

RIPPLE

Written by

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Typing...

The distinct sound of *delete-delete-delete*.

MILES (V.O.)
I wasn't in a good place that
night.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

MILES (35) grabs a beer, like he *needs* it. He balances his phone on his shoulder.

MILES
Can you tell her I can't make it? I
don't know, tell her I'm sick, I
have - *emphysema*. I don't know.
Please. Really? You're the worst...

He puts the beer down on a coaster for *one second*-
And his CAT comes over and knocks it to the ground.

MILES (V.O.)
I adopted a cat, thinking that
would help. I named him Trouble.
Thought that'd be clever. *Here
comes Trouble*. Who was I kidding.
He didn't like me much, that I
remember. Should've gotten a dog.

He cleans it up. Checks the time.

MILES (V.O.)
Is that really where our story
begins? *Maybe*. But if we've learned
anything from *all this*, it's that
everything informs everything else.
Maybe our real beginning starts way
before.

EXT. CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

YOUNG MILES rides his bike when a CAR backs *RIGHT* into him.

MILES (V.O.)
Like how I could've died when I was
eight. I didn't, but I could've.
That's the point.

He lands with his face in the grass. Unhurt.

MILES (V.O.)
 I somehow landed on this tiny tuft
 of grass. One inch this way or that
 and I would've been a goner. That
 changed me, that brush with death.
 I never rode a bike again.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL LOCKERS - DAY

TEEN MILES draws in a notepad by himself. A definitely-more-popular-than Miles **GIRL** sees it as she passes.

MILES (V.O.)
 Or maybe it was when Laurel Van
 Patten said-

LAUREL VAN PATTEN
 I like your drawing.

Miles can't hide his heart bursting with teen joy.

MILES (V.O.)
 I changed my entire personality off
 of that one comment. God, that's so
 sad. Or romantic. I don't know. I
 was fifteen.

INT. SHARED APARTMENT - DAY

Recent Miles sobs, coming undone, as **GRACE** (33) tries to talk to him. She wears a faded teal **BAND SWEATSHIRT**.

MILES (V.O.)
 Or maybe it was getting my heart
 ripped out and stomped on, not long
 before. *Yeah*, that's probably it.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Miles of now searches for acceptable date clothes.

At the back of his closet, he unearths **GRACE'S SWEATSHIRT**.

MILES (V.O.)
 I almost didn't go.

He stops in his tracks. Frozen.

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX UNDERGROUND PARKING - NIGHT

Miles wills himself to go. Steps out of the tiny elevator.

His **TERRIFYING LANDLORD**, inexplicably shirtless with a surgical scar down his torso, spots him-

TERRIFYING LANDLORD
Your cat's *scratching* the wood
floors. You pay extra monthly.

Miles ducks away, pretends he has AirPods in, *can't hear*.

MILES (V.O.)
How many other moments in the last
day, month, *thirty-five years*,
nudged me this way or that, leading
me to who I am now-

We see *FLASHES* of defining moments of Miles' life:

- MILES (6) hides in a clothes rack while his PARENTS argue.
- MILES (17) finishes too fast with his FIRST GIRLFRIEND.
- MILES (21) during a NYE party, taken by the stars and fireworks, while everyone else is hooking up.
- MILES (25) sits alone at a bar as Grace's band comes out.

MILES (V.O.)
That led me *here*-

EXT. APPLE PAN - NIGHT

Miles waits outside. Lost in thought, in those memories.

MILES (V.O.)
That led me to you.

SADIE (35) darts up to him. Finger guns *pew-pewing*.

SADIE
I take it you're Miles?

He snaps out of it.

MILES
Sadie.

Neither know it, but this is one of those moments.

INT. APPLE PAN - MOMENTS LATER

They step inside and wait against the wall for seats.

MILES

Have you been here-

SADIE

Hold up, we gotta focus. Those two vultures over there-

(nods to TWO OLD WOMEN)

-are scoping out that seat in the corner, they'll just *claim* it and wait for the one next to them to open up, but if *those two* open up, it's three in a row, and *that* family will jump us, *not on my watch*. There - go-go-go-

COUNTER

They clamber into their seats. The Old Women look *livid*. But Sadie doesn't care. She spins in her chair to face Miles.

SADIE

Okay, let's do this. *Why you?* Lera told me nothing, kept you *mysterious*.

MILES

I have no idea. All she said was "I met someone else who's single" and - like - *demand*ed I go on a date with you?

SADIE

Yeah, what's with everyone being so *uncomfortable* with being single, especially "at our age." It's like they can see my eggs shriveling up in real time and it *pains* them. *They must fix it, this disease*.

MILES

That is *exactly* how you were described. Please save this decaying woman, riddled with singleness. And I couldn't say no, it's like *dating unemployment*, if you don't act like you're trying, they really come after you.

Sadie pounces on that-

SADIE

So, wait, you don't actually want to be here then?

MILES

No, it was a joke, I didn't mean-

SADIE

Yeah, but it sounded pretty real, like if you don't wanna be here, you can tell me.

She smacks his arm. Like *legit*.

MILES

I do - I -

(*no, I don't*)

I don't. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said yes. I'm just not looking for *any of that* right now. And - that makes me an asshole.

Sadie puts her head on the counter.

SADIE

...thank GOD. I don't wanna be here either! *This is amazing. The relief.*

Sadie relaxes, blobbing out.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Every couple weeks, I get forced on these dates, and you're right, it is like unemployment, like yes, I'm trying, *wink*. And I have to put on this whole act, and get dressed up, because I can't just be a *jerk* to some guy who's probably *looking for real connection*, and it's so *exhausting*.

She turns to Miles, excited to have a confidant now.

SADIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Like I've even developed this whole system, *right*, where I pick a place that has a built in timer, but doesn't *seem* like it does, like *here*.

(MORE)

SADIE (CONT'D)

You're in and out in half an hour, tops, and you're *full*, no one wants to do anything after when you're *full*, so I'm home by nine, no one's feelings are hurt, and my meal was paid for because *chivalry* - still holding you to that by the way.

MILES

Well, I just noticed this is cash only, so...this is actually on you.

Touché. Sadie studies Miles. He does the same back.

SADIE

I'm excited to spend this tight twenty-to-thirty minutes with you and then never see you again. And we don't need to do the whole *ooh, tell me about your life, I'm sooo interested in you* thing. We can just eat some *hickory burgers*.

MILES

I *hate* when people are interested in me as a person.

SADIE

The worst. Like I don't wanna know what you did last weekend.

MILES

And I wouldn't want to tell you that I watched *Babe* alone, because I feel like I never saw it as a kid, but then I realized toward the end that none of it made sense because I wasn't *really* paying attention to it, so I just started it over and watched it again.

SADIE

That's - I would never want to know that.

As the Waiter swings over, it's hard for them to deny...

This is going well.

So by the time the-

CHECK COMES

They let it sit there. Their exit. But...

SADIE

Since we're here, I kinda need to get pie... If you want some too, it's on me, apparently.

MILES

If it's on you.

She signals the Waiter.

EXT. APPLE PAN - LATER

Outside. California chilly. They linger.

MILES

I'm way too full. Might walk it off. If you wanted to join. Or like walk near me, for digestion purposes.

They will *not* let this end. Despite themselves.

EXT. WESTWOOD STREETS - NIGHT

So they walk. Aimless.

Devolving into that perfect kind of night. The intoxicating falling for someone kind of night. Wandering into open shops:

- Smelling all the weird smells in the crystal shop.

SADIE

I moved here - four months ago? I was in San Diego for a bit, Cleveland before that - people should *not* sleep on Cleveland.

MILES

God, I could never do that. I've been in my *apartment* for, like, seven years. Don't you wanna find a place and just *burrow* into it, be comfortable?

SADIE

If I find that place, I'll let you know. I'm thinking *Seattle* next, give me that *rain*.

- Perusing the fish at a Pet Store. They do a PHOTO SHOOT with Sadie and the hamsters. One escapes.

MILES

Probably to become a regular at a diner. Having *your booth*. Knowing the waiters. Having that *quiet confidence* to come in and just *read a book* while you eat.

SADIE

NO, that's so *mundane*, that can't be your *life dream*?! I won't - I can't accept that. I can't.

(then, her philosophy)

At the end of the day, don't you want to be able to say *I had a good time*?

- Playing all the pianos at Guitar Center.

SADIE (CONT'D)

(singing, very bad)

I work at a luggage store, if you ever want a suitcase or whatever. I get a sizable employee discount I could use.

She shoots him a *now you*.

And on the full on grand piano, Miles tickles the keys and he's surprisingly good. Like chords and shit.

MILES

Uhhh. I'm a graphic designer at an advertising firm. I can't make that sound cool, but I can do this...

(with a flourish, then)

I dated a musician once. Learned a few things.

SADIE

That is not fair at all.

The stoned **EMPLOYEE** saunters up between them.

EMPLOYEE

Okay, we're closing. It's like midnight. And I know you're not buying any of this shit. So.

Fair.

SADIE

But I need to play one more song.

The Employee shakes his head. Turns off the lights over them.

In the darkness, Sadie hits the presets of a player piano.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Here we go. Eight-one-eight. Seven-four-two. This has no rhythm at all. Nine-two-nine-one.

MILES

What's that?

SADIE

My number, you idiot.

She keeps playing, *bashful*. The Employee returns, annoyed-

MILES (V.O.)

It was *then*, in retrospect, at 11:57pm, as we fled the Guitar Center, that the fabric of the universe shifted beneath our feet. The world changed.

They steal glances at each other as they flee, and it's clear everything *has* changed. But he's not talking about them.

MILES (V.O.)

And "The Post" went live.

CLOSE ON: A COMPUTER SCREEN

Someone unseen finishes up a Tumblr-esque POST.

MILES (V.O.)

It wasn't even *the* post then. It was just a post. By a user named XxNavi47xX.

NAVI, presumably, scrolls through for one final check.

MILES (V.O.)

By all means, it read like a fictional, or downright insane, manifesto, bragging about being the first time traveler in recorded history. It ended with a list of national lottery numbers for the next three drawings to prove his or her legitimacy.

They click PUBLISH. And with that, it's out into the world.

MILES (V.O.)

But no one noticed it, because, you know, the internet. It was a random user on a random blog whose only other post was from a decade prior.

A *Lumineers* lyric. Like a teenager would post.

MILES (V.O.)

We all had more pressing things on our minds.

INT. JACKSON AND LERA'S HOUSE - DAY

Miles helps **JACKSON** build a CRIB. It is not going well.

JACKSON

Why are there five sides now? Is this a pentagon-shaped crib?

LERA, very pregnant, waddles in, carrying a portable speaker blasting some Rachmaninov.

LERA

Soooo, how'd it go?

MILES

It went - it went well.

JACKSON

That's all you're gonna get from him. *It was nice. It was fine. It was no big deal.*

MILES

It wasn't. She wasn't looking for anything serious. We had *hickory burgers*. And it was...

For a second, he slips into the memories of last night. A slight smile escapes him. But he reins it back in.

MILES (CONT'D)

It was nice.

(re: the music)

Does that really do anything?

LERA

Allegedly helps with literacy? So he can - *get into college*? I don't know. *Stop avoiding the question.*

(MORE)

LERA (CONT'D)

I saw that *wistful* little look. You clearly like *this girl*, so why are you like - this?

Miles turns the crib components in his hand.

MILES

I'm just...not ready yet. I'm still dealing with the Grace of it all.

JACKSON

Fuuuck Grace. What? That was *months* ago. You can't live in the past forever. Get out of your head and *call her*. You know you want to.

He's right. He does, *so bad*. But he's *scared*.

LERA

If you don't, I will. I'll impersonate you. You lent us an iPad and *never* logged out. I can text as you *whenever* I want.

JACKSON

Don't tell him that. Now he's gonna delete it.

Lera stares Miles down. *Do it*.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles paces around his sparse apartment. Sits in every chair. Gazes out every window.

All because he's constructing a text. *The text*.

He consults with his cat, Trouble. Shows him a BLOCK OF TEXT. Trouble hisses in terror.

MILES

Good feedback. *Uuuugh*.

Finally, Miles lays down on the floor. Stares at his godforsaken phone.

MILES (CONT'D)

Siri, construct a message to Sadie that's charming, but not trying too hard, but also *intelligent*, but still *casual*, but not detached, and *short*, like *seven words tops*-

SIRI
Calling Sadie...

Oh shit. Oh no. Oh fuck.

SADIE
(filtered)
Uhhh, hello?

MILES
Hey, hi, it's Miles.

SADIE
You're calling me? On the phone?
That's so daring.

He smiles to himself, slipping right back into last night.

MILES
That's the first word everyone uses
to describe me.

SADIE
Your phone voice is so much
huskier, *interesting*.

MILES
Is it? Yours is... I don't know
what's different, but it is.

SADIE
(going full Southern)
I reckon I don't know what you
mean, this is my normal, old
speaking voice.

MILES
No, there's definitely something
different. Do you have a cold?

SADIE
(hard turn to Julia Child)
I'm as fit as a fiddle, I think
something's wrong with your
receiver.

As they devolve into even stranger voices, we slip into their
new lives together as they start to date:

EXT. FAIRFAX FLEA MARKET - DAY

Miles and Sadie peruse the vendors. Model vintage shirts. Discover a stand of BIZARRE HAND-MADE CELEBRITY MASKS. Sadie has to buy the Danny DeVito one.

MILES (V.O.)

You were a blur of a person, always on the move, never giving yourself a chance to breathe and think, by design, I realize now.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles backpedals like a tour guide for Sadie.

