

3-25-2021

## Hindsight

Haley Elizabeth Moore

*Louisiana State University and Agricultural and Mechanical College*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.lsu.edu/gradschool\\_theses](https://digitalcommons.lsu.edu/gradschool_theses)



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#), and the [Screenwriting Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Moore, Haley Elizabeth, "Hindsight" (2021). *LSU Master's Theses*. 5326.  
[https://digitalcommons.lsu.edu/gradschool\\_theses/5326](https://digitalcommons.lsu.edu/gradschool_theses/5326)

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Graduate School at LSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in LSU Master's Theses by an authorized graduate school editor of LSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [gradetd@lsu.edu](mailto:gradetd@lsu.edu).

# **HINDSIGHT**

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the  
Louisiana State University and  
Agricultural and Mechanical College  
in partial fulfillment of the  
requirements for the degree of  
Master of Fine Arts

in

The Department of English

by  
Haley Elizabeth Moore  
B.A., Louisiana State University, 2017  
May 2021

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE.....	iii
CHARACTERS.....	iv
ARCS.....	1
THE KNOWN UNIVERSE.....	7
THEMES.....	9
TONE.....	15
SEASON ONE EPISODES.....	17
SEASON TWO.....	19
POSTSCRIPT.....	20
VITA.....	21

## PREFACE

“Time travel is theoretically impossible, but I wouldn't want to give it up as a plot gimmick.”

—Isaac Asimov

“Of all the concepts in Speculative Fiction, Time Travel is probably the one that, over time, has provided us with the most possibilities for storytelling, and therefore the one that has been (clocked as having been) exploited the most.”

—TVtropes.org

*Hindsight* is a one-hour long show with an eight-episode arc per season. It is a story of authenticity and gimmicks, privilege and disadvantage, mediocrity and exceptionalism. These are all pretty big concepts, and yeah, we look at them on a macrocosmic scale, but the main focus is on the microcosmic: the real story is about Tallulah Alford, a millennial who's been working at the same dead-end job for ten years, in the same dead-end city that she grew up in. One day Tallulah discovers that time travel exists.

Tallulah's not the type of person who should be using a time machine.

## **CHARACTERS**

TALLULAH (“Lulah”) ALFORD, 28 years old - a boring desk clerk

ANGELA (“Ang”) MITCHELL, 29 years old - an essential worker

JEFFREY ARNOLD, a.k.a. FROK 14, 42 years old - an anthropologist from the year 2159

THE PRODIGY, 16 years old - the singular ruler of Future Earth

TABLE and SPIFF GRIBN, 37 and 40 years old, respectively - tourists from the year 2172

THE AMBASSADORS - henchmen who work for The Prodigy

SHARON ALFORD - Tallulah’s mom

JACKIE MITCHELL - Angela’s mom

KEVIN - an artificially intelligent virtual assistant

JUSTIN - Tallulah’s ex-boyfriend from high school

SARAH - Jeffrey’s dead girlfriend

## ARCS

### Tallulah Alford and Angela Mitchell

Tallulah and Angela are best friends. Not best friends from work, because those aren't real. Not best friends from college either, because those friendships have faded away over the past seven or so years. Tallulah and Angela have known each other since Kindergarten: a kind of friendship that sticks out of habit, or maybe even out of necessity. Their moms know each other (they taught at the same school, and did Jazzercise together), and so naturally, Tallulah and Angela have always known each other.



In another timeline<sup>1</sup>, these two would not be friends because they are so different. Tallulah is brash, careless, and unsatisfied. Angela is calm, collected, and content. There is, however, a subtle, yet impactful, difference between them, and it is the fact that Tallulah was born into privilege, and Angela was not. Again, this separation is subtle enough that Tallulah, in her vanity, does not notice it. But Angela does. For Angela, this

discrepancy manifests itself in Tallulah's behavior: Tallulah's parents can pay her rent, for example, but Angela works for hers, and Tallulah is obnoxiously spiteful of her family.

Angela does not hate Tallulah, but she is tired. Tired of being the mother figure for Tallulah, tired of being an "essential worker," and tired of putting on a fake smile for everybody that demands it of her. Tallulah, on the other hand, is the type to say that she is tired (her job is SO BORING), but she's not actually, physically, tired. Angela is, though.

When they encounter Jeffrey's time travel device, Tallulah and Angela see its potential in different ways. Tallulah sees it as her ticket to Great Things, whatever that means. Tallulah is boring, and like a Disney princess, she wants a better hand than that which she was dealt: romance, adventure, maybe even some kind of celebrity. Angela, contrarily, wants to put things back the way they were. She wants to see her



---

<sup>1</sup> There will be more timelines.

mom again, and she strives for ease and comfort.

Their discovery of time travel makes the differences between them so much more apparent, causing a rift in their friendship. They've known each other for so long that they have their own language; Angela can tell what Tallulah is thinking by noticing a slight twinge in Tallulah's jaw. But Tallulah's desires for More and Better are unnerving to Angela, and so when presented with the opportunity, Angela leaves.



Jeffrey Arnold, a.k.a. Frok 14

Jeffrey is obsessed with the Past. As an anthropologist from Future Earth, he is paid to live in the early 21st century, where he has been collecting data for years. Jeffrey got this job by being expendable. His parents are dead, and he has no friends or family members to connect him to Future Earth. He has been doing research for 8 years when we meet him in 2020.

Jeffrey is not smart. He seems smart, because he is from Future Earth, and when it is revealed to Tallulah and Angela that he has the ability to time travel, they assume that he knows how time travel works. He does not. While the ability to time travel was developed in 2114, it's still very new and unknown among Future Earth residents. As an anthropologist and researcher, Jeffrey's association with time travel has less to do with how it works, and more to do with its use as a vehicle. Jeffrey is merely a Frequent Flyer on an airplane; he would not know how the airplane stays in the air.

This becomes evident when he attempts to demonstrate the potential of time travel to Tallulah. Time travel has rules, the first of which is DO NOT INTERFERE<sup>2</sup>. As an employee of The Prodigy, he has only a few extra special privileges, namely an ability to live and work in the Past, but the idea of the rule is the same: if you start to make waves in a place that you don't belong, then the Future will be affected, and no one wants that.

Jeffrey is especially familiar with this rule, as he is guilty of influencing the events of the Future (and therefore breaking the first rule of time travel). Back in 2013, he began a significant relationship with a woman named Sarah. He was involved in her death; not directly, but indirectly, as it was a tragic accident. Jeffrey tried to go back in time to save her life, but he found that she still died in a similar fashion. He tried many more times, and each time the course of events became more and more distinct from the original timeline in which she existed. After realizing that Sarah would die no matter what he did, Jeffrey gave up. He has since been living as a refugee in the Past, fearful that The Prodigy's henchmen will come and take him away, back to his original timeline.



It's been five years, and no one has come for him. This could be due to the fact that The Prodigy doesn't care about Jeffrey, and while they seem significant, his crimes are petty (at the time, that is). *No one* cares about Jeffrey, not really. Tallulah considers him to be a creep because of the way that he dresses and his generally amiable behavior. He hasn't made a deep connection with anyone since Sarah, because he is traumatized.

When Tallulah confronts him about an encounter that they both had the night before, Jeffrey's interest is piqued. He has no memory of this event, and he decides that she must have come

---

<sup>2</sup> For more rules, see *The Known Universe*.



across a different version of him. Possibly a future version of him. But why would Jeffrey alter the current timeline in order to reach out to Tallulah, a boring desk clerk?

### Table and Spiff Gribn<sup>3</sup>

Table and Spiff are tourists. We call them tourists because as travelers from Future Earth, that's exactly what they do. It's also delightfully inconspicuous. Table and Spiff win a vacation to the year 2020 on a game show called "What Time Is It?" and while this event is portrayed as a dream that Tallulah has, it did actually happen<sup>4</sup>.

In the pilot episode, the appearance of Table and Spiff is intended to demonstrate what a "typical" time traveler/tourist looks like. They are charmed by the Past, but they are also clueless. They don't even realize that a pandemic is going on. Their connection between the Past and Future becomes much more significant as the events of the season progress, however. Time travel is, after all, an avocation of the 1%, and Table and Spiff are not wealthy by any means. They won this trip on a game show. They not only don't belong to the year 2020 because they are from the Future, but as Future residents, they wouldn't even visit 2020 because they are of a lower class. Table and Spiff are outliers, who are really not supposed to be here. And yet here they are.



Upon seeing that Jeffrey doesn't wear his time travel device, Spiff boldly decides to take his own device off, causing him to return to Future Earth in an unstable condition. Having had their vacation cut short, Table and Spiff are eager to return to 2020, even though they cannot afford it.

---

<sup>3</sup> Those are some odd names. Future Earth residents were markedly influenced by current celebrity baby naming trends: the Pilot Inspektors, the Apples, the Stormies, Dweezils, Blue Ivies, and most notably, X Æ A-12.

<sup>4</sup> For more on Tallulah's dreams, see "Authenticity vs. Gimmicks."

They are trouble, you see. Similar to Tallulah, Angela, and Jeffrey, Table and Spiff use time travel to go somewhere that they shouldn't be, which is the Past. They are annoying... little gnats that disrupt the very organized order of things. It *is* very organized, right? That is, it should be. And yet the presence of Table and Spiff demonstrate just how unpolished the system is.

Over the course of season one, their existence becomes more of a threat to the 1% and their way of life because they used luck to escape the system. Whereas The Prodigy is unconcerned by the whereabouts of Jeffrey, Tallulah, and Angela (affecting timelines has never negatively hindered anyone before, so it doesn't pose as a clear and present danger), the actions of Table and Spiff are bad news because they demonstrate just how easily someone of their socioeconomic class can slip through the cracks, and that's no good. It also doesn't help that Table and Spiff are both headstrong characters; when they are denied a return to the Past after Spiff's "accident," they adamantly demand a refund or a trip of equal value. When that's not granted to them, they eventually are responsible for inciting a riot in the Future (riots don't happen in the Future, not around the 1% at least).

### The Prodigy

Future Earth consists of two types of people: the 99% and the 1%, to put it generally. The Prodigy rules over all of them, or at least, she's supposed to. At sixteen-years-old, The Prodigy is young. Much too young to rule an entire planet. Like most monarchs, The Prodigy knows a lot about her job, but that's about it. She is a symbol of Earth's vitality, intellect, and fortitude, but she is also very distant from Earth's actual inhabitants, both figuratively and literally, as she lives in a very tall skyscraper in what's left of Manhattan.



Like Jeffrey, she finds joy in collecting artifacts: she lives with some of the most famous paintings in the world. She particularly enjoys Francisco Goya. But she has no defined taste or style. This is due to the fact that Future residents have scoured ancient cultures, and because of the stark class divide, there is no culture left. No art, no music, no cuisines, no fashion. As a

monarchical ruler, The Prodigy owns remnants of Great Art, but she doesn't "get" them, and they don't resonate with her on a personal level. They are just pretty things.

When The Prodigy is made aware of Tallulah's presence, her version of order becomes severely disrupted. Tallulah exhibits characteristics of the Time Child, but instead of being convinced that Tallulah is any sort of deity, The Prodigy wants to use her for her own benefit. In her mind, the world would be a much more civilized place if the 99% were just *gone*. If they are all rallying for Tallulah's deification, then maybe The Prodigy can grab onto their hivemind and steer them off of a cliff. So to speak.



## THE KNOWN UNIVERSE

First of all, it should be stated that terms such as Future Earth, the Future, and the Past require capitalization. Ever since time travel was discovered, chronological “places” are considered to be palpable locations, and are therefore proper nouns. As in, you can go to Montreal, and you can go to the Past.

