

IN REAL TIME

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Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

- Dylan Thomas

OVER BLACK, THE SOUND OF:

Careful, mischievous LAUGHTER.
Two children who don't want to be found.

A BOY's gentle but firm "Shhhh."
A GIRL's self-stifled GIGGLE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A beige, worn DUVET COVER in the middle of the room.

TWO LUMPS on the inside of it: the unseen children.

One lump crawls along the edges of the Duvet Cover.
The other lump is still. Then she GIGGLES.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

**Katanir, NJ
1992**

A BOY'S HAND pops through the opening.

BOY (O.S.)
Okay, I found the opening.

The HAND fumbles along the carpet. Searches for something.
About to knock over a STANDING LAMP...

Stops. Touches carefully. Backtracks. This is his home. He
knows his way around the floor. Without looking.

GIRL (O.S.)
I need air.

BOY (O.S.)
You can't. Not yet. Almost...

There it is. His hand finds, under the couch, a FLASHLIGHT.

INT. DUVET COVER / TIME MACHINE - DAY

BLACK. CLICK. The FLASHLIGHT shines on:

The BOY. OSCAR EDISON MONROE, 7. Prefers to be called OSC. A
sweet, good-looking rascal. Shines the FLASHLIGHT at:

The GIRL. His sister. AGNUS, 5. Doll-like. Wide-eyed and
vulnerable. A hopeful, uncertain, wise-looking kid.

He's a future heartbreaker. She's a future heart-broken.

YOUNG AGNUS
I can't breathe.

YOUNG OSC
You can't go outside. Too dangerous.

YOUNG AGNUS
What'll happen?

She loves this. Loves the wonder. The magic. Her brother.

YOUNG OSC
I don't know. Probably it'll just
be very bad.

YOUNG AGNUS
Will I die?

YOUNG OSC
Probably. Yeah. You'll die.

He looks for the ZIPPER. Finds it. Zips the cover closed from
the inside.

YOUNG AGNUS
Where are we going?

YOUNG OSC
Wherever you want.

Her eyes scrutinize the walls of the duvet cover. Maybe
there's an answer in here somewhere?

YOUNG AGNUS
Dinosaurs?

YOUNG OSC
Sure. But they could eat us.

This worries her. And excites her. He shines the light at
EACH CORNER: the pattern that starts their TIME MACHINE.

YOUNG OSC (CONT'D)
Should I decide? It's starting.

YOUNG AGNUS
Yeah. No. Dinosaurs. No. You
decide. Yeah. You decide.

He flicks the flashlight on and off - LIGHT, DARKNESS, LIGHT -
puts an arm around Agnus. Like a doctor might.

YOUNG OSC
Okay. Are you feeling sick at all?

She shakes her head. Nervous, but ready.

He pinches the corner of the duvet cover in his free hand.
Pulls it in toward them.
Rolls fast to the side. Over Agnus. Tumbling.
She SCREAMS with joy.

LIVING ROOM

The DUVET COVER spins and slides around the room. Into the couch. Reverses direction. Into the wall. Changes speed. Into the television stand. VHS TAPES fall. The DUVET COVER stops.

YOUNG AGNUS (O.S.)
Where are we?

DUVET COVER / TIME MACHINE

They're wild-haired and twisted.

YOUNG OSC
Not where. When. Do you hear that?

Agnus listens. Maybe the sound of a VACUUM CLEANER upstairs?
(Yeah, that's it.) She shakes her head.

YOUNG OSC (CONT'D)
Shhhhh. Listen.

Osc rotates slowly, a good showman. His eyes scan the inside of the duvet cover. He props himself up on his knees. Turns a steady half-circle away.

As soon as his back is to Agnus... He GROWLS. Whips around.

YOUNG OSC (CONT'D)
Did you hear that?

YOUNG AGNUS
That was you.

She laughs. He shakes his head. Very serious.

YOUNG AGNUS (CONT'D)
Yes, it was.

Again: he shakes his head. Seems genuinely afraid. The kid's a first-class liar. And Agnus believes him. She's terrified.

YOUNG AGNUS (CONT'D)
Where'd you take us?

YOUNG OSC
 You said you wanted to see the
 dinosaurs, right?

He opens the zipper a tiny bit.

YOUNG AGNUS
 No...

YOUNG OSC
 They're right outside.

She backs toward the opposite edge of the Time Machine. He reaches his hand out.

YOUNG AGNUS
 Don't!

YOUNG OSC
 It's fine. There's nothing--

He jerks toward the opening. As though tugged violently from outside. His body pressed against the duvet cover.

Agnus SCREAMS.

He kicks at the wall of the Time Machine. Sells it. Pain. Fear. He's good. (Even you almost believe him right now.)

YOUNG OSC (CONT'D)
 Let me go!

Wrenches his arm back inside. Zips the cover. Wipes his brow.

YOUNG OSC (CONT'D)
 We're safe. It's okay.

YOUNG AGNUS
 Take us back.

YOUNG OSC
 You don't even want to--

YOUNG AGNUS
 No.

YOUNG OSC
 But we could--

YOUNG AGNUS
 Take us back!

The show worked. He grabs Agnus, flashes the light, pulls the blanket in on them, rolls. Stops.

He's proud. Rubs his arm, as though it's bruised.

YOUNG OSC
We're home. Agnus?

Turns. Agnus cries. Trembles.
He panics. Tries to open the cover. Can't find the zipper.

The more he searches, the more he twists, the harder it is to find the opening, the more he panics. The more Agnus WAILS.

YOUNG AGNUS
Open it, open it, open it...

YOUNG OSC
I'm trying! Mommy! Daddy! Help!

He crawls back, flustered, can't look at Agnus. Prays for a miracle. And like God parting the sky to reach from heaven:

The DUVET COVER opens, their FATHER'S STRONG HANDS descend, and light streams in on them. Agnus' crying slows.

Osc stares guilt-ridden as his sister is lifted away.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Cozy, well-kept. Osc on the CURB, shaken, flashlight in hand.

NEARBY SIDEWALK

THREE ADULTS banter. Forced laughter. A CHILD peeks out from behind one of the Adults, sees Osc, approaches him:

OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - CURB

She's NICOLE KLEIGMAN, 6, a staggeringly perfect-looking child. Several significant runs in her bunched white tights.

YOUNG NICOLE
Hey, I'm Nicole. You seen a rabbit?
My Daddy's friend lost his rabbit.

Osc shrugs. Nicole juts out her chin, waits. Osc glances around. Settles his gaze on a large birch tree.

YOUNG OSC
Yeah. In that tree. I got it down,
gave it lettuce, saved its life.

Nicole jumps, sprints halfway to the Adults, stops, returns.

YOUNG NICOLE
Wait. So where is it?

Osc hadn't thought that far ahead, can't come up with anything, his mouth curls into a smile.

YOUNG OSC
I ate it.

Nicole stifles a laugh. Palms her hair flat. She likes Osc.

YOUNG NICOLE
My parents signed me up for acting class. You should come.

YOUNG OSC
I don't know. I'm pretty busy.

YOUNG NICOLE
With what?

Osc gets to his feet, whispers into Nicole's ear:

YOUNG OSC
Time travel.

He gives a suave eyebrow-raised half-smile and heads inside the house. Nicole stares as he goes, misses him already.

From the window, unseen by the people outside: Osc watches Nicole. He's smitten. He squints as the golden fire of the setting sun reflects in his curious, uncertain eyes -

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - DAY

A LIGHTER. Flames dance in the eyes of:
OSC MONROE, grown up (28 now). Smooth talker, born performer. Lives off his charm. Losing momentum. He lights a cigarette.

TITLE ON SCREEN:

**Denver, Colorado
Present Day**

Osc burns through his cigarette fast, flicks it away. Knocks on the FRONT DOOR. Waits. An ATTRACTIVE HOUSEWIFE, mid-40s, opens the door. Osc displays a jar of EVER-YOUNG EYE CREAM.

OSC
Good afternoon, ma'am. What do you know about Ever-Young Eye Cream?

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

An open jar of EVER-YOUNG EYE CREAM sits on the dresser...

As Osc and the Attractive Housewife have sex in bed. To her, the greatest thing ever. Wild and dangerous. But Osc's eyes are closed, his mind far away.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSEWIFE
Open your eyes, Salesman.

Osc does, and sees: her face. Under her eyes. Turning RED.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSEWIFE (CONT'D)
I feel like I'm sixteen.

OSC
Must be the eye cream...

She giggles. The RASH getting worse. Hives. An ALLERGIC REACTION. She rolls on top of him. There's a MIRROR to her left. Osc makes an awkward turn to block her view.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - NIGHT

A LARGE MAN unlocks the front door, enters the house.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Osc gets dressed, blocks the mirror. The Housewife, wrapped in a blanket, gets her checkbook. They hear FOOTSTEPS.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSEWIFE
Shit. Collin's home. My husband.

OSC
You said you were separated.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSEWIFE
No, I lied.

She glances at a DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING on the dresser.

RESIDENTIAL HOME - KITCHEN

The Large Man gets a beer, starts for the stairs.

RESIDENTIAL HOME - BEDROOM

The Housewife opens the window for Osc to escape.

ATTRACTIVE HOUSEWIFE

Wait, let me pay you for the cream.

OSC

That's okay, I don't--

She goes to the dresser to get a pen, sees: her face in the mirror. The RASH. Her jaw drops. She SCREAMS.

The Large Man BARRELS IN, lunges at Osc. Osc leaps out of the way, toward the window. The Man blocks Osc's path. Osc sprints out the bedroom door -

RESIDENTIAL HOME - HALLWAY

Osc knocks over vases and plants, whatever he can find, to try to slow the scary Large Man chasing him, ducks into -

RESIDENTIAL HOME - BATHROOM

Osc locks the door. The Large Man KICKS IT OPEN, rushes at Osc. Almost has him. But Osc grabs the shower curtain, covers the Man in it, climbs out the bathroom window -

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - WINDOWSILL - NIGHT

Osc balances, looks down. Too far to jump. The Large Man grabs at Osc's ankles from inside. Osc pulls himself up onto -

RESIDENTIAL HOME - THE ROOF

Osc sprints for a ladder on the opposite side. About to straddle the top rung. As the Large Man catches up, grabs him from behind, swings him around, readies a punch--

OSC

Wait. Let me just say one thing.

The Large Man keeps his fist raised, but listens, curious - what the hell could Osc possibly say to him?

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - NIGHT

Minutes later. Osc and the Large Man stand by the curb. Laughing. The Large Man helps Osc into a cab, shakes Osc's hand, pats him on the shoulder. Like old friends.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Large Man, still smiling, returns to the Housewife.

LARGE MAN

Your nephew explained everything.
Now I feel like a terrible husband:
I didn't even know you had a nephew.

As she turns, baffled, she sees: THE DRESSER.
Where the diamond ring had been. Her eyes go wide...

INT. JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

Osc slams the DIAMOND RING onto the counter, passes it to a sleazy OLD SALESMAN, who inspects it with a magnifying glass. Osc takes no pleasure in any of this.

OLD SALESMAN

Two hundred. Good deal. Trust me.

It's not a good deal. And Osc knows it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER STREET - NIGHT

Osc rolls the DIAMOND RING between his thumb and forefinger as he drops a quarter into a PAY PHONE.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Exhaustion, regret, iodine - the ER after midnight.
In the crowded Waiting Room: LAURALIE MONROE, 50s, a once-glamorous woman, now caked in disappointment.

The sudden and VERY LOUD sound of explicit RAP MUSIC.
A PUNK TEENAGER holds a bandage against a bleeding wound.
Lauralie gives him a condemning glare.

PUNK TEENAGER

What? Not mine.

The RAP MUSIC continues. People fidget. As the room goes quiet in search of the music, the source becomes obvious:

Lauralie's PURSE. It takes her a moment. She fumbles, finds a CELL PHONE. The Punk Teenager rolls his eyes at her.

LAURALIE

Don't be judgmental. It's unlikable.
(into phone)
Hello? Oscar? Oscar, is that you?

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER STREET - NIGHT

Osc nearly drops the DIAMOND RING, holds the phone tight.

OSC

Mom? Why do you have Agnus' phone?

INT. RUNDOWN MOTEL - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Osc bounds up the stairs, like the world is ending...

INT. RUNDOWN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Osc stuffs clothes into a RATTY SUITCASE at a fevered pace in a room the kind of terrible you don't get used to.

He kicks a box of EMPTY GLASS JARS. And the labels he made: "EVER-YOUNG EYE CREAM". And his WORK STATION: Whipped cream. Cornstarch. And a mixing bowl.

He grabs a PICTURE FRAME from the nightstand. Slides it into his suitcase.

INT. RUNDOWN MOTEL - LOBBY / FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Osc, suitcase in hand, turns a corner fast. The NIGHT CLERK, who's never broken a rule in his life, holds out his hand.

NIGHT CLERK

Hey. Wait. Stop. Wait. Don't... I'm not supposed to... Tony said... Don't even... You owe seven weeks.

OSC

Break of dawn, Doug. I promise.

NIGHT CLERK

Uh-huh. Where you running to then?

Osc drops back toward the FRONT DESK. Charming smile. With ample pomp, shows the Night Clerk the DIAMOND RING.

NIGHT CLERK (CONT'D)

Well. Who's the lucky girl?

OSC

Bad luck to say her name before--

NIGHT CLERK

Bullshit. I'm calling Tony.

OSC
Nicole. Her name is Nicole.

The Night Clerk eyes Osc suspiciously, down at his suitcase.

NIGHT CLERK
Always pack before a proposal?

OSC
'Course not, Doug. I found this. In
the hall. Someone must've lost it.

Osc hands the Night Clerk his suitcase, but stealthily UNZIPS
it during the exchange. All the clothes fall out.

OSC (CONT'D)
Guess they forgot to zip.

Osc helps the Night Clerk put the clothes back inside, takes
the PICTURE FRAME when the Night Clerk isn't looking, hides
it behind his back.

INT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Osc waits to buy a ticket. No luggage. Nothing but the
PICTURE FRAME now. He reaches the front of the line.

OSC
Newark. One way. Next flight out.

Osc pops off the back of the PICTURE FRAME.
Several HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS, lined up neatly.

AIRPORT GATE

Osc counts his change. A few fives. Some quarters. He stuffs
the money into his pocket. He peels away the CARDBOARD.
Hidden behind the stock photograph, a POLAROID PHOTOGRAPH.

Osc throws it all away. Everything except the Polaroid.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Sleeping passengers. Osc wide awake. In his hand:

THE POLAROID PHOTOGRAPH: An AWKWARD TEENAGE GIRL makes a half-
hearted peace sign salute to the camera. Agnus at sixteen.

EXT. NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

A taste of the most densely populated state in America.
The Turnpike. George Washington Bridge. Atlantic City.
Six Flags. Izod Center. Devils. Giants. Jersey Shore.

Smog. Crying babies. Dunkin' Donuts.

EXT. KATANIR, NJ - DAWN

And then: quiet. A one-high-school suburb.

**NOW ENTERING
KATANIR, NJ
PREPARE TO BE**

(The last word of the sign lost to time.)