MILES (V.O.)

You made everything feel *exciting* and *new*.

He gestures to a DINING TABLE.

MILES

This is what some call a *found* piece. This incomplete dining set, three chairs, one table, was discovered in the wild on the junction of Rowena and Ames. Acquired in a very competitive situation.

She examines each piece like a fascinated museum-goer.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh, and *this* is a real rarity. Made custom by my terrifying landlord, we have an oven that can't cook, but it can *sing*.

He opens the OVEN DOOR and it makes the strangest noise. *Oohs* and *aaahs* from the gallery.

What next? He backs up, past a CHAIR piled with CLOTHES-

MILES (CONT'D)

That's my clothes chair. I put my clothes on it for some reason. I didn't expect you to see that.

SADIE

And what's that over there?

She points to his BED.

MILES

That...that is my bed.

She gives him a mischievous smile.

INT. ROCK CLIMBING GYM - DAY

Sadie races up the colorful wall. He can't keep up with her, slips and falls. Dangles there. She looks down at him.

MILES (V.O.)

You were this *thing* shot out of a cannon, and I was this anchor, holding you back, slowing you down, but you didn't seem to mind, you seemed pleasantly surprised by our new collective pace.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Miles lays on top of Sadie in bed. Full body weight.

SADIE

You're the perfect weighted blanket.

She closes her eyes. Could fall right back asleep.

SADIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to leave this bed.

MILES

Then let's not.

So they don't:

- They talk, close, changing positions throughout the day.
- They lay down a trail of pillows, floor-is-lava style, for acceptable bathroom breaks.
- They order food, drop the key out the window, so the delivery guy can bring it all the way to their bedside.
- And they make it all the way to night...

SADIE

It's weirdly high, right? *Like forty women?* Are you one of those *unsuspecting man-whores?* Quietly *whooring* around.

MILES

It's...way lower. Making me all insecure about it... Four. I've been with four people. But that's only because I was with *one person* for *nine years*. So.

There's a story there.

MILES (CONT'D)

You don't wanna... She's not one of those people you need to worry about or anything. It ended bad.

(fuck, here he goes)

Her name was Grace. She was a singer. Heard her play at this shitty bar I was at after a date flaked on me. Stayed all night.

FLASH - Miles sitting alone, watching Grace play -

MILES (CONT'D)

I didn't know how to ask her out after, because I'm - *me* - so I offered to design some merch for her and her band. She put me to work before she figured out my motives. Then, nine years. A good, pleasant almost-decade. Then she cheated on me. Like a full-blown emotional thing. Out of nowhere.

She pulls closer to him. Listening. Present.

MILES (CONT'D)

(somewhere else, bare)

She knew everything about me, every part of me, and was like, *no thank you, can't love that*. I wasn't enough.

(then, saving face)

I handled it great.

FLASH - Miles breaking down, coming undone -

He makes a goofy face, *tone change, por favor*.

MILES (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Okay, your turn, what's your most *damaging life moment*, please?

She's still lost in his story. This new way of seeing him. She has to shake it off to switch gears.

SADIE

Uhhhhh.

She scrunches up her face in mock-debate - *so many options* - before meeting his eyes again. She turns serious. Suddenly...*scared*.

And it's like something inside of her is just saying *go, go-*

SADIE (CONT'D)

My dad killed himself when I was sixteen.

(avoids eye contact)

I had snuck out to hang out with some friends, *there was a guy I liked*, so stupid, and when I came back... We found him - I found him - in his office. He was a lawyer, I thought he was just working late on... I don't know. Apparently, smart people are *exceptionally good* at hiding depression...

As she talks, Miles can't take his eyes off her. He holds her hand. And she laces her fingers into his. Steady.

SADIE (CONT'D)

(catching herself)

WHOA, I did not mean to one-up your tragic story like that-

MILES

No, no - I mean, you did, but for good reason-

SADIE

Sorry - it was like this window opened to say it, *just say it*, and I've never felt that and-

MILES

I get it.

And with that, they fall into a shaky quiet.

They eye each other. Exposed and scared and close. So close. *What have we done?*

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Miles wakes up. Sadie does too, and watches him...

SADIE
You're still here.

...like she thought he might've run away over night.

EXT. JACKSON AND LERA'S BACKYARD - DAY

A baby shower in full swing. Pacifiers dot the tables.

Miles and Sadie enter, carrying a gift. Lera hones in on them and toddles over.

LERA
Your public debut. I did that. *I made that happen.*

MILES
Oookay, we're leaving.

LERA
Oh, shut up. Go mingle. Eat the placenta shaped cake that *no one's touching*. Keith made it. Look at you *two*.

Lera hugs them both. They not-so-secretly love it.

LATER

Miles and Sadie make their rounds. Chatting with the other **PARTY GUESTS**. Sadie's an instant hit, fitting right in.

LATER

The Party Guests play a series of party games, like Don't Drop The Baby. They hold an egg (with a baby face drawn on) in a spoon and race.

Miles and Sadie get too competitive with each other. It's simple, wholesome fun. A glimpse into the future. But then-

JACKSON
He posted again.

Everyone STOPS. Pull out their phones. Eggs dropped left and right. Miles and Sadie are *so confused*.

SADIE
Who posted what again?

Jackson looks up. *What?*

JACKSON

You're kidding, right? How do you not know? Do you not have *the internet*?

LERA

They've been in their romantic cocoon. Oblivious to the world. We were like that once.

JACKSON

Navi. The time traveler. Has a Tumblr.

Miles and Sadie look at each other, even *more* confused. Jackson sighs and launches into an explanation-

MILES (V.O.)

So they laid it all out for us, in excruciating detail, how the world came to know the alleged time traveler XxNavi47xX. They walked us through The Post, which sat undiscovered for weeks until six friends discovered it and proceeded to win the next three lotteries. They detailed how they were investigated by the FBI for such a remarkable coincidence. And how the press release explaining how they knew the numbers led to the widespread discovery of Navi's page. And from there, it was all anyone could talk about.

Jackson and the Party Guests act it all out in wild, animated detail. All Miles and Sadie can do is *watch*, mystified.

JACKSON

And *now*, after all this silence, Navi posted again. Another set of lottery numbers. To prove that he's legit, now that the whole world's watching. Which just happened.

Out of breath, Jackson waits for their reaction.

SADIE

...well that sounds like bullshit.

MILES

Yeah, why would someone use time travel just to go viral? Shouldn't he be doing something *important*?

SADIE

Like the *least* you gotta do if you
can time travel is smother baby
Hitler.

MILES

That's the bare minimum.

SADIE

It's gauche not to at this point.

They're enjoying this far too much.

JACKSON

Okay. Forget you two, lovebirds.

LERA

Yeah, we need to go *buy those*
lottery tickets. When can we go?

PARTY GUEST

...this is your baby shower.

Lera's like *right, then let's go*. They all filter out.

Leaving Miles and Sadie behind. *Should we...?*

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

A Customer buys LOTTERY TICKETS from the window. And he's not
the only one. The line snakes on forever...

...and at the way back are Jackson, Lera, Miles, Sadie, and
the rest of the Party Guests.

SADIE

This is so dumb.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sadie paces with their lottery ticket in front of the TV.

SADIE

Okay, but *what if we did win?* Like
should we buy a boat? Should we
become boat people? Do we get his
and her boats? *I'm gonna do it. I'm*
gonna buy us some boats.

(glancing at the TV)

How are there still *ten minutes*
until the drawing?

(MORE)

SADIE (CONT'D)

What are we supposed to do for *ten whole minutes*?

Miles flops on the bed in his sweats. Makes it sexy.

MILES

I only need five.

NOT EVEN FIVE MINUTES LATER...

After. Naked. Lying on their stomachs, watching the TV.

Miles writes on her back with his finger. She guesses.

SADIE

Donut? *Dentist*? What?

MILES

Danny DeVito!

SADIE

WHY? Okay, okay, *do another*. I got this.

He thinks. Looking at her - that smile, that ease. Even in the unflattering light of the TV, she's just...*everything*.

Something overcomes Miles. Not a game anymore.

He draws an **I. L. O. V...** *You know the rest.*

SADIE (CONT'D)

(knowing)

What - what'd you write?

MILES

(scared)

Nothing.

She pulls him down so they're face to face.

SADIE

No, tell me.

MILES

You know.

They look at each other.

You first.

SADIE
*Fuck. Why's this so scary? I'm
 thirty-five years old.*

MILES
 You're shaking.

SADIE
 So are you.

Say it.

MILES
 I love you.

SADIE
 I love you.

There it is.

Neither stops shaking. But now they're smiling too.

There is no greater feeling.

LOTTO HOST (O.S.)
And away we go. 4. 26. 42...

SADIE
 Oh, shit.

She scrambles to find the ticket. Looks at it:

4 26 42 50 60 24*

LOTTO HOST
 50. 60. And the Megaplier is...24.

MILES
 Holy shit. We won.

SADIE
WE WON! *We won the frickin'
 lottery!*

And she tackles him and they kiss and they're just so close
 because they won way more than the lottery and they know it.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 Say it again.

MILES
 We won the lottery.

SADIE

No, the other thing.

He leans in and whispers it in her ear.

And she whispers it back.

MILES (V.O.)

That feeling was more nerve-wracking, mind-boggling, and life-altering than the idea that *seconds* before, time travel had been proven to be real.

They're so lost in it that the gravity of what's happened escapes them. Until-

SADIE

Hold up. *Does* this mean time travel is real?

EXT. MILES' APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Miles and Sadie step outside.

They look around, all dramatic, like the world might have *totally changed* and be like *on fire* or something.

MILES

I don't know what I was expecting.

But everything is...the exact same.

MILES (V.O.)

At first, nothing happened. It was almost disappointing.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sadie flops onto the couch, blowing up Trouble's spot.

SADIE

Some "time traveler." *Not a single hoverboard.* What a *JOKE*.

Trouble *meows* in disdain at her. Pissed off, as cats usually are. He maneuvers up onto a shelf-

MILES (V.O.)

But that was just the quiet before the storm...

-and SCREECH-LEAPS out onto Sadie - *THWP* -
 Sadie notices too late, braces herself before noticing -
 She's being...licked? By...

A **beagle?**

SADIE

You saw that, right? Like - *that*
 was - Trouble was -

Sadie looks wide-eyed at Miles. Who is just as wide-eyed. But then he *remembers...*

MILES

A cat. But - he's always been a
 dog. I rescued him. He was brought
 in right as I got to the shelter...

Miles kneels down beside him. Checks his collar. *Trouble.*

Trouble bays his mournful howl. Miles pets him. And looks at Sadie. *What the fuck?*

NEWS REPORTER (PRE-LAP)

A reported 115 million winning
 tickets were sold in tonight's
 PowerBall, making each ticket
 holder's winnings worth *three whole*
 dollars. And that's not even the
 strangest thing - afterwards,
reality started changing in front
 of people's eyes-

INT. JACKSON AND LERA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Miles, Sadie, Jackson, and Lera gather in the kitchen.
 Drinking coffee to have their wits about them.

MILES (V.O.)

Stories like ours were all over the
 place that night. On the news.
 Whispered like gossip. *Did you*
see... Did you hear... Can you
believe...?

The LOCAL NEWS plays on the TV in the LIVING ROOM. A stately
 NEWS ANCHOR (**ANDREA ASHBURY-KENNARD**) continues her report:

ANDREA

-are we seeing the repercussions of this *time traveler* changing events in the past? Here to discuss is our own Dan Trevino with a local man who *suddenly* owned a jet ski-

Jackson paces and stares at Trouble, who rests on the floor.

JACKSON

And you're *sure* Trouble was a cat, before it *transformed in front of your eyes*?

MILES

Yeah.

SADIE

But the weird part was-

JACKSON

That *wasn't* the weird part?

SADIE

No. It was that we could...remember what *used to be*. Like I could hold both at the same time in my head.

Something *undefined* troubles all of them about this. Quiet.

MILES (V.O.)

It was like there was a lag period. This...overlap. You could hold on to the previous version and the new one in the palm of your hand simultaneously. But over time, a couple minutes, an hour, if you're lucky, a little more, the old one would *slip away*...

Sadie draws CIRCLES with her mug's condensation on the table.

SADIE

It's like a Venn diagram pulling apart. One reality on each side.

On TV, the REPORTER interviewing the JET SKI GUY seems confused, no idea what the reporter is talking about anymore.

MILES

But we keep *talking* about what happened, so wouldn't we *remember* just because we talked about it in the *new*...whatever this is?

Miles' brain might explode.

Actually, all of their brains might explode.

LERA

Maybe it's like when you write something down in the middle of the night. Like one time I woke up and saw that I wrote "MILK FIGHT" on a pad of paper, and I was like, *what does THAT mean?* You remember the fact that Trouble was a cat, because you told us that, you wrote it on a pad of paper, but, like, could you tell me *anything* about that cat? Any detail at all?

MILES

Yeah, uh...

But he comes up blank. Looks to Sadie.

She shakes her head. Nothing. *Whoa.*

LERA

Milk fight.

MILES

So it's just gone. Changed forever. *Erased.*

JACKSON

But *what part of your life changed* that caused you to switch from getting a cat to *this dog?*

MILES

I don't know.

Add that to the list of concerns swimming around.

LERA

It's all kinda scary, right?

They all go quiet. Lost in thought. Each playing out a different scenario in their head...

Except Sadie.

SADIE

I don't know. What's *really* going to change?

(MORE)

SADIE (CONT'D)

Marty McFly going back and seducing his mom changes things for, like, what, *eight people* in his life? For everyone else, it's your lizard's a fish now, *that kinda thing*. We're on the periphery of *whatever* this jagoff is doing.