In Future Earth, one must follow three very important rules when traveling through time:

1. DO NOT INTERFERE.
2. Do not hurt or kill the Ancient Humans<sup>5</sup>!
3. If you interfere, do not try to correct your past actions!

It should be clear that these rules are not easy to follow. Is not one’s presence in a different timeline interfering, to some extent? The answer is yes, as time travel in itself is a *huge* form of interfering! But to understand the contradictory nature of these rules, it is also important to understand the inhabitants of Future Earth.



As previously mentioned, the Future is starkly divided between the 1% and the 99%. Instead of a stratified middle class, everyone in the 99% lives in squalor, similar to the world depicted in the film *Soylent Green*. Whereas the 1% can afford well-furnished apartments, clean water, and food, everyone else lives in close, cramped quarters, eating scraps and doing nothing all day except for work. They are constantly working to pay for bills, and everyone lives from paycheck to

---

<sup>5</sup> Anyone who does not live in the Future is an Ancient Human. This designation is tricky, because time is constantly shifting. Just don’t think about it too much.



paycheck. Culture in general is nonexistent, because who has time for artistic endeavors? Every day is a ceaseless grind.

The 1%, on the other hand, live in skyscrapers high above everyone else, and they do not work. Why should they? They have already amassed most of the world's wealth, so there is no need to ever break a sweat. They typically indulge in their own personal hobbies, such as lounging, or going for strolls on their personal Infinity Paths (a combination treadmill/virtual device; it gives one the experience of walking outside without ever having to actually go outside). They indulge in the arts, but these are borrowed from past civilizations. As in, they consume literature, music, and forms of media, but they do not make it themselves, and so technically it is all old-fashioned.



When time travel was discovered, it was immediately privatized. During this particular time, the 1% distanced themselves from the 99% by declaring that they were “more evolved.” To this effect, only members of the 1% can travel in time: since they believe themselves to be more intellectually superior, then there is no fear of disrupting the Past. If someone from the Past were to ask a Future resident if they were from the Future, the Future resident would say “No, of course not.” The monumental amount of trust that is required for this to work is why we<sup>6</sup> haven't run into any time travelers yet. With the exception of the rules, there is no other effort made towards enforcing tourists to behave. We just assume they will, because they're from the Future, where everyone is smart.

This idea falls apart when Tallulah gets her hand on Jeffrey's time travel device, but it's worth noting that Tallulah is not the first person to “interfere.” Jeffrey did, after all, disrupt multiple timelines to save Sarah. But no one cares about Jeffrey, so it's no big deal.

---

<sup>6</sup> That is, residents of the year 2021.

## THEMES

### Authenticity vs. Gimmicks

This series was originally a movie script called *The Theory of Devolution*, in which I was insistent that time travel be used as something that merely existed in the universe, and not as a plot device. As it turns out, it's hard to write a script with a somewhat-developed universe in which time travel doesn't contribute to the narrative. In *Hindsight*, time travel as a plot device is embraced entirely, creating what I hope to be a meta-narrative in which storytelling and "reality" are explored and intertwined.



I've seen a lot of science fiction television, and if a series lasts for long enough, the topic of time travel will always come up, even when it's a show that's *not* about time travel at all (episodes of *Star Trek: Voyager* come to mind). It's a concept that walks the fine line between fantasy, and something that could potentially exist. It's also a topic that is overused and misused (someone died? Just go back in time and bring them to life!). The script of *Hindsight* knows this. So, where are the boundaries? What *can't* we do in this universe?

Jeffrey Arnold (a.k.a. Frok 14) is the main vehicle through which these concepts are explored. He's a time traveler who admittedly knows nothing about time travel. He's not a scientist as much as he is a spectator and collector. Jeffrey dated a woman (Sarah) in the mid-2010s and, when she died after being hit by a bus, he repeatedly tried to bring her back to life. Or rather, he himself kept going back in time to save her. The more he failed, the more he realized that no matter what, she would die in a tragic and confusing way, and all he could do was prolong her death. As he explains: the universe wanted her dead. "The universe," in this statement, is actually the confined universe of the story and the world in which Jeffrey lives: as a character within a narrative. The story created Sarah, and she must die because it benefits the story. It is her fate.

Similarly, Tallulah experiences moments of déjà vu throughout the first season. We eventually find out that her timeline is being continuously rewritten due to her choices (particularly through her abuse of Jeffrey's time travel device), and her past (or future?) "memories" become tucked away in her subconscious. Was she a viewer during the game show in which Table and Spiff won the time travel vacation? No, not originally. But in the Future, she will be there, which causes her past self to "remember" it. This is all very confusing, and that is okay. Writing a script that involves multiple timelines requires flowcharts and post-it notes, and as a viewer it shouldn't be a puzzle to solve. Like Jeffrey, I don't have a real understanding of how time travel "works," and most people don't either. This story isn't about the mechanics of time travel, but rather the normal people who stumble across it. A plethora of time travel tropes already exist<sup>7</sup> and this series will not try to avoid them. My intent is to demonstrate that in a world constructed of gimmicks, it's still possible to have an authentic story about real people who experience actual emotions.



The use of the year 2020 is particularly relevant due to the fact that it has become its own punchline. For instance, its similarity to a dumpster fire makes one roll their eyes simply upon hearing "2020" out loud. Had a bad day? Blame it on 2020. It seems absurd to designate a temporal moment in time as the root of our problems, and *we know, deep down, that that's not how things work*. This script offers a tangible explanation for why 2020 sucked, and it is due to the fact that it is overpopulated with people who don't belong here. There is a kind of *The*

---

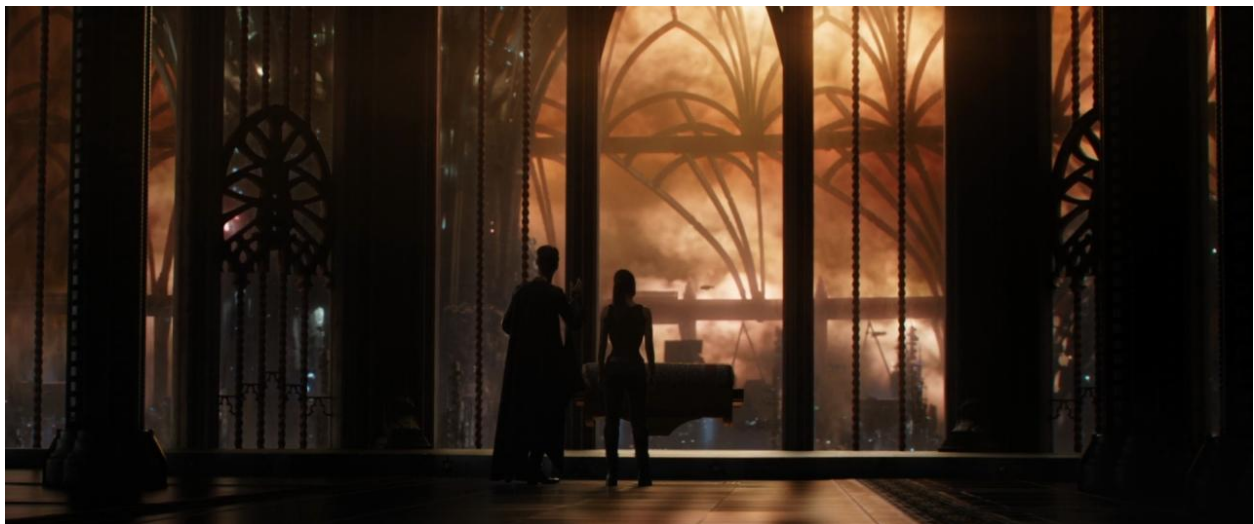
<sup>7</sup> Just check out <https://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/TimeTravelTropes> if you want to see an exhaustive list.

*Purge*-esque quality to 2020, in that the 1% of the 22nd century comes to 2020 to do whatever they want with no repercussions, so that they don't have to ruin the moral landscape of their own environment.

Speaking of *The Purge*, the use of pop culture is significant to the way in which this narrative unfolds, particularly because of Jeffrey and the way that he makes sense of the world around him. Jeffrey is an anthropologist, but instead of studying people who exist in the Past, he obsesses over television shows and films. It clicks for him, because as someone from the year 2159, he feels very much like an alien in our world<sup>8</sup>. He is perplexed (albeit amused) by our language, culture, and customs because they are starkly different from those of Future Earth. To help cope with this bewilderment, Jeffrey watches as many movies that he can get his hands on. This is where he gets his data, and this is why he returns to cinematic allegories: it is a language that he understands. This is because tropes (and stories) are universal, when reality is unpredictable.

#### Privilege vs. Disadvantage

*Hindsight* was written with a political angle in mind, but this is not an entirely political script. That is to say, the discrepancy between those with or without privilege is an important theme, but it doesn't guide the actions of our characters so much as it is an ever-looming cloud that we can't get rid of.



This can certainly be seen in the relationship between Tallulah and Angela. These women are best friends, but their experiences are very different; in the narrative, it begins in a way that is subtle, but comes to a head during the first season.

---

<sup>8</sup> He's not an alien, even though he acts like one sometimes. There are no aliens in this story (yet).



Why won't Tallulah change her g\*ddamn air filter? It's such a simple thing, but her neglect towards this minor task holds symbolic value to Angela. The red "change filter" light is a nuisance, and it's always red. Tallulah is not only lazy, but ignorant of this thing that is right in front of her. She lives with it, but it doesn't bother her. It bothers Angela, though. The same can be applied to their attitudes towards their respective situations. Angela works because she needs to, but Tallulah works because she has nothing else to do. Similarly, when Angela's mom becomes infected with the COVID-19 virus, Tallulah's approach towards Angela's pain is nonchalant and optimistic, whereas Angela's feelings are rooted in anxiety and dread. After all, good healthcare is a privilege. Tallulah doesn't know this because it's not part of her experience.



On a larger scale, the disparity between upper and lower class is much more obvious in the context of Future Earth among those who can and can't time travel. The ability to move oneself to a place in time which is "less evolved" can be compared to gentrification: those who are wealthy and "intellectually superior"<sup>9</sup> change the culture of the environment in which they occupy, and for the worse. Whereas we are quick to blame the frequent anxieties of 2020 on an intangible force, there is an actual reason for its awfulness, and it is other humans. For them, the Past is a vacation spot, or a glamping destination. They're not supposed to litter (and according to them, they don't), but they do. The result is a year that is cluttered with bad decisions and chaotic tragedy, and one that affirms itself: as in, Future residents cause damage to the Past, and then they travel back to the Future (where things are worse, but segregated) to escape from the

---

<sup>9</sup> All of these quotation marks are necessary to distinguish between how the inhabitants of Future Earth see themselves and reality. Are people in the Future actually more superior than those in the Past? No. But that doesn't stop Future Earth residents from believing so.

trouble that they themselves caused. Similar to the time loop that Jeffrey creates in episode one, it is a “snake-eating-its-tail sort of situation.”

The snake-eating-its-tail is actually a motif that can be explored in several ways, particularly for the purposes of the characters initiating actions in the Future, who will feel the repercussions in the Past. For now, this is expressed via moments of déjà vu, but small unexplained events, such as Jeffrey’s desire to tell Tallulah about the Voyager in the pilot episode, can later be explained by the actions of a future version of Jeffrey.

### Mediocrity vs. Exceptionalism

The Voyager Exhibit is something that comes up more than once in the first episode, so it must be significant. While Tallulah doesn’t know much about it, this specific museum exhibit is connected to her personal wants and desires. The Golden Records, in particular, contain music, sounds, and images that portray the diversity of Earth’s culture, in case they are found by extraterrestrial life. How important must Chuck Berry be, if his music is what we send to aliens in order to demonstrate the best, most interesting aspects of our planet?