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

The house has long-lost its ardor.

A shabby, 1980s-style Welcome Mat. A too-perfect garden.
Decades of fingerprints on everything.

A VAN with decals for THE BALLOON SHOP pulls up to the curb.

INT. BALLOON SHOP VAN - DAY

A FEMALE DRIVER, late-20s. OSC in the passenger seat.

OSC
Good to see you, Martha. Thanks.

Osc starts to leave. The Driver reaches into the back of the van, hands Osc THREE HELIUM-FILLED BALLOONS.

FEMALE DRIVER
Something to soften the blow. One
for each year you haven't seen her.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Osc rings the doorbell, looks back again at the BALLOON SHOP VAN as it drives away. The FRONT DOOR opens:

Lauralie. Osc's mother. Seeing her son for the first time in three years. A long glance. No words.

Osc hands the BALLOONS to Lauralie, enters the house.

But Lauralie's hands, in shock, don't grip.
And the BALLOONS float away into the early-morning sky.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Osc sprints up the stairs of his old home, around the corner of the upstairs hallway.

OSC (O.S.)
Agnus. Agnus I'm back.

Lauralie closes the front door. Waits for it. Osc returns.

LAURALIE
I didn't pump her stomach myself.
I put her in the hospital.

Osc runs past her, checks the GARAGE through a window -- looks out at a rusty 1997 MINIVAN.

OSC
I'm getting her out. The van works?

LAURALIE
Did you completely lose your brain?
You can't get her out. Sit down.

They sit on the couch - Osc resentfully obedient.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)
I made your bed. Take a nap. You look haggard. And addled.

OSC
I'm not addled. I'm upset. By the right-now-sitting-on-the-couch situation primarily. And Agnus.

Osc gets up, looks around the room.

OSC (CONT'D)
Where are the keys?

LAURALIE
They're evaluating her. It's at least three days. Maybe more. I'll make you breakfast.

OSC
You don't want me to see her.

LAURALIE

You'll convince her not to listen to the doctors, that she's special.

OSC

She is special. If you don't give me the keys, I'll just walk.

LAURALIE

That's a threat? So walk.

Osc starts toward the front door. Lauralie relents, nods at a ring of keys on a hook by the door. Osc grabs the keys. Lauralie holds out a CELL PHONE.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

Take Agnus' phone. I want to be able to call you if I have to. Maybe change the ringtone...

Osc takes the phone, sees a NUMBER carved with a knife into the back: **615 2003**.

OSC

Whose number is that? Why would she carve a number into her phone?

LAURALIE

Agnus being Agnus, I guess.

Osc starts toward the door.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

Oscar. Give me a kiss.

Osc kisses her cheek. Lauralie draws in a quick breath, as though his presence wasn't real until just now.

EXT. KATANIR MAIN ROAD / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Osc drives fast, swerves between cars. Alone, all performance gone. Steely and afraid.

INT. HOSPITAL - AGNUS' ROOM - DAY

AGNUS (26) in bed, weak and matte, but graceful, like a moonlit broken window - sharp around the edges, vulnerable, with a soft golden glow - unconscious in the dark room.

Osc uneasy in the chair beside her. She wakes. Sees him.

AGNUS

You're here.

OSC

Thinking up wishes for you.

AGNUS

Wishes for what?

OSC

All the good stuff.

Agnus smiles, though it's hard for her.

AGNUS

How long were you sitting there?

OSC

A few minutes.

(checks a clock)

Four hours. Can you stand?

AGNUS

I'm not supposed to.

OSC

I'm getting you out. I have a wheelchair in the hall. I slipped one of the nurses a twenty. The van's in the lot. You may have to hide in the trunk 'til we're clear.

Agnus giggles, unrestrained like when they were kids.

OSC (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

AGNUS

Oh, I missed you. I'm here for another couple of days. Then they're transferring me, they want to keep me the full two weeks.

OSC

No. That's wrong. Why?

AGNUS

I think it's because I told them not wanting to die is hard. For me.

OSC

You shouldn't have said that.

AGNUS
In hindsight, no.

Osc goes to the room's one window, looks out at the highway.

OSC
You know what I think? I think this
is a cry for help. If you really
wanted to be dead--

AGNUS
Ninety-six percent of first
attempts are unsuccessful.

OSC
Unsuccessful? What does that mean?

AGNUS
They live.

Osc hands her the CELL PHONE, back-side-up.

OSC
What's this number?

AGNUS
I'm not allowed to have this.

OSC
615 2003. What is that? Is that a
boyfriend? Where's the area code?

Agnus holds out the CELL PHONE. Osc takes it back.

AGNUS
I knew you wouldn't come home for
nothing. And I wanted to say good-
bye. It wasn't a cry for help, Osc.
It was a cry for you.

He lets this sink in.

AGNUS (CONT'D)
I think I can't be here anymore.

OSC
So let me... I have the van...

AGNUS
No. Not here. Here. They'll let me
out eventually. They have to. And
then I'll do it right.

OSC
I really don't want to imagine this
world without you.

Osc resists emotion as Agnus starts to fall back asleep.

AGNUS
June 15, 2003.

He doesn't recognize the date, shakes her awake.

OSC
What's that mean? June 15, 2003.
What is that?

AGNUS
(fights sleep)
I asked myself, when was the last
time I was really happy. And I
thought about it for a while. And
that's what I remembered. The end
of my childhood, maybe...

OSC
June 15. 615. 615 2003...

AGNUS
If I could have that day back... A
different world. I'd live in a
world like that forever...

He sways silent as her heavy eyelids close.

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSES' BREAKROOM - DAY

Several NURSES, mid-conversation. Osc enters.

OSC
Agnus Monroe. Anything bad happens
to her, anything at all, you're all
dead. Understand? Spread the word.
And give me my twenty back.

He waits for one YOUNG NURSE to return his twenty dollars,
starts to go, stops, returns.

OSC (CONT'D)
June 15, 2003. Does that day mean
anything to any of you?

They all shake their heads. The Young Nurse is distracted by
something out the window.

YOUNG NURSE

This guy's about to get towed,
drives the saddest little minivan.

It takes Osc half-a-second, he runs out...

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL - DAY

A SLEEPY NURSE opens a pack of cigarettes. Osc grabs the pack as he speeds down the stairs. The Sleepy Nurse stares in disbelief for a moment, then shrugs, opens another pack.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A TOW TRUCK DRIVER readies Osc's illegally parked MINIVAN. Osc catches his breath, clears his throat, approaches.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

This yours? Don't start. It's being
impounded. Nothing you do or say--

OSC

I understand. It's my fault. I just
hope my fiancée understands. Well,
she's not my fiancée yet...

He removes and displays the DIAMOND RING from his pocket.

INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Osc drives, smokes a cigarette, kisses the DIAMOND RING.

EXT. KATANIR MAIN ROAD - DAY

Osc's MINIVAN stops at a light. A YOUNG WOMAN crosses against the red, almost gets hit by a CAR. Lots of HONKING. Her back to Osc, he can't see her face, but sees a PLACARD she holds:

IF JAYWALKING IS ILLEGAL...

As she crosses, she turns the PLACARD around. The other side:

WHERE'S MY TICKET?

Osc smiles at the one-woman protest. Until the YOUNG WOMAN turns and Osc sees her face. He recognizes her:

NICOLE KLEIGMAN, 27 now. Haltingly beautiful and unsettled. A defiant, stilted sense of herself. Maintains far too much eye-contact for anyone's good. Same haircut as when she was six.

She crosses in front of Osc's VAN, looks in - she recognizes him, the wind knocked out of her. For a moment. She comes to the passenger side, Osc pushes the door open for her.

NICOLE
I have a line for you.

OSC
Get in, I'll take you somewhere.

NICOLE
I'm not going anywhere. Don't you want to hear my line?

OSC
Get in anyway.

The CARS honk, annoyed, go around Osc's idling VAN.

NICOLE
When did you get back?

OSC
Last night.

NICOLE
Want to get coffee, catch up?

OSC
Yeah, okay.

NICOLE
I don't.

Osc's eyebrows arch. If he's hurt, Nicole can't tell.

OSC
That was your line?

NICOLE
That was my line.

OSC
You look really great, you haven't changed a bit.

NICOLE
Keep telling yourself that.

She slams the door shut, goes back to protesting. Osc ROLLS DOWN the passenger side window (literally rolls - this is an old van), calls out after her:

OSC

Nicole?

Nicole juts out her chin.

OSC (CONT'D)

Odd question. June 15, 2003. Do you have any memory of that day?

NICOLE

Go fuck yourself, Osc.

OSC

Is that a no?

NICOLE

The night you left me, my new dress and my stupid sixty-dollar hairdo waiting in the rain for two-and-a-half hours? No memory whatsoever.

Nicole crosses, cuts in front of a PICKUP TRUCK, nearly gets hit, trips a little, stumbles out of the way, keeps going.

Realization on Osc's face...

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - DAY

Osc knocks books off the bookshelf, searches for something. Finds it: **KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK**. Flips through it. Stops. A two page spread: **PROM NIGHT**.

In **LARGE WHITE LETTERS** at the top of the page: **JUNE 15, 2003**.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Lauralie waits outside, chews on a cinnamon stick, holds a bag of potato chips, nervously anticipates something.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Lauralie fixes her hair, clears her throat. The **FOOTSTEPS** get closer...

A **LOCAL NEWSPAPER** lands at her feet. She looks down at it. The **FOOTSTEPS** start to leave. Lauralie holds out the chips.

LAURALIE

Chip?

The **FOOTSTEPS** stop, return to Lauralie: **DON**, 60, a kind-faced, hard-working man. Holds a satchel of newspapers.

DON
No, ma'am. Don.

LAURALIE
I'm sorry?

DON
My name's not Chip. It's Don.

Lauralie opens the chips, holds the bag out beseechingly.

LAURALIE
No, I meant: chip?

DON
Oh. No. Thanks. I could go for one
of those cinnamon sticks, though.

Lauralie holds back a smile.

LAURALIE
This is the last one.

DON
Well. Next time, then.

Don's eyes linger on Lauralie before he leaves.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lauralie, chips in hand, beams: victory.
She throws away the cinnamon stick, sees something in the
garbage can - her mood instantly ruined.

OSC'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Under an open window, Osc in a bed just a little too small,
sleeps better than he has in a long time. He's safe here...

Well, sort-of safe: the BLANKET is yanked off him. Osc stirs.
Lauralie holds the blanket, hovers over Osc.

LAURALIE
What do you have that lets you be
this arrogant? You don't know
everything. I changed my mind.

OSC
About what? Give me my blanket.

LAURALIE
My answer is, "No."

Osc forces himself into a semi-seated position.

OSC
It's cold, Mom.

LAURALIE
You asked if you could stay here. I said stay as long as you want. You're my son. Make yourself at home.

OSC
That never happened. None of that.

LAURALIE
It was implied I guess. But I'm unimplying it. Get out of this house.

OSC
What happened to Agnus the night of my senior prom?

LAURALIE
I have no idea. How is that rele--?

Osc makes a quick grab for the blanket. Lauralie avoids him, overreacts, swings back. The BLANKET flies out the window.

OSC
Okay, that's an option.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Lauralie glances out OSC'S BEDROOM WINDOW and down at: THE BLANKET. In a puddle of mud. She closes the window.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Half-asleep, Osc, at the table, eats potato salad, hates every bite. Lauralie pulls BOOKS out of the garbage: books about how to cope with and respond to depression and suicide.

Osc notices, taped to the cabinets and walls, several MAGAZINE CLIPPINGS of Maui - beaches and hotel suites, etc..

OSC
That's not tacky.

LAURALIE
No, it's not. That's nature at her most beautiful. I'm moving there.

OSC

You mean, in your mind? You mean, you stare at these and transport--

LAURALIE

I'm going, Oscar. I've almost saved enough money. What do you care? I see you twice a decade. I'm going. We're not discussing this. Why'd you put these in the trash?

OSC

It was an honest mistake.

LAURALIE

These books have been very helpful for me in a trying and confusing time. This one in particular.

She displays a book called "SUICIDE: A COMPLETE GUIDE".

OSC

Is that a 'how to' book?

LAURALIE

That is not funny, Oscar.

But a motherly laugh escapes - she loves her son. Osc glances again at the magazine clippings on the walls.

OSC

So a one-woman pilgrimage?

A tiny, distracted smile grows on Lauralie's face.

OSC (CONT'D)

Are you smiling?

LAURALIE

There's a man. I know his name now.

OSC

A guy?

LAURALIE

Yes. No. Not a guy. A man. Don.

Grief fixed in the deep corners of her smiling eyes.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

When you get protective, you look like your father. He was kinder, though. Tirelessly authentic.

OSC

Also, he had better cheekbones.

Lauralie joins Osc at the table, with the potato chips. Osc pushes the potato salad away, eats the chips. Lauralie points at a seashell-shaped LIGHT BLUE PLATTER.

LAURALIE

That's Nicole Kleigman's platter.
On loan. When you see her--

OSC

I'm not going to see her.

LAURALIE

She's on the high school board, did you hear about that? And doing great stuff with the kids at the Little Players Studio.

OSC

I don't want to talk about Nicole.

LAURALIE

She's just as pretty as she--

Osc backs his chair away from the table. Lauralie puts up a hand - she'll stop. Osc settles back in.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

There's not going to be some gaunt, oily-haired, tattooed woman with a baby, banging on the door at--

OSC

Where are you getting this?

LAURALIE

I haven't seen you. I have maternal concerns. Have you broken the law?

OSC

It was broken when I found it.

LAURALIE

Do you have a job, I'm asking.

He takes a moment before he lies to his mother.

OSC

Insurance. Boring. Mother-approved.

LAURALIE

Don't do that. Reduce me to some stereotype. Middle-aged woman stuck in the past, won't let her son live his life. I had aspirations. You and your sister were both crazy. But not clinically. So I couldn't medicate. Just regular untreatable crazy.

Osc kisses her hand, feels how shaky she is.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

So much gloom in her, Oscar.

OSC

She's intelligent and sensitive. Of course there's gloom in her.

LAURALIE

She had a date. Agnus. For prom. You asked what happened.

Osc waves for her to go on, but that's all there is.

OSC

Something went bad on that date. Remember who the boy was? I can't.

LAURALIE

No. But whatever happened happened. I'm not worried about her past. I want to make sure she has a future.

OSC

Can't have one without the other.

OSC'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Osc in bed. No blanket. Curls his body close for warmth. Tosses and turns. Too cold. Swings his feet to the floor...

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Osc lifts his blanket from the MUD PUDDLE. Clumps of mud drip onto his leg. He drops the blanket back in the puddle.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Osc searches the LINEN CLOSET. Lots of sheets. Lots of pillowcases. Lots of lacy things. No blanket.

BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM

Osc sifts past grimy luggage, flimsy boxes, broken toys. Climbs over a typewriter and baby winter clothes. Piles of unwanted, stacks of forgotten.

A shelf at the back. He moves a POLAROID CAMERA aside... Sees: a beige, worn DUVET COVER. Snatches it.