(then)

If anything, it's kinda cool.

And off Sadie's look of *anticipation*-

INT. RALPH'S - DAY

Miles and Sadie shop for their weekly groceries...

MILES (V.O.)

And it was. At first. And like all strange and unprecedented changes, we became accustomed to it quickly. It became the background to our lives.

...and witness a SHOPPER *crash* into a CART that suddenly popped into existence. She's embarrassed. They love it.

And with that, we start to turn, as if we're on a *carousel*. The world shifting *around* Miles and Sadie. *Slow at first*-

ON TV:

Every TALK SHOW and NEWS PROGRAM is about Navi.

MILES (V.O.)

Our attention turned less to *what* was happening, but *who* was making it happen. Navi became an obsession, despite the fact that we knew next to nothing about them.

INT. SADIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Miles and Sadie have *Fast & Furious* on in the background.

MILES

There's no way he's *not* a government operative.

SADIE

Sure, that sounds plausible, *maybe probable*, but hear me out - aliens.

MILES

Why is it *always* aliens with you?

THWP. On TV, Vin Diesel changes into Ryan Phillippe saying family. Sadie flips, you saw that, right?

Miles nods, uneasy now. *As the speed picks up-*

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

They rush to the hospital and meet Lera and Jackson's newborn, **ELI**. Sadie holds him. Melts.

MILES (V.O.)

It felt like a grand story
happening just outside of our
reach. We were all just caught in
the ripples.

She passes him to Miles. The **COLOR** of Eli's eyes **CHANGE**.
Moving too fast now-

MILES (V.O.)

Whether we wanted it or not.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Miles has the **NEWS** on - *reports about ripples in other towns*.
Sadie kicks off her shoes after work.

SADIE

I was on a *roll* today. There was
this ripple that came in, changed
some of our inventory, and *whabam*,
I was like *ooh, time travel, only
thing better is real travel*. Sold a
whole set of suitcases for a
family, like, *maybe a ripple will
bump you into first class this
time, HA*. My boss was even like
*you're getting too good, asked me
if I wanted to be a manager, can
you imagine? Gross*.

Miles can barely focus on her story. Nodding along. *Spinning
too fast now-*

EXT. STREET PARKING - NIGHT

Miles walks Sadie to her car at the end of the night. Her
phone **RINGS**. *At the center of the storm-*

SADIE

Ughh, it's my mom. She swears the ripples keep changing her TV settings, and I can't-

Suddenly, Miles REACHES OUT. And holds on to her.

MILES

We should move in together.

She's a bit surprised, but the idea settles in and she nods. *Hell yeah.* And, finally, the world stops spinning.

EXT. MILES' APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Miles and Sadie, holding Trouble's leash, stand outside one of the downstairs apartment doors.

SADIE

You got this. Say it back to me.

MILES

I'm moving out. And I believe I am owed my full deposit back.

SADIE

You believe? We practiced this. Get serious. Get mean. Rahhhh.

MILES

He's a very scary man and I'm afraid of him.

Sadie KNOCKS suddenly for him.

MILES (CONT'D)

What - no - I'm not -

SADIE

I believe in you. We'll be right behind you.

She and Trouble retreat.

MILES

Why are you so far away?

The Terrifying Landlord, still shirtless, opens the door.

MILES (CONT'D)

Hi, Alexi. So nice to see you. Sir.

TERRIFYING LANDLORD

Your dog too loud. Raise your rent.

MILES

Funny you bring up rent. I'm actually moving out. And I wanted to ask about the process of getting my deposit back-

TERRIFYING LANDLORD

No deposit. Damage everywhere.

MILES

I actually have photos that-

The Landlord just...closes the door. But Miles puts his foot in the gap at the last second. Which is *bold*.

TERRIFYING LANDLORD

You try to *break in* to my home? I break into *your* home.

MILES

What, no, I wasn't-

Miles cowers, when - *THWP* - the Terrifying Landlord turns into...a super **CHILL BRO LANDLORD**.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

And then he's like-

CHILL BRO LANDLORD

Oh shit is right.

The gravity hits them all at once.

Chill Bro Landlord looks around. Laughs nervously. *Whoa*.

CHILL BRO LANDLORD (CONT'D)

I was *in line* at Carl's Jr. And now I'm *here*. That's - *a lot*. What were we talking about? Your deposit. Yeah, I got you. Don't worry. Gonna *miss y'all*. And Trouble - *here comes Trouble*, right? *Wild*.

SADIE

You are *soooo* much better than the last guy. He *sucked*.

CHILL BRO LANDLORD
So I've heard. I found like three
knives hidden in random spots when
I moved in.

They both start laughing.

But not Miles. He's having a *panic attack*.

INT. FURNITURE STORE - DAY

Miles and Sadie sit on a couch.

MILES
What happened to *it* won't happen to
us?

SADIE
It didn't. It happened *near* us.

MILES
But how do you know we're not next?

Sadie gets up. Walks over to a different couch. He follows.

SADIE
Because we have *nothing to do* with
your weird ass landlord.

MILES
Okay, yeah. But what if some other
piece of our lives *near* us
disappears? What if you never met
Lera? What if you lived in *Los
Feliz*? We met on a blind date. That
neither of us *wanted* to go to. All
it takes is one little - and then
it all Jengas down-

SADIE
And what if it doesn't? I thought
your landlord *changing* was a good
thing. You got your deposit back.
Now we can have *actual* furniture.
So can we not do this?

She moves to yet another couch, a super comfy sectional.

MILES
But, like, *who's* to say?

SADIE

Me. Enough. This is a...*big deal* for me. I've never moved in with a boyfriend before. Or had him move in with me, whatever. I don't let people into my life *that way*. And by doing *that*, I'm saying *this one, this one's gonna stick around*. So. We're not going anywhere. That's the fucking *point*.

(then)

Now *PICK A COUCH*.

She looks at him. She might be frustrated with him, with herself, but *damn, did he find that romantic*.

MILES

This one.

She spreads out across it. Sinks her whole face in.

SADIE

I agree.

Miles fishes around for the *PRICE TAG*.

MILES

My deposit wasn't *that* big. We can afford...the *pillows* on this couch.

(checking those)

A pillow.

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Empty. Small, windowless, dingy...but *theirs*. Moving day.

Miles and Sadie haul in furniture, boxes, clothes. All by themselves. Sweaty and taxing.

They put out: a beagle bobblehead, the found table, their framed lottery ticket, photos that came with the frame, the Danny DeVito mask. A tableau of *them*.

Miles spots Sadie lingering over a box. Considering whether to take out its contents. Miles looks inside and sees a *FAMILY PHOTO* of her as a kid, her mom, and her **DAD**.

He reaches in, as if to say "*may I?*" She's pauses, nods. He puts it up on the wall. "*Good?*" Seeing it out of the box and into the open, for all to see... "*Good.*"

And finally, they place the fancy *PILLOW* from the store on their decidedly shitty, second-pick couch.

They step back. Admiring. *Their place.*

And then they look behind them where there are HUNDREDS of MOVING BOXES piled up. *Not done yet.*

INT. ALLEY - DAY

They break down all hundred boxes. Not so glamorous work.

As he wrestles a box closed, Miles notices something left behind - Grace's TOUR SWEATSHIRT.

Sadie comes up behind him before he can hide it.

SADIE

What's that?

MILES

It's the...the sweatshirt I made for Grace's band. The first one, the trial run. It's hers, she wore it all the time. But I took it. I thought she'd come back for it. Couldn't just throw it away for some reason.

(then)

I don't know what I should do with it.

Sadie studies Miles, seeing him grapple with more than he lets on.

SADIE

I do.

EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY

Sadie sets up a makeshift PYRE. Miles lays the sweatshirt on it. Like a ceremony.

She hands him a LIGHTER. And he SETS IT ABLAZE.

They step back. Saluting it. Sparklers go off. *Nice touch.*

And then it EXPLODES. *Oh fuck.*

They back away. And break out into a RUN.

And they don't stop running, even once they're in the clear. They can only look at each other. Exhilarated. *Free.*

And then Miles TRIPS, just nosedives into the ground.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

A NURSE fits Miles for a CAST on his arm.

MILES

We just moved in together.

Sadie shakes her head. Can't help but laugh at him.

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles struggles to remove his sweatshirt with his cast and chucks it on a nearby chair.

He joins Sadie lounging on the shitty couch. Settles in.

SADIE

That's our clothes chair now.

She finds his hand, poking out of the cast like a turtle out of its shell, and locks fingers with him.

Their first night together here. It feels different from all the other nights.

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.2) - MORNING

Sunlight streams in. Waking Miles up on the couch. Alone.

As his eyes clear, he notices...

He's not on the shitty couch. He's on the GOOD COUCH.

WTF?

He looks around-

This is a different apartment than he fell asleep in.

Like there are windows and - wait -

MILES

Sadie... **SADIE!**

He scrambles into action.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck, it's happening.

Closes his eyes. *Hold on to her.*

MILES (CONT'D)
I can still remember-

And then Sadie just strolls out of the bathroom.

Miles' eyes go wide. Like he just had a heart attack.

SADIE
 What?

She laughs at his *drama*.

MILES
 I was yelling for you. I thought...

SADIE
 Sorry, I had headphones on. Are you
 - *are you dying?*

Miles gets a good look at her now that his heart isn't in his knees. She's changed - professional, she's got *bangs*, and something less defined, like she holds herself differently.

MILES
 It happened. A ripple hit. I was asleep. I don't - I don't remember everything, but our old apartment, *which wasn't even old, it was new, to us...*

SADIE
 Yeah, it happened like half an hour ago? I was in the shower.

Sadie pours a coffee. Straight up nonchalant.

SADIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Remember that promotion they *floated my way*, like two months ago, and I shut it down, because *who wants to be a manager?* I think that was my reasoning. It's hazy already. Anyway, you convinced me to take it, and I did, and we celebrated after, ate a whole Ralph's sheet cake together, *remember?*

FLASH - Sadie detailing her expertise at selling luggage. But this time, Miles looks up, an idea in his eyes...

MILES
 I thought a promotion would help you stay... You took it for me.

Miles computes all of this, *remembering*, as she buzzes around, grabbing her things.

SADIE

Yeah. I know I was against it at the time, *this time*, and - *other time? Whatever*. But - I'm kinda into it. I think I'm good at being *management*, which sounds...*meh*.

Miles is stuck in place. Struggling not only with *all this*, but with Sadie's reaction to it all.

MILES

Yeah, but - the ripple hit **us**.

SADIE

And it's *not so bad*, right? I told you. Now we get to see this *whole other version of our lives*. Where we have *some money*.

MILES

But - are you - okay? Did it *hurt*?

SADIE

It felt like... I don't know. I was adding a little bit of half-and-half to my cereal, *I still remember that*, because I thought it felt so *decadent*, and then - I was in the shower. Like that. It's like when you're *deeply engaged* in a daydream you're having, and then you hear something that snaps you out of it, and you're like *oh right, yeah, this is my actual life*. It didn't hurt at all. It was seamless.

(excited)

And now I have **bangs**.

She checks herself in the mirror. *Crazy, right?*

SADIE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Okay, I gotta go. See you tonight. Enjoy - *our new spoils*.

(sotto, sultry)

We have a bidet.

She gives him an enthusiastic kiss on her way out.

MOMENTS LATER

Alone now, Miles cautiously investigates his new reality.

The apartment is spacious. Mission Revival-style. It's nice. And there's the good couch as well as other good furniture.

Outside the window is a different neighborhood. A **NEIGHBOR** waves a familiar hello.

The whole tableau of their relationship is still there. Their Apple Pan photo. Lottery ticket. Picture of Sadie's dad. The BEAR-SHAPED LAMP (mid-roar). *Wait...*

MILES

We've always had this, right?

He touches the lamp...

And we HEAR the sounds of the memory, *the flea market, disbelief that this lamp exists, buying it, laughing...*

MILES (V.O.)

How do you know what you *don't* know? What if I happened to be asleep when it all went down and never even knew what changed, never even had that *inkling*? What if...

Weirded out, Miles backs away from it-

And STUMBLES over the corner of the coffee table and onto the ground. *Ow*. He has this weird *déjà vu*. Touches his arm.

It's all been too overwhelming for him to register that he doesn't have a cast anymore. But it's too late for that.

MILES (V.O.)

What if I forgot you?

He doesn't remember. That past is gone.

INT. OFFICE BULLPEN - ANAGRAM GRAPHIC DESIGN - DAY

Miles stares ahead. Ignoring the logo concepts on the digital drafting table in front of him.

He pulls up a BROWSER over his work. And types into Google:

How can I remember...

MILES (V.O.)

You.

He scrolls through the RESULTS:

News articles. Pop culture. Questions about how to *game the system* like Biff Tannen. Oddly specific hypotheticals like *what if someone murdered someone, but then a ripple brought them back, could I still be prosecuted?* And a whole lot of salacious, time travel themed ads.

It turns into a DEEP DIVE into the strange corners of the internet. But every turn leads to a dead end.

Finally, he writes a POST of his own. Earnest. *I need help... I don't want to forget...*

And quickly, his INBOX fills with responses. That are all spam. And gross. And unhelpful. And this was a waste of time.

Until - *ding* - one more response:

"I understand what you're saying. I can help."

"What's the catch?"

"No catch. Easier to explain in person though. Lunch?"

Miles sits back. Like...*is he really going to meet this stranger from the internet?*

INT. NORMS - DAY

Empty, save for some old regulars. And Miles, who feels stupid as the Waitress passes with a *you got stood up* look.