Tallulah wants to be this important, except she makes zero efforts to attain this kind of image for herself. Tallulah is a painter, and she went to art school on her parents’ dime. She is experiencing, in real time, the fear of having wasted her liberal arts degree. She doesn’t care so much about the financial waste as much as her own wasted potential. Her dream has always been to open up a gallery and become known for her work. This dream is not only impractical, but unrealistic, as Tallulah isn’t even good at her craft and doesn’t put in the time or work to become better. Her dissatisfaction is rooted in a desire that is more of a pipe dream than a real, obtainable goal.

So when Jeffrey shows up with a time travel device, Tallulah is more than willing to use it for herself. She is negligent and doesn't consider the consequences of her actions. The first time that she uses it is actually to help Angela, who is grieving the loss of her mother. But even this action is problematic and fruitless. When she arrives to Future Earth and realizes that she is "important," it feels right to her. Finally, somebody is telling her what she knew all along! This gives her tunnel vision, however, and she doesn't notice when she is hurting people.

Jeffrey, while also very ordinary, is content to be so. His expendability and lack of individuality explain how he landed a job in the Past, and he revels in it. He is given freedom to do whatever he wants without constant supervision, and his desires are simple: he enjoys observing others, and he enjoys eating Little Debbie cakes.

When Sarah died, he became targeted as a criminal and refugee of Future Earth. Sarah, it should be noted, was what Jeffrey deemed to be exceptional. She wore strange clothes and had face piercings. She was also lovely and funny and beautiful. People like Sarah don't exist in the Future, and so Jeffrey idolized her. This caused a rift in their relationship (he viewed her as a goddess, and not a human being), ultimately leading to her untimely death. In his grief, Jeffrey first brought attention to himself in his several attempts to bring her back to life, but when these attempts failed, he slunk back into his relatively unknown existence, as he feared that his love for Sarah, and his interactions with someone who he has deemed as extraordinary, were the cause of his pain and suffering.

He is somewhat of a self-flagellating creature.



## TONE

This series doesn't exactly conform to one genre, and it has a frustratingly wishy-washy tone to match. Back when this was a film called *The Theory of Devolution*, I referred to it as a "time travel satire," and I still believe that it fits that description. As a satire, there is an ever-so-slight awareness placed over the narrative, as well as in the dialogue between the characters. Jeffrey, in particular, explains time travel via pop culture references because it is easy for him to access, and for Tallulah and Angela, being millennials, they can understand this language too. Just as well, Tallulah sees herself as the protagonist because she *is* the protagonist (and as audience members, we should be shocked when Angela usurps Tallulah's would-be role of the Time Child at the end of the first season).

As a satire, there are many absurd elements that can be explored and leaned into, especially the motif of how awful the year 2020 was, and how it got to be that way (due to Future tourists traveling back in time and affecting the Past).

There is also a strange, fuzzy line between death and humor; most notably the deaths of Jackie, Angela's mom, and Sarah, Jeffrey's girlfriend. While these deaths are not humorous events at the time that they take place, the ensuing events are strange and craft what, I hope, is a sense of very dark, very dry comedy. The kind that makes you feel bad for laughing.

Ultimately, contradictory emotions are the real goal: maybe you laugh and then feel a twinge of sadness afterwards, or you become upset and someone makes you laugh with their dialogue. It should be a good and bothersome feeling.





## Visual Style

Similar to the tone of the series, the visual style should create a sense of discomfort; and not discomfort in that it is outright ugly or irritating, but rather something that is subtle and unusual.

This should be due to the fact that *Hindsight*, on a large scale, is about people. A lot of people, at that: the divisions of the 1% and the 99%, the generations of the millennials and boomers (and even the generational differences between characters like Table, Spiff, and Jeffrey), and the entire inhabitants of both the Past and the Future. These places aren't just physical places, their existence implies people. But where are the people?

An important note to make of this series document is the emphasis of isolation in each of the photos chosen. There is something explicitly lonely about this entire universe. COVID-19 has quarantined everyone who exists in the year 2020, but even the Future residents exist in a kind of bubble, segregated away from each other. While this shouldn't devolve into some kind of "phones are bad" diatribe, the idea that everything is within reach but physically far away should be explored in a way that is almost tactile.



## SEASON ONE EPISODES

### Episode 1: “Pilot”

When a future version of Jeffrey visits Tallulah and gives her an ominous warning, Tallulah confronts present-day Jeffrey, and he reveals to her that time travel is real. Tallulah uses the device to attempt to save Angela’s mother, who has recently passed away from complications due to COVID-19. The Prodigy learns that Jeffrey, Tallulah, and Angela create a time loop to hide their actions. Table and Spiff take a vacation to the Past, and when Spiff takes off his time travel device, he disappears into thin air.

### Episode 2: “The Whiz”

The Prodigy sends the Ambassadors to retrieve Tallulah and Angela. She believes that their ability to disrupt timelines without affecting the Future indicates that they are “special” and could lead to a potential cure: one that helps Future citizens to travel between timelines without interruption. Table finds Spiff in a timeline distortion clinic in the Future, and, furious that their vacation was cut short, they attempt to get a refund.

### Episode 3: “Return”

Jeffrey’s origin story. In 2012, he arrives as an anthropologist from Future Earth. He meets Sarah, and they are involved in a relationship for a couple of years before she is hit by a bus and dies. He attempts to use his time travel device to go back in time and save her, but she dies every time. When he realizes that he can’t save her, he accepts her death and moves on. In fear of retribution after using his device for criminal activity, he remains in the Past as a refugee.

### Episode 4: “Problem Child”

Excited by her new identity as a “cure,” Tallulah explores Future Earth with Angela. They discover the divisions that make up the Future, as well as an evangelical movement that is rooted in the second coming of a deity, called the Time Child, a figure who looks just like Tallulah. The Prodigy commands the Ambassadors to investigate the early life of Tallulah for signs of exceptionalism. Table and Spiff are sent to a detention center, banished from ever returning to the Past.

### Episode 5: “Echo Chambers”

Back in 2020, Jeffrey researches the effects of time travelers within regular society. He discovers that the loudest inhabitants (those attending protests, those starting arguments in places like Facebook, etc.), are all from the Future. Jeffrey wants to return to his original timeline for answers, but is in fear of being punished for his past crimes. When he realizes that Tallulah and

Angela are missing, he goes to the Future anyway, and is immediately captured and put in a detention center.

#### Episode 6: “It Is What It Is”

At the detention center, Jeffrey stumbles across Table and Spiff. Jeffrey is tried for his crimes and forced to choose a permanent timeline, while Table and Spiff are commanded to remain in their original timelines. Jeffrey uses his visitor’s visa/time travel device to go back to *his* original timeline, where he kills the original Jeffrey and begins again as an anthropologist traveling to the Past for the first time. He encounters Sarah, where he avoids her in an effort to prevent her from dying again. Table and Spiff incite a riot in the Future.

#### Episode 7: “Inbetween Days”

Angela returns to 2020 and accepts her mother’s death while Tallulah remains in the Future, waiting to be honored in a ceremony that will officially designate her as the Time Child. Jeffrey searches for Angela and tells her that Tallulah cannot be the Time Child. Jeffrey asks Angela to come with him back to Future Earth to stop the ceremony from happening. The Prodigy reveals to Tallulah that as the cure, Tallulah will be held responsible for the extinction of 99% of the population in Future Earth.

#### Episode 8: “Time Child”

Jeffrey and Angela confront Tallulah about The Prodigy’s plans, but Tallulah is unphased, as she is willing to accept the title of Time Child, no matter how much destruction it causes. Jeffrey and Angela try to kidnap Tallulah and force her to return to 2020, but the Ambassadors find all of them and they all return to the Future. The ceremony goes on as planned, but is halted when Angela reveals that Tallulah cannot be the Time Child, because that title actually belongs to Angela. She pauses time, and returns the dejected Tallulah back to her original timeline.

## SEASON TWO

It is 2021 and Tallulah must come to terms with the fact that Angela is the Time Child. This whole time, her best friend was from the Future? Was Angela's mom also from the Future? Did Angela come here as a child? Tallulah's whole view of reality is warped, and this gives her a completely new outlook on life. She becomes motivated for once. She feels inspired to paint, and she feels creative. She gets a new job and refuses to let her parents pay for her rent. At her new job, she makes new friends, and builds new, fulfilling relationships. Things are going really well until she runs into Jeffrey again, who is still working at the museum.

Jeffrey is a completely different person, since he has gone through the past eight years without knowing Sarah in this timeline. He's uptight, and he has an anger problem. He starts fights on the internet for fun.

Tallulah learns that—in what is now the year 2173—there is a global church versus state war that has been brought on by The Prodigy, who is frustrated after being usurped by Angela, as the Time Child. Tallulah asks Jeffrey if he can bring her to see Angela, but even if he wanted to (and he doesn't), he won't, because his device doesn't work.

One day Tallulah comes home to find Angela and The Prodigy appear from out of nowhere in her living room (she lives alone in the same rental home). The Prodigy asks for Tallulah's help: after a nuclear fallout, the entire Future has been destroyed. Tallulah is indifferent, because she doesn't exist in the future. After reuniting with Angela, however, she feels compelled to do the right thing, whatever that is. How can they repair a Future that doesn't exist?

The Prodigy, on the other hand, is losing her mind. She doesn't belong in the Past, and she's never been here before, so she must go through a huge adjustment process. She becomes too irrational, and demands that the Ambassadors “destroy” the Past. Angela can, after all, see into the Future now, but she won't reveal to The Prodigy what their fate holds.

Tallulah is frustrated watching these two stubborn entities fight each other, so she finds Jeffrey. What if his meeting Sarah is the reason that the Future became erased? No—Jeffrey refuses to become a part of such a trite, unrealistic cliché. But Tallulah, ever the romantic, does everything in her power to put Jeffrey and Sarah back together. When they meet again, Jeffrey only reverses time and un-meets her. Is this even what will rewrite the Future?



## POSTSCRIPT

“One of Hawking’s arguments in the conjecture is that we are not awash in thousands of time travelers from the future, and therefore time travel is impossible. This argument I find very dubious, and it reminds me very much of the argument that there cannot be intelligences elsewhere in space, because otherwise the Earth would be awash in aliens. I can think half a dozen ways in which we could not be awash in time travelers, and still time travel is possible.

“First of all, it might be that you can build a time machine to go into the future, but not into the past, and we don’t know about it because we haven’t yet invented that time machine. Secondly, it might be that time travel into the past is possible, but they haven’t gotten to our time yet, they’re very far in the future and the further back in time you go, the more expensive it is. Thirdly, maybe backward time travel is possible, but only up to the moment that time travel is invented. We haven’t invented it yet, so they can’t come to us. They can come to as far back as whatever it would be, say A.D. 2300, but not further back in time.

“Then there’s the possibility that they’re here alright, but we don’t see them. They have perfect invisibility cloaks or something. If they have such highly developed technology, then why not? Then there’s the possibility that they’re here and we do see them, but we call them something else—UFOs or ghosts or hobgoblins or fairies or something like that. Finally, there’s the possibility that time travel is perfectly possible, but it requires a great advance in our technology, and human civilization will destroy itself before time travelers invent it.

“I’m sure there are other possibilities as well, but if you just think of that range of possibilities, I don’t think the fact that we’re not obviously being visited by time travelers shows that time travel is impossible.”