OSC'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Osc sleeps under the DUVET COVER. Slips his unconscious hand into the unzipped opening...

EXT. LITTLE PLAYERS STUDIO - DAY

Osc hesitates a moment outside the old-fashioned, seen-better-days Acting Studio, his hand on the door handle. He enters.

INT. LITTLE PLAYERS STUDIO - LOBBY - DAY

Double-doors lead into the THEATER. CHILDREN'S VOICES from inside. Young actors. And NICOLE'S VOICE. Directing.

Osc stops to look at an old FRAMED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: "**LOCAL KIDS, GOOD SHOW**" - with a PHOTOGRAPH of PRE-TEEN OSC (13) and PRE-TEEN NICOLE (12) on stage, holding hands.

Then he notices. The VOICES have stopped. He turns: Nicole, in the entryway to the theater, staring at him.

She's in sweats, a threadbare Nirvana T-shirt and a messy ponytail. The theater lights behind her create an angelic glowing outline around her body.

OSC
You look nice.

She looks a lot better than nice.

NICOLE
What do you want?

OSC
Who did Agnus take to our prom?

NICOLE
If you don't remember, why would I?

OSC
 Because you've cut your hair the
 same way for twenty-one years.

Nicole's not sure she wants anything to do with Osc right
 now. But she cares about Agnus.

NICOLE
 Is she okay?

OSC
 Not really. Do you remember?

NICOLE
 Let me get changed.
 (starts to go, turns back)
 And I cut it short two summers ago.

She goes back into the THEATER. Osc can hear her, but can't
 see into the theater from where he's standing.

NICOLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Players, listen up. I want to
 introduce you to Oscar Monroe.

OSC
 Oh, Nicole... Shit.

NICOLE (O.S.)
 Used to be a bit of a star here...

Osc glances at SEVERAL OTHER CLIPPINGS that feature him at
 various ages on stage, makes his way for the EXIT DOOR...

NICOLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You can learn a lot from him...

Nicole comes back out, pulls Osc into the -

THEATER

Black box, simple. NINE CHILDREN (the PLAYERS), aged 6-16,
 eager to be great. Osc waves at them.

NICOLE
 Mostly what not to do.

The Players laugh. Osc offers a polite smile.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
 His claim to fame: he never missed
 a performance. Ironic, I think.
 Give them some acting tips, Osc.

She leaves, goes BACKSTAGE. Osc surveys the KIDS.
 One LANKY. Another STOUT. A CHERUBIC-FACED LITTLE GIRL.
 The overconfident. The insecure. The unaware.

OSC

Nothing has changed. Obviously
 that's not true. Obviously a lot
 has changed. But you know that
 feeling? No, how would you?

The Players are confused, antsy. Silence...

OSC (CONT'D)

Okay. Acting tips. Well. Hit your
 mark. Know your lines. Try to stay
 awake. Don't miss your cue...

CHERUBIC-FACED STUDENT

You ever miss a cue in a show?

OSC

In a show? No. Never in a show.

BACKSTAGE BATHROOM

Nicole leans forward on the counter, wears a summer dress
 now, looks at her face in the mirror. She brushes her bangs
 back. Brushes them forward. Back. Forward.

Holds a small bottle of perfume. Examines it. Smells it.
 Considers... No. Puts it away. About to go. Stops. Just a
 dab, either side of her neck. Classy. Restrained.

She stands tall, gathers her things, leaves... And returns.

Splashes water on her neck, the area where she put the
 perfume, rubs vigorously, tries to get rid of the smell.

Looks down at her dress. Covered in water.

NICOLE

Crap, crap, crap, crappity crap.
 No. Who cares? A little water...

She gives herself one last look, starts to go.
 And comes back. Pulls off her dress...

THEATER

Osc on his back on the stage. Alone. At ease. The kids are
 gone. Nicole enters, again in her sweats and Nirvana T-shirt.

OSC
They said class was over.

NICOLE
They lied to you.

OSC
Actors.
(sits up, sees Nicole)
So what did you change exactly?

Nicole ignores him. Osc smells her perfume as she passes.

OSC (CONT'D)
You smell great.

NICOLE
Don't be weird.

She gets her jacket off one of the chairs.

OSC
Much better than teen spirit.

She makes sure her smile's gone before she faces him again.

EXT. KATANIR DOWNTOWN STREETS - DAY

Osc struggles to keep up with Nicole's never-wait pace. She's not trying to race with him, this is just the way she walks.

NICOLE
Do you know how many kids are
killed or injured each year because
they're crossing against the light?

OSC
What's this have to do with Agnus?

NICOLE
And these cops watch it happen.

OSC
I doubt they literally watch it--

NICOLE
They watch it happen.

OSC
Are you walking fast?

NICOLE

The point is: incentives. We're trying to get people to live the best way, but... You know where the term 'jaywalking' comes from?

Osc shakes his head as they're about to cross a street. The light's GREEN. Nicole holds her arm out stiff, stops Osc. She takes out the "Jaywalking" placard from her bag.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Rube.

OSC

Excuse me?

NICOLE

Inexperienced. Jay - that's what it means. A jaywalker is, basically, a mobile fool. You can't just hope children will make good choices on their own. You have to provide reinforcements. Encouragement.

The light turns RED. Nicole immediately crosses, pulls Osc by the hand into oncoming traffic. She holds her placard high. They almost get hit by a kid on a MOPED, jump to the curb.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You okay?

OSC

Are you kidding? Let's do this. Let's make a difference.

Then Osc turns: they're at a six-lane **MAJOR INTERSECTION**. The cars rev their engines, wait for the signal.

NICOLE

Uh, Osc...

OSC

Hm.

They're both scared. Neither one will back down.

The lights change:
GREEN for the cars.
RED for Osc and Nicole.

Osc takes the PLACARD from Nicole, holds it high. They grab each other's hands. Run into HEAVY TRAFFIC.

Nicole ROARS at the ANNOYED DRIVERS.
As Osc SCREAMS skyward and Tarzan-like.

It's extremely dangerous and stupid.
And the happiest either of them have been in a long time.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Osc and Nicole approach a room.

NICOLE

If you can make Victor smile, I'll
tell you who took Agnus to prom.

OSC

Who's Victor?

VICTOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM (LONG-TERM CARE)

Connected to wires and machines, VICTOR, 16, fit and unhappy,
a peach-fuzzy beard, paralyzed below the waist.

Nicole at Victor's bedside. Osc in the doorway. Victor has a
crush on Nicole. He throws a plate of food into the garbage.

VICTOR

Food here's shit. You look good,
though. Is this your boyfriend?

NICOLE

No, this is--

But when she turns to look at Osc, he's gone.

HOSPITAL HALLWAY

Osc, outside Agnus' room, stopped by a LARGE MALE NURSE.

OSC

I just have to ask her a question.
Or ask her for me. Who went with
her to... You know what--

Osc tries to rush past the Large Nurse. The Nurse catches
him, stronger than Osc.

LARGE MALE NURSE

Sir. We have your sister's best
interests at heart, okay? Right
now, she needs her rest.

OSC

If you wanted to die, would this...

He waves his finger around, points at the bland walls, fluorescent lights, and the general smell of decay.

OSC (CONT'D)
 ...make you want to live?

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Osc smokes a cigarette. Nicole finds him. He offers her a smoke. She declines.

OSC
 One of your actors?

NICOLE
 Set designer.

OSC
 Jaywalking?

She nods.

OSC (CONT'D)
 There's nothing in this world that
 can make that kid smile right now.
 Who was Agnus with that night?

NICOLE
 You could've tried.

A lost cause. Osc flicks his cigarette away. Nicole watches as he leaves. She wants to let him go but can't, calls after:

NICOLE (CONT'D)
 Stew Barrow.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE - PORCH - DUSK

STEW BARROW (29, short but sturdy, balding, an under-educated sweetness) bear-hugs Osc. Nicole watches in disbelief.

OSC
 Stew Fucking Barrow. Missed you.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stew and Osc lounge in leather recliners, each with a beer. Nicole leans against the wall at an unsociable distance.

STEW
 It's good to see you, Osc.

OSC
And look at you? House, car. Kids?

Stew holds up two fingers.

STEW
Nicole knows them. Nicole?

NICOLE
(brooding)
Two kids. Yeah.

STEW
(to Osc)
Is she okay?

OSC
Flu. She's not contagious.

NICOLE
Yes, I am.

Stew laughs uncomfortably.

OSC
Offer her a beer.

NICOLE
I don't want a beer.

OSC
Take a beer.

STEW
Do you want a--

NICOLE
(to Osc)
We're here for your sister.

Stew sits forward, a little on edge.

STEW
Agnus?

NICOLE
"Agnus." The way he says her name.

STEW
You don't have the flu, do you?

OSC
There's something called rapport.
This is the wrong way to do this.

LOLLY

I know so. How's the cookie, babe?

He's chewing, nods enthusiastically.

LOLLY (CONT'D)

Agnus liked Stew. I liked Stew. We both hoped he'd ask us, but he went with Agnus.

STEW

Long time ago, doll.

LOLLY

Whatever. The deal was, whoever he asked, the other one would be happy for her. How's that for some prissy, fanciful, virginal, high school bullshit?

Lolly takes a swig of wine, circulates the bottle.

LOLLY (CONT'D)

Anyway. Agnus liked Stew. And said she was ready. So I had images of--

OSC

The abridged version. Please.

LOLLY

The party was at Stew's parents' place, remember? But when Agnus felt like Stew was making a move, she reciprocated, and it turns out Stewie wasn't even making a move, he was just leaning in.

STEW

I was going to tie my shoe.

LOLLY

He was tying his fucking shoe. Agnus left the party pretty soon after that. It was still early.

Osc and Nicole glance at each other, no clue what's going on.

LOLLY (CONT'D)

It's true, Agnus was upset. But not because of what happened. Because of what didn't happen.

OSC

What didn't happen?

NICOLE
 (figuring it out)
 Her and Stew.

Osc looks at Stew for confirmation. He shrugs.

STEW
 She was your baby sister.

OSC
 That's right. Still is. Good man.

LOLLY
 And he didn't like her as much as
 me, turns out.

STEW
 Turns out.

Stew eats another cookie, lost in what could have been.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Osc, asleep under the DUVET COVER.
 His eyes shoot open. Sudden. Wide awake.

He turns a LAMP on by the bed. Spins the blanket around.

Sticks his hand into the opening slowly, gently, carefully.
 Feels along the inside edges. Pulls his hand out fast.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Osc knocks and knocks on APARTMENT 407 (Nicole's apartment).
 Rings the doorbell several times. Nicole opens the door, in
 flannel plaid pajamas and still-sleeping hair.

OSC
 That's what it is. Nice pajamas.

NICOLE
 Thank you. What what is?

OSC
 Stew. She never kissed him. That's
 what it is.

Nicole considers, juts out her chin.

NICOLE
 I need to pretend, for at least ten
 seconds, I'm upset you woke me.

She gets into character, grinds her teeth a little.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch. It's four in the morning. Are you insane? What about my feelings? What about my...

(beat)

Okay, that should do it. Come in.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Nicole, legs crossed, at the table while Osc paces.

OSC

We'll need the school. What do we do with the students? We'll have to ship them somewhere.

NICOLE

It's summer. There's no school.

OSC

Great. Shipping kids off-site sounded complicated. And we'll need Stew's parents' house. For the after-party.

NICOLE

Can I just say something?

Osc leans palm-down on the table. He's worked up and alive.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Your idea is advanced-level crazy.

OSC

What's so crazy about it?

NICOLE

You want to dress up the city exactly as it was ten years ago.

OSC

Not the whole city, just a couple of select locations.

NICOLE

Right. So as to create the illusion of traveling into the past. In the hopes that your sister will kiss Stew Barrow. Father and husband, I might add. And thereby overcome a hypothetical lingering childhood regret.

OSC

You more so just reiterated the plan than said what was crazy about it.

NICOLE

I thought that by reiterating it the craziness would be obvious.

OSC

Nope.

NICOLE

How do you know this isn't just one of those everything-seems-brilliant-and-possible four-in-the-morning ideas, but then you wake up and--

OSC

I'm awake. It's Agnus. I'm awake.

NICOLE

She tried to kill herself. That's not about a high school crush, Osc.

He throws back a shot of scotch, a swift, perfunctory motion.

OSC

Of course not. It's bigger than that. What it represents. The end. End of magic. End of poetry. End of her childhood. She had that date on her phone. A life dreamed, not one force-fed and swallowed whole. It's not too late. I can save her. I can bring the magic back, Nick. I can.

The brother in Osc - always gave Nicole hope.

NICOLE

I have something you'll need.

NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

A CARDBOARD BOX filled with memories. Diaries. Ticket stubs. Floppy discs. 'You Had To Be There' stuff. Nicole and Osc, beside each other. Nicole pulls out HALF OF A BROKEN MUG.

OSC

I can't believe you kept that.

NICOLE

Of course I kept it. You didn't?

OSC
Sentimentality's a trap, right?

Osc finds a PHOTOGRAPH: TEEN NICOLE, her tongue out, arm around good-looking-and-knows-it TEEN OSC at a football game.

NICOLE
You don't remember this, do you?

OSC
Sure I do. We lost. Russia won. For all the marbles. And much cattle.

Nicole finds a VHS TAPE.

NICOLE
Here it is. Uncut, commercial-free. Prom. 'Live it today. Experience it forever.' People are afraid of what they'll forget. Or, my case, what they missed. I don't care, though.

OSC
That's why you bought the video.

NICOLE
Because of how little I care. Yes.

Their hands go back into the box. Graze each other. Osc gently pulls the box out from under them. Holds her hand.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Where were you that night? It can't be worse than what I've imagined.

Osc glances out the window, at a flowerpot on the balcony.

OSC
Flowers. The selection was so big. Have you ever bought flowers? It's a daunting decision. By the time I realized I didn't have my wallet--

NICOLE
Let go of my hand.

He does. She gives him the VHS TAPE.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I helped you today because I care about Agnus. And, since it is four in the morning, I'll admit: I like the way my hand fits in your hand.

She opens the front door for him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
 But feeling a way and wanting to feel
 that way are two different things.
 (beat)
 Good luck with getting the school.
 I can't help you anymore, okay?

Osc nods, starts to leave.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
 You never once got me flowers. It's
 a bad lie. Maybe that's progress.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Osc tiptoes toward his bedroom, VHS TAPE in hand.

LAURALIE (O.S.)
 Oscar? Is that you, dear?

LAURALIE'S BEDROOM

Lauralie in bed. A few of the Suicide Books open on her
 nightstand. Osc leans against the wall at her bedside.

LAURALIE
 I can't sleep. Do you think you
 could tell me one of your stories?
 I've missed your stories, Oscar.

Osc rubs his tired eyes, gathers his thoughts.

OSC
 I rent this townhouse in Denver.
 Really beautiful, you'd love it.
 One day I had a party in the back.
 Small thing. Coworkers, friends.
 This team of gymnasts happens to
 pass by, hears the music, they come
 in, start doing backflips...