MILES (V.O.)

What am I doing? This is how I get murdered. I'm going to get murdered at a Norm's.

On cue, OSGOOD "**OZ**" GILL barrels in like a whirlwind, all harried and sweating. He spots Miles and waves.

OZ

Miles? Oz, so nice to meet you. Sorry, I took a wrong turn, ended up being *that guy* going down a one way street the wrong way. Did you order yet?

(flagging the Waitress)

Usual for me, and whatever he wants, put it on my tab.

MILES

I - uh - I might not be able to stay that long...

Oz catches his breath. Grabs napkins to blot his forehead.

OZ

You said you wanted to *remember*. I can help you do that. So, please. Stay a minute. Have a bite. Their sirloin is delicious and it comes with shrimp.

MOMENTS LATER

Oz, unfortunately, goes to town on a steak. Miles doesn't touch his food, for a variety of reasons.

OZ

Okay, so do you know who HAIM is? No, you wouldn't, because they don't exist anymore. They were this *band*, three sisters, *great harmonies, folksy, good stuff*. And a couple ripples ago, they ceased to exist. But, during the Overlap period, their fans went online and said *hey, did I make this band up?* And collectively, in that hour, we wrote up the music and lyrics to as many songs as they could. We saved something wonderful from disappearing. Everyone can now learn about these three sisters from the San Fernando Valley and hear covers of their songs, even though *they never existed*.

He glances at Miles - *you following?*

OZ (CONT'D)

So I started thinking: what if we could do that for *ourselves*? What if we could preserve our own history? Only problem is: it worked for HAIM because they were a wildly popular band, thousands of fans could crowd-source *them* in the moment. Who's gonna do that for *me*? Only I know my history.

He punctuates that point by taking a bite of his steak.

OZ (CONT'D)

So I started the Simonides Project. It's this program that acts like a journal. And whatever you write, it will bounce a copy of between hundreds of servers *every second*. They act like *your online fans*. Your information is constantly existing, even in the overlap periods, meaning it *carries over*. Your memories becomes *ripple-proof*.

Holy shit.

MILES

And it works?

OZ

In theory. I have a few other people who have signed on, but it hasn't been *through the ringer* yet. But the foundation is sound.

Miles studies Oz, sussing this whole situation out.

MILES

What are you, like, an engineer or a scientist or...?

OZ

I'm a second grade social studies teacher.

Miles can't hide his skepticism. Oz laughs. Big and booming. Making the introspective silence that follows more alarming.

OZ (CONT'D)

I lost my daughter right before the ripples started. She was eight. Leukemia. All I have are memories. And the idea of losing those, or having them altered... I needed to find a way. Now I just hope it actually works.

(a pained smile, then)

What about you? What made you contact me?

How do you put something like that into words?

MILES

I fell in love.

Like that.

OZ

I couldn't imagine a worthier cause. I can set you up with the program, if you'd like. The rest is up to you.

And for the first time in a long time, Miles feels like he could survive this. He finally eats that steak.

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.2) - NIGHT

Miles stares at his laptop. The Simonides Project's DOS-like portal stares back at him. Blank.

MILES (V.O.)

What am I supposed to write?

He looks over to Sadie, passed out on the couch, face smushed against the pillow...

MILES (V.O.)

How do I explain you?

Sadie half-wakes up. Finger points at him. With a wink? Then rolls over into the weirdest sleeping position.

MILES (V.O.)

Your weird sleeping positions.
How's that even comfortable? You look like you're rock climbing.

Delete-delete-delete.

MILES (V.O.)

I'm a bad writer. I should've paid more attention in English class. Though how would the five paragraph essay help here. *Thesis*, I fell in love right as a time traveler went back in time. *First body paragraph*. That sucks. *Where do I start?*

He types out *the beginning*. There we go.

And with that, we *float* into familiar memories:

MILES (V.O.)

Once I started, I couldn't stop. I wrote down everything I could. I wrote the story of *us*.

- Meeting Sadie outside of Apple Pan.

- Meandering to keep the night going.
- Playing piano in Guitar Center
- Waking up to Sadie watching him:

SADIE
You're still here.

- Waiting for the lottery drawing.
- Spelling on Sadie's back. *I. L. O. V...*

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.2) - DAY

Sadie sneaks up behind Miles as he types, unaware.

SADIE
...what are you doing?

MILES
I'm - I'm keeping a record of everything about us. I found a program that lets you keep information through ripples, so...
Yeah.

She eyes the screen, wary. Reading.

SADIE
"You shared your pasta with me."

MILES
That's meant to be *past-*

SADIE
My dark and complicated *pasta!* Why include *that?* Put in how you fart in your sleep. Or how you're a Coaster Nazi. *That's* what needs to be saved for posterity. *PASTA-rity.*

She walks away with a punctuated flourish.

Miles stares off. *Is he already losing her?* With renewed fervor, he starts typing again.

MILES (V.O.)
I wrote about all of our major moments. And as many of the small ones as I could remember. I wrote about coasters...

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.2) - FLASHBACK

Miles picks up the many glasses and cups Sadie leaves everywhere. One leaves a big RING on the coffee table.

MILES

You're ruining the table.

Sadie lounges in that moving-is-too-hard way.

SADIE

I can't honestly be expected to remember that every single time I take a drink, that's absurd. Don't be mad, think about it, now every time you see a ring on a table, you won't be angry, you'll think of me, you love me!

MILES

Just use a frickin' coaster!

As he grabs another cup, leaving behind another ring, he can't help but think of her, and maybe that's not so bad.

MILES (V.O.)

And finding the bear lamp at the flea market. And your love of the photos that come with the frame...

INT. DIN TAI FUNG - NIGHT

Sadie's surrounded by trays of dumplings. Miles is busy scribbling notes in a moleskin. He holds up a *one second*.

MILES (V.O.)

I wrote about the way you made me *feel*. Which is impossible to describe, but I tried anyway.

She's annoyed. He doesn't notice, caught up in the memories:

MILES (V.O.)

And the way you looked at me. So many looks. Little side glances, smiles, stare downs.

- A flurry of looks. Laughing at Miles until she tears up. Timid looks in quiet moments. Goofy ones. Wide-eyed. Cross-eyed. The first *I love you*.

MILES (V.O.)

I wrote about how I loved you. And
you loved me.

- The remaining moments FADE and BLUR. Lost in ripples, real
and imagined.

- One final memory. Rock climbing. Miles loses his grip and
falls, and as he does, he looks up, and Sadie disappears...

MILES (V.O.)

I wrote and I wrote and I wrote.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miles types sitting up in bed.

MILES (V.O.)

There was always more to be found,
more to forget.

Sadie gets in beside him. He pauses to give her a quick kiss.
Then back to it. *Guess she'll just go to sleep then.*

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

All he does is write. It's an obsession. A *compulsion*.

MILES (V.O.)

The pinpricks of moments that make
up you and me. *All of it, all of
us, I couldn't lose it. I
couldn't...*

Sadie comes home after work. And passes right by him. He
doesn't notice. *Music seeps through, Ace of Base blasting-*

INT. KARAOKE ROOM - NIGHT

Miles writes on the back of a napkin, in the corner of the
neon-lit room. He turns to Sadie.

MILES

Didn't you mention some story about
Ace of Base once-

SADIE

Can you just **stop**?

MILES

Stop what?

SADIE

*This. We're at your birthday party
and you're not at the party.*

Lera SINGS. Jackson's half-asleep. Even Baby Eli's there,
with noise cancelling headphones. **CO-WORKERS** and **FRIENDS**
lounge around the semi-circle sofa, downing drinks.

It's like Miles notices them for the first time.

MILES

I'm just taking a moment, I don't
wanna distract from what Lera's
doing. She's going *all out*.

SADIE

I spent a lot of time setting this
up, trying to make it special for
you. Like they normally only
provide tambourines, and I brought
kazoos and shit.

She can't even tell if Miles is paying attention.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You're never here anymore. You're
always *off somewhere*, in your
journal, working on your "project."

She GRABS the napkin he was writing on.

MILES

It's not a project. I'm preventing
our entire relationship from
disappearing.

SADIE

*Ha. What relationship? The only one
that exists right now is written on
little napkins and Post-Its and-*

She holds the napkin in the air. Keep away.

MILES

You're being dramatic.

SADIE

Yours was way more dramatic. Savior
of our *holy union*.

She chucks it in the trash in the corner. Buries it deep.

SADIE (CONT'D)

If it disappears anyway, we wouldn't even notice. You can't prevent *anything*. So what's the use?

MILES

You're acting like you want it to.

SADIE

Guh, no, I wanna *stab you in the leg* right now. You're not listening.

She sits in the hallway. The *thud* of the music dampened.

SADIE (CONT'D)

The past is painful. You get it. It hurts for you too. It's not something I want to think about, or hold on to. I don't want it all *etched in stone*.

He sees it in her face, what this is really about. *Her pain*.

MILES

But there's good stuff there too.

SADIE

There's good stuff *right here*.

(then)

I just want you to be here. With me. *Right now*. That's all there is. And it's *bonkers* right now, I wanna enjoy it, and not drag you around while you're *off* somewhere else.

MILES

I know, but I *can't*... I can't when I know that *anything* could change, at any second. I can't lose this.

SADIE

Not *all* changes would be bad, you know. Then you wouldn't want to remember.

Miles shakes his head. At an impasse.

MILES

What do you want me to do?

SADIE

No more journal.

She looks into him - *do it for me.*

SADIE (CONT'D)

What, are you afraid of the little
time travel man? *With his little
time travel hands?*

He breaks, a slight smile.

MILES

Okay.

She nuzzles in close to him. He's a bit shaky, and surprised
to realize he's teared up.

SADIE

I'll make it worth your while.

She offers a mischievous smile to lighten him up.

LATER...

They sing together. Back on track. *Prince of Egypt*, she's
Mariah, he's Whitney. *Many nights we prayed...*

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.2) - NIGHT

Sadie leads Miles through the front door.

She doesn't pause as a RIPPLE hits, like an earthquake,
shifting the landscape around them.

Posters change. Sadie's hair *thwps* into a braid. And an
untold number of ramifications unseen, below the surface.

MILES (V.O.)

That whole time, you batted away
how time travel consumed our lives,
you toyed with it like a game, you
were harboring this fantasy that
with one turn of the screw, one
alteration, it would undo what
happened to you...

He glances around, hastily accounting. One thing *hasn't*
changed - the PICTURE OF SADIE'S DAD. That past remains.

MILES (V.O.)

...even if it meant unraveling
everything you had with me.

Sadie pulls him into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.3) - CONTINUOUS

And yanks him onto the bed.

Climbs on top of him.

She sees Miles studying her, not *entirely* there.

SADIE

Nuh-uh. I can see you doing it in your head, trying to figure out if anything's changed. *Stop.*

He nods. Trying. *Focus.*

She smiles, entertained.

SADIE (CONT'D)

I have an idea...

She stands up and heads into the closet.

She comes back a moment later holding a SCARF.

MILES

What are you doing?

She climbs on him, straddles him, and holds the scarf up over his eyes.

SADIE

You need help, *assistance.* Just focus on *me*, what you can feel, and hear, *just be right here with me.* I'll do it too.

She ties the scarf around him. Blindfolding him.

She waves a hand in front of him. Then blindfolds herself.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Okay.

They stumble to find each other. Let alone undress.

MILES

Oh, I think - I've discovered your knee.

She laughs. He follows the sound. And they're together.

Once they find the lips, and the hands, and the bodies, they have the roadmap. They follow the little noises and laughs like directions. Every move is met with a reaction.

It's intimate, strange, surreal. They're lost in it.

And as it picks up, we dive into the scarf-colored blindness with them. Only noise. Breath. Fill in the gaps.

And when it ends...

It's impossible to know how much time has passed.

The blindfolds come off.

He's still here. She's still here.

AFTER...

They lay in bed. Miles' eyes search her face...

He focuses on her.

Just her.

SADIE

Much better.

And with that...Miles is here:

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.3) - NIGHT

Miles makes a big show of taking his go-to journal out and placing it on the coffee table.

He empties his pockets (mini-notepads, alarming amount of scrap paper). Oh, he also wrote notes on the backside of their coasters. *Sorry.*

He puts his hands up. *That's it.* Sadie swoops in, holds him close, face-to-face.

SADIE

I missed you.

INT. BEDROOM - MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.3) - MORNING

Sadie rushes into the room and wakes Miles up. She has a PREGNANT BELLY. And she's *freaking out.*

SADIE

Oh my God, *it happened*, a ripple came along, and remember that time like six months ago when we thought the condom might've broken, *I think it did in this version.*

MILES

(still asleep)

Oh shit. Wait. No. I'm here. I'm present. This is - this is good. We're gonna be parents. I wanna name him Oscar, did we decide on that or is that a new thought-

Now awake, Miles notices the bump is *obviously* a PILLOW.

MILES (CONT'D)

You suck.

She can't stop laughing. He grabs the pillow out from under her shirt and smacks her with it.

SADIE

Don't hurt Oscar!

Miles looks at her through the feather-y carnage. And it's like he's having a revelation...

EXT. CHANHASSEN STREETS - DAY

They drive through the small town. Tree-laden streets. Local pharmacy. A slice of the Midwest.

Sadie's fussing with her hair in the passenger-side mirror.

SADIE

Do you think this is *too much*?
She's always so critical. *Ugh.*

MILES

You look great.

She growls. He has to say that.

EXT. QUAINCRAFT CRAFTSMAN - DAY

They ring the doorbell. And out comes **MARYBETH** (60s).