—Carl Sagan

## **VITA**

Haley Moore was born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana on December 14, 1988. She attended schools in the Baker, St. Francisville, and Zachary area before graduating from LSU with a BA in English in 2017. She entered the LSU Creative Writing program once more where she will receive an MFA in May of 2021 as well as a Graduate Minor in Screen Arts. She plans to continue writing and editing both fiction and screenplays in the future.

Hindsight

by Haley Moore

Season 1 Episode 101 (Pilot)

**1 INT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - DAY 2172****1**

Table (37) and Spiff (40) stand nervously beside the host of "What Time Is It?", PIP O'DAY, who is all teeth and a perfectly starched suit. Table and Spiff look like the rest of the live audience: their clothes are raggedy, stained, and they don't have any shoes.

The show's theme music cues Pip, who points a microphone between himself, Table, and Spiff.

PIP  
Welcome back to-

STUDIO AUDIENCE  
What! Time! Is! It!

Screams and applause.

PIP  
That's right, folks, you're watching "What Time Is It?" where any regular joe can roll with the world's biggest players, if you've got the smarts! I'm Pip O'Day, here with our finalists Table and Spiff Gribn of Sector 14. Say guys, would you be happier if you won the grand prize of a Time Travel Expedition?

Table and Spiff scream. The audience screams. Theme music plays.

STUDIO ANNOUNCER  
Thatttttt's right, Table and Spiff Gribn! If you can complete the final trivia round in less than thirty seconds, both of you will win a Time Travel Expedition to the year 2020!

A slide show plays on the monitor: clear, empty beaches, a person snuggled up sipping a warm drink at home, and an orange sunset.

STUDIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
The year 2020 is the most popular and favorite location to time travel to by the rich and famous. Rub elbows with some of your billionaire friends while also having the dream vacation you've always wanted, with

a cash value of over one hundred  
million dollars!

The lights focus on the three of them as the audience settles  
down.

PIP  
Alright, we have thirty seconds on  
the clock starting... now!

The clock starts ticking down. Intense music starts playing.

PIP  
In what year did Christopher  
Columbus set sail for the new world  
under the sponsorship of Queen  
Isabella and King Ferdinand?

TABLE  
Wow, you really found a way to make  
that question as wordy as possible.

PIP  
Clock's ticking down.

TABLE  
You could've just said, "When did  
Columbus sail to the New World?"

PIP  
Do you know the answer?

TABLE  
Oh, no.

SPIFF  
Wait! I know this one. It's an old  
rhyme. In fourteen hundred and-

Spiff moves his head from side to side as if singing an  
imaginary song to himself.

SPIFF (CONT'D)  
In fourteen hundred and seventy-two?

PIP  
Is that your final answer?

SPIFF  
In fourteen hundred and sixty-two?

PIP  
Five seconds!

SPIFF

I don't know. In fourteen hundred  
and ninety-two, Columbus sailed the  
ocean blue.

PIP

Correct! Congratulations, Table and  
Spiff Gribn, you're going to 2020!

ALARMS and CONFETTI. Spiff is paralyzed. Table brings his  
hands to his face. He lets loose a high-pitched SCREAM.

MATCH CUT TO:

**2 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - NIGHT 2020**

**2**

TALLULAH (28) SCREAMS, sits up suddenly in bed. She is sweaty  
and out of breath. Her best friend, ANGELA (29) BURSTS  
through the bedroom door, wielding a baseball bat.

ANGELA

Lulah! Christ, it's just you in  
here!

Tallulah catches her breath and smiles at the sight of  
Angela.

TALLULAH

I just had a dumb dream, Ang, that's  
all.

Angela drops the bat, pissed.

ANGELA

A dream? I came in here because you  
had a spooky dream? Alright,  
Tallulah. I'm going back to bed.

TALLULAH

It wasn't so much spooky at it  
was... weird. You know how you have  
lucid dreams where you can make  
yourself fly?

ANGELA

I've never been able to make myself  
fly. It sounds nice.

TALLULAH

Well, it wasn't like that. It was  
like, one of those familiar feelings  
like something you've experienced

even though you don't have a memory  
of it.

CLOSE ON the red, blinking "change filter" light of the  
window air conditioning unit.

ANGELA  
It's called deja vu.  
(annoyed)  
How long has that been blinking?

TALLULAH  
How long has what been blinking?

Angela points the bat at the window unit.

ANGELA  
That. Your air conditioner. The  
blinking light means you need to  
change the air filter.

TALLULAH  
No shit! It's always been blinking.

Angela rolls her eyes in disgust.

ANGELA  
So like, are you gonna change it,  
or...?

TALLULAH  
I mean, I'll get to it. Eventually.

ANGELA  
It takes zero effort.

TALLULAH  
Right. I'll do it.

Tallulah's face is plastered with a blank, unconvincing grin.

ANGELA  
Okay, whatever. Goodnight.

Angela scrapes the bat along the floor and closes the door  
behind her, enveloping Tallulah in darkness.

**3 INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY 2020**

**3**

Tallulah impatiently waits in line at an uppity, all-organic  
grocery store. She peers ahead to see Angela, who works the  
cash register. Tallulah holds a pack of gum, her only item.

She wears a cloth mask over her face, as does everyone in the store.

The CUSTOMER in front of Tallulah has a lot of groceries. Angela stuffs a pack of toilet paper into one of the bags.

CUSTOMER

That was the last pack of toilet paper on the shelf. Do you know when you will get another shipment in, or...?

Angela doesn't answer immediately, and the customer trails off.

ANGELA

We don't know.

Tallulah slowly moves forward.

TALLULAH

(to Customer)

Nice bangs!

CUSTOMER

Oh, thank you. My son cut them for me. I can't wait to see my hairstylist again.

Angela presses some buttons on the cash register.

ANGELA

That'll be \$234.67.

The Customer fiddles around in her purse. Tallulah waves excitedly at Angela, who looks at the conveyor belt and sees Tallulah's lonely pack of gum.

The Customer hands Angela a credit card. Angela points a gloved hand at the card machine. The Customer smiles and sticks her card in.

Tallulah scoots her gum closer to Angela at the register.

TALLULAH

Hey Ang, You know how they canceled the Pink Floyd laser light show at the planetarium part of the museum?

ANGELA

Not now, Lulah.

CUSTOMER

Oh, Pink Floyd. I love them.



A receipt prints from the register and Angela hands it to the Customer.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

ANGELA

Have a good day.

The Customer rolls her cart away. Angela glares at Tallulah.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to Tallulah)

You couldn't text this to me?

Angela pulls a disinfectant wipe out and wipes down the credit card machine. She scans Tallulah's gum.

TALLULAH

Picture this. Me and you. Pink Floyd laser light show. Edibles. The planetarium all to ourselves.

ANGELA

That sounds like a really quick way to get fired from your job. It's \$1.39.

TALLULAH

\$1.39? For gum? That's theft.

She digs around in her wallet.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

I only have tens.

She hands one of the ten-dollar bills to Angela.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Besides, I've been working at the museum for nine years. I basically have tenure.

Angela sorts out the change and hands it to Tallulah, who holds her hand out in a "keep the change" motion. Angela rolls her eyes.

ANGELA

That's not how tenure works.

TALLULAH

Okay, well... think about it.

A receipt prints out. Angela rips it off and hands it to Tallulah.

ANGELA

Hey! I have an idea too. Why don't you get a new air filter while you're here?

TALLULAH

Why would I do that?

Tallulah wiggles her fingers at Angela, as if hypnotizing her.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Think about the planetarium.

Angela frowns underneath her mask. Tallulah keeps walking backwards and stumbles into somebody.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

Hey!

Tallulah turns around and realizes that she recognizes the person. It's JUSTIN (29), her ex-boyfriend from high school.

TALLULAH

Watch it, guy-! Wait. Justin? Holy shit.

JUSTIN

Tallulah?

Tallulah pulls down her mask and grins.

TALLULAH

Yeah, it's me! How are you?

Angela glances over from her view at the register.

ANGELA

Put your mask on, Lulah!

Tallulah waves at Angela.

TALLULAH

Ang, look who it is. It's Justin! Remember, from high school?

Justin waves timidly at Angela.

ANGELA

Neat, Lulah. Put on your mask.

Tallulah frowns and does what she is told.

JUSTIN

It's so cool to see you. How've you been? I haven't seen you in forever.

TALLULAH

Yeah, I mean, I guess we kinda stopped talking to each other after-

JUSTIN

-After we broke up.

TALLULAH

-After you dumped me. Right.

Awkward silence.

JUSTIN

Right! Uh. So... do you still paint? Do you have a gallery like you always wanted?

TALLULAH

Uhhhhh yeah! Kinda! Still painting, totally! What about you? Let's talk about you.

JUSTIN

Well, I passed the bar and am working at a law office now!

He holds up his hand and flashes his wedding ring at her.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

And this happened! I'm sure you know from Facebook. We've got a little girl on the way. It's crazy. Still a townie, obviously, but I'm real happy with the hand I have, you know.

TALLULAH

Yeah, I uh... I so know what you are talking about. I love being a townie.

Tallulah glares longingly at the sliding doors.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Anyway uh, I've gotta go feed my cat, she's probably losing it by now.

Tallulah extends her arms for a hug.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
Let me have a hug first-

Justin FLINCHES unexpectedly when she comes near him.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
Oh, I'm sorry. I was being kind of forward.

JUSTIN  
No! It's not your fault. I was being weird.

TALLULAH  
No, I get it-

Tallulah pulls down her mask and leans in to speak:

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
No hugging, keep social distance.

Angela looks at Tallulah from behind the register.

ANGELA  
(to Tallulah)  
Mask!!

Tallulah covers her face. She and Justin wave goodbye. Tallulah backs through the wrong sliding doors and runs into a customer who is entering. Tallulah clumsily waves to apologize.

**4 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - DAY 2020**

**4**

Tallulah paces the living room, on the phone with her mom, Sharon. Angela enters through the front door and lobs her purse onto the futon.

Tallulah and Angela's living space is very cramped and lived-in. The most notable aspects are a futon couch, a kitty tree, a television on the floor, and a multitude of half-finished paintings that lean against the walls.

TALLULAH  
(on the phone)  
It's nice to talk to you too, Mom.

**5 INT. ALFORD RESIDENCE - DAY 2020**

**5**

SHARON (55) organizes food items in the walk-in pantry. She has blond highlights, a crisp, collared shirt, and pearl earrings. The pantry and kitchen are spacious, with stainless steel appliances and large, clean windows overlooking a huge, manicured lawn.

SHARON

You know you can call me on days  
that aren't my birthday, Tallulah.  
Your sisters call me every week.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TALLULAH

Right.

SHARON

And what with the lock-down, I don't  
know when I'll see you regularly  
again. You should check in every  
once in a while. You know I'm less  
likely to help you with your rent if  
you don't call me.

Tallulah's eyes grow big with embarrassment and her body  
crumbles a little in shame.

TALLULAH

Right.

SHARON

So tell me what's up. How's your job  
at the museum? Are you going back to  
work the front desk?

Tallulah glances over at Angela, who throws herself onto the  
futon with her feet kicked up.

TALLULAH

Yeah. Phase three means that every  
time someone comes in, I have to  
tell them to schedule an  
appointment. It's always a mother  
with a group of children, with their  
museum day already planned out and  
everything. And their reaction is  
always the same: 'Why can't we just  
come in?' And I have to say no. Go  
online and fill out a form. And  
every single time they get pissed  
off at me.

SHARON

Welcome to the world of middle management, darlin'. Keep your eyes on the news, we might move into Phase 3 before you know it. Everything changes, all the time.

Tallulah mockingly mouths "all the time" when Sharon says it.