He continues as she falls asleep.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAWN

A new day. Squirrels by the MUDDY BLANKET on the lawn.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Osc and Lauralie eat breakfast. Lauralie reads a Suicide Book. Osc drinks coffee, goes for a box of CINNAMON STICKS on the table. Lauralie slaps his hand.

LAURALIE

Don gave me those. Not for you.

OSC

Don? Oh, right. The guy.

LAURALIE

The man, yes. Listen to this: "Don't judge her. Suicide isn't right or wrong. All that matters now--"

OSC

'Is that you show her you love her.'

LAURALIE

You read this book?

OSC

No, but I'm thinking of writing one.

LAURALIE

I'd like you to read this. It would mean a lot to Agnus.

OSC

Agnus doesn't care if I read that.

Osc pats his mother's hand, stands, takes the bag of chips.

OSC (CONT'D)

I have this prom video to watch.

LAURALIE

Should that sound like a reasonable activity to me? I haven't had a son home recently, I've forgotten.

BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM

Osc grabs the POLAROID CAMERA.

DEN

The POLAROID CAMERA on the table, light reflected from the TELEVISION jumps around on Osc's face. (These walls, like the kitchen, are covered with CLIPPINGS OF MAUI.) Osc watches:

THE PROM VIDEO

Title on the TELEVISION SCREEN:
Katanir High School Prom
June 15 2003

Osc eats chips, focused.

A large **YELLOW BANNER** hangs from the ceiling:
"WE ARE THE FUTURE!"

Osc scribbles notes on a legal pad.

A **DINNER PLATE**: chicken, potatoes, peas.

Osc writes, "Chicken, potatoes, peas."

- **GIRLS SCREAM** as they run in from the rain
 - **MUD TRACKS** near the door, piles of **UMBRELLAS**

Osc writes, "Rain...?" Lights a cigarette, smokes.

- **A MOHAWK'D COUPLE** kisses in the shadows
 - **A TIARA-WEARING GIRL** drops her tiara, splits her dress
 - **BOYS IN SUNGLASSES** caught smoking in a **CLASSROOM**

Osc recognizes these boys, shakes his head at them.

- **A SHORT BOY** yells into the camera:

SHORT BOY (ON TV)
 I'm getting a face tattoo tonight.

- **PROM QUEEN** and **KING** accept their crowns
 - A **THREE-MAN BAND**, blurry on the stage in the distance
 - **CLUB-STYLE DANCING** turns to **SLOW DANCING**

TEEN LOLLY, black **PUFFY DRESS**, along the back wall watches:

TEEN STEW (hip-length super-straight bleach-blonde hair,
 green tux) dances at arm's-length with **TEEN AGNUS**.

Stew stares at Agnus like she's the only girl in the room

Osc **PAUSES** the screen on:

TEEN AGNUS in a **CLASSY KNEE-LENGTH PINK DRESS**.
 Stunning and hopeful.

Criss-crossing emotions on Osc's face as he leans forward to
 look at this frozen image of his sister so young.

OSC
 Agnus. That dress...

He writes "DRESS" on the paper, circles it a few times. Takes a POLAROID SNAPSHOT of the TV SCREEN.

INT. HOSPITAL - AGNUS' ROOM - DAY

Lauralie holds Agnus' hand, at her bedside.

LAURALIE

Please know. I don't judge you.
Right or wrong. I love you.

AGNUS

Oh, good. In that case. My kingdom
for some pot.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Lauralie pulls her jacket tight as she escapes the hospital. A HATTED WOMAN, late-50s, tear-stained, smokes a cigarette.

HATTED WOMAN

What number?

Lauralie turns. She doesn't know the Woman.

HATTED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Attempt, I mean. It's my son's
third. I overheard you talking to
the nurse. Was it pills?

Lauralie nods. The Woman offers a smoke. Lauralie declines.

HATTED WOMAN (CONT'D)

My advice? Don't wait. Apply for
guardianship now. Otherwise, it's
ten days, they're back out, they
just try again. Send in the
application, keep her in the
hospital until she's ready - really
ready - to face the world. I sent
mine in yesterday.

She holds out a MEDICAL BROCHURE to Lauralie.

LAURALIE

No. She'd never go for that.

HATTED WOMAN

She doesn't have to.

The Woman puts the BROCHURE in Lauralie's open purse.

HATTED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Long as you send in the application before she's released, the hospital has a legal obligation to keep her.

(beat)

I know. Ugly. But being a mother's a dirty job sometimes. Think about the alternative. Right?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lauralie hangs her jacket over a chair, examines the BROCHURE. "For more information, call now."

Lauralie reaches to make the call - the phone's not there. The TELEPHONE CORD extends down from the JACK... To the floor... And wraps taut AROUND AND OUT the kitchen door...

LIVING ROOM

Lauralie continues to follow the TELEPHONE CORD. It extends toward the middle of the room, and into:

The beige, worn DUVET COVER. A SINGLE LUMP inside the cover. Lauralie just stares at it, hears Osc's muffled voice:

OSC (O.S.)

(from inside the COVER)

It's kind of frilly. But also not so frilly. Like a pink color I guess. It's long. Longish. I don't know. So do you have that? Hello?

The sound of the telephone as it's HUNG UP. Osc emerges from inside the cover through the opening. With the bag of chips.

OSC (CONT'D)

Chip?

LAURALIE

(trying to be casual)

Who're you talking to, Oscar?

OSC

I found the time machine.

LAURALIE

Uh-huh. I see that. Can I have my telephone, or did you forget it in the Paleolithic Era?

Osc hands her the bag of chips. Goes back into the TIME MACHINE (duvet cover). Reemerges with the phone, stands, hands the phone to Lauralie.

OSC

You said it can't be changed. The past is the past. What happened--

LAURALIE

Happened. Yes, I didn't invent the concept of time. Are you aware that you're almost thirty years old?

OSC

What if you're wrong? About the past. Being the past.

LAURALIE

In what sense could I be wrong?

Osc points at the lumpy mass on the floor. Lauralie checks his forehead for a fever.

OSC

Time travel, Mom.

LAURALIE

Yes. Sounds expensive.

Osc kisses Lauralie on the cheek, rushes out.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

Wait.

Osc stops, looks at Lauralie. She doesn't know what to say.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

Drive carefully.

OSC

I'm walking.

LAURALIE

Right. Look both ways.

Osc runs out. Lauralie slumps against the wall. She holds the BROCHURE. Examines it. Dials.

INT. KATANIR DRESSES - DAY

Osc shows the SNAPSHOT of the dress to the STORE CLERK, 60s.

STORE CLERK

We don't carry that. We've never carried a dress like that. Hey, weren't you that child actor? Do you still perform?

OSC

I'm a doctor now. But I think I learned everything I needed to know about brain surgery on stage.

The Store Clerk manages a confused nod as Osc leaves.

INT. VARIOUS - DRESS STORES - DAY

Osc shows the SNAPSHOT of the dress to several salespeople. They all shake their heads apologetically.

INT. GOODWILL - DAY

Osc sorts through OLD DRESSES on a rack.

INT. COSTUME STORE - DAY

An optimistic saleswoman shows Osc a Glinda-the-Good-Witch costume. Osc compares it to the photo. Not at all.

EXT. KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Osc climbs the stairs of the small-town red-brick school.

INT. KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - OFFICE - DAY

On a COMPUTER MONITOR - a chat window, mid-conversation:

JILL: cute guy in the office, what should i do?

NANCY: um... say hi?

JILL, early-20s, secretary, looks up from her CHAT at Osc.

JILL

Hi.

OSC

Hi. How are you? How much is it to rent the school gym for a night?

JILL

No idea.

Jill goes back to her CHAT:

JILL: should i shake his hand?

NANCY: ya be natural

Jill extends her hand - the timing is completely wrong.

OSC

Who do I speak to about that?

Jill shrugs, looks down at her CHAT:

NANCY: say you like his face

Osc peeks over Jill's shoulder at the CHAT.

OSC (CONT'D)

That's terrible advice.

JILL

Hey. Stay behind the line thingy.

OSC

Okay. Is there anyone else around who can help me, Jill?

JILL

How'd you know my name?

Osc nods toward the computer.

JILL (CONT'D)

No, no one else is here.

OSC

Could you tell me the band that played at prom in 2003?

Jill types into her computer, looks up.

JILL

Google and Nancy both don't know.

OSC

Aside from Google and Nancy, who else could I ask?

JILL

Nicole Kleigman maybe?

OSC

Thanks, Jill. How about this dress. Any idea where I could find that?

Jill looks closely at the SNAPSHOT.

JILL

A dress like that you'll need to get custom-made. And nobody uses that pattern. It's gauche.

(off Osc's surprise)

Fashion major.

Jill goes back to her CHAT:

JILL: i'm over this guy

INT. HOSPITAL - AGNUS' ROOM - DAY

Agnus reads 'The Myth of Sisyphus'. She looks a little better, some color returning to her face. A knock on the door, Osc enters. She reads to him from her book:

AGNUS

"A man is always a prey to his truths. Once he has admitted them, he cannot free himself from them."

Agnus shows Osc the book, puts it aside. Osc sits beside her.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

They're transferring me out of town tomorrow. But I'm excited. Spending a week-and-a-half at a shitty mental institution is a fantasy of mine.

Osc paces, bothered. Stares out the window at the HIGHWAY.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

Here's what I realized. Living - the choice of it, I mean - is almost always passive. What if it were active? What if you had to choose to live. Or do nothing and slip away into death? How many people would choose life?

Osc pushes her feet aside, sits on her bed.

OSC

I had a dream. Last night. About an old dress of yours. Pink. Frilly...

AGNUS

The one I got for Paulie's wedding. Was it a short dress?

OSC

Long.

AGNUS

Not the one I wore to your prom?

Osc shakes his head, closes his eyes tight, as if in thought.

OSC

Wait. Maybe. Where is that one now?

AGNUS

The prom dress? I burnt it.

OSC

You...? Why would you burn it?

AGNUS

It was a coming-of-age thing.

OSC

What age is the burning clothes age?

AGNUS

Why are you so invested in this?
That dream really got to you, huh?

OSC

Do you remember where you got it?

AGNUS

Of course. Mom made it.

Not what Osc was hoping to hear.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Osc, on his way toward the EXIT, sees:

VICTOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Nicole tries to get Victor to eat. They don't notice Osc.

OSC

Food here's still shit, huh?

They turn as Osc steps into the room.

NICOLE

Still? You were never here.

OSC

My parents told people I was at a camp in Albany. Remember that summer? I was here. You're lucky you don't face the highway.

VICTOR

Better than depression central.

The window gives a view of the AMBULANCES outside the ER.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

People always think they'd trade.

OSC

I wouldn't trade places with you.

NICOLE

Osc.

VICTOR

He's just being honest.

NICOLE

Well, he's being something.

Nicole's phone RINGS. She checks it, looks at Victor:

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You okay for a minute?

Victor nods. Nicole starts to go as Osc sits in her place. Nicole gives Osc a 'be good' look, leaves.

OSC

Do not operate heavy machinery after staring into those eyes.

Victor nods, no smile. Osc leans back in his chair.

OSC (CONT'D)

I was fifteen. Climbing a tree. Broke my collarbone, a bunch of internal shit, fucked up my larynx. Didn't know if I'd speak again.

VICTOR

Shit.

OSC

And I'm a talker. That's my bread and butter. With girls, I mean. So I'm thinking, that's it. It's over. I'll never be with a woman again.

Victor's completely absorbed.

OSC (CONT'D)

And I'm fifteen, so it's not like I've been there too many times. One day, I'd gotten some bad news. Doctor says I should prepare for what my life might be from now on. Mourn. It's over. Let it go.

VICTOR

These fuckers keep saying: move on.

OSC

But I didn't want to move on. I liked everything about the word yesterday, and nothing about the word tomorrow.

Victor nods - this is exactly what he's feeling.

OSC (CONT'D)

My face is wrapped in gauze, right, so this woman comes in, thinks I'm some other guy. Closes the door, starts unbuttoning her shirt--

VICTOR

Wait, wait. Who is this?

OSC

I have no clue. She's in the wrong room. But I couldn't speak. She got halfway undressed before an orderly pulled her out. But here's the thing. If I'd been able to speak, I would've told her--

VICTOR

Oh. I get it. So this is some 'count your blessings' bullshit?

OSC

No, fuck that. Half full, half empty, either way isn't full.

VICTOR

Exactly.

OSC

The moral of the story, and listen carefully, this changed my life.

As Nicole comes back, Osc leans in, whispers to Victor:

OSC (CONT'D)

If she's already unbuttoning her blouse, whether you have the power of speech or not, shut the fuck up.

Nicole sees it: Osc got Victor to smile.

OSC (CONT'D)

That woman came back once, by the way. Said I was a lying, cheating, piece of shit bastard, turns out.

VICTOR

You were?

OSC

No. She still thought I was some other guy. These two were engaged. So she throws her ring at me, says the wedding is off. And storms out.

VICTOR

Leaves the ring? Bullshit.

Osc offers a solid, masterful dramatic pause. Reaches into his pocket. Displays the DIAMOND RING. Nicole sees Victor, like he just witnessed real magic.

OSC

I carry that with me. To remind me that, as deeply unforgiving and unfair as life may be, sometimes you get a diamond ring hurled at your gauze-covered face. And the question is, are you going to be ready to catch it when it happens?

Osc fake-throws the ring at Victor. Victor flinches, smiles.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Osc, all lightheartedness drained from his face, puts the DIAMOND RING back in his pocket, gets a good look at Nicole's eyes - feels a little better.

NICOLE

What do you want? I know you, Osc. Quid pro quo, right?

OSC

Quid pro quo. You told me about Stew.

NICOLE
So it was to repay a debt?

OSC
It was because I saw the kid in the
bed and I did it. I don't know.

He starts to leave. Nicole doesn't want him to. Not yet.

NICOLE
I can't believe you never told me
you were in the hospital. You
healed really well...

OSC
Except for my scar, of course. You
don't remember my scar?

Nicole shakes her head. Osc comes back, draws an imaginary
line from his chest to his belly button. Nicole's skeptical.

OSC (CONT'D)
Want to see?

NICOLE
No... Yes.

Osc slowly lifts his shirt to the chest. Nicole leans in...

NICOLE (CONT'D)
There's nothing there.

Osc gasps, checks. Nicole believes him. For a second.

OSC
He didn't need sympathy. He needed
someone who'd been there.

NICOLE
Maybe. But all he got was a liar.

She fixes Osc's collar. Gently brushes dirt off his chest.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Osc passes a cigarette to Stew, who struggles to get it lit.

OSC
I need you to kiss Agnus.

Stew coughs his unlit cigarette into the bushes.

STEW

Sorry. Did you say... What?

OSC

My sister. I need you to kiss her.
It could save her life.

Osc gives Stew another cigarette, helps him get it lit.

STEW

I don't understand what's... I have
a life. Like, a whole life. Like,
things happen to me. That have
nothing to do with... Kiss her?

OSC

Yes. I know. You're married. You
have a family. I'm not asking you
to do anything dishonest. Tell
Lolly if you want. Hell, you
better, she'll be there, too.