SADIE

Hi, Mom.

She envelopes Sadie in a hug. Then pulls back.

MARYBETH

That's an interesting hair style.

See?

INT. MARYBETH'S HOUSE - DAY

Marybeth guides Sadie and Miles into the house.

MARYBETH

So nice to have a full house for Christmas. Normally, Sadie's in and out, quick as lightning.

And we see why:

This house is a mausoleum for Sadie's Dad. Every wall is covered in photos of him. There are framed awards for his work. Votive candles burning. He's *everywhere*.

Miles notices Sadie keep her eyes on the floor.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Marybeth prays quietly before dinner.

Miles and Sadie go through the motions. Sadie shrugs, *go with it*. It'll be over soon.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Marybeth and Sadie decorate sugar cookies-

SADIE

Can I - *can you let me decorate how I want?*

MARYBETH

But you're making them *messy*, they won't look *right*.

SADIE

For who?!

-as Miles stays out of *that* and looks around.

He notices a lot of LSAT textbooks. Flips one open.

MILES
 (to Sadie)
 You took the LSAT?

SADIE
God.

Marybeth stops decorating the cookies.

MARYBETH
Hah. Did she. She studied for months, and didn't even take it. She left the house that morning, I know that, and then apparently, never showed up.
 (then)
Her dad was a lawyer, you know. A public defender. Not enough of those. Sadie would've been a great one, loves to argue-

SADIE
 Can I just finish these cookies?
Please. You're slowing me down.

Marybeth puts her hands up. Heads toward the living room.

He gives Sadie an apologetic look. She gives the *just go*.

So he does. He follows Marybeth.

MARYBETH
She never talks about him, does she? No, I know she doesn't. She avoids it.
 (looking around)
I can't get away. I don't want to. If I didn't feel that...pang anymore, I don't know what's left.

She smiles, apologetically. *Doesn't get an audience much.* She heads over to a bookshelf, like an idea just struck.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)
There were a lot of good moments too. She leaves those out, by leaving it all out. Here.

She pulls out a PHOTOBOK. Opens it up for Miles to see.

Inside are PHOTOS OF SADIE. Some with her dad, some with Marybeth. In school plays. Halloween costumes.

Marybeth stops at one photo of young Sadie, both her legs in casts, being carried around like a queen by her dad.

MARYBETH (CONT'D)

I love this one. Sadie was four and broke *both* her legs. Jumped off a table, *who knows why*. But David... He would carry her around, like royalty. She'd wave to people when we were out, with that cupped hand. She loved it. Hated when the casts came off. But he carried her like that sometimes regardless.

Miles stares at this kid. Like she belongs to another world.

He looks up, to see Sadie, crafting the cookies. A RIPPLE strikes, but only her HAIRSTYLE changes. All that fussing.

Yet the little girl in the picture stays the same.

Sadie carries the tray to the oven. And Miles turns to Marybeth. She's lost in it.

MILES

(quiet, a secret)

Can I ask you for a favor?

ON SADIE - she can hear them talking, low. So she heads into the living room.

SADIE

You guys talking about me?

MARYBETH

Always. I was just showing Miles some old photos.

(cautious, trying)

You wanna join us?

Sadie debates. Miles silently encourages her, making room.

And she comes and sits down beside Miles. And they flip through the pages together...

EXT. MARYBETH'S HOUSE - THE NEXT DAY

Miles and Sadie pack up the car to leave.

Sadie reciprocates Marybeth's hug this time.

MARYBETH

Oh, let me give you some leftovers
for the road.

Miles makes a show of *I'll do it*. And follows her inside.

INT. MARYBETH'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

But in the kitchen, Marybeth waits conspiratorially.

MARYBETH

That was good acting, right? I feel
like I'm doing a drug deal.

She pulls out a beautiful, simple RING.

She starts to choke up when Miles takes it. But she keeps
everything she wants to say inside.

Sadie HONKS from outside. So they hurry their goodbye. A
quick hug. And a signal - *our secret*. Now to propose:

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.3) - NIGHT

Miles is *nervous*. He flips through NOTECARDS of a speech.

Once that's in his head, he heads over to Lera, who's holding
Trouble on a leash. Trouble has a formal little tie on.

MILES

Okay, so when you hear Sadie unlock
the door, let Trouble go, and he'll
run up to her - *and the carrot I
hid under the mat* -

Miles acts it all out. Walking over to the door.

MILES (CONT'D)

She'll look down. See his tie. And
that's when all of you pop out-

All of their FRIENDS and COLLEAGUES mill about.

MILES (CONT'D)

And she'll be like *what's going on*,
and in that - *tension* - good
dramatic pause, I'll be standing
here, and turn this on-

He flips on the bear lamp. Giving him a spotlight. There's an
ELECTRIC KEYBOARD beside it.

MILES (CONT'D)

And I'll do a little song. It'll be bad. Laugh if you want. It's from our first date. And when I'm done, I'll lean over, grab the ring-

He opens a drawer full of coasters. The ring hidden inside.

MILES (CONT'D)

-and that's when you guys come out and start playing, and-

Miles signals to the STRING QUARTET hiding in the bedroom. Jackson, on lookout duty, snaps for attention.

JACKSON

She's coming.

Here we go.

MILES

Everyone got it? This has to be perfect. *Right.* We got this. Okay. Okay. Trouble, you ready? This is good, right?

The door starts to unlock!

Trouble's let loose!

And! *THWP-*

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.3) - NIGHT

Miles watches *Tree of Life*, mid-dinosaur-sequence, while Sadie is *passed out* on the couch next to him.

He looks around. The apartment is empty. A quiet night in.

MILES

Are you *kidding* me...

He pulls out his phone. Starts texting Lera and Jackson.

But then he sees Sadie. In one of her weird sleeping positions. And laughs.

Why not now?

He rustles Sadie awake, gently.

MILES (CONT'D)

Hey. Wake up.

She opens one eye.

SADIE

Sorry - the movie was just so -
jerk off motion.

She focuses that one eye on Miles, who's smiling.

SADIE (CONT'D)

What's - what's going on? What's
your deal?

MILES

My deal is that I've been waiting
for the perfect moment to do
something important. And I can't
wait anymore. Even though you're
half-asleep and just said *jerk off*
motion out loud, I don't care,
because I can't keep waiting. I
need to lock *this* down now.

Miles pulls out the RING BOX from the coaster drawer.

SADIE

Oh no.

MILES

...why "oh no?"

SADIE

I meant it like *oh no this is the*
person I'm going to marry, don't
stop.

He opens the box, revealing the ring.

MILES

This was your mom's engagement
ring. Your dad got it from *his* mom,
who got it from *her* mom, who *found*
the stone on a dirt road in
Ireland. It's been in your family
for so long that it will never,
ever change.

SADIE

Say it.

MILES

Will you ma-

SADIE

YUP!

He slides the ring on her finger.

And they kiss.

And he pulls back. And just looks at her, lit up by the TV screen behind them. This woman he's going to marry.

MILES

"Oh no."

INT. BED BAD & BEYOND - DAY

They SCAN items for their registry. Sadie slows down in the BABY SECTION. To Miles' surprise, she gives a shrug. *Maybe...*

MILES (V.O.)

For the first time in a long time,
you let yourself *hope*.

INT. MILES AND SADIE'S APARTMENT (V.3) - NIGHT

Miles sneaks away from Sadie while she sleeps...

And opens up his laptop to the Simonides Project portal. And types up all of his recollections.

A sleepy Sadie appears behind him, catching him-

MILES

Sorry, I - I've been better - I
just didn't want to forget *all of*
this and-

SADIE

It's okay.

She lingers behind him, eyeing the long entry on the screen, all the folders and subfolders of memories on the side.

MILES (V.O.)

And I think that scared you.

She tiptoes out of her quiet, like a whisper-

SADIE

Can I read it?

MILES

Uh. I mean, *yeah*, but... You sure?
It's all - stream of consciousness -
and it's about *you*, and it's a lot,
so-

SADIE

I'm sure.

He pauses before handing over the laptop.

Nervous.

She takes it, crawls into bed, and starts to read...

And the next morning, during breakfast, she reads... *Is she enjoying this? Impossible to tell.*

And at night she reads... She laughs at one bit. *Encouraging?*

Until, in the middle of the night...

Miles is asleep. He wakes up to the sound of the laptop clicking shut.

He looks up in the darkness to see Sadie sitting up, staring out in a daze.

MILES

You finished?

She nods.

She looks...*concerned, disturbed?*

MILES (CONT'D)

If I wrote anything in there that seemed *bad*, I swear-

She looks at him, *into him*, stopping him cold. Then:

SADIE

If anything happens, **find me.**

Like she's pleading with him. Scared.

Miles nods. *Of course.*

INT. MILES' CAR - DAY

Miles and Sadie drive through a small town, surrounded by forest and snow.

MILES (V.O.)

That New Year's Eve, we started a new tradition.

(MORE)

MILES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We escaped the city because New Year's Eve parties were consistent clusterfucks and disappointments, so why not just get away from it all, and find a place four to six hours away, in some town where shops close at five and everyone wakes up early to watch the entire Rose Parade.

And they turn down a quiet road and stop at a CABIN.

INT. PICTURESQUE CABIN - DAY

Inside, Miles pulls out NYE glasses and puts them on Sadie.

SADIE

Just you, me, and in no particular order: sex things, paying exorbitant amounts to get Domino's delivered all the way out here, and smooching at midnight.

MILES

There's zero chance you make it to midnight.

Sadie inches in close, and puts a pair of glasses on him too.

MILES (V.O.)

It was heaven.

And thus commences the **perfect New Year's Eve:**

- They lounge in robes.

SADIE

Where should we go on our honeymoon? I wanna go some place *tropical*.

MILES

I've always wanted to go to Jamaica.

SADIE

YOU?

MILES

Yeah. I was obsessed with James Bond growing up. I wanted to be him-

SADIE

And you got so close.

MILES

Ian Fleming wrote all the books in Jamaica, at his Goldeneye compound. And when I looked it up... I mean, the views, there are forests, and caves, resorts and off-roading, there's a whole *bioluminescent lagoon*-

SADIE

And *bars* like in *Cocktail*. And you, getting all drunk, wearing one of those beaded necklaces, dancing shirtless on the beach. *I need that*. We're doing that.

MILES

(*the dream*)

To Jamaica.

- There's the aforementioned sex things and pizza.
- And they look at the stars, uninhibited by city lights.

SADIE

Bitch can't change the Little Dipper.

LATER...

Sadie's sprawled out on the bed, asleep. Pizza boxes around. Champagne emptied. New Years glasses on. It's 9:30pm.

Miles gently takes her glasses off. And heads out to the porch with *Swann's Way* and some tea.

CLOSE TO MIDNIGHT...

Miles pauses when he sees Sadie rustling on the bed.

SADIE

I'm awake, *I did it*. Get in here. Ball's droppin', according to Seacrest.

She gives him a *come hither*, slides those glasses on.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Come here, Mr. Bond. I'm gonna kiss the shit out of you. Our last New Year's kiss before we're betrothed.

She's tipsy. Snags a cold slice of pizza. Eats as she waits.
He holds up a finger - *one second* - as he finishes the page.

SADIE (CONT'D)

Hurrrryyyyy.

He makes a show of placing the bookmark, *now on page twelve, thank you very much*, and stretching before heading through the balcony doors-

And - *THWP* - into a CROWD OF PARTY-GOERS.

Two solo cups in hand.

In a CRAMPED HOUSE.

WHAT. THE. FUCK. JUST. HAPPENED?

MILES

NO! No-no-no...

Processing.

MILES (CONT'D)

Where is...

A wobbly Jackson stands up on a wobbly table.

JACKSON

EVERYONE! The countdown begins in like twenty seconds, *and we got a sitter until one a.m., so get loud, get weird, experiment! Woo!*

And as if his world wasn't spinning enough, a **DRUNK WOMAN** waltzes up to Miles. Grabs the second solo cup.

DRUNK WOMAN

There ya are. Wait. Did you change - like - fwhp-fwhp-fwhp time travel? I don't care, c'est-la-vie.

Miles recoils from her.

MILES

Where - was I - where's - Sadie?

Grappling.

Like he's trying to latch on.

Fading away. Like a dream...

Lera, buzzed, swoops in and cuts him off.

LERA

Whaaat are you doing? We spent all night hyping you up to *that girl*. You can't be single *forever*. Are you okay?

MILES

No, I'm not-

Miles moves away, *why's it so crowded in here?*

MILES (CONT'D)

Sadie. Don't forget, don't forget...

LERA

Who's Sadie?

She turns the name over in her hazy-head, on the verge of figuring it out when the Drunk Woman passes by-

LERA (CONT'D)

Are you Sadie?

DRUNK WOMAN

Yes. Wait. No, I'm Janet.

Miles weaves through the crowd as fast as he can-

The countdown begins. Deafening.

EVERYONE

Ten. Nine. Eight...

Have to get out of here.

MILES

What is happening? *SADIE!*

But where? Running around, trying to just get *OUT*.

EVERYONE

Seven. Six. Five.

He finds a **CLOSET**.

Hides. Shaking.

EVERYONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Four. Three. Two. One.

His phone buzzes. His hourly Simonides Project notification.

EVERYONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
HAPPY NEW YEAR!!!

He opens the app. All the files. All of *her*.

He clicks the pinned top entry: ***read this first, in case of emergency.***

And he starts to read.

We don't see what he wrote. But it all plays out on his face in the dark, lit by the phone screen.

A reminder of the life that's slipping away from him.