TALLULAH  
Yeah. Work is uh. Super boring.

SHARON  
Well if you want a different job, I have friends in the area who I know are looking for interns.

TALLULAH  
What? No, Mom!

SHARON  
Well then I don't know why you're complaining.

Angela fiddles on her phone. Tallulah makes an imaginary gun with her fingers and pretends to shoot her brains out. Angela smiles.

ANGELA  
Hey Mrs. Alford!

Angela speaks loud enough for Sharon to hear on the other end of the line.

SHARON  
Is that Angela? Tell her I said hi, and that I hope she's doing well. And that I hope her mother's doing well. I saw Jackie's post on Facebook and it made me laugh, and laugh.

Sharon chuckles to herself. Tallulah rolls her eyes.

TALLULAH  
Hey ma, I have to go. I've gotta feed the kitty.

Tallulah looks at the KITTY, who naps peacefully on the couch.

SHARON  
Sure, sure. I'll see you at Thanksgiving, okay?

TALLULAH  
Yeah. Love you.

SHARON  
Love you too.

END INTERCUT.

**6 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - DAY 2020**

**6**

Tallulah hangs up first.

ANGELA  
Did your mom hear me say hey?

TALLULAH  
Yeah, she says hey back.

Tallulah sighs.

ANGELA  
What's that?

TALLULAH  
What's what?

ANGELA  
What's your problem?

TALLULAH  
She just always finds some way to give me shit, you know? 'You can call me on days that aren't my birthday, Tallulah.' But like, she can call me too. I feel like even when she doesn't mean to, she is always making me feel like I'm not good enough. And it doesn't help that Kayla and Kristen call her all the time.

ANGELA  
Oh lord.

Angela rolls her eyes.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
It must be very stressful for you to have a loving family, huh. What, did she offer to pay for your rent again? That must suck for you.

TALLULAH

Stop. It's not like that.

ANGELA

You're right. I don't know what it's like to be a poor little rich girl.

TALLULAH

Okay, Ang. Message received.

Tallulah heads toward her bedroom. Angela watches her.

**7 EXT. MUSEUM - DAY 2020**

**7**

JEFFREY ARNOLD (42), Tallulah's coworker, strolls toward the front entrance of the downtown Art and Science Museum. He carries an old leather bag and has a mustache and a receding hairline. He wears glasses, a sweater vest, and a cloth mask underneath his chin.

Not far in front of Jeffrey, Tallulah arrives at the front entrance. She wears a cloth face mask and holds a large cardboard box of cleaning supplies, along with her big bulky purse.

She puts the box down and fishes around in her purse for her keys. When she finds the keys, she unlocks the door. She picks the box up but then drops the keys.

TALLULAH

Shit!

Tallulah puts the box down and takes the keys. She sticks them back in the door. Jeffrey appears behind her.

JEFFREY

Need help?

Tallulah jumps, startled.

TALLULAH

No Jeffrey. I'm okay.

JEFFREY

Let me get that for you.

Jeffrey grabs Tallulah's box of cleaning supplies and opens the door for her. Tallulah walks in.

**8 INT. MUSEUM FOYER - DAY 2020**

**8**

Jeffrey gives the keys to Tallulah. She sighs, frustrated.



TALLULAH  
We need to lock the door behind us.

JEFFREY  
Excuse me?

TALLULAH  
It was in the last COVID update.

Blank stare from Jeffrey.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
Company emails? The door needs to stay locked so the public can't just wander in. We're open only to visitors with appointments.

JEFFREY  
You know they never tell us basement-dwellers anything.

TALLULAH  
It was in an email... never mind.

Jeffrey looks at the box that he's holding.

JEFFREY  
Are these for the front desk too?

TALLULAH  
Yeah-

Tallulah takes the box from Jeffrey.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
We're supposed to be wiping down the surfaces constantly. Door handles, telephones. Stuff like that.

Jeffrey smiles amiably.

JEFFREY  
Betcha never thought you'd be doing this type of thing when you applied to work here, huh?

Tallulah exhales through her nose.

TALLULAH  
Yeah. Anyway. I have to go clean.

JEFFREY  
Right! I've gotta go curate!

TALLULAH

Sure. Byeee.

Tallulah turns around and heads toward the front desk.

She pulls the mask off of her face. She dumps the box of cleaning supplies on the desk. She pulls out a single disinfectant wipe and lazily wipes every item.

Tallulah hears someone angrily KNOCKING from outside. She looks in the direction of the entrance, annoyed. She trudges toward the front door. She covers her face with her mask. She unlocks the deadbolt and pokes her head between the door to see Table and Spiff Gribn waiting anxiously outside.

**9 EXT. MUSEUM - DAY 2020**

**9**

Table looks up at Tallulah and grins pleasantly.

TABLE

Hello.

SPIFF

Good morning!

Something about their appearance is odd; maybe it's the fact that they're not wearing face masks, maybe it's their tacky slogan t-shirts tucked into their jorts, maybe it's their thigh-high socks with white running sneakers, their fanny packs, or their gaudy, metallic, matching wristwatches.

TALLULAH

Do I know you?

Table snorts.

TABLE

Unlikely. We don't know anyone named-

He points at her employee nametag.

TABLE (CONT'D)

(mispronouncing)

-Tall Ulah.

Tallulah glares at Table.

TALLULAH

Do you have an appointment? We can't let you in if you aren't wearing proper face coverings and you need to book an appointment in advance.

TABLE  
I'm sorry?

Tallulah rolls her eyes and leans against the door.

TALLULAH  
An appointment.

She points to the sign on the door where it's written very clearly: "VISITORS MUST HAVE AN APPOINTMENT TO ENTER"

TABLE  
An appointment? This is a museum.

Tallulah pretends to look surprised.

TALLULAH  
What? No way.

Spiff grabs Table's hand and tries to lure him away from the door.

SPIFF  
Table, let's not make a scene.

TALLULAH  
Table? Your name is Table? And you act like my name is weird? That's rich.

Table is unfazed. He shakes Spiff's hand free.

TABLE  
(to Spiff)  
I'm not making a scene.  
(to Tallulah)  
No, we don't have an appointment.

TALLULAH  
Well then I'm sorry, I can't let you in.

TABLE  
Why not? This isn't a doctor's office. I don't see a swarm of people waiting to get in. Why can't you just let us in?

TALLULAH  
Because you don't have an appointment. It is what it is.

TABLE

'It is what it is?' What does that even mean? That's nonsense!

Table stares at Tallulah. Tallulah stares back.

TABLE (CONT'D)

Well can I make an appointment for now?

TALLULAH

You can go online and fill out an appointment application.

TABLE

Could it be for right now?

TALLULAH

Sure.

TABLE

Then why can't I just come in right now?!

TALLULAH

Because of our new COVID procedure.

TABLE

Your what now?

TALLULAH

We can't just let the general public in without a minimum symptom check. Besides, neither of you are wearing masks-

SPIFF

I am curious about the whole mask thing. Where we're from, nobody wears those things.

TALLULAH

(doubtful)

Uh, where are you from?

Jeffrey creeps up from behind Tallulah. She jumps, startled.

JEFFREY

I can get this, Tallulah. You can go back to the front desk.

Jeffrey holds two disposable masks, which he hands to Table and Spiff.

TALLULAH

Oh, thank god. I mean... excuse me.

**10 INT. MUSEUM FOYER - DAY 2020 10**

Tallulah returns to the front desk. She pulls off her mask and wipes more surfaces.

**11 EXT. MUSEUM - DAY 2020 11**

Jeffrey examines the two weirdos outside.

CLOSE ON their shiny wristwatches.

JEFFREY

If you go to our website, you can fill out an application to visit. It takes about two minutes.

Jeffrey can't take his eyes off of their watches.

TABLE

Right, but it's not like you have any visitors right now. Can't we just like, fill out a form and walk around? What's the big deal?

Jeffrey's expression drops from friendly to very serious.

JEFFREY

Look. Go online, make an appointment and come back later. And keep those face masks on, okay?

Jeffrey closes the door on Table while he's speaking.

**12 INT. MUSEUM FOYER - DAY 2020 12**

Tallulah pulls her phone out of her purse and sends Angela a text: "big deja vu just now"

Jeffrey bumbles back in.

JEFFREY

Well! That's gotta be one for the books, huh!

Tallulah is distracted by the text she is sending.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

It must be a real pain to handle guys like those.

Tallulah doesn't look up from her phone.

TALLULAH

It happens at least twice a day.  
Those guys were some kind of extra,  
though. I'm pretty sure they were  
wearing those fanny packs  
unironically.

Jeffrey smirks. Tallulah types another text to Angela: "I  
HATE THIS PLACE lolol"

JEFFREY

Well... I have to get back to the  
basement. The Dadaism Exhibit won't  
curate itself, you know.

Jeffrey chuckles at his own words and walks backwards in the  
direction of the stairs, but then he stops.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Say, are you excited about the  
Voyager Exhibit?

Tallulah crinkles her nose, then looks up at Jeffrey.

TALLULAH

Why?

JEFFREY

Well, do you know what it is?

TALLULAH

It looks like space junk, to be  
honest.

Jeffrey chuckles again.

JEFFREY

Kind of! It's a space probe! We're  
hosting replicas of Voyagers 1 and  
2, because the real ones are  
somewhere in interstellar space.

Jeffery waits for a reaction from Tallulah. She looks mildly  
interested.

TALLULAH

Why are you telling me this?

JEFFREY

I see you drawing sometimes and I  
thought you'd think it's cool. Both  
Voyagers contain a Golden Record,

which have music and photos and diagrams... They basically portray the diversity of life on Earth, but I like to think that it represents the best of Earth's accomplishments.

TALLULAH

Okay but, again... Why are you telling me this? We work in a museum. We're surrounded by art every day but you never tell me about it. Why is this special?

Jeffrey looks at her. He looks at the floor.

JEFFREY

Huh. That is strange.

TALLULAH

What?

JEFFREY

Do you ever get deja vu?

A lingering pause before Tallulah answers.

TALLULAH

(deadpan)

No.

Jeffrey grins.

JEFFREY

Well, there it is.

He turns toward the staircase.

TALLULAH

The exhibit sounds interesting, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey waves a silent hand without turning back towards her. He opens the stairwell door and exits.

**13 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - DAY 2020**

**13**

Tallulah walks into the living room after finishing her shift at work. She dumps her purse and keys on the floor, distracted.

TALLULAH

Ang? What the hell, I've been texting you all day-

Angela is on the futon, crumpled into a ball. Her eyes are stained with mascara tears.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Ang?

Tallulah rushes over to Angela and wraps her arms around her. Angela doesn't say anything, but starts to cry all over again.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Oh, my sweet Angela.

Tallulah rocks Angela back and forth.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

I need you to tell me what's wrong.

ANGELA

My mom has COVID.

Tallulah freezes and considers the best thing to say.

TALLULAH

Oh- oh but it's okay. She's gonna be okay. Right? A bunch of people get it and they've recovered perfectly fine.

ANGELA

Yeah a bunch of people. But my mom's diabetic. Maybe you know a bunch of people who have gotten better but I know people who've died, and they weren't even old or sick. It's not like that for my mom. Besides, do you know how much it costs just for an overnight stay in the hospital? All she can do is quarantine at home and I have to pray that that works-

Angela starts to cry again.

TALLULAH

We can go see her first thing tomorrow.

Angela sits up on the futon.

ANGELA

No, Tallulah! How are you not getting this? I'm not allowed to even visit her.



Tallulah looks bummed. Angela speaks before Tallulah can ask why.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Because of my job. At the grocery store I interact with a bunch of people all day and it would be bad for me to come into contact with her. So she has to be by herself. And I have to stay here.

