

FADE IN:

INT. DONALD OLIVAW'S WORKSHOP

We open with a slow pan around the cluttered workshop of inventor DONALD OLIVAW (early 40's. It is filled with BOOKS and TOOLS of all sorts, and on the walls is a curious collection of NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS depicting tragedies. One headline reads: LEGENDARY JACKSONVILLE DETECTIVE HAL PRICE MISSING TWO MONTHS AFTER PERSONAL TRAGEDY.

Donald himself stands in the room's center tinkering with a DEVICE on a TABLE before standing erect before it and adjusting his collar. He leans over and presses a BUTTON on the device and then, as if addressing an audience, begins to speak.

DONALD

Ladies and gentlemen of the Global Patent Office Funding Committee, my name is Donald Olivaw and I thank you for this opportunity to speak via holographic uplink. The 21st century has been a remarkable time, hasn't it? We've seen great triumphs come on the heels of massive tragedy, as on September 11, 2001, as well as great tragedy from seemingly monumental triumph, such as the loss of the first four-man group of Mars colonists. And yet no matter what happens, we always find ourselves asking each other whether we would do things differently if we could do it all over again.

(Beat)

You all know what I'm here to propose, but you don't yet know why you should embrace it, or even if there really is such a thing to embrace. And yet, time travel, or the idea of experiencing different times in the history of our world, is, if you'll pardon the pun, an idea as old as time itself. Over the millennia, psychic mediums have claimed to see and show us the future, while various means of travel have let us see and touch the wondrous remains of Greek, Egyptian, Arab and Celtic cultures of the past centuries long gone. Our present is constantly debated, our future still the centerpiece of wonder and worry.

(MORE)

DONALD (CONTD.)

From the photograph to the phonograph, artificially captured and projected images and sounds depict moments in time or recreations thereof to be experienced as fully as possible over and over again. Is not all that forms of time travel? Now, however, the subject of time need not be a purely intellectual pursuit, for I have created a device that allows us to capture and manipulate time to make it work for us. With my machine, we can go into the past and correct mistakes, or travel into the future to discover what sort of issues we should be aware of and working to solve right now, before they become bigger problems. Our capacity to learn and understand our origins as a species will be expanded a thousand-fold and then some. We can even, bring back cures for diseases such as cancer and AIDS, for I know they exist in somewhere, sometime. The only thing needed now is money to build enough of these machines to grant access to cities and nations across the globe. That is why you, the financiers, the wealthy on this earth, are here to make sure this remarkable piece of technology is replicated for all of humanity's use.

Donald leans over and presses another button.

DONALD

Before you now are the schematics of this machine. While you may not understand how or why everything works, you'll at least be able to see how properly to make it work. As with any piece of new technology, there are risks and dangers associated with its misuse, but my friends, I am an optimist, and I think that the collective consciousness of mankind has matured enough to make the very best of my discovery... my genius. With that, I leave you to your deliberations, and wish you only the best of times. Olivaw out:

Donald presses another button and the machine goes off. With a smile, he sits down at a DESK, lost in what he is

sure is a triumph. Then, there is a KNOCK at the door.

DONALD

Who is it?

There is no voice, only more knocking.

Cautiously, Donald gets up and answers the door, at which stands a HOODED FIGURE in dark clothing. Donald is silent, a little stunned, a little confused as the hooded figure walks past Donald into the workshop.

Donald closes the door behind the stranger and almost immediately notices that his visitor is holding a small WEAPON.

DONALD

Who are you? What is it you want? I don't keep a lot of money here.

HOODED FIGURE

I just want a little of your time, Dr. Olivaw.

The Hooded Figure removes his hood and Donald recognizes the face.

DONALD

Oscar?

Oscar, in his early 20's, is the son of Donald's widowed neighbor.

DONALD

Oscar, what in St. Peter's name are you doing over here at this time of night? And what's with the disguise?

OSCAR

I need your invention, Doctor.

Donald is silent for a moment, then starts laughing.

DONALD

What invention? Not my time machine.

Oscar nods "yes."

DONALD

Oscar, you've gotta be joking.

Oscar brandishes his weapon.

OSCAR

No joke - where is it?