STEW

Be where?

OSC

Oh, yeah. That's another thing. I'm
going to need your parents' house.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nicole slides her thumb along the edge of the HALF-MUG.

NICOLE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Nicole grabs a can of Yoo-hoo. Pulls on her shoes.

NICOLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Standing at the door: Osc. He holds something hidden behind
his back with one hand, classic flower-surprise pose, about
to knock as Nicole opens the door.

NICOLE

Oh. Hi. I was going to come get my
platter. Your mother borrowed my--

OSC

Yes, I saw it. Nice platter. Blue.

NICOLE

And also to tell you something:
Sentimentality's a trap? Maybe it's
a barometer. For deadness. Dead
people aren't sentimental. Living
people are. I'm alive. Are you?

(beat)

That's what I wanted to say. And to
get my platter. It can be two things.

Osc waits a moment. Is she going to say anything else? No.
He hands her the flowers from behind his back.

OSC

Let the record show: flowers.

It's a simple gesture, but means a lot to Nicole.

NICOLE

These are lovely.
(she smells them)
And fake.

OSC

They'll last forever.

NICOLE

I love them. Fresh plastic.
My favorite.

EXT. KATANIR RESIDENTIAL STREETS - NIGHT

Nicole strolls at a restrained pace, sips her Yoo-hoo, Osc
beside her. They're close, their arms touch.

OSC

Still with the Yoo-hoo's, huh?

NICOLE

It's a misunderstood beverage.

Nicole sticks her tongue out at him.

OSC

And the tongue, too.

Nicole stops. Osc backtracks. Shrugs: 'why did we stop?'
She glances behind them at a:

SMALL TOWNHOUSE

Osc knows where they are.

OSC

Your parents don't still live here,
do they?

NICOLE

No. We sold it two years ago.

OSC

So who lives here now? Should we
say hello to them?

Osc waves at PEOPLE in a lit window. Nicole pulls his hand
down. The lit window goes dark.

But Nicole still holds his hand. Lets go.

NICOLE

Where you're standing? That's where
I waited for you.

OSC

You must've looked amazing.

NICOLE

I looked wet. Gosh, did God ever
want to flood this town that night.

They walk. Osc puts his arm around Nicole. She's stiff.
Lets herself soften. A temporary release.
Melts into him, her head against his familiar shoulder.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Osc and Nicole lie beside each other on a silver double-slide.

NICOLE

First boy I ever kissed was over
there, by that swing.

OSC

Wasn't that me?

NICOLE

(yes)
Might've been.

He leans close to her. She doesn't turn.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I never stopped loving you.

OSC

Did you try?

NICOLE
Really hard.

He guides her face toward his.
Their noses touch, not their mouths.
Nicole's focus divided. His lips. His eyes. Up. Down.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
So where were you then when your
parents said you were in Albany?

OSC
Albany.

NICOLE
Right. That makes sense.

She wants to touch him. Her tongue parts her mouth.
Her eyes fixed on his lower lip. She leans in. Closer.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
And the ring?

OSC
Hm?

NICOLE
The diamond ring.

The tiniest pause. But it's enough.
Nicole breaks. Stands. Osc freezes while his mind works.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Oh, Osc. I know what you're doing.
Like a machine. I can almost hear
your gears turning. Pinpointing the
truth I want to hear. Like it's this
great gift you can give me, if you
just get it right. But you can't.
What really happened that night?

Osc throws his hands in the air, rolls over on the slide.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
Lolly, Martha, and the others? They
thought it was money. Were they
right? Some kind of robbery?

OSC
Yes, and it set me on a course for
life. You solved the mystery. I
killed a man that night with my
bare hands. Or was it: I killed a
bear that night with my man-hands?

Nicole moves away from Osc, clasps a rung of the jungle gym.

NICOLE

You didn't come to give me flowers.
You came tonight because you need me.

OSC

I came because Agnus needs you. And
I wanted to give you flowers. It
can be two things.

NICOLE

You can't get the school.

Osc shakes his head, approaches Nicole. She takes a step back from him, puts up a finger - she's thinking.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll help you.

OSC

Thank you.

NICOLE

It's for Agnus. You lack the
necessary nostalgic sensibilities.

OSC

I don't lack--

NICOLE

Name a hit song from 2003.

Osc rolls his eyes, nobody would remember--

NICOLE (CONT'D)

50 Cent had the number one song.
Beyonce was number four. 'Crazy in
Love'. I related to that song, you
can imagine. The third 'Lord of the
Rings' was the top movie. And the
Human Genome Project was finished.

OSC

Okay... Why do you know that?

NICOLE

But. Here's the deal. I want--

OSC

You want to go to prom.

NICOLE

Like it should have been. Yes.

Osc nods. They shake hands. It's a deal. Nicole starts to go.

OSC
This way. Scenic route. Remember?

NICOLE
I do. It's late now, Osc.

She continues on her way. Osc watches as she leaves.

INT. LAURALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lauralie reads one of the Suicide Books in bed, the only light in the room a bedside lamp. Osc knocks, enters.

LAURALIE
They're transferring Agnus. And then it's just ten more days.

OSC
I know. She doesn't need that.

LAURALIE
Yes she does. The vast majority of people who die by suicide fail their first attempt.

OSC
Not Dad.

Lauralie swallows the painful memory.

LAURALIE
He was a rare breed.

OSC
So is Agnus. And I have something important to ask you.

Lauralie lowers the book, gives Osc her attention.

OSC (CONT'D)
I need you to remake this dress. Exactly as it was.

He hands her the photo of the dress. She studies it.

LAURALIE
Why would I do that?

OSC
I'm going to help her fix something. A mistake.

LAURALIE

Ah. Time travel.

(hands back the photo)

No, I won't participate in your fantasy. Agnus is in danger. Real danger. Real life. Enough games.

OSC

She needs this.

LAURALIE

You have no idea what she needs.

(beat)

I'm applying for guardianship over Agnus. I think she should stay in the hospital a little longer.

Osc stares at her. Can't believe what he just heard.

OSC

Yeah. Wow. That's a great idea.

(stands abruptly)

You file for guardianship over her, I'll file for guardianship over you, since you've clearly lost your mind. Then let's give Agnus guardianship over me. Complete the cycle.

He grabs the self-help book out of her hands.

OSC (CONT'D)

Is he giving you these ideas?

LAURALIE

If by "he" you mean this world-renowned scholar. And a woman.

Osc flips through the book, reads:

OSC

"Slow and steady. Remain alert. Be gentle. The patient is in a vulnerable state." You need a fucking book to tell you that?

He throws it at the wall, leaves, slams the door. Lauralie stares at the book on the floor in a pool of shadows.

INT. LOCAL DINER - DAY

Osc and Nicole share a bowl of macaroni and cheese.

NICOLE

She won't win guardianship, right?

OSC

Not likely, but while it's pending, Agnus is trapped. And Agnus doesn't do well with trapped. Plus we can't time travel from her hospital bed.

Nicole passes the photograph of the dress to Osc.

NICOLE

More bad news. You can't buy this dress. I looked into it. You have to have it made. And it won't be cheap.

OSC

I thought so.

NICOLE

Yeah. But there's a girl in town who's pretty good. She's a student, but I think she's our only option.

Osc puts a macaroni in his mouth, with the edge hanging out.

OSC

What if the Lady and the Tramp had ordered macaroni? That's a whole different relationship.

He leans in toward Nicole for a kiss. She pokes the noodle into Osc's mouth with her finger.

INT. KATANIR SIGNS - DAY

A Polaroid SNAPSHOT: the YELLOW BANNER ("WE ARE THE FUTURE!") from Prom. In the hands of BUCK, late-20s, a little slow.

BUCK

Sure. We can do this.

Osc and Nicole, on the other side of the counter. The store looks like a mom-and-pop version of a 1980's Kinko's.

NICOLE

How much will it be?

BUCK

Shit, for this guy? I should be paying him. On the house.

Nicole glances at Osc. He's as surprised as she is.

OSC
That's kind of you, Buck, but--

BUCK
So, dude, time to sell yet or what?
I could really use the cash...

Osc looks at Nicole. Obviously at a loss. Confused.

NICOLE
What are you talking about, Buck?

BUCK
Osc never told you? Just after
senior year, my Daddy gave me a
grand. I gave it to Osc to invest,
he bought... What was it again?

And it's all coming back to him...

OSC
Apple. It was Apple.

Buck smiles wide at Nicole, a chipped front tooth.

EXT. KATANIR SIGNS - DAY

Nicole and Osc leave the store, Nicole doesn't hesitate.

NICOLE
You never bought that stock.

OSC
No. Of course not. I completely
forgot about that. Apple was
spiraling into hell at the time.

NICOLE
So you figured, keep the dough,
wait for the stock to crash,
nobody's the worse.

Osc nods, feels terrible about this.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
I don't even want to ask. How much
is it worth now? No, don't tell me.
There are things about you that
deeply upset me. You need to tell
him the truth, obviously.

OSC

No way. I can't. Are you crazy?
You've seen his brothers. No. I'm
still hoping Apple will crash.

NICOLE

You need a better plan than that.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Osc and Nicole wander the aisles. Most of what's here isn't useful, it's too old, but Nicole examines each item as they pass regardless. Autographed baseballs. Silver spoons. Pogs.

Osc doesn't touch anything, his mind somewhere else. Nicole kneels beside a bin of OLD NEWSPAPERS, sifts through them.

OSC

She's acting crazy, right?

NICOLE

Maybe. Maybe you both are. She's a
mother. Worried about her daughter.

Osc glances down at Nicole. She's going through every paper.

OSC

The odds of one of those being--

NICOLE

I called the girl. She'll make the
dress. We can go there tonight.

OSC

Great. Now stop wasting your time--

Nicole stands triumphantly, hands Osc a yellowed NEWSPAPER.

OSC (CONT'D)

You're kidding.

She gloats her way over to the front to pay as Osc stares at the date on the NEWSPAPER: **June 15, 2003.**

INT. JILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jill (who Osc recognizes - the online-chatting secretary from the high school) examines the PHOTO of the dress. Osc and Nicole sit on low, uncomfortable stools across from her.

She puts the photo aside, sends a text message on her phone. A phone BEEPS in the corner of the room. Osc and Nicole notice a SILENT WOMAN, cross-legged on the floor.

It's obvious that Jill and this Silent Woman are having a text-message conversation, but they never look at each other. Osc and Nicole glance back and forth at each BEEP. Finally - Nicole's phone BEEPS. She reads her text message.

NICOLE
That's way too much.

She shows Osc her phone. Osc bluffs indifference, stands.

OSC
I'll just find someone else.

JILL
You can try.

A different approach: Osc glides toward Jill, blocking her from the Silent Woman's view. Offers his most charming smile.

OSC
Let's get drinks. Talk this over.
You have such fine hands, Jill.

Nicole gives Osc a disgusted look. He shrugs.

JILL
Paid in full. Up front. Or no dress.

EXT. KATANIR RESIDENTIAL STREETS - NIGHT

Osc and Nicole, mid-stride and out of synch.

NICOLE
You're going to steal the money?

OSC
What choice do I have? It's for Agnus. And I don't steal. I provide a service. I've never had to pry money out of someone's hand.

NICOLE
Well, you should be so proud.

Osc shrugs. A look from Nicole, waiting for eye-contact. Osc can feel it, but he keeps his eyes away.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

We'll find another dress. Something similar. It doesn't have to be exact.

OSC

Of course it has to be exact.

NICOLE

There's always another option.

OSC

I'm happy for you if that's been your experience in life.

Nicole pulls him to a stop.

NICOLE

Hey. Don't do that. This is a small town. And you're not a kid anymore. You can't expect to play these games and just--

OSC

Why do you care?

NICOLE

Because it's wrong.

OSC

(insisting)

Why do you care?

NICOLE

Because I love you. And every time you take off a mask, there's another one in its place.

OSC

And somewhere at the bottom of that, you find out the truth, is that it? 'The facts of this case.' Or am I masks all the way down?

Osc considers. Arches his head a little - some bravado.

OSC (CONT'D)

You want to hear I stood you up?

NICOLE

If that's the truth.

OSC

Some girl. Some one-night fling.

NICOLE
What was her name?

OSC
You don't know her. Just passing through. She wasn't pretty, but she was fun. I forgot all about prom.

Nicole holds back tears.

NICOLE
Yeah? What'd you talk about?

OSC
Nothing.

NICOLE
You're full of shit.

OSC
We didn't really talk.

NICOLE
Everybody talks.

OSC
We spoke about her grades. She was in college. She was worried about failing a class. I told her I was also in college. Yes, I lied. To get her into bed. Said I was a drama major but planned to go into law. We spoke about her shoes. Big green platform shoes. Gave her blisters. She liked the way they made her legs look. I agreed, they made her legs look good. That was also a lie. We spoke about 'Lost in Translation,' the whisper at the end, we each had different ideas--

NICOLE
I was in the rain for two hours.

OSC
You should've gone inside.

NICOLE
I was scared I'd miss you.

OSC
Isn't the truth great?

Nicole takes a moment to suppress the pain so she can say these words steady.

NICOLE

Every girl I know got her heart broken in high school. But it's a long fall and a clean break. And when it's done, it's done. But you didn't break my heart. You chipped away at it slowly. With a mallet and a grin. I want a second chance at prom so you can finish what you started and maybe I can finally stop loving you.

Nicole leaves, doesn't see a BILLBOARD on the building above her: an ad for green platform shoes.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Lauralie and Don 'smoke' cinnamon sticks. Lauralie giggles as Don exhales pretend smoke. Osc, heavy steps, arrives.

LAURALIE

Oscar, this is Don.

The men shake hands. Don's grip is firm and friendly.

OSC

You're the cinnamon sticks guy?

DON

I am.

OSC

Good to meet you. The paper that comes every night, that's you?

DON

Yes, sir.

LAURALIE

Oh, don't call him sir.

Polite laughter all around. But Osc is in a dark place.

OSC

I could never do that. That kind of everyday, nothing special, never-ending, blow-your-brains-out kind of work. I admire your...

Osc searches for the word.

OSC (CONT'D)

I admire your manly surrendering to cosmic insignificance.

LAURALIE

Oscar.

DON

That's okay.

LAURALIE

He didn't mean it.

OSC

I did. I meant it as a compliment.

The cinnamon stick in Don's mouth suddenly feels entirely like a cinnamon stick. He pulls it out, hands Osc the newspaper.

DON

Here's what I know. All the people in this world, you're the only one getting this exact paper, and it's happening right now and only now, and I'm the only person in the entire world giving it to you.

Don 'ashes' his cinnamon stick, puts it in his mouth, smiles at Lauralie, continues on his route. Lauralie abruptly slaps Osc - fierce but light - across his cheek. She goes inside.

INT. LAURALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lauralie holds a PICTURE FRAME delicately as Osc enters with child-like uncertainty.

LAURALIE

I forgive you.

Osc takes the PICTURE out of her hand, looks at it: LAURALIE at her wedding. Young and electric.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

I look at this picture sometimes when I need to remember that I was a kid once, too.