Tallulah looks as if Angela said something insulting to her. She pats Angela's head.

TALLULAH

I'm sorry, Ang. You know it's for the best, right? And that your mom will get better?

ANGELA

(bitterly)

You don't know that.

Angela sinks back into the futon. They sit in silence for a while, the TV droning on in the background.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Tell me something happy.

Tallulah makes a face, unsure of what to say at first. Then she smirks to herself when she recalls a story.

TALLULAH

Guess who I ran into at your job the other day?

ANGELA

Who?

TALLULAH

Guess.

ANGELA

Lulah, please just tell me. Don't make this a game.

TALLULAH

Okay okay okay. It was Justin.

ANGELA

Bitch I was there when that happened. He shops there every other week. Justin's become high society now. I didn't tell you because of

the whole, him dumping you thing.  
Why would that make me happy?

TALLULAH

Well, do you remember that time I  
punched Justin in the face senior  
year?

Angela laughs a little. It's bright and lovely.

ANGELA

Oh my god, yes. I heard about it in  
second hour and I couldn't believe  
it really happened. Samantha told me  
and I was pissed I heard it from her  
and not you. It sounded like  
something out of a movie.

Tallulah laughs.

TALLULAH

I know, right? Well, you wanna know  
a secret?

ANGELA

Yes, please!

TALLULAH

I never even punched Justin in the  
face.

Angela is genuinely surprised. She sits up and looks at  
Tallulah.

ANGELA

For real? Dang, That rumor went  
around school in a day. Everyone  
believed you did. I'm pretty sure  
Justin was the one who told  
everyone!

TALLULAH

Yeah, that's the funniest thing,  
right? I *tried* to punch him... I  
aimed for his stupid head, but he  
ducked at the last minute. Even more  
embarrassing, is I tried to punch  
him *again*, and he ducked *again*! But  
I never landed a real punch. I wish  
I did though. But for some reason he  
told everybody in school that I hit  
him in the face. I think he wanted  
to embarrass me or make me look like

an asshole. Instead it just backfired.

Tallulah laughs, so does Angela.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Ever since then I've been telling people that I really did hit him, and that's the story. That's what really did happen. We spoke it into reality.

Tallulah shrugs her shoulders. She takes Angela's hands in hers.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Your mom will be okay, I promise.

ANGELA

Are you setting an intention again?

TALLULAH

Yes. Look, it's just this year, okay?

ANGELA

You think so?

TALLULAH

Yeah. It's like my mom always says. Everything changes, all the time. It won't be like this forever.

ANGELA

That's not really advice though. That's like... the most neutral statement ever.

TALLULAH

I'm just trying to make you feel better, Ang.

They hold hands while the TV continues to drone in the background.

**14 EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT 2020**

**14**

Jeffrey locks up the front entrance. The sun has already gone down and the streets are empty. Jeffrey lifts his face mask up underneath his nose and heads down the sidewalk.

As he walks farther away from the door, he hears banging on the front museum entrance, coming from within. He sees Table

and Spiff, who are locked inside. They both wear the face masks that Jeffery gave them earlier.

Jeffrey opens the door with his keys. Table and Spiff exit the museum while Jeffrey locks the door again.

JEFFREY

I see you both got an appointment.  
We closed two hours ago. How long  
were you in there?

TABLE

Oh look Spiff, it's the rude man who  
slammed the door on us earlier. Yes,  
we got an appointment, no thanks to  
you.

Jeffrey sees the gaudy, metallic watches that they both wear.  
He can't look away.

JEFFREY

Let me see your wrists.

Table and Spiff grab their wrists defensively.

SPIFF

What?

TABLE

No.

SPIFF

Why?

Jeffrey grabs Table's wrist anyway and examines the bright,  
metallic device. Table YANKS his wrist back.

JEFFREY

I knew it.

TABLE

Knew what? You don't know anything.

SPIFF

Yeah, this is fashion. Like these  
things that we were told to wear.

Spiff points to his face mask.

JEFFREY

What year are you from?

Table and Spiff look at each other. Table glances curiously  
back at Jeffrey.

TABLE

What year are you from?

JEFFREY

I traveled back from 2159, after the internet fire.

SPIFF

Oh. Oh! How queer. We're from the 70's. You haven't even been to our time period yet.

There's a small moment of silence. Table holds his arm in front of Spiff, protectively. He eyes Jeffrey's wrist.

TABLE

Wait.

(to Jeffrey)

Where's your device?

JEFFREY

Oh, uh, I'm on a work visa. I've been here for a while... I'm not required to wear it all the time. Are you not also researchers?

SPIFF

No, we're on vacation!

Table cuts Spiff off.

TABLE

We're temporary visitors. Come on, Spiff.

Table gestures at Spiff and they start to leave.

JEFFREY

I'm sorry, I had to say something. If I could tell you were from a different time period, then surely you'd stand out like a sore thumb to someone who's from here.

Spiff turns back around.

SPIFF

Oh, well, you're from an older generation, so I guess you don't know how it works now.

JEFFREY

How what works?

SPIFF  
Do you have time?

Spiff chuckles.

TABLE  
Oh come on, Spiff. That joke is  
already old.

Spiff grins. Then he claps his hands together in excitement.

SPIFF  
Ooh, let's go out to eat somewhere  
and get to know each other! Oh wait-

Spiff's eyes grow big.

SPIFF (CONT'D)  
We need to go to a grocery store.  
Buying food? What is that?

Table looks at Spiff uneasily. Spiff waves his arm toward  
Jeffrey, motioning for him to follow.

SPIFF (CONT'D)  
(to Jeffrey)  
Come on! We have a lot of things to  
catch you up on.

JEFFREY  
Well, hold on a second, a lot of  
places are shut down, we can't just  
go anywhere we want! There are  
rules!

SPIFF  
Not for now, there aren't.

JEFFREY  
"Now"? What does that even mean?

SPIFF  
(to Table)  
Ugh, he doesn't even know.

Jeffrey looks from Table to Spiff, confused by their coded  
language.

JEFFREY  
Can I take a rain check? I'm  
actually not supposed to interact  
with future residents.

Jeffrey fast-walks past Table and Spiff, not giving them a chance to respond.

SPIFF

Rude.

TABLE

I told you he was rude.

They watch as Jeffrey crosses the street without looking both ways. In his hurry, he almost gets hit by a car. The car honks and screeches to a halt. Jeffrey holds his hands out apologetically to the vehicle and keeps rushing down the other side of the street.

**15 INT. JEFFREY'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT 2020**

**15**

Jeffrey storms into his studio apartment. It is piled floor-to-ceiling with old artifacts: books, maps, diagrams, albums, VHS tapes, etc., even an assortment of computers and television sets. There is very little room to move around. There is a mattress on the floor and a kitchenette in the corner.

Jeffrey digs around and finds a gaudy, metallic wristwatch. It's very similar to the kind of device that Table and Spiff wear.

He presses a button on the device, and a virtual monitor hovers in the space in front of him. It projects future news articles, which he scrolls through. As he scrolls, a large red pop-up appears that says "BLOCKED." He scrolls some more and is met with more "BLOCKED" pop-ups.

JEFFREY

Hey Kevin?

The voice of KEVIN, an artificially intelligent virtual assistant, emits from the device. Kevin's voice is human and kind.

KEVIN

What's up?

Jeffrey skims over an article.

JEFFREY

What amount of funds are being appropriated for research of the year 2020?

KEVIN

Oh, like, not a lot.

JEFFREY  
A number, please.

KEVIN  
\$212.

JEFFREY  
What? Kevin... I met two time  
travelers earlier today and they  
said they were here on vacation. Is  
there a way to find out how many  
people from the future are among the  
natural born residents?

KEVIN  
Yeah, uh... there is a ratio of 3 to  
1 natural born citizens to time  
travelers from the future.

Jeffrey's eyes grow big.

JEFFREY  
Kevin... are you telling me that for  
every 3 normal residents, there is  
one time traveler from the future?

KEVIN  
Or the past. But most likely from  
the future.

JEFFREY  
What?! But why?

KEVIN  
Official business of The Prodigy,  
which uh, you're not allowed to know  
anymore.

JEFFREY  
Come on Kevin, who do you even work  
for?

KEVIN  
Please don't make me feel bad for  
doing my job.

Jeffrey attempts to find more information, but everything is  
blocked. Jeffrey THROWS the devices into the wall.

16 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - NIGHT 2020

16

Tallulah JERKS awake. She sits up in her bed. The trees  
rustle in the wind outside. She breathes heavily. Her room is



silent and still.

She gets out of bed and goes to the kitchen. The floorboards CREAK as she walks. She pulls a glass out of the cabinet and fills it with sink water. She drinks, then puts the glass down. She listens. Everything is quiet.

*Thump.*

Tallulah quickly turns around and listens. She knocks the glass over and water SPILLS over the cabinet and onto the floor.

A shadow moves across the living room window.

TALLULAH

Fuck!

Tallulah looks for a weapon. The broom. She grabs it and edges toward the front door, holding the broom with both hands in front of her like a sword. She slowly grabs the door knob, then JERKS the front door open to find Jeffrey already standing in the doorway. He SHRIEKS, startled.

JEFFREY

Ah!

TALLULAH

I knew it!

She brandishes the broom at him.

JEFFREY

(to himself)

God! I expect it to happen and yet I'm surprised every time.

TALLULAH

I knew you were a creep! With that weird mustache and stupid sweater vest!

He looks extremely hurt by her words.

JEFFREY

What's wrong with my vest?

TALLULAH

What are you doing here?

She waves the broom in his direction. He cowers back, submitting.

JEFFREY

Right! Right. This must look bad.

TALLULAH

Uh, yeah.

JEFFREY

Listen. I need to ask you something and it's going to sound really strange. But I need you to go along with it.

Tallulah makes a disgusted face.

TALLULAH

Jeffrey. Please. I don't want to hear anymore. I don't see you like that. We're just co-workers, okay?

Jeffrey makes a disgusted face.

JEFFREY

No no no, don't flatter yourself. Oh my god, that's why you thought I was here?

Tallulah flinches in confusion.

TALLULAH

Wait. Why are you here?

CUT TO:

17 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - NIGHT 2020

17

Jeffrey sits with his elbows on his knees, fingers pressed up against his lips, in a contemplative position. He seems unsure of how to phrase his words. Tallulah stands in front of him.

JEFFREY

There is... a big event coming up.

TALLULAH

What kind of big event? Like at the museum?

JEFFREY

It's, ah. It's definitely a task. A task for you. A task that you must take on.

TALLULAH

A job? You mean like a promotion??

JEFFREY  
Something like that.

Tallulah claps her hands together with glee.

TALLULAH  
Oh my god, finally! Do you know how long I've been working the front desk? Years, dude. It's about time I get a better job.

JEFFREY  
Right. Well, the reason I came here was to say that you're going to be asked to take on this job, and I need you to not... take... it.

Tallulah laughs.

TALLULAH  
Uh, what? Yeah, I'm gonna not do that. Why would I pass on a promotion?

JEFFREY  
I was told that would be your response-

TALLULAH  
Told?

JEFFREY  
-and I was told to tell you that "everything changes, all the time."

Tallulah stops smiling.

TALLULAH  
Told? Who told you to say that?

JEFFREY  
It doesn't matter.

TALLULAH  
It absolutely does matter. That's something my mom says.

JEFFREY  
I didn't know that. Listen, I have to go.

Jeffrey stands up and heads toward the door. Tallulah blocks the way.