He closes his eyes.

Holding on, holding on:

Sadie sitting up in bed.

Blurry around the edges.

Her face - that face - coming into focus.

Looking right at us.

SADIE
If anything happens, find me.

Miles opens up a text to Oz...

Debating what to say. What can he even say?

"She's gone."

And that's when it hits him. In full force. All at once.

A reply from Oz snaps Miles out of it.

"Come over. Now. Here's my address..."

INT. CRAMPED APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Miles barrels through the horde of couples making out.

He spots Lera with Jackson comes up to her, worried-

JACKSON

I'm sure he's *fiiine*. You know how *weird* he gets whenever we set him up with someone. *He's so weird*.

Opening up a window for Miles to slip past and out the door.

INT. OZ'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Warm. Personal. Drawings from Oz's daughter still pinned to the refrigerator. Feels almost invasive being here.

Oz searches for coffee in the cupboards as Miles sits in the little breakfast nook.

MILES

(defeated)

She could be *anywhere*. Literally *anything* could've changed.

OZ

She could be. And anything could have. *Would you like some coffee?*

Miles stares off, despondent. *No coffee then*. Oz sits across from Miles.

OZ (CONT'D)

Do you want to hear something incredible? You and I have never met before, Miles. Whatever led you to lose her also led us to never meet. And yet, *here you are*. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Miles breaks out of his spell.

OZ (CONT'D)

Most people would be blissfully unaware of what they lost at this point. But *not you*. Because you were *prepared*. You wrote down a roadmap in case *this happened*. *This is what the Simonides Project is for!* In theory. And now we get to put it in practice. Now you're ready - *we're ready*. We can figure out *what* changed. We can *find her*. *We will find her*.

He ducks his head to look at Miles in the eye.

OZ (CONT'D)

So do you want some coffee? Because we have work to do.

Miles nods. Oz rubs his hands together and they get to it:

MILES (V.O.)

We constructed a timeline of you, using the journals I had written.

- They pull up Miles' posts on every device. And start to create a MAP OF SADIE'S LIFE - a literal timeline of timelines - on paper and Post-Its on the wall. *Crafty.*

MILES (V.O.)

You had no social media. Your friendships were loose and ever-changing, even without ripples. You moved often and rarely left a trace. You didn't make it easy.

- Jackson and Lera arrive to help. Still in their NYE gear. Glitter on everything. Baby Eli asleep in a carrier.

MILES (V.O.)

All I could hope was that I had enough. Enough clues. Enough details. Enough of you.

- It's now morning? **OZ'S WIFE** makes herself coffee, ignoring what's going on. Miles notices her and she just shakes her head, retreats back to her room... Lera oohs with an idea-

LERA

Would she have been one of those weirdos who donates to her high school or something?

MILES

No... She avoided *that* era of her life. She never even went home, unless she had to...

(oh shit)

Look up her mom. Marybeth. All moms have Facebook.

Hasty typing. Jackson shakes his head. *Private profile.*

JACKSON

It's like none of you have ever catfished someone before.

- Miles lies on the couch. He can barely focus. *Hopeless.* Lera sits down next to him, offering up a bagel and coffee.

LERA

I'm sorry I don't remember her. She sounds incredible. We're gonna find her.

(then)

Jackson would never do this for me.

JACKSON (O.S.)

I heard that.

Suddenly-

OZ

Is this her?

Miles scrambles over to Oz's makeshift station.

MILES (V.O.)

The moment I saw you, I knew.

He has one of Marybeth's POSTS up. An old picture from Sadie's graduation from LAW SCHOOL.

- Miles puts that PHOTO on the MAP, creating a DIVERTING TIMELINE for *this* Sadie, who uses her mom's maiden name.

MILES

She never flaked on her LSATs, meaning she never moved around the country, never settled in Los Angeles, where she never met Lera, who never bullied her into going to Apple Pan... Meaning she never met me. *Jenga-ing* us in one fell swoop.

Jackson shuffles up behind him and adds a PRINT OUT to the new timeline, featuring a LAW FIRM'S COMPANY LOGO.

JACKSON

But now we know where she works.

INT. LEGAL OFFICES - DAY

Miles steps out of the elevator into that PRESTIGE LAW FIRM.

He slips past the front desk. Searching for... *There*. An office with a plaque bearing Sadie's name.

MILES (V.O.)

What do I even say? I can't just be like *oh, hey, you're the love of my life, I'm the love of yours.*

(MORE)

MILES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 What was I thinking? There's zero
 versions of this that end well-

He stares at the door, concerned.

SADIE (O.S.)
 Hey. What's your deal?

From a safe distance back, Sadie stands with her KEYS BETWEEN
 HER FINGERS like Wolverine, ready to fight.

She's a professional, a lawyer. *All together different.* But-
 It's her.

SADIE (CONT'D)
 All of these keys are *filthy*, so if
 you wanna do this, you're talking
 tetanus, and who knows what else.

MILES
 That's - that's not necessary. I
 was just...standing. Here.
 (*just do it*)
 We knew each other. Before. In a
 different timeline. And I made a
 rash decision to come here and-

SADIE
 (sudden)
 What's your name?

MILES
 Miles.

Sadie pauses. Lifts up her forearm...

There's a single word scrawled in Sharpie on it: **Miles**.

INT. SADIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sadie lets Miles inside. Still gripping those keys though.

She watches as he takes in her office. Every detail a puzzle
 piece to who *this* Sadie is. A diploma from Michigan. A
 marathon certificate. The photo of her dad from their
 apartment, tucked away in a corner.

He pauses there. Recognition. And she catches it. *Who are
 you, really?*

SADIE

The other night, I was at this New Year's Eve party, and I guess I fell asleep on the couch at some point, it was like *ten o'clock*, that's *late*, *not the point of this story*. Anyway, my friends said that when she came to wake me up to leave, I was talking in my sleep, and I just kept saying *Miles over and over*. They thought it was *hilarious*, but... I had no idea what it meant, all I knew is that it felt...like *something*. So I wrote it down. And now here you are.

Her assistant, **KATIA**, swings in with coffee. Sees Miles-

KATIA

Is that...

SADIE

Yeah.

KATIA

WHAT? Tell me everything.

SADIE

Katia, no. Go to your desk.
But...*yeah, tell me everything.*

Miles takes a seat on the couch. Overwhelmed, but ready.

MILES

It's kind of a long story...

And Miles starts to talk. Nervous at first, then finding his rhythm...

MILES (V.O.)

So I told you my story, *our story*, and how I know it all sounds insane, but isn't this whole time travel thing insane, and you didn't push me away, or scream, or knee me right in the groin. Instead you looked at me... You looked at me like I held all the secrets to a world where you were loved so unconditionally.

Sadie listens, quietly taking it in.

Katia, eavesdropping from her desk outside, is *enthralled*. Sobbing, laughing, leaning in, gasping.

And when Miles finally finishes...

Sadie processes. For quite a while.

SADIE
(throat catching)
I believe you.

She shakes her head. To herself.

SADIE (CONT'D)
It just all feels... Like I don't remember, but something in me knows... God. Can't believe I just got a *Sliding Doors* version of my life. And it was nice, and I didn't fall down any stairs and die, and it's weird. And...

She reaches out for Miles' hand. That says enough.

SADIE (CONT'D)
So now what?

MILES
I don't know.

KATIA (O.S.)
KISS HIM!

MILES
Uhh - we can *take a sec*. There's no rush. I know it's a lot.

SADIE
Yeah. I have meetings that I need to get ready for and-

KATIA (O.S.)
I'll move it *all*.

MILES
Why don't we...like...get dinner tonight or something, and go from there?

SADIE
You asking me out?

Miles smirks. So does she.

And so, in a quiet montage:

- Miles takes Sadie out on a proper date. After an awkward start, they find their groove, like stepping into a pair of worn shoes.

MILES (V.O.)
So we started over. Or started
again. Whatever you want to call
it.

- They wander afterwards, history repeating itself.
- Sadie shows Miles her bedroom, all the trinkets and evidence of her *current* life. And they finally kiss. It's like nothing has changed, even if everything has.

MILES
I missed you.

- Miles gives Sadie a tour of their *first* relationship. Apple Pan and the like. He's in total control, *alive*.

MILES (V.O.)
I got to fall in love with you a
second time, while still being able
to hold on to the first.

- Sadie "meets" Lera, Jackson, and Baby Eli for the first time, all over again.
- Trouble is *thrilled* to see Sadie, almost like he remembers.

MILES (V.O.)
Who gets to say that?

- And they hold hands, everywhere they go. Like Miles refuses to let go, even for a second.

EXT. LEGAL OFFICES - MORNING

Miles drops Sadie off at work. They kiss goodbye.

MILES (V.O.)
But it didn't last, of course it
didn't last.

Right as Katia, her assistant, walks by and gives a *look at you look*. Sadie offers up a middle finger.

KATIA
Whoa, did you see that they
apparently almost caught...
(MORE)

KATIA (CONT'D)

I never know how to pronounce it, is it *Navi*, like *Navigation*, or *Navi*, like the *Avatar* movie. *The time travel guy*-

INT. MILES' APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

-and just like that, Miles is outside his apartment. Sweatpants, sock and sandals. McDonald's bag in hand. *Sad*.

MILES

No, *FUCK*.

The Chill Bro Landlord gives him a *you okay?*

Miles turns around. Runs out of the complex.

EXT. OZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Oz steps out to grab the paper when Miles' car screeches up.

He rushes out. Oz's face falls, knowing what this means.

MILES

We need to do it again.

OZ

(showing the FRONT PAGE)

Navi's on the run. Who knows to where or when. It's only going to get worse.

MILES

Then we need to hurry.

And so Miles begins his **chase**:

- Miles finds Sadie as a HAIRDRESSER. He sits in her hair, as she gives him a cut.

SADIE

When I was sixteen, I was one of those people who kept changing their hairstyle so it *reflected who I was*, you know. I got good at it, friends would ask me to do their hair, and it became - *a thing*. I could travel, work anywhere, and I get to meet interesting people, but only for, like, *an hour* at a time, which is - *perfect*.

MILES

This checks out.

- *THWP*. Miles returns to the MAP OF SADIE, now in his apartment, and adds a NEW TIMELINE branching off when she was sixteen that led to this latest iteration.

- Miles runs alongside Sadie during a MARATHON.

MILES (CONT'D)

And - then you were - a lawyer -
and - can we just get coffee or
something - I can't keep this up.

SADIE

Oh, yeah, I was in, like, two miles
ago, but I wanted to see how long
you'd suffer through this.

- *THWP*. Still winded. Miles looks around, only to see a BILLBOARD with Sadie's face on it. She's a celebrity.

- He tries to flag her down outside the MTV Movie Awards, surrounded by fans. He shouts and yells and - she looks at him, *juuuust* curious enough.

- He shares his story in a limo on her ride home.

- She gives him a tour of her MANSION. The POSTERS of all the movies she's been in - including *Fast & Furious* with Ryan Phillippe. She stops him.

SADIE (CONT'D)

I can't explain it, maybe I've said
it in *past versions*, or whatever,
but... I've always felt *lonely*. I
don't feel lonely with you.

- They chill out in her garden, waiting for the sun to rise.

SADIE (CONT'D)

What do you think Navi's *doing* to
keep causing all of this?

MILES

I mean, he can't be doing anything
that's *world saving*, because if he
is, he's *real bad* at it.

SADIE

No one said a time traveler had to
be *good* at what they were doing.

MILES

He's trying his best. I bet it's for a girl. It's always for a girl.

SADIE

Must be some girl. What would you do, if you were him?

MILES

I used to know *exactly* what I would change, but all of *that* led me to you. So I don't know. *Nothing*. I would change nothing.

- *THWP*. And then, *rapid-fire*, in a wild BURST, Miles is with a *thousand different Sadies*. One where she's a cat lady. A farmer. A park ranger. She's in a cult. She's leading a cult. In Paris, Glasgow, Bangkok. As it rains, snows, during fires and hurricanes. *The two of them*.

MILES (V.O.)

It felt like we existed outside of time. *This* version of me and *this* version of you could've only ever fallen in love in *this* moment had we not already fallen in love in a now non-existent reality. *Untangle that*.

- The MAP OF SADIE spreads across the entire wall and then some, branches coming off the main timeline, branches coming off of the branches.

- Miles and Sadie camp, nestled into their tent, escaping the world. He looks worse for the wear, scraggly beard and all.

SADIE

What's the plan? How does this...*end*?

MILES

I just keep showing up until it's over, until Navi stops hitting whatever *thread* that keeps changing you.

SADIE

What if you change?

MILES

I won't. I'll always be here.

He says it like a positive. She looks away.

SADIE

I know none of this has been easy for you, but it's been...*I can feel it weighing on me.* Like, last week, I woke up alone, and I felt this, this *heartbreak*, which must've been from the last time. And now you're here. And I know it'll happen again. And that *feeling* must compound, whether I know it or not, right? It's just...

He reaches out for her. A *little longer*. She comes in close. But it feels like there's a gulf between them. *THWP.*

- Miles tracks Sadie down again. In a NICE RESTAURANT. She's with a BOYFRIEND. *Huh.* She spots Miles and it's almost like she knows.

- Miles and Sadie dip their toes in an apartment pool. They're quiet. And it's *awkward*. He tries to hold her hand, but after a moment, she drops it...

INT. BACK ROOM - ANIMAL CLINIC - DAY

Miles talks to Sadie as she checks on the DOGS and CATS in the back. Barking galore. She's harder to reach.

SADIE

What if I say no?

MILES

You've said no before.

SADIE

And?