OSC

You're younger than me here.

Osc hands her back the picture frame.

LAURALIE

And smarter. I was scared, but
brave. In love. Making choices.
Much better than you.

(beat)

Defend yourself. Or change. What's
the point otherwise?

Osc puts the PHOTO OF THE DRESS on her nightstand.

He leaves. She looks at the photo of the dress. Puts it back
on the nightstand. Flips it over, facedown.

EXT. KATANIR MAIN ROAD - DAY

The next day. Nicole does her jaywalking protest. Osc watches
from a distance. Nicole doesn't see him.

INT. LAURALIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The closet. Men's suits. Old and pressed. Osc searches. Finds
one he likes. Checks to make sure he's alone. Takes the suit.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Lauralie drives up to the MAIN GATE, smiles at the GUARD.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - AGNUS' ROOM - DAY

Small. Furnished to appear welcoming. Neutrally optimistic.
Agnus rests in her bed. Lauralie plays with the doorknob.

LAURALIE

I just can't believe it. What if
you want to get dressed in private?

AGNUS

Mom, there's no lock. Believe it.

LAURALIE

But a basic human right--

AGNUS

The lock is on the other side.

Lauralie gives in, sits beside Agnus.

LAURALIE

I have something important to discuss with you. Well, to tell you. It's not a discussion.

AGNUS

Okay.

LAURALIE

And I know you'll be opposed.

Lauralie takes a breath, prepares for a fight.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

I'm applying for guardianship. Over you. I'll make all decisions for you. You won't be able to leave--

AGNUS

Okay.

LAURALIE

No, listen, Agnus. You'll be kept here against your will. I'm not debating this. It's settled.

AGNUS

Uh-huh.

LAURALIE

You'll have no say about it. You'll sacrifice your essential freedoms. You can fight this in court, but once I put in the application--

AGNUS

Whatever you think is best, Mom.

Lauralie leans back in her chair. Appalled. Desolate. Manages a slight smile. It doesn't last. She reaches out, takes Agnus' hand. Strokes her hair.

INT. NICE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Osc, showered and shaved, in his father's suit, alone at a table, finishes a glass of water, pours another glass. Glances up as SOMEONE enters the restaurant...

An OBSCURED MAN with two kids, a BOY and a GIRL:

Young Osc and Young Agnus. They stare at Osc.

BUCK (O.S.)
Say hi to Uncle Osc.

Osc shakes himself free of the fantasy. It's Buck and his SON (5) and DAUGHTER (8). The kids slide into the booth.

Osc forces a thin smile, nods toward the bar.

OSC
Can we talk a minute? In private?

NICE RESTAURANT - BAR

Buck nears the bottom of his beer. Osc hasn't touched his whiskey. Buck's children are at a table nearby.

OSC
What you don't want to do is look behind you. Don't want to say, "What if?" Regret. The end. Walk backward the rest of your life. What I'm putting on the table here--

Osc notices, in his peripheral vision, Buck's kids, playing.

BUCK
What you're putting on the table...

OSC
Yes. You can, maybe should, turn down. And if you do, erase it from your memory. Moments like this--

The Daughter dances her spoon and fork together, entertains her Brother. The boy loves it. Loves his sister.

BUCK
Moments like this...?

OSC
Come once in a lifetime. Could we maybe move somewhere else?

BUCK
I got to watch my kids. How much are we talking here? Truth is...

Buck's Daughter kisses her Brother on the forehead. Osc forces himself to look away.

BUCK (CONT'D)
...you've been gone a bit. Times for me haven't been easy.

OSC
I know that, Buck. That's exactly
why I'm coming to you with this.
This relatively small investment--

BUCK
I have to sell my shares in Apple.

Now Osc drinks his whiskey.

OSC
I think you misunderstood the point
of this meeting, Buck. The point--

BUCK
No, I get it. But I don't have any
money. I hate to disappoint you. Of
all people. But I'm cashing out.

Osc sees Buck's Son and Daughter - are they looking at him?

OSC
You can't do that.

BUCK
Why not?

OSC
Because it's... You can't.

BUCK
I have kids. They need money.

OSC
They need a father.

Osc starts toward the exit. Buck stands.

Everyone there, eyes on Osc, hushed tones. Osc feels it.

BUCK
I'm not asking you, Osc. I'm
telling you. Sell my shares.

OSC
There are no shares.

Osc takes a furtive look at Buck's children. Approaches Buck.

OSC (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Osc's apology is sincere. But he doesn't wait to see how it's
received, gone before Buck's unsteady fist pounds the bar.

EXT. KATANIR RESIDENTIAL STREETS - NIGHT

Defeated, Osc plods toward his house, stops to take out a cigarette. Empty pack. He turns to drop it in the trash as a RED PICKUP TRUCK speeds around a corner toward him.

Osc squints. Can make out Buck in the passenger seat. He points at Osc as the car approaches. Osc turns, runs.

He can hear the PICKUP squeal to a stop. Several doors open and close. Multiple sets of FOOTSTEPS coming fast.

Osc feels it first in his knees.

Fist after fist, hard and cold. He tries to count. Three GUYS? Four? Osc facedown in his own blood.

BUCK (O.S.)
Enough. Enough.

Buck stands over Osc. Hurt and betrayed.

BUCK (CONT'D)
You owe me that money. My
brothers'll kill you. You know
that. Just pay me. Whatever it
would've been worth.

Buck starts back toward the Truck.

BUCK (CONT'D)
Ten years, nose-high in nothing.
I sure feel stupid.

As the Truck pulls away, Osc spits out some blood.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lauralie at the table, the PHOTO of the prom dress in her hand. The sound of the FRONT DOOR.

LAURALIE
You win. I'll make the dr--

Lauralie sees Osc. Shudders. He's bloody and bruised.

OSC
I asked for it.

BATHROOM

Lauralie dresses Osc's wounds. The bloody, torn jacket and pants hang on the door.

OSC

I'm sorry about Dad's suit.

LAURALIE

My instinct here is not to ask you what happened because I've been your mother long enough to know that you won't tell me.

OSC

I'll tell you.

LAURALIE

You'll say something. It won't be true, though. It's my fault. I always liked your lies. Agnus and your father were a lot of truth to handle. Your stories were a relief.

(beat)

That ends now. You hear me? You tell me who did this to you. All of it. From the beginning.

Osc is so beat up and exhausted. He takes a deep breath.

OSC

I don't sell insurance.

INT. KATANIR SIGNS - DAY

The BANNER from prom. An excellent replica. Buck's about to destroy it when DOOR CHIMES distract him: Lauralie and Osc.

LAURALIE

If I hear that you, or any of your hooligan brothers, are even contemplating bothering my son with more of your backyard-playground, fisticuffs-justice filth, I'll burn this place to the ground. Use your words, understand? And don't test me, Buck. I know your mother.

She opens her purse.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

Now, for the matter of this debt. You'll take a check, I presume?

Buck nods sheepishly. As Lauralie removes her checkbook, Osc climbs over the desk and gets the replica BANNER.

EXT. KATANIR SIGNS - DAY

Lauralie and Osc leave, Osc with the BANNER under his arm.

OSC
You don't know his mother.

LAURALIE
Sure, I do. All us mothers know each other.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DUSK

Osc and Lauralie on the porch. Relaxed. Laughing. They've been out here for a while. Osc lights a cigarette.

OSC
What happens when the check bounces?

LAURALIE
It's not going to bounce.

Osc stares. What?

LAURALIE (CONT'D)
Give me one of those, would you?

Osc hesitates. Passes her the pack. She smokes.

OSC
I don't want you to pay for my mistakes, Mom.

LAURALIE
You've made many other mistakes I'm sure. Let me get this one.

OSC
What about the magazine clippings?

LAURALIE
Maui. Like you said. In my mind. Safer anyway. Less air travel.

Osc's too grateful to speak.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)
I threw away the application for guardianship. I couldn't do it.

OSC

Are you sure? I was on the fence--

LAURALIE

Don't sass me, Oscar. I couldn't bear to see her that way, resigned to her own captivity. I love Agnus. But I don't understand her. Your father was so much better with her.

OSC

They were good together. He'd know what to do for her.

LAURALIE

No, he wouldn't. And you have to stop thinking that way. You're not going to save your sister. It's impossible. People can't be saved. They can be warned and they can be punished and they can certainly be loved. But we can't be saved. None of us, and not Agnus, either.

Osc flicks his cigarette across the lawn.

OSC

I have to try.

LAURALIE

Yes, you do.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Osc searches through his closet. Toys. Magazines. Cards. Photographs. He finds what he's looking for...

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Just outside Nicole's apartment. Osc rings the doorbell. He holds something in his hand. Someone looks out the PEEP HOLE.

OSC

Hey, Nick.

Pause. The door opens. Nicole, in her plaid pajamas.

NICOLE

(re: the cuts and bruises)
Oh, my God. Osc, you stupid idiot.
Are you okay? You're obviously not.

He hands her what he has in his hand. A long look. Osc leaves down the hall.

NICOLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Nicole finds the HALF-A-BROKEN-MUG in her Memory Box. Aligns it with what Osc gave her: the OTHER HALF OF THE MUG.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

The next morning. Osc on the porch. Nicole walks fast, stops at the stairs. Hands Osc his half of the mug.

NICOLE

I thought sentimentality's a trap?

OSC

The worst kind.

NICOLE

'Lost in Translation' did come out in 2003, you were right about that. But not 'til September. I checked. Long after prom had come and gone.

Osc's face is stoic, blank.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I don't forgive you.

OSC

You forgave me the second I rang that bell. Or do you always put on perfume before you answer the door?

NICOLE

Perfume doesn't equal forgiveness. Though I admit, as doorbell ringing goes, it was a particularly sweet and apologetic meter.

Osc in pain from the bruises as he climbs to his feet.

OSC

Ready for some time traveling?

NICOLE

Sure, why not.

She helps Osc as he walks, places his hand around her waist for support. He lowers his hand a few inches down her hip. She pulls it back up to her waist.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DEN - DAY

Osc, black eye prominent, watches the PROM VIDEO with Nicole:

The **HIGH SCHOOL**, with a sign that reads:
KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - PROM 2002-03

NICOLE

I had to agree to oversee the PTA meetings, which is basically hell, but we have it for the night.

OSC

I feel horrible about that. I do.

A lie-exposing smile. Nicole throws a pillow at him.

On the video: **TEEN AGNUS** dances in her dress.

INT. FABRIC STORE - DAY

Lauralie compares various fabrics to the PHOTO of the dress.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DEN - DAY

On the video: **THE ROOM**. The BANNER. Posters. Streamers.

NICOLE

Know what we need? A set designer.

INT. VICTOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Osc and Nicole at Victor's bedside.

VICTOR

I'll do it. But you have to pay me.

NICOLE

We're not going to pay you.

VICTOR

Okay. I'll still do it.

INT. LITTLE PLAYERS STUDIO - THEATER - DAY

Nicole addresses the Players.

NICOLE

Who's looking for some extracurricular work?

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DEN - DAY

Osc, Nicole and Lauralie continue the video. The bruise around Osc's eye is a little better.

On the video: The **DINNER PLATE**, chicken, potatoes, peas.

INT. UPSCALE KATANIR HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lauralie addresses a crowd of her MIDDLE-AGED FRIENDS.

LAURALIE

Donna, potatoes. Maisie, how many chickens can I put you down for?

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DEN - DAY

Osc and Nicole share a bag of chips.

On the video: **STEW** dances with Agnus.

NICOLE

Wow, Stew. That is very blonde.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Osc watches as Stew opens a box. Inside: a long, blonde WIG.

STEW

I'm not wearing this.

OSC

You are.

STEW

Damn it, man. I have a life.

OSC

What's with your parents? The after-party has to be at their house.

Stew looks around, puts the wig on.

STEW

How do I look?

OSC

Hot.

Stew whips his hair around a little. He feels great.

STEW
I'll deal with my folks.

INT. LAURALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lauralie at the SEWING MACHINE, works on the dress.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Nicole waits by the MUDDY BLANKET. Osc brings her a beer. They drink. Osc's eyes linger on Nicole. She catches him.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DEN - DAY

Osc's bruises continue to heal.

OSC
You have to speak to Lolly.

On the video: **LOLLY**, in her **BLACK PUFFY DRESS**.

NICOLE
Oh. No.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Stew wears the **BLONDE WIG**, whips his head around at Osc, as Lolly bursts out of the house, followed by Nicole carrying the **BLACK PUFFY DRESS**.

LOLLY
No fucking way, Nicky.

Stew pulls off and hides his wig before Lolly sees it.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DEN - DAY

Osc sleeps while Nicole and Lauralie take notes on the video:

- **GIRLS SCREAM** as they run in from the rain
- **MUD TRACKS** near the door, **PILES OF UMBRELLAS**

LAURALIE
Oscar, what are you--

Nicole taps her, points at Osc, asleep.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)
What's he doing about the rain?

NICOLE
Weather says clear skies.

OSC
(eyes closed)
It'll rain. It has to.

LAURALIE
It certainly does not have to.

INT. KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

Osc works with several of the Young Players to hang the replica YELLOW BANNER. He checks in with an IPAD where VICTOR shouts instructions over SKYPE from the HOSPITAL.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DEN - DAY

Nicole paces, talks on her phone, while Osc and Lauralie watch more of the video. Osc's black eye is almost gone.

NICOLE
(into phone)
Martha, how are you? It's Nicole.

She paces out of the room to continue the conversation.

NICOLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't know if you remember, but you had this Mohawk in high school...

On the video: **THE BAND**, blurry on the stage.

OSC
I have no idea who these guys are.

LAURALIE
Wait. Go back. Pause that.

Lauralie bolts out of her seat, stares inches from the screen, particularly at the pixelated DRUMMER.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)
I think I know that man...

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Osc waits while the DIAL-UP MODEM connects to the internet. With all the old, familiar RINGS and BUZZES.

OSC
 (calling out)
 Mom, I can't believe you still have
 dial-up. Who needs a time machine?

A slow-loading WEATHER WEBSITE:

- THIS SUNDAY NIGHT -
Warm. Clear skies.
Chance of Rain: 0%

He clicks REFRESH. Waits. Same forecast. He REFRESHES again.

DEN - NIGHT

Lauralie brings Osc and Nicole each a TV DINNER. They eat while they watch the video, share each other's meals.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nicole waits on the bed, alone. Lolly comes out of the BATHROOM in her BLACK PUFFY PROM DRESS.

LOLLY
 Why am I doing this?

NICOLE
 For me.

Nicole gives Lolly a long kiss on the cheek.

LOLLY
 I hate you so much.

INT. KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The Young Players gather around an IPAD.

INT. VICTOR'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Victor SKYPES with the Young Players.

VICTOR
 ...so she comes into my room,
 right? I don't know who she is. But
 she starts unbuttoning her shirt...

Gasps from the Young Players.

INT. LAURALIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lauralie sews Agnus' dress, gets drowsy, wakes herself.

INT. KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - DAY

The last TABLE CLOTH is spread. The room's ready. The BANNER, the streamers, the posters, every last table setting - it looks exactly as it did in 2003. And Osc's black eye is gone.