TALLULAH

You are not just gonna leave. You're gonna stay here and answer my questions!

JEFFREY

Listen, I'm sorry. I've told you all I know.

He moves around her and leaves.

TALLULAH

(to herself)

What the hell?

She stands in the glow of the doorway and watches him disappear.

**18 INT. MUSEUM FOYER - DAY 2020**

**18**

Tallulah sits at the front desk. A single FAMILY views an art exhibit off in the distance. They are the only visitors.

Suddenly, Jeffrey enters through the front door. He smiles cordially at Tallulah. She stares daggers back at him.

He walks towards the stairwell. Tallulah leaves the front desk and stomps toward him.

TALLULAH

Hey!

Jeffrey waves in her direction but keeps walking.

JEFFREY

Oh, hi, Tallulah.

Tallulah catches up and aggressively taps him on the shoulder.

TALLULAH

Don't you 'oh, hi, Tallulah' me!  
What the fuck is wrong with you?

He turns around and shushes her.

JEFFREY

C'mon Tallulah, language! We have visitors here.

TALLULAH

Are you fucking serious?

Jeffrey searches her expression for some kind of sign that this is a joke, but Tallulah is very visibly pissed off.

JEFFREY

Come with me.

**19 INT. MUSEUM STAIRWELL - DAY 2020**

**19**

He leads her into the stairwell.

JEFFREY

Okay. What are you talking about?

Tallulah looks bewildered.

TALLULAH

Last night!

JEFFREY

(serious)

What happened last night?

TALLULAH

You came over to my house and told me that something was gonna happen to me, and that I shouldn't 'accept it,' or whatever. Like a promotion or something.

JEFFREY

I said that?

TALLULAH

Yes!!!

Jeffrey nods in compliance.

JEFFREY

Hmm.

TALLULAH

'Hmm?' That's all you have to say?  
'Hmm?' What, did you have a stroke or something? How come you can't remember it?

Jeffrey gestures towards the basement.

JEFFREY

Let's go to my office.

Tallulah makes a stinkface, but obliges.

## 20 INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY 2020

20

Jeffrey leads Tallulah into a cramped, musty office. Like his studio apartment, it is piled high with books, magazines, scrolls, albums, cassettes, newspapers, microfilm, and all other sorts of research paraphernalia.

Tallulah gazes around the room.

TALLULAH  
Fabulous life, huh?

Jeffrey turns around to face Tallulah.

JEFFREY  
Those two men who came and visited  
the museum-

TALLULAH  
Named Table and Fanny Pack?

JEFFREY  
Um, yeah. You said you recognized  
them from somewhere... did you ever  
figure out where you know them from?

Tallulah looks stunned, but then relaxes her face.

TALLULAH  
Okay. Okay okay. Okay. Remember when  
you asked me if I ever had deja vu?  
I said no, I didn't, but that was a  
lie.

JEFFREY  
Alright.

TALLULAH  
Alright. Those two guys outside  
looked really familiar, but I don't  
know from where. It can't be TV. Did  
they look like celebrities to you?

Jeffrey laughs.

JEFFREY  
No. Kinda the opposite, actually.

TALLULAH  
Right? Dang. I feel like I knew them  
from somewhere.

JEFFREY

You know, some people believe that  
deja vu is caused when someone  
remembers events of a past life.  
Maybe you and those men are ancient  
allies.

Tallulah looks doubtful.

TALLULAH

Wait. What's going on? What do they  
have to do with you? Where do I know  
them from?

Jeffrey hesitates for a while before he speaks.

JEFFREY

The person you saw last night wasn't  
me.

TALLULAH

Come again?

JEFFREY

Whoever visited you last night. I  
didn't do that.

TALLULAH

So, you have a twin brother?

JEFFREY

I'm an only child.

TALLULAH

Lucky.

JEFFREY

Come on Tallulah, stay focused.

TALLULAH

I... I don't understand what's going  
on.

Jeffrey opens a desk drawer and pulls out his metallic wrist  
device. Tallulah immediately recognizes it.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Hey, those weird visitors were  
wearing the same exact watch. The  
ones you talked to outside the  
museum? What did you say to them?  
What kind of watch is that?

JEFFREY

Those visitors were tourists, and they're not from here.

TALLULAH

No kidding. Those fanny packs were from another time.

JEFFREY

Yes! Another time. Exactly. Listen. I need to show you something.

Jeffrey presses a button on the side of the device. A virtual monitor display automatically transmits from it, with various images of Jeffrey: Jeffrey at a temple with monks, in front of a large reflecting pool, wearing scrubs in front of an alien autopsy, etc. He speaks directly to the device.

JEFFREY

Kevin, can you tell me all of my time dilation movements in the last relative period?

TALLULAH

Kevin?

KEVIN

You traveled to the Versailles in 1664, Roswell in 1947, and you made a tour of the Mahājanapadas during 400 BCE.

JEFFREY

Right, I know about those. I was there.

KEVIN

Clarification.

JEFFREY

It's recently been brought to my attention that I might've had an interaction that I'm not aware of.

The monitor lights up bright red. It BLARES a loud, piercing, siren noise. Tallulah covers her ears.

KEVIN

ARE YOU REPORTING AN INCONSISTENCY IN THE CURRENT TIMELINE?

JEFFREY

No! No. Possibly. I don't know.



Jeffrey fumbles around for a silence button. He presses it and the noise stops. The red light goes away.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

I believe what happened is my future self has done something. Visited a person for some reason-

He eyes Tallulah.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

-knowing that I would run into her again.

KEVIN

What person?

Jeffrey silently looks at Tallulah.

JEFFREY

I don't know, just some boring front desk clerk.

Tallulah looks hurt by his words.

KEVIN

Why would your future self return to the past to encounter a boring desk clerk?

Jeffrey presses a button and the monitor disappears.

TALLULAH

What was all that? Future self? Time dilation? Are you a crazy person? Did the museum hire you because you're like, a crazy genius or something?

JEFFREY

No, I would describe my intellect as extremely mediocre. Listen. You seemed to have been dragged into something, and apparently it's my job to figure out why.

TALLULAH

Dragged?

JEFFREY

It's not the best phrasing, but you get what I mean.

TALLULAH

I literally couldn't be more confused.

JEFFREY

Right.

Jeffrey paces. After a moment, he shakes his head in resolve.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Okay. Pick a year. A really important year to you. A year and a place. Pick a year and a place and a moment. Pick a moment of your life that you wish you could re-watch, like a movie.

TALLULAH

Okay.

JEFFREY

Okay? That's it? You already know?

TALLULAH

Yep. I got it.

JEFFREY

Okay.

Jeffrey takes his device and puts it on Tallulah. It "locks" on her wrist. She recoils her hand.

TALLULAH

Ow!

JEFFREY

Sorry, forgot to say. There's gonna be a prick.

TALLULAH

What's it doing?

JEFFREY

Taking a sample.

TALLULAH

Sample of what?

JEFFREY

Blood, mostly. You should take a big breath in.

Jeffrey inhales.

TALLULAH

Big breath? Why?

A flash of light fills the entire room. Jeffrey grabs Tallulah's arm as Tallulah's body starts to de-materialize, and then they both disappear.

**21 EXT. ALFORD RESIDENCE - DAY 2009**

**21**

Tallulah and Jeffrey re-materialize outside of Tallulah's parent's home. It takes a minute for Tallulah to get her breath back. She looks around.

TALLULAH

This is my parent's home. How did we get here?

They hear VOICES coming from the back door. Jeffrey grabs Tallulah and brings her to the side of the house.

TALLULAH

Why are we here?

JEFFREY

Lower your voice. You brought us here.

Tallulah contorts her face.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Don't make that face, you know exactly what I mean. When I told you to pick a moment you wish you could return to, this is the moment you chose. You know more about where we are than I do. So how about you tell me where we are.

The voices by the back door become more distinct. Tallulah peeks her head around the side of the house and sees two people having an argument outside. It is herself, as a 17-year-old (2009 TALLULAH), and her then-boyfriend Justin, who is 18 (2009 JUSTIN).

2009 TALLULAH

Please don't do this. I don't understand what I did wrong!

2009 JUSTIN

You didn't do anything wrong. We just can't date anymore.

2009 TALLULAH

If I didn't do anything wrong then  
why can't we be together?

2009 JUSTIN  
Because I just don't want us to be.

2009 TALLULAH  
That doesn't make any sense to me!

2009 JUSTIN  
Sometimes things don't make sense,  
Lulah. I'm sorry.

2009 TALLULAH  
That's not a good enough reason! And  
don't call me that anymore!

2009 JUSTIN  
I don't know what to tell you. It is  
what it is.

2009 TALLULAH  
'It is what it is'? What the hell  
does that even mean? That's  
literally gibberish.

Present-Day Tallulah returns to her stance around the side of  
the house with Jeffrey.

JEFFREY  
You're getting dumped? This was the  
point in your life that you were  
dying to re-watch? Geez.

TALLULAH  
Yeah. Is that weird?

JEFFREY  
I mean, you didn't even consider  
other moments.

Tallulah observes 2009 Tallulah.

TALLULAH  
I just wanted to see what his  
reasons were again. I found out much  
later that he broke up with me  
because he liked someone else. It  
really fucked me up for a while  
after that. I felt like if given the  
option, I would always be discarded  
by somebody else.

2009 Tallulah is in tears at this point.

2009 JUSTIN  
(to 2009 Tallulah)  
Can you at least give me back my  
Arcade Fire CD?

2009 Tallulah YELLS. She throws a punch at Justin's head, but he ducks right before her fist can land. She tries to punch him again, but he's already ducking for cover and runs to get in his car. 2009 Tallulah SCREAMS from the carport. She storms inside the house.

Jeffrey instinctively hides in a bush so as not to be seen by 2009 Justin, but Present-Day Tallulah approaches 2009 Justin. She takes a swing. 2009 Justin is unprepared. The hit LANDS perfectly. 2009 Justin holds his face and cowers into his car. He starts the engine and backs out of the driveway.

Jeffrey comes out from behind the bush.

JEFFREY  
What was that?

TALLULAH  
What?

JEFFREY  
That! You can't do that! There are  
rules!

Tallulah turns and looks at Jeffrey suspiciously.

TALLULAH  
Oh, so there are rules now? You  
didn't tell me about any rules. You  
told me to pick a moment. I thought  
this was a demonstration type of  
exercise.

JEFFREY  
It is, it was, but... You were  
supposed to WATCH. Not DO. You've  
seen time travel movies, right? I'm  
assuming you know what the butterfly  
effect is. You're not supposed to  
come to the past and muddy up your  
hands in past affairs.

TALLULAH  
Listen, if you knew anything about  
me, you'd know that what I did was  
something that was supposed to  
happen.

JEFFREY

The difference between what actually happens and doing what you think is *supposed* to happen is exactly why time travelers haven't been encountered in the past. And I'll be damned if you're the reason that travelers become discovered at all.

TALLULAH

Travelers, plural? How many of you are there?

Tallulah has a moment of clarity.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

Who were those visitors at the museum yesterday? Those tourists?

JEFFREY

They were from the future too. That's all I know about them, at least. Apparently your time period is a hot vacation spot for future tourists.

TALLULAH

(incredulously)

The current year. As in where we're from? 2020?

Jeffrey nods.

JEFFREY

Where you're from, but yes.

TALLULAH

Why the hell would anyone want to come to the year 2020 for fun?

JEFFREY

I know way less about this than you think.

Jeffrey takes Tallulah's wrist.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

We need to go home.

He presses a button, and they disappear.

Tallulah sits at the front desk of her museum job. A single FAMILY views a science exhibit off in the distance. They are the only visitors here. One of the KIDS SNEEZES into their mask. The noise of the sneeze echoes in the empty museum.