MILES

And I generally - I'm persistent. Not in a *bad* way, just-

SADIE

Real fine line between *romantic* and *crazy stalker*, right?

MILES

Yeah, but - **you** told me to find you.

SADIE

No, I didn't.

MILES

Technically - it was a different iteration, but I've met so many now-

SADIE

But you haven't met *me*. You don't know me. Do you know how *many* ripples there have been? Whatever *me* you knew has changed, and those changes have changed, and *those* changes...

A blue heeler goes *off*. Miles steps back. Weary.

MILES

You're right. I'll come back, *next* ripple, but I can give you my number, in case you think this over.

She takes it. Sees the hurt in his eyes.

SADIE

Your story sounds nice, don't get me wrong. Who *wouldn't* want that? But it's just that: a story. It's a fantasy that happened to *other* people. Not you. Not me, or any of the other *me's* you're dragging into this. It's a story you're telling yourself so you don't have to confront the life you *actually* have.

That cuts Miles deep. He tries to leave. *Fast*.

MILES

Sorry for bothering you-

SADIE

How long have you been doing this, Miles? How long have you been chasing me?

He looks at her. *It's the same face*.

MILES

Since New Year's Eve... A year and a half ago.

She looks concerned for him. Like he's one of the animals behind her. *Approach with an open palm*.

SADIE

This isn't one of those *multiverses*, or whatever. Time keeps moving forward. And you're still *here*, at the *beginning*.

She moves closer to him.

SADIE (CONT'D)

You can't take this personally, Miles. Because we don't actually know each other.

(*hear this*)

You can't keep doing this.

He stares at her until he can't anymore. He NODS.

- *THWP*. Miles tries again with a NEW SADIE.

- *THWP*. And again.

- *THWP*. And again... And each time ends the same:

SADIE (CONT'D)

You can't keep doing this.

INT. MILES' CAR - DAY

Miles sits in traffic. Eyes glazed over. Before *erupting-*

MILES (V.O.)

You suck, Navi. You suck so *fucking hard*. You've taken everything from me, and you can't even *ripple me back home* after this *bullshit*. Have the courtesy to save me from sitting in *rush hour traffic* you **PIECE OF SHIT**.

And, of course, nothing happens.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles drags himself in to his same old apartment.

MILES (V.O.)

You better be curing diseases I've never even heard of, you trash bag.

He finds Grace's sweatshirt on his laundry pile. *You serious?*

MILES (V.O.)

I hate you, Navi. I hope you're having a really bad time.

He chucks it out the window.

It ripples right back onto the pile.

He crawls onto his bed. Defeated. *Sigh*.

MILES (V.O.)

I was so tired, but I couldn't close my eyes, because if I did, all I saw was you.

He tries to stay awake, but his eyes close and-

FLASH - Sadie studying Miles' face as he wakes up...

SADIE

You're still here?

...but now it sounds like a question, or worse, an indictment.

INT. OZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Miles pushes the door, *unlocked*, to find-

Jammed into Oz's living room is a makeshift BUSINESS OPERATION. Every counter serves as a desk. Phones ring constantly. And **EMPLOYEES** man each station.

He spots Oz, buzzing around. He waves an excited *hi*.

MILES

What's going on here?

OZ

It's been *crazy* ever since the ripples have picked up speed. Word spread about the project. I got featured in *Forbes*. The online edition, but still. Madness.

He's having a *blast*. But then he sees Miles' face.

OZ (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

MOMENTS LATER

Miles sits on the floral couch in the middle of it all. Oz hands him a beer and joins him.

MILES

Was she right? *Am I just living in a fantasy?* It all just feels so *real*, even if it...wasn't. *But it was. Is.* I don't...

(coming to his senses)

Sorry, *what am I doing*, you're busy, and you've already done so much for me-

OZ

Don't apologize. Miles, I'm your friend. Of all people, I get what you're dealing with.

(a quick chortle)

But if it makes you feel any better, it's not just *me* anymore.

Oz climbs over all of the clutter and finds a FAT STACK OF PAPERS. He plops them down in front of Miles.

OZ (CONT'D)

These are the applications that came in to join the Simonides Project. From the last *hour*.

Oz flips through the pages. They're covered in personal essays and pleas, pictures and drawings.

OZ (CONT'D)

Everyone is going through this.

He sees Miles crack, a little.

OZ (CONT'D)

Every one of these people has a story they want to keep. That they saw ripped out of their hands. And in most cases, they can't even remember what is missing anymore, but they know something is.

(then, softly)

We got to see *so many versions* of our lives. Of *other* lives. And one of those was probably better than the other ones. *Of course it was.*

(direct to Miles)

(MORE)

OZ (CONT'D)

You loved someone and were loved
deeply in return. What's so wrong
with wanting to hold on to *that*?

Miles exhales. Emotional. *Relieved*. He picks up his beer - he notices it left a ring on the table.

MILES

Sorry, *shit*, I normally-

OZ

Don't worry about it.

Oz wipes it away. Miles stares at the faint remains of the circle. *Whenever you see a ring, you'll think of me.*

MILES

What am I supposed to do? She
doesn't even want me, I can't keep
showing up-

OZ

She changed once. And she'll change
again. And when she's back to a
version of Sadie you know, you'll
be there. You're on a bad run right
now, that's all.

Miles looks to Oz, unsure. But he nods back, *confident*.

OZ (CONT'D)

But right now, you need to take
care of yourself. You think she'd
want this *run down*, feeling sorry
version of you? When's the last
time you got an actual night's
sleep?

Not recently. Oz stands up, rifles through a nearby CABINET.
Comes out with two SLEEPING PILLS.

OZ (CONT'D)

I use them to sleep sometimes
when...when it hurts the most. *Get
some shut eye*. Shower. Do one of
those face masks. Then - *then* - you
get back to work. It'll feel a
whole lot better, trust me.

Miles looks at Oz and sees someone whose depth of pain
mirrors his own. A real understanding. He accepts the pills.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles sits on the edge of his bed. Unable to sleep.

He looks at the SLEEPING PILLS in his hand.

MILES (V.O.)

There was one ripple I never told you about. Because... You'd never have believed it. Because I'm still afraid it could've been a dream. Because, worse, I know it wasn't.

And takes them both.

He pulls out a familiar SCARF from his bedside table. As if he's done this many times. He ties it around his head...

AND WE'RE IN A MEMORY

Miles ripples into an APARTMENT.

He looks around to get his bearings.

It's so familiar.

There's the lottery ticket, the bear lamp, the photos, the whole tableau...

And there's Sadie.

Running out of the bedroom. Looking at him in disbelief.

MILES (V.O.)

We were together again. After all this time.

She just takes off toward him.

And he does the same.

MILES (V.O.)

We never were separated. You never disappeared on New Year's Eve. You woke up the next morning next to me, and every morning after. All this time, one continuous motion.

And they collide in the middle. Miles tackling her in enthusiasm. Flailing to the floor.

SADIE

Still the perfect weighted blanket.

They can only look at each other.

MILES
It's you.

SADIE
It's me.

Heaven.

MILES (V.O.)
We had a daughter named Olive.

In the **BEDROOM**, one-year-old **OLIVE** crawls over Miles and Sadie.

MILES (V.O.)
She had my forehead, but thankfully
the rest was all you.

And it's like...it's all **normal** again:

MILES (V.O.)
It was like the needle had slipped
back into that imperceptible and
exact groove; our song playing as
if it never stopped.

- Miles and Sadie read on the couch, but can't stop glancing at each other with a bit of awe.

- Sadie plays peekaboo with Olive. She loses it when Sadie "vanishes" and Miles has to help console her.

- Miles teaches Olive to draw, like him. She uses his face as a canvas. Sadie adds to the growing face drawing.

- They camp in the yard, and Sadie points out the Little Dipper to Olive.

MILES (V.O.)
We had a week. It felt like a year,
it felt like a minute.

- They hide fully under the sheets together, shielded from the world. She looks at him, pained.

SADIE
I'm worried...

The sheets fall between them. Making them disappear. Reappear. Disappear. Reappear...

MILES
I'll keep looking for you, I won't
stop, I promise.

...and gone.

INT. MILES' BEDROOM - MORNING

Miles wakes up. The blindfold half on.

MILES (V.O.)
I promise.

It's morning. He slept through the whole night for the first time in who knows how long.

He catches himself in the mirror. *He is a mess.*

So he SHAVES.

He takes a long SHOWER.

He has a FACE MASK on, as he uses his now elaborate system of tracking Sadie and ripples. He sees that she's now in-

MILES
Minnesota. That's new.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Refreshed, Miles reads a book on *what to do in St. Paul*.

He dog ears a page for BEST PIES.

INT. MILES' RENTAL CAR - DAY

Miles drives across town.

A PIE sits in the passenger's seat with a bow on it.

Only when he slows down for necessary signs and the like do we realize how familiar this place is. It's small town vibe. It's tree-laden streets.

We're in Sadie's hometown.

Miles turns down a street we've been on before, long ago, and turns down the radio to search the addresses.

He pulls over suddenly when he sees Sadie step out of a parked car.

She's wearing colorful, bright clothes, which suddenly makes you notice how muted her look was before.

He still gets that look in his eyes, that *feeling*, when he sees her. Which only adds to the nerves and the rust.

And then her very good-looking **BOYFRIEND** gets out of the passenger side, carrying takeout bags.

MILES

Not ideal...

Miles looks in the mirror to compare. *Eh.*

He watches as they approach her family home and knock.

And Marybeth opens the door.

Something's different about her too. Smiling? Warm? *Present.* She even hugs the boyfriend. *Weird.*

But then *someone else* comes out-

It's **SADIE'S DAD.**

Very much alive and well.

And he hugs Sadie. And she hugs him back with such focused intensity, it's like she knows he wasn't always here.

Miles can hardly believe it. He's stunned into stillness. Staring at this - *this* -

She looks so *happy*.

This strikes a chord more than anything else. *Her face.*

When Sadie lets go, she turns and look *right at Miles*. Or that's what it feels like at least.

He turns on the ignition and just goes.

Fast.

Away.

Staring straight ahead as the miles fly by.

As if he's in shock. Total, paralyzing shock.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Huddled at the crummy table, Miles looks up Sadie's Dad.

Pre-lap of Miles making a phone call.

MILES (V.O.)
Her dad was alive. Is alive.

OZ
(filtered)
Oh, whoa. *Jesus...*

Pictures and articles of a life uninterrupted.

Cases he argued and won. A local news article about his retirement. Photos of him getting really into pottery.

OZ (CONT'D)
(in his head, emotional)
Just one day, in a *snap*, you have this lifetime of memories. *They're just there*. She saw his whole life play out. He got to see *hers*.

He lived a full *life*. With Marybeth. With Sadie.

OZ (CONT'D)
How did you even approach *that*?

MILES (V.O.)
I didn't... I couldn't go up to her...

LATER...

Miles paces wildly. Eyes glazed over. The pie's half-eaten on the table. Oz is on speaker.

OZ
I mean, *that makes sense*, you'll need a new strategy for this one, you know too much-

MILES
No, I can't... I can't do it anymore...

A tumbling-crash noise from Oz's end-

OZ
Careful around the server! Sorry, it's madness here, what'd you say?

MILES

Every time I've seen Sadie, she's been...*broken*, she wasn't okay, and that left room for me to fill in the cracks. But this time, she was - she was happy. You could see it in her face. *She was okay.*

He finally stops.

MILES (CONT'D)

I can't mess with that.

OZ

There will be more ripples, who knows what could change.

MILES

I don't want it to. She's...

Happier.

MILES (CONT'D)

It's over. It's actually over.

(then)

I don't know who I am without her.

OZ

You're the same person you've always been.

Miles catches his reflection in the TV. *That's the problem.*

MILES (V.O.)

That night, for the first time in my life, I prayed.

THAT NIGHT...

Miles kneels beside the floral-patterned bed, hands clasped.

MILES (V.O.)

I didn't know what I was supposed to be thinking, or what I was supposed to do with my hands.

He crosses himself, *right-left, or left-right?*

MILES (V.O.)

I didn't even know who I was addressing. I think I was praying to you.

He crawls back into bed. His laptop open to his journal. Flips through the memories. And stops suddenly.

MILES (V.O.)

And you're the one who responded.

Because there, crammed in the middle of one of his entries is a line that he did not write:

SADIE (V.O.)

Hey Miles...

It's a note from Sadie.

MILES (V.O.)

When did you write this?

FLASHES of all the VERSIONS OF SADIE we've seen, flickering there one by one, typing up this note in secret...

SADIE (V.O.)

I don't have much time. You're asleep on the floor with Olive. She finally wore you down.

...until we land on Sadie, sitting at the laptop, checking over her shoulder to see Miles and Olive by the couch...

*This is the Sadie that wrote this. We **STAY WITH HER.***

SADIE (V.O.)

When I first saw you, this time around, I noticed something different.

- She tackles Miles when she sees him and studies his face.

SADIE (V.O.)

There was this weariness that crept onto your face, this exhaustion, relief. You hid it as soon as you could, but I saw it. And I wondered where you had been, what had caused that. And I knew the answer was here.

- She sneaks over to Miles' computer and reads through all of the new entries, all the versions of her.

SADIE (V.O.)

I read through as many of your new entries as I could, all the iterations of me, lives that were one nudge away from happening.

(MORE)

SADIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And I knew - I knew they were all okay, because they all had you, even if just for a moment. And that should've made me *happy*, but it didn't. Because I know you'll *never stop*. That you wouldn't even know how.