Nicole pans an IPAD so Victor (on Skype) can observe his work.

NICOLE

Exactly as I don't remember it.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

Lauralie rests on the porch, CINNAMON STICKS on her lap, as Don arrives, whistling.

LAURALIE

Cinnamon stick?

DON

Don't mind if I do.

Don gives her the newspaper in exchange for a cinnamon stick.

LAURALIE

Hey, Don. Quick question.

DON

I'd happily go on a date with you.

Lauralie's eyes go wide.

DON (CONT'D)

That wasn't your question.

LAURALIE

I'd like that, though.

An awkward beat. Don extends a hand. Lauralie shakes it.

DON

Tomorrow night, maybe?

LAURALIE

Tomorrow night's not good. You're busy, unfortunately.

DON

Do you mean you're busy?

Lauralie shakes her head, stands.

LAURALIE

Don, did you once, not too long ago, play drums in a late-nineties rock and roll cover band?

Don looks like a child caught eating too much cake.

DON

Pipe dream, ma'am.

LAURALIE

Fair enough.

DON

No, that was the name of the band.

LAURALIE

Ah. Well, can you still play?

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Osc checks the WEATHER REPORT online for TOMORROW NIGHT:

**Clear skies.
Chance of Rain: 4%.**

Osc jumps to his feet, calls out:

OSC

Four-percent.

Nicole runs up from downstairs.

OSC (CONT'D)

There's a four-percent chance.

Lauralie comes in from outside, Osc immediately takes her in his arms and dances with her around the room.

OSC (CONT'D)

Four-percent. Four-percent.

LAURALIE

Four-percent is terrible odds.

OSC
 It's a chance. A chance of rain.
 (singing)
 Four-percent precipitation!

He pulls Nicole into their circle. They dance, the three of them spinning together. The end of a long week...

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Lauralie parks the MINIVAN by the curb. Osc gets out of the back seat, helps Agnus, health much-improved, out of the front passenger seat. Osc glances up at a cloud-less sky.

Agnus nods at the MUD-COVERED BLANKET on the front lawn.

OSC
 It's a long story.

AGNUS
 How long?

OSC
 Mom threw it out the window.

AGNUS
 That wasn't so long.

They enter the house.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Osc in a towel, just showered, scrubs his hair dry while he checks the weather one last time -- **Chance of Rain: 6%**. He gives an encouraging glance toward heaven.

AGNUS' CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Agnus on the phone, examines various MEMORY ITEMS on her shelves. A spelling bee trophy. Swatch watch. Beanie Babies.

Unseen by Agnus, Osc comes to the doorway in his tuxedo, rests against the doorframe.

AGNUS
 (into phone)
 Ten A.M. Tuesday. I'll be there.

She hangs up, turns, startled to see Osc.

OSC

An appointment already? You just got out. Those doctors are relentless.

AGNUS

What's with the tux?

OSC

Remember the game we used to play when we'd go in the blanket--

AGNUS

Time machine.

Osc is relieved. She remembers.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

You tortured me with that game. I had nightmares. You said we killed all the dinosaurs. And then I asked Mom about it and she confirmed that, yes, all the dinosaurs were dead. I still feel guilty at museums when I see dinosaur bones.

OSC

You thought it was really real?

AGNUS

Yes, really real. I did.

OSC

I can't believe... So you thought I had a working time machine that was the inside of an old zipper-blanket-thing, operated by a flashlight?

AGNUS

It's called a duvet cover.

OSC

And the cavemen just happened to look and sound exactly like seven-year-old me?

AGNUS

I was five.

OSC

And the exact same house with all the exact same furniture was already here when Columbus discovered America?

AGNUS

Again: five.

Osc considers, looks around - they're alone.

OSC

What if I told you the reason it
seemed real is because it was real?

Osc puts out his hand. Agnus good-humoredly takes it.

LIVING ROOM

The DUVET COVER. Laid out on the floor. Ready for travel.
Agnus and Osc stand over it.

OSC

Good as new.

AGNUS

In the sense that a duvet could
still satisfactorily fit inside of
it and the zipper still works?

OSC

No, Agnus, though both those things
are true. Good as new in the sense
that it still travels through time.

He lifts the cover, UNZIPS it.
Agnus waits for the punch line. It doesn't come.

INT. DUVET COVER / TIME MACHINE - NIGHT

DARKNESS. A FLASHLIGHT shines on: Osc and Agnus. Seated.
Cramped. Adult-sized people don't fit so well in here.

Osc ZIPS them in, shines the FLASHLIGHT at Agnus. She blocks
her eyes from the light.

AGNUS

Are you checking for glaucoma?

OSC

Sorry. It's been a while.

AGNUS

Not a frequent time traveller?

Osc shines the FLASHLIGHT at each corner.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

Isn't this the part where I get to pick where we go?

OSC

You mean 'when' we go. And no. Not this time. Too dangerous.

AGNUS

Ever since we killed the dinosaurs?

He flashes the LIGHT on and off - LIGHT. DARK. LIGHT.

OSC

The destination was pre-selected. Are you feeling sick at all?

AGNUS

I don't know what I'm feeling.

Osc pinches the corner of the duvet cover in his free hand.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

Oh, God. I remember this part...

Osc pulls it in toward them.
Rolls fast to the side. Over Agnus. Tumbling.
She SCREAMS with joy.

LIVING ROOM

The DUVET COVER spins and slides around the room.
Into the couch. The wall. The television stand. Stops.

DUVET COVER / TIME MACHINE

They're wild-haired and twisted. Osc UNZIPS the time machine,
gets out. Agnus waits inside. Osc almost immediately returns.

He hands Agnus the NEWSPAPER from **June 15, 2003**.
She stares at it. Can feel her heart climb into her throat.

OSC

Welcome back.

LIVING ROOM

Osc and Agnus loom over the computer monitor.
As the DIAL-UP MODEM initiates. BEEP, BEEP, BUZZ...

AGNUS

Wow. I guess it really is 2003.

OSC

See. Told you.

AOL opens automatically, with the familiar "You've Got Mail!"

AGNUS

And that settles it.

OSC

You better get dressed.

AGNUS

I am dressed...

AGNUS' CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Spread out on her bed: THE DRESS. An exact replica. She feels the fabric, runs her hand along the many tiny stitches.

AGNUS

Mommy...

A handwritten NOTE taped to the dress:

**Have fun, sweetheart.
You're only young once.**

LIVING ROOM

Osc and Lauralie share a bag of chips, wait anxiously on the couch. Osc stuffs chips into his mouth in a non-stop cycle.

LAURALIE

Don't eat your anxiety, dear.

OSC

I wish I was eating my anxiety. If I was eating my anxiety, my anxiety would be almost empty. Also, your leg is shaking.

She stops her shaky leg. The other one shakes instead. Osc finishes the chips. Lauralie glances into the empty bag.

LAURALIE

There are cinnamon sticks...

OSC

How do you know it'll fit?

LAURALIE

It'll fit.

Osc reaches into the bag of chips. It's still empty.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

I'll get you a cinnamon stick.

Lauralie stands. Osc follows.

Just as Agnus starts down the STAIRS. Stops on the LANDING.

Lauralie was right: the dress fits perfectly. A wiser, wearier Agnus than when she wore it the first time. Just as radiant.

LAURALIE (CONT'D)

Agnus. You're a vision.

AGNUS

This dress must've taken you--

LAURALIE

It was my true pleasure.

Lauralie looks at Osc as she fixes Agnus' hair.

AGNUS

So... What are we doing here?

The DOORBELL rings.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY / EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Stew. In his ridiculous GREEN TUX. And ridiculous BLONDE WIG.

AGNUS

Stew. Well. Nice hair.

STEW

Thank you, m'dear. It being 2003, shall we depart?

OSC

(aside, to Stew)

And it being 2003, who the fuck talks that way?

Agnus retreats from the door a few steps.

AGNUS

Where's Lolly?

STEW

She's waiting for the babysit--

Osc nudges Stew.

STEW (CONT'D)
Did you say, "Lolly?" What do I
care? You're my date.

Osc gives Stew an "OK" sign. Agnus catches this. Stew pushes
the door open, reveals a LIMOUSINE waiting by the curb.

AGNUS
Oh.

STEW
Your ride, madam.

Stew offers his arm. Osc nods reassuringly. Agnus suppresses
her laughter as much as she can manage, links arms with Stew.
They step out onto the PORCH.

OSC
Have fun.

Agnus blows Osc a playful kiss. Stew opens the Limo door for
Agnus. They get in and they're gone. Osc puts his palms up to
the sky. No rain. He calls inside:

OSC (CONT'D)
Mom, I better go.

Lauralie comes to the door, hands him an umbrella.

OSC (CONT'D)
You're a good mother.

INT. KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Stew and Agnus amble in, arm-in-arm. Stop abruptly.

The BANNER. The STREAMERS. GLITTER everywhere.
The three-man BAND (men in their late-50s, Don on drums).

Exactly as it was. Exactly as Agnus remembers it.

AGNUS
Oh my God.

A SHORT MAN with a FACE TATTOO approaches the microphone.

SHORT MAN
And now, The Pipe Dreams.
(beat)
I'll be getting another face tattoo
tonight if anyone wants to join me.

The Band plays a 90s ROCK SONG.
 ("Human Wheels" by John Mellencamp.)

The CROWD cheers. People in their late-20s dressed like kids at prom (grown-up versions of people from the video):

-- A **TIARA-WEARING WOMAN**. A visible patch sewn on her dress.
 -- **MEN IN SUNGLASSES**. Pass around a pack of NICORETTE GUM.
 -- The **GROWN-UP MOHAWK'D COUPLE** kisses in the shadows. Their FAKE MOHAWKS fall off in the heat of the moment, reveals one of them is MARTHA (the balloon-truck driver).

Buck, in a velvet jacket and jeans, points at the BANNER, boasts with a workman's joy to no one in particular:

BUCK
 I made that.

Agnus breaks away from Stew. Approaches one of the WAITERS.

AGNUS
 Vodka. Triple. Stat.

WAITER
 Very funny, young lady.

The Waiter winks at Agnus, walks on. Agnus slumps into a chair. A FLASK. Held out in front of her face. She looks.

AGNUS
 Stew.

STEW
 High school was a bitch.

Agnus takes a long swig, hands it back to Stew, grateful.

AGNUS
 Is a bitch, Stew. High school is a bitch. We haven't graduated yet. It being 2003, m'dear...

Agnus takes Stew's hand, leads him toward the dance floor.

EXT. SMALL TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Nicole in an elegant SKY-BLUE DRESS, waits against a lamppost. Nervous, celestial, her eyes alive - as though whatever happens, it's worth it.

She nods at a passing stranger. Glances at the moon. Whatever happens worth it - except this. Her alone. Again.

But as she turns to go:
Osc saunters across the street to meet her, umbrella in hand.

NICOLE
A little too cool, Mr. Monroe.

OSC
No such thing.

He can't look away from her.

OSC (CONT'D)
Magical.

NICOLE
You should've seen me ten years ago.

Osc agrees, with a downcast tip of his head.

EXT. KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

The sign (identical to the original):

**KATANIR HIGH SCHOOL
PROM 2002-03**

The heavy BASS from the music inside. Osc and Nicole outside.

The MAIN DOORS open and Osc and Nicole witness the chaotic celebration, the dancing, the giggling and squealing, clanking of cutlery, fabric against skin, dust settling...

And the doors close. Now just the thumping BASS again.

OSC
Should we go in?

It's a slow, but very definitive, realization for Nicole:

NICOLE
No.

Not what Osc was expecting.

OSC
Do you want to go for a walk?

The perfect question.

NICOLE
In the rain?

It's not raining. Not at all.

Osc opens the umbrella, covers them with it as they leave.

He glances back once. But Nicole takes his hand, rests her head against his shoulder, and he doesn't look back again.

INT. STEW'S PARENTS' PALATIAL HOME - NIGHT

Crowds of people. Much bigger than just a high school party. The Young Players invited all their friends. Toilet paper streamers. Beer. Smoke. Kissing everywhere. Deafeningly loud.

Martha and her Mohawk'd friend kiss, leave together.

Stew and Agnus dance. Both more than a little drunk. It's playful at first, but the music and the mood are sexual.

Stew spins Agnus around, dances close behind her.

Agnus, a good dancer, has fun, gets into it...
Spots LOLLY along the back wall. Just for a blink.

Agnus spins to face Stew. Keeps her distance.

AGNUS

You should be dancing with Lolly.

STEW

What? I can't hear you.

He pulls her close.

EXT. STEW'S PARENTS' PALATIAL HOME - NIGHT

Osc and Nicole stroll toward the house. Both pleasantly amazed by the turnout. Osc puts the umbrella down.

NICOLE

This is definitely not what this party was like in 2003.

OSC

Were you there?

NICOLE

No, but I remember 2003. It didn't sound, smell, or look like this.

Agnus runs out of the house, followed closely by Stew.

AGNUS

Get away from me, Stew.

He catches up to her anyway, puts a hand on her.
She pushes him off. As Lolly joins them.
Stew tries again. Agnus pushes hard, two hands.

Osc catches him, holds him steady.

STEW

I'm sorry, Agnus. I didn't--

AGNUS

What are you thinking?

STEW

No, I wasn't. I just--

Lolly takes Stew's hand. Eyes Agnus, hates her right now.

LOLLY

Stay away from my husband.

AGNUS

Tell that to your husband.

A circle forms, Agnus at the center.

OSC

Okay, wait. This is...
It's my fault.

AGNUS

It's not your fault, Osc. It's not
your fault that he tried to--

OSC

Yes, it is.

AGNUS

He tried to kiss me.

Lolly goes to slap Stew. Osc catches her hand. Looks at Agnus:

OSC

I told him to kiss you.

LOLLY

What the fuck?

AGNUS

You what?

OSC (CONT'D)

June 15, 2003. The last time you
were happy... The end of your
childhood... The kiss...

AGNUS

What kiss?

OSC
The kiss... The... Oh no.

AGNUS
You idiot.

She's holding back tears and angry as hell.

AGNUS (CONT'D)
June 15, 2003. Father's Day, Osc.

QUICK FLASHBACK TO:

Young Osc and Young Agnus in the Time Machine.
The cover opens, their FATHER'S STRONG HANDS descend.
Light streams in on them.
Osc stares guilt-ridden as his sister is lifted away.
Agnus' crying slows in her father's arms.

BACK TO SCENE:

Agnus pushes her way through the circle.
Backs into the street.
Almost hit by a car - the BALLOON SHOP VAN.

Honks. Swerves. Hits a tree.
The TRUNK POPS OPEN.
Agnus stumbles. To her feet. Runs.

As hundreds of BALLOONS stream out of the truck, into the sky.

Stew watches Agnus go - taking his past with her.

Martha and her friend get out of the truck. They're fine.

Osc, in shock, looks at Nicole, realization slowly coming...

NICOLE
I remember now. People complained.
They made prom the same day as--

OSC
It was his last one, Nick. Father's
Day. It was the last one...