DONALD

I don't know what's with you and this act you're putting on, but you're not getting my time machine. Now if you want to see it, that's different. It's in the back. Come on, I'll show it...

Oscar points the weapon at Donald.

OSCAR

This isn't any goddamn act, Doctor! I want that machine!

DONALD

What for?

OSCAR

That's none of your business.

DONALD

You'll never get it out of here, Oscar. It's too big. My lands, son, why are you pointing that weapon at me? How do you think your mother would feel if she saw you like this?

Oscar shoots Donald in the thigh.

A stunned shrieks in pain and grasps his thigh to stop the bleeding.

OSCAR

You are going to help me find that machine and get it ready to use, or by God, I will kill you and nobody will find your sorry ass corpse in a million years. Is that understood?

DONALD

I didn't want it to fall into the wrong hands... I thought the wrong hands would be a rogue nation, a terrorist group, maybe, but never a misguided young man I've known since childhood...

OSCAR

Who do you think you're talking to, huh? Shut-up and help me get that machine!

Through the pain, Donald manages to look Oscar straight in the eyes and say, as firmly as possible:

DONALD

Never.

With that, Oscar shoots Donald again, this time silencing him on the floor. Then, Oscar pulls out a small

COMMUNICATIONS DEVICE and speaks into it.

OSCAR
This is Wraith Two, come in.

A voice, that of someone we'll call LEADER, comes over the handheld device.

LEADER (OVER)
Do you have it?

OSCAR
Not yet, but it's here, it's just a matter of finding and preparing it for travel.

LEADER (OVER)
Olivaw wouldn't help you?

Oscar smirks, looks over at Donald.

OSCAR
Something tells me he'd rather die than help us.

LEADER (OVER)
That's a shame.

Oscar smiles.

OSCAR
Oh, I'm real broken up, boss.

LEADER (OVER)
No matter -- I'm sending Damien, Harvey and Ralph to help you prepare it yourselves, then we'll meet at the designated coordinates.

OSCAR
What about the cops?

Meanwhile, unbeknownst to Oscar, Donald is still barely alive on the floor, listening.

LEADER (OVER)
I want you guys to dispose of Olivaw's body as well as possible. Do that and we'll be gone by the time the cops have enough evidence to even search the place.

OSCAR
Right... And would you have any suggestions as to how to dispose of the body?

LEADER (OVER)

I don't know. Use that time machine of his to send his corpse to the dark ages. Just figure something out and do it fast.

OSCAR

Oh, come on, boss, what's the rush? With this piece of technological wizardry, we've got all the time in the world.

LEADER (OVER)

Real cute... Now get to work.

Oscar puts the handheld device back into a pocket, then notices Donald still barely alive, groaning on the floor. Oscar talks to him as he goes about the room gathering up odds and ends.

OSCAR

You know, Doc, I read about this thing while you were still building it, about how each time traveler had to have some kind of wrist band or something to keep his biological clock from going out of whack during time travel. I guess I just wonder why you had to make the whole damned thing so complicated. Couldn't you just, like, make something with levers to pull and, zoom, you're zipping along through time like shit through a goose?

Oscar laughs at his own choice of words.

OSCAR

You're probably thinking right now that the reason my friends and I are stealing this thing is to get kicks or make some bold political statement in another century or something. Naw, man, see, for me, it's as simple as this. I'm going to visit an old friend of the family, and when I do, I'm going to pay him back for screwing with my life. The son of a bitch testified against my father, sent him to prison to get beaten and killed. It's just plain old personal vengeance, nothing so complicated at all. And with this new device, I can do what I want. I am time's master.

DONALD

You're sick, Oscar. I feel sorry for you.

Oscar stops for a moment and thinks, as if he's taking Donald's words to heart.

OSCAR

Maybe, but nowadays everyone like me has an excuse.

Oscar looks at his watch.

OSCAR

Oh, my, it's later than I thought. Looks like our session is about up for today and my friends should be here any minute.

Oscar points his weapon down at Donald again.

DONALD

Oscar, wait, don't...

OSCAR

Sorry, doc, time's up.

With that, Oscar fires his weapon, and we SMASH-CUT-TO-BLACK.

(NOTE: STORY TO BE CONTINUED IN THE HOUR TRAP)