- *She plays with Olive and Miles, and he pulls her in so close, holds on to her.*

SADIE (V.O.)

I know the only reason you'll ever find this note is because you're *stuck*. Digging through everything. *Holding on*. And I get it. I spent so long *avoiding* the past, which is the *same thing* as being buried in it. And you've got a *thousand different* pasts here. But you - you helped me find a way to be okay with it. To enjoy my life and *let go*. To have a *future*. And now it's my turn to do the same for you.

- *She looks at Miles, under the covers, afraid.*

MILES (V.O.)

You were worried... Not for what would happen to you, but what would happen to me.

And we're **BACK WITH MILES**, as he stares at the words on the screen. It's like he's trapped in that blue light.

SADIE (V.O.)

I know you won't do any of this willingly. You might know a thousand different versions of me, but I know the *one* version of you. So I'm invoking the *ghost wife* privileges. I need you to do *exactly what I say*. Do you trust me?

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Miles reluctantly packs his bags.

SADIE (V.O.)

Good. Now, first, clear your schedule. Call in sick. *Make it real convincing.*

(MORE)

SADIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You'll be back in a week, a *month*,
 as long as you need, to do
 something *only for yourself*.

INT. JACKSON AND LERA'S HOUSE - DAY

He drops off his KEYS with Lera and Jackson. They give him hugs goodbye.

SADIE (V.O.)
 Set up your autopays and your
 automatic replies. Then pick a
 place and just go.

He kneels down to say hi to their kid, Eli. Now two. *Where did the time go?*

INT. SANGSTER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Miles arrives in Jamaica. He actually did it.

SADIE (V.O.)
 Go to Paris, if you want. Go to
Jamaica, Miles. We never got to go
 for our honeymoon. Olive was on the
 way. It got away from us.

EXT. HOTEL POOL - DAY

He sits by the pool with a drink. He looks wildly uncomfortable and out of place.

SADIE (V.O.)
 Hang out by the pool, relax, *drink*
 at some *Cocktail* themed bar.

He holds a PRINT OUT of the note, like a check list.

INT. GOLDENEYE - DAY

He visits the Fleming Villa. Touring the sunken garden and checking out the original writing desk.

SADIE (V.O.)
 See all the weird James Bond stuff
 you always wanted to see. Swim in
 the ocean. *Eat. Drink.*

He bonds with a **FELLOW TOURIST** over it all.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

He meets the Tourist at a *Cocktail*-esque bar, who introduces him to their **HOTEL FRIENDS**.

SADIE (V.O.)

Drink some *more*. Get embarrassingly *drunk*, and *dance*, Miles, *you know you want to*. *Let loose*. Live the life you thought you weren't allowed to have.

EXT. BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

And he bikes with them through town, over to the beach.

Drunk. *Dancing*. Feeling ridiculous, but okay with it.

SADIE (V.O.)

It's a good life. You know how I know? Because it has **you** in it. So *be in it. Be in it.*

The printed note flies out of his pocket and he considers chasing after it, but...lets it go.

It's quiet without her voice. But in time, the music and the dancing and the laughter fill that void.

LATER

Sweaty. Cold. He reaches into his backpack and finds the SWEATSHIRT. He can only shake his head.

So he puts it on. It's just a sweatshirt.

EXT. LUMINOUS LAGOON - NIGHT

Miles treks to the bioluminescent Luminous Lagoon.

He wades into the water. Floats there. Highlighted.

After, he sits on the sand. The waves lapping up to his feet.

He draws the letter **I**. The waves come up and wash them away. He draws an **L**. Up and away. **O**... *You know the rest.*

And when the last letter disappears, he stares off... Coming to terms with what he has to do.

INT. NORMS - DAY

Miles finds Oz at his regular booth. Somehow, it seems like he's aged years. Yet he still summons that same ebullience.

OZ

I must've met a hundred variations of you by now and I'm confident this is the first time you've had a *tan*.

MILES

It's good to see you.

OZ

You too. Sorry I couldn't have you over at the house. We're doing some renovations. You want anything?

Miles shakes his head, quiet. Oz signals to the Waitress.

OZ (CONT'D)

How was the trip? You see Goldeneye?

MILES

I did. It was good...
(lingering, serious)
It was really good. Oh, I got you something. Nothing big, just-

Miles fishes out a WOOD CARVING of an ELEPHANT.

MILES (CONT'D)

Don't know why, but it made me think of you.

Oz turns it around in his hand. Intricate. Soulful.

OZ

It's beautiful. Thank you.

He clocks Miles' somberness. *This wasn't just to catch up.*

OZ (CONT'D)

What was it you wanted to see me about? Why did you call me?

Miles shifts in his seat. Not ready. *Scared.*

MILES

I want to delete it.

OZ
Delete what?

MILES
All of it. Everything I've written.
Every iteration. Every memory.

OZ
You can't be serious.

MILES
I've thought about this a lot. This
isn't some *spontaneous* decision, I
don't - I don't exactly do
spontaneous. I need to do this.

OZ
But - you can't just *erase*
everything. *By design*. Otherwise
one *version* of you could've just
hit delete. There are too many
servers and safeguards and-

MILES
That's why I'm asking you. There
has to be a way.

OZ
But then *she'd* be gone. For good.

MILES
That's the point.

Oz fidgets, losing his hold-

OZ
But - what - *what about me?* We
wouldn't be able to know each other
either. I'm - I'm part of what
you're getting rid of too.

MILES
I know... But I don't have any
better solution.

Oz looks off.

Silent for a painful moment.

OZ
I'm not doing renovations on my
house. My wife...
(then)
(MORE)

OZ (CONT'D)

Well, she's packing up her things today and needed me out of the house.

MILES

I'm sorry, I didn't-

OZ

I know. The Simonides Project, she couldn't stand it. Called it *torture*. The more popular it got...

(lost for a moment)

She just has a very different way of dealing with the past.

He shrugs, matter of fact.

OZ (CONT'D)

I should've seen it coming. I didn't, but I should've. But you... You understood what this project was about. You *believed* in it. *Why now?*

Miles shakes his head...

MILES

I can't keep holding on. I need to live my life.

These are likely the exact same words Oz's wife used.

Oz's face shows something akin to jealousy. *He wishes he could do that too.*

OZ

Did you ever look up the story of our namesake, Simonides of Ceos? *Why would you?* He was this renowned Greek poet. One night, he was invited to a banquet for one of his patrons, Scopas, and in the middle, he was called outside, right as the hall collapsed, crushing everyone inside. No one could recognize them, except for Simonides. He had a talent for memory, a method he called *the Memory Palace*. And with it, he was able to remember who was at the banquet, and where they sat, allowing them to identify the remains by where they were recovered. He gave their loved ones a chance to mourn them properly.

(MORE)

OZ (CONT'D)

He was regaled as a hero for that, purely because he *remembered*.

The Waitress returns with Oz's regular order. She's changed, but the food remains the same. He doesn't touch it.

OZ (CONT'D)

But he had his critics. There was this guy named Themistocles. He was so unimpressed by Simonides' memory devices and tricks. And he said: "I would rather a technique of forgetting, for I remember what I would rather not remember and cannot forget what I would rather forget."

He lets that sit out there for a moment.

Unclear if he was talking to Miles or to himself.

OZ (CONT'D)

I'll give you admin powers. You can delete everything from the portal.

Miles nods a *thank you*.

OZ (CONT'D)

When the next big ripple comes along, we'll be gone. *She'll* be gone.

Miles smiles, knowing.

MILES

In a way.

INT. MILES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles comes home.

He opens his laptop. The Simonides Project open, as always.

It's all there. *Everything*. All of her.

He opens up a NEW ENTRY. And starts to type...

MILES (V.O.)

One final note. For what, I don't know. Maybe, cosmically, you can hear this. Who knows how the world works anymore?

As he continues, we JUMP AHEAD:

He ambles through the apartment. Delaying the inevitable.

MILES (V.O.)
I just want you to know...

Finally, he sits down. Opens the portal. Where he navigates his new powers. And clicks *terminate account*.

MILES (V.O.)
I loved you.

Are you sure you want to delete? Y/N

MILES (V.O.)
I love you.

Deep breath.

He's scared.

MILES (V.O.)
I had a good time.

Yes

All of Miles' files. Subfolders. Little notes. Deleting one by one, dominoes falling, *gone-gone-gone*.

Miles grabs a glass and a bottle of something strong. He downs the first cup. Pours another.

He clears his clothes chair and settles in for a long night.

And he watches the files disappear. Inching closer and closer to that last, new note.

He closes his eyes. Forcing himself to stay.

Until he hears a CHIME.

Job complete.

And then it all goes **black**.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - MORNING

Miles wakes up. On the floor?

Hungover as all hell.

His apartment is different. Every single part of it. He opens up the curtains - *so much sun* - to see a scenic park view.

Well, that's nice.

A ripple must have hit. A big one.

But before he can take stock of everything that's changed, his phone BEEPS and BUZZES with *non-stop notifications*:

"XxNavi47xX has been caught"

Miles turns on the TV - *a pretty nice TV, which isn't the point, but cool* - to a BREAKING NEWS REPORT.

Same anchor long ago, but she's been hit by a bunch of ripples herself. She's now Andrea Ashbury-~~Fox~~ for one.

ANDREA

The fugitive known by his online handle XxNavi47xX has been arrested, federal authorities say.

They show mediocre footage of a **MAN** handcuffed, head hanging, doing the perp walk from his home to waiting police cruisers.

The cameras try to zoom in on his face. And then the footage restarts from another angle.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

They have yet to provide any details on the man in custody-

Miles changes the station.

It's on every. single. channel.

NBC NEWS ANCHOR

-from his attire, we've heard rumors that he is actually *from* the future, and was simply caught in our present-

KTLA NEWS ANCHOR

-I don't know, I think he's like one of those Bond villains, you know, *look at him*-

Miles ignores that nonsense and moves closer to the screen.

Watching the footage repeat and repeat.

The grainy, strained close-up on his face.

He's so clearly *just a guy*.

Just like Miles.

Someone desperately clinging to the past.

Miles feels bad for the guy.

KTLA NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

One thing that's being speculated on is that with Navi being caught, there will be no more ripples. Whatever life you ended up in is the *final* one.

The News Anchor stares vacantly out, worried. The rest of the crew smiles or cries or simply processes.

And she's not the only one, as we float through those watching the news:

- Oz absorbs the news alone in his office. His daughter's refrigerator painting by his side. He pulls out his phone. His finger lingers over his wife's number...

- Marybeth listens on the radio as she makes breakfast. She carries a plate over to Sadie's Dad, and looks at him with a sense of relief, even if she doesn't know why.

- Jackson and Lera play with Eli, hardly even noticing the breaking news report in the background.

And back to Miles.

After a moment, he reaches for the last drops of that drink from last night.

He notices moisture on the table where the glass was...

He wipes it away.

Leaving behind a thick RING.

He stares at it...

EXT. WESTWOOD STREETS - DAY

Miles steps outside.

A surprising amount of people are out. And it seems like they're all going through *something*. As if their world has been turned on its head. Which it has.

Some stand around, zombie-like. Others cry. Most are glued to their phones.

Miles passes by a **DAD** with **TWO FIGHTING KIDS-**

EXHAUSTED DAD

No, he's your brother *no matter what* now. You can't just *hope* he disappears again.

And **TWO FRIENDS GOSSIPING-**

GOSSIPING FRIEND

Like, yes, I know he totally screwed with our lives, but, like, *he was way cuter than expected?*

And an **ARGUING COUPLE**, as she chucks all his shit out the window and onto the street.

ARGUING WOMAN

You can't claim *she* happened in some other timeline anymore when *she's still in your phone*.

As this couple's personal tableau rains down by Miles' feet-
Sadie proudly plugging in their bear lamp the first time.

The memory pops like a flash and *blurs* away.

Disappearing for all time.

Miles walks faster.

The perfect weighted blanket.

Blur. Gone.

He picks up speed.

Spelling on her back.

Proposing while she's half-asleep.

Finding her with his name written on her arm.

The pillow-pregnancy fight.

Sprinting now.

And it's a cascade now: *the looks, the blindfold, playing with Trouble, the weird noises, laughter, quiet nights, the Little Dipper.*

Flash. Blur. Fade.

Gone.

And he slows to a stop. He can't outrun it.

He sits down.

He closes his eyes.

He lets it happen.

Looking right at him as he wakes up.

Hold that. Hold it for one more second.

SADIE (V.O.)
You're still here.

And he exhales.

And opens his eyes.

She's gone.

And he's okay.

He catches his breath. Stands back up. And keeps on walking.

EXT. APPLE PAN - LATER

Miles comes upon a familiar street and a familiar sign.

Like he gravitated here without even knowing why anymore.

INT. APPLE PAN - CONTINUOUS

Miles steps inside. Looks around.

It's *empty*. Save for the **WAITER**, same as always.

MILES
Never seen it this *empty* in here.

WAITER
Yeah, well, fabric of people's
universe coming undone can do that.

MILES
Guess so.

WAITER
The regular?

Miles nods. *Why not?*

He takes a seat. There's an ease to him.

He watches as others trickle in through the saloon doors.

The Waiter hands him a coffee, as-

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Whaaat, no wait? Miracle.

WAITER
Fabric of people's universe coming
undone can do that.

Miles puts his coffee down.

Sees who that was, who took the seat across from him.

Who else?

Sadie.

Different in more ways than we can probably comprehend.

Then again, so is Miles.

They make eye contact.

He smiles. She smiles. And then they look away.

They are strangers after all.

...but something brings them both back.

They look at each other again.

This time, they don't look away.

THE END.