hey, how was it? The conference. About hum...

**ABBY**

The uncertainty principle. It was great.

They start leaving the apartment, the door closes behind them.

INT. PIZZA STORE — EVENING — A FEW MINUTES LATER

Abby, Alan and Peter are sitting at a table, waiting. The restaurant is completely empty except for them. Someone comes out from the kitchen, and gets to the counter. It's **JOHN**, the same person as the news presenter somehow, but he looks the same age as Peter.

**JOHN**

The Istanbuls are in the oven. So you guys had a good week?

**ALAN**

Nothing very exciting really.

**JOHN**

Hey Abby, didn't you go to that conference?

**ABBY**

Heisenberg's uncertainty principle. Yup.

**JOHN**

Man I wish I could have been there. We're beginning to study it too.

**ALAN**

Abby tried explaining it to me and Pete, but we didn't get a word of it.

**PETER**

(smiling, but he seems a bit in distracted)  
I understood it.

**JOHN**

(he walks around the counter)  
Well basically it's a principle from quantum physics that says that you have a limit to...

While he speaks and walks, he accidentally knocks off a glass bottle of seasoning oil. Peter sees it. Before it touches the ground, **he reaches his hand towards it, and it's course reverses**, flying back to the top of the counter. They all jump, except Peter. They are all looking at him surprised, and a bit scared. He realizes it, and looks down.

**PETER**

Yeah, I can do that.

**JOHN**

Holy shit Pete! You're one of them?

**ABBY**

Oh my god.

**ALAN**

You... Did you just levitate this bottle?

**ABBY**

No, no. You reversed time, didn't you?

**PETER**

Yeah. Please don't tell anybody.

**JOHN**

Of... of course dude.

**ALAN**

Pete, who do you think we are?

**ABBY**

But that... that was time manipulation.  
It... it has huge implications.

**JOHN**

What are you thinking about?

**ABBY**

First it's breaking way too many rules...

**PETER**

Oh really?...

**ALAN**

Yeah, time isn't supposed to be reversible. Accelerated or slowed, but never reversed.

**JOHN**

How do you know this kind of stuff?

**ALAN**

I did physics before I did computers, John.

**ABBY**

Yeah but the fact is there, he can reverse it.

**ALAN**

Hey Pete. Your phone that you broke earlier, did you try repairing it like that?

Peter shakes his head sideways.

**ALAN**

Try it.

Peter reluctantly puts his phone on the table, and puts his hand over it. He concentrates, and the phone's screen lights up again. They all wow.

**ALAN**

So that was definitely time reversal.

**JOHN**

Why does that make you sure of it?

**ALAN**

Peter has no idea how to repair a phone. If his power was to manipulate stuff he wouldn't be able to do something as complex as that.

**ABBY**

Wait, there's something I must test out. John, can I take something from the kitchen?

Abby goes towards the kitchen, but stops in her way. She takes **a transparent plastic cup** from behind the counter and a bottle of soda from the fridge. She puts the cup on the table in front of Peter, and fills it with soda. She then puts the half-empty bottle on the counter, away from the table. Meanwhile John took a chair and sat at their table.

**ABBY**

Reverse it.

Peter looks at her, intrigued. He puts his hand over the cup. It empties itself progressively. Abby looks at the bottle. **It is still half-empty.** She falls on her chair.

**ABBY**

You just erased these 500 milliliters of soda from our plane of existence.

**PETER**

What?

**ABBY**

It came from this bottle. You reversed, and where's the drink now?

**JOHN**

Wow. Wait, wait, could we try the other way around then?

**ALAN**

Like creating stuff?

**JOHN**

Yeah.

**ALAN**

Oh that would solve the rent problems.

He takes the bottle from the counter, and pours some of the drink in the cup, then puts the bottle in front of Peter, and the cup on the counter.

**PETER**

Guys... I really don't like this. I never use my powers, I don't know their full extent. What I did earlier was just a reflex.

**ABBY**

Come on Pete, please. For science.

Peter looks at her, sighs, then puts his hand on the bottle. It fills up.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM — NIGHT — TWO HOURS LATER

Peter is looking at the coin in his bedroom. The light is off, but the moon is bright. He touches it softly, looking at the **little girl's** face. He hears Abby and Alan talking loudly and indistinctly behind him. He takes a last look at the coin, and walks towards them.

EXT. LONDON — NIGHT

We see a reversed and accelerated time-lapse of London, from night to morning. We hear Alan, John and Abby speaking meanwhile.



**ALAN(V.O.)**

I would probably use it to be first of my class. Not that I would be proud of it.

**JOHN(V.O.)**

I think I would use it to get money. Just a little, so that I can stop working here.

**ABBY(V.O.)**

Oh the ways I would want to use it are too many. I would study it, most likely. But I think it's possible that I would try to use at my own advantage too.

(chuckles)

INT. THE APARTMENT'S LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

Peter is sitting on the couch alone, and facing the camera, as if he was being interviewed.

**PETER**

(he stays silent for a bit, as if he didn't know what to say)

I only really used it once before today. I mean I tested it a few times, but there was only one thing I really wanted to use it for.

We see a quick flashback of the scene from the very beginning, with the coin flying back onto the shelf.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM — MORNING — THE NEXT DAY

Peter is staring at the ceiling, lying in his bed. He hears the television from the living room. He gets out of his bed, tripping on something on the ground, and catching the wall to avoid falling. He takes a look at the desk, and walks out of the room. We hear him talking indistinctly from the living room. We look at the hourglass that was on his room's shelf. It's sand runs dry. We see the porcelain coin on the desk. **It's broken in half.**

FADE OUT.

THE END