They run to the STREET - but Agnus is already out of sight.

NICOLE
You get the car. I'll run after her
this way. Go around on Lampers
Street. We'll cut her off. Osc?

He can't move.

NICOLE (CONT'D)
It's not your fault.

OSC
It is.

Nicole watches him go, all the cool gone from him now.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) Osc jumps into the MINIVAN, slams on the gas.
- B) Nicole takes off her high-heel shoes, runs - she's fast.
- C) Agnus, with careless abandon, heads for a MAIN STREET.
- D) The Minivan takes a dangerous sharp turn.
- E) Agnus charges across the MAIN STREET.
- F) The Minivan swerves onto the sidewalk to avoid traffic.

MAIN STREET

Agnus gets to the other side just as Nicole reaches the intersection. Agnus sees Nicole. Keeps going. The light turns RED for Nicole. But she runs across anyway.

She's gaining on Agnus when a STRONG HAND cuts in front of her chest: a POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN
Light was red, ma'am.

NICOLE
Excuse me?

Osc in the MINIVAN pulls up from the opposite side. Nicole breaks away from the Policeman.

POLICEMAN
Hey.

NICOLE
(to Osc)
She went that way. She's not far.
You'll catch her.

OSC
Are you okay?

Nicole nods. Osc does a U-turn through traffic, speeds in the direction Agnus ran. Nicole returns to the Policeman.

POLICEMAN
That's a ticket-able offense what you did. That's jaywalking.

NICOLE
Is this really happening?

POLICEMAN
Yes, ma'am. There's been protests.
We're upping our enforcement of--

She eeks, does a tiny little jumping celebration dance, leaps into the Policeman's arms, hugs him. He does not reciprocate.

EXT. CLIFF OVERLOOKING A FOREST - NIGHT

Agnus' bare feet dangle over the edge.
Her eyes adrift in the endless tangled rows of trees and the wide gray starless night sky.

There's no movement in her. Just her hair, bowing to the steady breeze. Otherwise, still.

In the near distance, the sound of a CAR. The ENGINE DIES.
She hears footsteps, doesn't need to turn. Osc joins her.

OSC
Where are your shoes?

She points down the steep edge - she threw them over.

AGNUS
I used to come here with Dad. To
watch the people parachuting.

OSC
Yeah. I've seen them.

AGNUS
He asked me once if I'd go with him
but I was too scared. I thought we'd
go when I got older. He wanted to
know what I was afraid of. I made
fun of him, said it was obvious what
I was afraid of: falling, of course.
Because I didn't want to admit what
I think he knew. That I wasn't
afraid of falling. That my fear was
actually the exact opposite of that.
Because the ripcord, that's a big
decision, you know?
(beat)
You're so stupid.

OSC
I know.

AGNUS

Stew Barrow? You thought I'd kill myself because I never kissed Stew Barrow?

OSC

I thought he represented something.

AGNUS

He does. He represents Stew Barrow.

OSC

I'm sorry, Agnus.

She puts a forgiving hand on his knee.

AGNUS

Nobody can fill this world with wonder the way you do.

OSC

You said it was torture...

AGNUS

Sometimes. But my brother can travel through time? Are you kidding? It's sort-of incredible.

Osc laughs. But this is hard for him.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

That night. I went home early. Mom was already sleeping and you weren't back yet.

OSC

But Dad was awake. Of course.

AGNUS

Of course. It was about ten so I said it was still Father's Day and he had to let me make him dinner.

OSC

He didn't let you...

AGNUS

No way. He made--

OSC

Boiled hot dogs.

AGNUS

They were so good.

Osc laughs, wipes away tears, hopes Agnus doesn't see.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

Tonight was a miracle. It's what you do and I love you for it. But he...

Agnus stops. Osc looks down at the vast darkness below. Maybe he's looking for Agnus' shoes.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

The thing I miss most from when we were kids? You know how they say time flies when you're having fun? We had a lot of that.

OSC

A lot of time-flying.

AGNUS

And the opposite. When things were bad, every second was forever.

Osc remembers those days, too.

AGNUS (CONT'D)

But sometimes it didn't go fast and it didn't go slow. It just went exactly as it was. Time at the speed of time. You know? I don't have that anymore. What happened to those days? That's what I really miss. Dad was great at finding days like that.

More tears fall through. Osc wipes them away as they come.

OSC

I wanted so badly to--

AGNUS

Save me.

OSC

I can try, can't I?

Every tear against his will. They look out into the distance.

OSC (CONT'D)

I can't see him. I can't remember his face. His voice. I can't hear him anymore.

AGNUS

He comes and goes. He'll come back.

OSC

I used to let myself imagine. What if I'd spoken to him? At least tried convincing him. Life is better. He'd thank me. Maybe. Maybe not. But he'd listen, that's the point. He'd go on living. Like any other day. Because of me. I talk. It's what I do. I could've gotten to him, could've told him...

(to Agnus)

Don't do it.

AGNUS

Osc.

OSC

Whatever you're thinking, just don't. Don't. It's so simple: don't do it. I'm your older brother and I'm telling you and you have to listen to me. Don't do it.

Agnus pulls Osc close. He cries into her hair.

AGNUS

You know what made me feel better?

OSC

Throwing your shoes over?

AGNUS

Throwing my shoes over.

Osc slips off his shoes, fakes throwing them over. Shows Agnus: magic, the shoes still in his hand. He slips them onto Agnus' feet.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Agnus serves Osc and Lauralie boiled hot dogs.

The O/S SOUND of a BOY'S "Shhhh." And a GIRL'S giggle.

LIVING ROOM

The DUVET COVER.

Two lumps on the inside of it.

The ZIPPER opens.

A CHILD'S HAND pops out...

YOUNG AGNUS (O.S.)
Is it safe?

 YOUNG OSC (O.S.)
I think so...

Young Osc crawls out of the time machine.

 YOUNG OSC (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's safe.

Young Agnus crawls out, joins her brother.

DINING ROOM

Young Osc and Young Agnus watch from the doorway as present-day Osc and present-day Agnus enjoy dinner with their mother.

 YOUNG OSC
See? Nothing has changed. You don't
have to worry. Okay?

 YOUNG AGNUS
(relieved)
Yeah...
(beat)
Wait. Where's Daddy?

Young Osc sees: an empty chair. No place setting. His father nowhere to be seen. Panic on his young face...

Then, SWOOSH - Young Osc and Young Agnus are swept up into -
Their FATHER'S ARMS.

A big man, with a simple-pleasure grin and deep-set, sad-dog eyes. He twirls them once around.

 YOUNG OSC
We're from the past, Daddy.

 YOUNG AGNUS
We're just kids.

 FATHER
Boy. I hardly noticed.

 YOUNG AGNUS
I'm five.

 FATHER
You don't look a day over four-and-three-quarters.

Present-day Osc, from the table, notices them...

YOUNG OSC
What are we like when we're old?

FATHER
If I say, will I destroy the space-
time continuum?

The kids shake their heads - they don't know what that is.

FATHER (CONT'D)
You're the best kind of grown ups.
Good to people. No sad, suffocating
adult games. You do what's right.
Even if it scares you. And I love
you. More and more every day. I'll
take you back to your spaceship.

YOUNG OSC
It's not a spaceship.

YOUNG AGNUS
It has a zipper, Daddy.

YOUNG OSC
It's our time machine.

And they're gone. Present-day Osc backs away from the table.
He kisses Agnus on the head, the same to Lauralie, runs out.

Agnus looks at her feet - his shoes.

EXT. KATANIR, NJ - VARIOUS - NIGHT

Osc runs - barefoot - through the city.

INT. NICOLE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Osc, out of breath, pounds on the door. Nicole opens the door
in her familiar plaid pajamas.

OSC
Can I show you something?

NICOLE
I'm in my pajamas.
(looks down)
Where are your shoes?

Osc seems to notice his bare feet for the first time.

EXT. SMALL TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Osc (no shoes) positions Nicole (in her pajamas) on the sidewalk where she waited for him in her blue dress.

NICOLE
Why are we back here?

Osc takes a few steps into the street.
Looks at her, waits for the words to come.

OSC
You're even more heart-shattering-ly
beautiful than you were that night.

NICOLE
Osc, you didn't see me that night.
Trust me, I looked better then.

OSC
No. Now is better.
(pause)
And yes I did.

Nicole's smile fades. She has to remind herself to breathe.

Osc backs away further across the street. Nicole follows.

They come to a small CREVICE behind a bench.
Just big enough for a person.

QUICK FLASHBACK TO:

TEEN NICOLE, in her SKY-BLUE DRESS, soaked in the rain.
Exquisite and heart-broken.
In the CREVICE, TEEN OSC, in his TUX.
Paralyzed with fear.
Eyes trapped on Nicole.

BACK TO SCENE:

OSC (CONT'D)
I hid here. And I watched you. For
two hours. I didn't move.

NICOLE
In the rain?

OSC
All I felt was my fear. Frozen.

NICOLE
Fear of what? You knew I loved you.
You must've known that.

OSC

Fear of tomorrow, Nick. The end of now. I just sat there and watched. While you cried. Thinking maybe if neither of us moved, it wouldn't happen. And we could stay this way together forever.

Osc knows he's alone.
The burden of a single mistake heavy on him.

OSC (CONT'D)

Can you finally stop loving me?

She nods, and for the first time looks at Osc and sees a man - at once the same as, and nothing like, the boy she knew.

Osc lowers his eyes. She takes a step toward him.

NICOLE

But I won't if you won't.

His eyes open.

He brushes her hair out of her eyes.
She forgives him. How many years lost?

He kneels. Next to the crevice.
Pulls out the DIAMOND RING from his pocket.

OSC

Nick. Will you... Drive with me to Denver to return this ring to the allergy-prone woman I stole it from?

NICOLE

What?

OSC

And then marry me?

Nicole puts out her finger, conditionally:

NICOLE

Can we take the scenic route?

He slips the ring onto her finger. She helps him to his feet.

Finally - they kiss.

Just as it starts to rain.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAWN

Osc, barefoot, exhausted, and happy. Returns home, about to go in. Glances back at the MUDDY BLANKET still on the lawn.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Osc watches the blanket spin in the WASHING MACHINE.

NICOLE (V.O.)
The cop said, the way I ran into
the street, he thought I wanted to
kill myself.

OSC'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Osc spreads the newly cleaned BLANKET on his bed.

NICOLE (V.O.)
As if there could be no other
explanation for it.

KITCHEN - DAY

Osc, Agnus, and Nicole eat lunch at the table. Lauralie gives Nicole her blue platter.

NICOLE (V.O.)
As if we all just have this perfect
understanding of the cause and
effect of everything we do.

BASEMENT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Osc folds the DUVET COVER very carefully. Places it on a shelf at the back of the room, with the Polaroid camera.

NICOLE (V.O.)
No accounting for the moment.

EXT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Don stands beside Lauralie as she hugs Nicole. Lauralie takes Osc's hand. Osc hugs her, kisses her cheek.

OSC
I'll see you in a few weeks.

Osc hands Agnus the FLASHLIGHT from the Time Machine.

AGNUS

All the good stuff.

OSC

All the good stuff.

Agnus hugs Osc. One of those endless, every inch of you hugs.

Osc and Nicole get in the MINIVAN and they're gone.

Agnus holds back tears, finally manages to look at Lauralie:

AGNUS

I'm going to walk around a little.

Lauralie clings tight to Don's hand as they watch Agnus go.

EXT. MAIN STREET / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Osc drives. Nicole finishes the last bite of a sandwich.

NICOLE

...When the fact is, and I told the cop this, less than 5% of traffic-related deaths are voluntary...

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lauralie stares at Don, at the phone, back at Don.

LAURALIE

It's been too long. I shouldn't have let her go. Where is she?

EXT. MAIN STREET / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Nicole holds a can of Yoo-Hoo. Osc sips from it and drives.

NICOLE

...While three in every five gunshot deaths in America are from suicide. Or compare it to something like skydiving, where it's one in ten--

OSC

Wait. One in ten what?

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lauralie can't take it, grabs the phone, dials fast.

EXT. MAIN STREET / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Nicole can sense Osc's horror.

OSC
Nick. Skydiving.

NICOLE
One death in ten is voluntary.

Osc's mind races to connect the dots...

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS:**A) HOSPITAL - AGNUS' ROOM - DAY**

Osc paces. Agnus in bed.

AGNUS
What if you had to choose to live. Or
do nothing and slip away into death?

B) CLIFF OVERLOOKING A FOREST - NIGHT

Osc and Agnus, their feet dangling over the edge.

AGNUS
Because the ripcord, that's a big
decision, you know?

C) HOSPITAL - AGNUS' ROOM - DAY

Agnus in bed, Osc in the chair beside her.

AGNUS
I knew you wouldn't come home for
nothing. And I wanted to say good-bye.

D) AGNUS' CHILDHOOD BEDROOM

Agnus on the phone, Osc at the doorway in his tuxedo.

AGNUS
Ten A.M. Tuesday. I'll be there.

BACK TO SCENE:

EXT. MAIN STREET / INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Osc checks the dashboard clock: **10:12am.**

He shifts into REVERSE, swerves backward through traffic.

Pulls over to the side of the road.
Hops out of the van, leaves it running.

OSC
I'll be right back...

NICOLE
Where are you going?

EXT. CLIFF OVERLOOKING A FOREST - DAY

Osc sprints to the edge.
An airplane in the very far distance.

ONE PERSON jumps out of the side of the plane.

Osc stares. Helpless.
His mind a race of prayers and terror.

The PERSON in the distance -
Falls.
Falls.
Falls.

Closer and closer to the hard ground below.

Then suddenly:
Pop.

The parachute opens.

And Osc can breathe again, as the PERSON floats gently and safely to earth...

EXT. MAIN STREET / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Osc gets back into the driver's seat.

INT. OSC'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lauralie hangs up, her shaking finger immediately hits REDIAL. She presses the phone against her ear, waits...

EXT. RURAL AIRFIELD - DAY

Vast, serene. A CABIN with a sign: SKYDIVING CENTER.
The gentle, quiet sounds of nature... Interrupted by loud,
explicit rap music: Agnus' ringtone. It plays, cuts out.

AGNUS (O.S.)
Hey, Mommy.

EXT. MAIN STREET / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

Osc leans in, whispers something into Nicole's ear.

Whatever he said, she takes it very seriously.

They drive off, holding hands. Long pause.

Nicole pulls away from Osc, rolls down the window (literally
rolls), sticks her head outside, declares to the world:

NICOLE
He loves me!

EXT. I-95 / INT. 1997 MINIVAN - DAY

As the MINIVAN joins the many cars, Nicole pulls her head
back inside, considers, her confidence gone...

NICOLE
That is what you said, right?

Osc just smiles, gives nothing away.

.....

PROM VIDEOS (END CREDITS)

CREDITS ROLL while the event videos play:

A mix of CLIPS from
the original **KATANIR HIGH PROM**
and the **TIME TRAVEL VERSION**.

They're basically the same, really.
Except everyone's ten years older in one of them.

Time.
What can you do?

the end.