**23 INT. MUSEUM ART EXHIBIT HALL - DAY 2020**

**23**

Tallulah cleans the area previously occupied by the Family with a disinfecting wipe. The exhibit is a replica of Voyager 1. It's massive. There is a placard underneath it. She presses a button and a recording speaks:

RECORDING

"No spacecraft has gone farther than NASA's Voyager 1. Launched in 1977 to fly by Jupiter and Saturn, Voyager 1 crossed into interstellar space in August 2012 and continues to collect data."

Tallulah walks around the replica and grazes the tops of the placards with the wipe. She stops when she arrives by the music exhibit. She presses a button.

RECORDING

"Voyager 1 carries a copy of the Golden Record - a message from humanity to the cosmos that includes greetings in 55 languages, pictures of people and places on Earth and music ranging from Beethoven to Chuck Berry's 'Johnny B. Goode.'"

LOUD MUSIC fills the cavernous museum. It is "Johnny B. Goode" by Chuck Berry. Tallulah cowers from the noise and pushes more buttons. The music switches to the "Queen of the Night" aria by Mozart.

Tallulah looks up at the replica, entranced by the music, as if having an epiphany.

**24 INT. MUSEUM STAIRWELL - DAY 2020**

**24**

Tallulah enters the stairwell of the museum, and shuffles down the stairs towards the basement.

**25 INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY 2020**

**25**

Tallulah knocks on the door to the museum basement office. No one answers. She opens the door and pokes her head in.

TALLULAH  
Jeffrey? Hello?

Tallulah walks all the way into the room. She closes and locks the door behind her.

She approaches his desk and turns on the lamp. She shuffles the mess around, peering through piles of books until...

Tallulah freezes when she hears someone outside JIGGLING the doorknob.

She looks at the clutter on the desk, but there's no time to put it back how it was. She darts behind a bookshelf. CLOSE ON the desk lamp. It's too late to turn it off. The door opens.

Jeffrey enters. He holds a stack of old, beat-up books. He drops them on the desk.

Tallulah bites her lip. Jeffrey moves to turn on his desk lamp, but pauses when he sees that it is already on. Jeffrey peers around his cramped office. Tallulah is as still as a statue.

Jeffrey shrugs and faces his desk again. He yawns and cracks his neck, stretches his arms over his head. CLOSE ON the device, gleaming on his wrist.

He unlatches the device from his wrist and tosses it leisurely onto his desk. It lands with a THUNK. He massages his wrist.

Tallulah's eyes grow wide as she takes notice of the device sitting on the desk, now free of its owner.

Jeffrey turns his body in his chair towards his computer, which is in a corner of his desk, away from the corner where he tossed the device.

CLOSE ON the device.

CLOSE ON the door.

CLOSE ON the device.

CLOSE ON the door.

CLOSE ON the device.

CLOSE ON Jeffrey.

CLOSE ON Tallulah.



CLOSE ON Jeffrey.

CLOSE ON the device.

CLOSE ON Tallulah, who launches herself toward the device. She grabs it and clumsily opens the door, runs out, and SLAMS the door shut behind her.

JEFFREY

Hey!

Jeffrey doesn't get up from his seat.

JEFFREY

This is bad.

**26 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - DAY 2020**

**26**

Tallulah arrives at her home, out of breath. She SLAMS the door behind her to announce her presence.

TALLULAH

Ang?

Tallulah looks around the living room for Angela, but Angela is not there.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Angela! Where are you!

Angela appears from out of the hallway, devoid of emotion.

ANGELA

Why aren't you at work?

TALLULAH

I uh... I just left!

ANGELA

What do you mean, 'You just left'?"

Tallulah shrugs happily.

TALLULAH

I don't know! Look. I got us something.

Tallulah grabs her purse and digs around in it. Angela walks over to her and puts a hand on Tallulah to stop her.

ANGELA

Look, whatever you're doing... I can't right now. Today. Whatever you have. It's not going to help.

TALLULAH  
Yes it will!

ANGELA  
I just got a call that my mom died. Like less than an hour ago. And I wasn't there. So I don't know what's in your purse, but it's not going to help me.

TALLULAH  
That's okay.

ANGELA  
Huh?

TALLULAH  
I can fix this.

ANGELA  
No you can't.

Tallulah starts fishing around in her purse until she finds it: Jeffrey's metallic wrist device. She drops her purse and holds the watch up in the air. It catches the light and the metal reflects golden onto the side of the room.

ANGELA  
Lulah, that's a watch.

Suddenly, Jeffrey peers in from outside the window. He notices the shiny gold metal from the watch catching the sun's light. He heads to the front door and opens it without knocking.

JEFFREY  
Tallulah, give that back.

Tallulah shrinks her hand back. Jeffrey holds his hand out.

TALLULAH  
No!

Angela looks back and forth between Jeffrey and Tallulah.

JEFFREY  
I'm serious, Tallulah! Give it back. You have no idea how powerful that thing is.

ANGELA

Lulah, what's going on? Isn't that a guy you work with?

TALLULAH

Uh. Yeah.

ANGELA

Why are you really home from work so early? Did you get fired?

TALLULAH

No! Not yet at least.

ANGELA

Lulah, what did you do? What is that thing?

Tallulah holds the watch protectively to her heart.

Jeffrey looks from Angela to Tallulah.

JEFFREY

How are you going to explain this, Tallulah? Really. Did you have any of this planned out, or were you going to make it up as you went along? I thought I made it clear just how significant the effects of reactivity can have on a singular timeline. Time travel isn't for the un-evolved, you know. That's why it wasn't discovered until 2114.

ANGELA

...Time travel?

Jeffrey flinches. Angela looks at Tallulah.

ANGELA

(just to Tallulah)  
Time travel?

TALLULAH

(to Angela)  
I can fix this.

Jeffrey lunges at Tallulah and attempts to snatch the device from her clenched hands. They both fall onto the ground with a CRASH.

The device tumbles out of Tallulah's hands and rolls onto the floor, landing at Angela's feet. Angela bends over and picks

it up. She turns it over in her hands and observes it indifferently.

The device is heavy and strange. It looks like a wristwatch, but it also doesn't. There's something both old and new about it. A combination of an analogue-fashioned timepiece as well as a smartwatch. It seems innocuous enough but at the same time, upon closer inspection, it feels alien in her hands.

Angela puts it on her wrist. She reacts immediately. The way it "locks" onto her arm is sharp and painful, she jerks her wrist away but the watch is already on.

ANGELA

Ow! What was that?

JEFFREY

A s-sample.

ANGELA

Sample of what?

Tallulah looks between Jeffrey and Angela.

TALLULAH

Is it too late? Has the process already started?

JEFFREY

Yeah.

ANGELA

Too late? What's already started?

A flash of light fills the entire room. Jeffrey grabs Angela and Tallulah's arms as Angela starts to de-materialize. The light gets brighter, and then all three of them disappear.

**27 EXT. KINDERGARTEN CARPOOL LANE - DAY 1997**

**27**

It is the end of the day at Bakersfield Elementary. On one side of the front of the school, a bus fills up with KIDS and leaves. On the other side is the carpool lane, where PARENTS pick up their Kids. TEACHERS guide Kids one at a time to their Parent's vehicles.

Jeffery, Angela, and Tallulah appear from out of nowhere in a private corner on the other side of the school. Angela and Tallulah are out of breath. Jeffrey looks around.

JEFFREY

Is this an elementary school? You brought us to an elementary school?

We're just three adults, hanging around, outside of an elementary school?

TALLULAH

Oh my god, are we at Bakersfield?  
Ang... did you bring us to where we went to Kindergarten together?

Angela looks around.

ANGELA

How did I bring us here?

JEFFREY

The watch knows.

Angela tries to take off the device. Jeffrey stops her.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

No no no no! Don't do that.

ANGELA

How come?

JEFFREY

Just for once just trust me?

TALLULAH

Ang... why did you wanna come here?

Angela walks closer to the Teachers assisting in the carpool line.

CLOSE ON JACKIE, Angela's mother. She is 30, glowing, and unironically wears oversized glasses and a homemade knit sweater with puff paint teddy bears. She leads a small student, EVAN (5), towards a car and opens the door for him to get in. He gives her a big hug. She smiles a bright, wonderful smile.

EVAN

Goodbye, Ms. Jackie!

JACKIE

Aw, goodbye, Evan. You have a nice weekend now, okay?

Jackie waves at Evan's MOM in the driver's seat and shuts Evan's door behind him. They drive away.

Angela watches Jackie from far away, as if in a trance.

JEFFREY

(to Tallulah)  
Who is that?

TALLULAH  
(to Jeffrey)  
That's Ms. Jackie. Angela's mom.

Tallulah briefly catches herself as she speaks, and turns her body so that she is facing Jeffrey, away from Angela.

TALLULAH  
(whispers to Jeffrey)  
Angela's mom kind of... passed away.  
She had Corona.

Angela looks in the direction of her mom when she speaks.

ANGELA  
She died an hour ago.

Jeffrey shakes his head.

JEFFREY  
Alright. It's all becoming very  
clear to me. We're going home. *Now.*

Jeffrey walks towards Angela but Tallulah moves to stop him.

TALLULAH  
Okay. I know what this looks like.

Jeffrey pushes Tallulah.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
Woah! Don't do that.

He keeps shoving.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
Stop!

She puts her hands up and pushes back against him.

TALLULAH (CONT'D)  
We're outside of an elementary  
school, like you said for chrissake!  
If anyone gets in trouble, it's  
gonna be you. You're the one who  
looks like a pedophile.

Jeffrey stops shoving.

JEFFREY  
(to Tallulah)

What, is she going to try to save her mom's life? In-what year is this?-the 90's? How do you expect to do that? Corona wasn't even a thing here!

(to Angela)

Your mom died because of a shitty healthcare system, you can't fix that by yourself!

Tallulah shoves Jeffrey.

TALLULAH

Oh my god, what is wrong with you?

JEFFREY

(to Tallulah)

What? It's true. I'm trying to make her feel better.

(to Angela)

Why couldn't you just bring us to when she died? That way you wouldn't have missed her final moments, and there would have been less of a risk of potentially collapsing our own timeline.

No response from Angela.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

(to Angela)

You can't bring back the dead, you know! It's a really big rule from where I'm from. It's not gonna be what you think will happen. You change one thing, and then they don't die how they originally did. Fantastic! But then the next day they accidentally walk in front of a bus. You know, we make fun of "Final Destination" a lot, but they got one thing right. If the universe wants you dead, there's nothing you can do to stop it.

Angela stares at her mom sorrowfully. She turns around and looks at Jeffrey.

ANGELA

So you're saying I can prolong it?

JEFFREY

That's... no, that's not what I said.

Angela turns and walks over to where Jackie is standing.

JEFFREY

That is *not* what I said.

He turns toward Tallulah.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

What is it with you two? Just touch  
and touch and touch and touch-

Angela approaches Jackie. They both have the same big,  
wonderful smile.

JACKIE

Hi!

ANGELA

Hi!

JACKIE

Are you here to pick up a child?

Angela is caught off guard by this question.

ANGELA

Uh yeah, actually, I'm picking up a  
kid I babysit! Her name is Tallulah?

Jackie grins in recognition.

JACKIE

Oh, little Lulah! I know that girl!  
She's a riot. Me and her mama are  
best friends. I didn't know she had  
a babysitter.

ANGELA

Yeah, uh, I'm new. Mrs. Alford said  
I should walk with Lulah to and from  
school because Lulah's getting kinda  
chunky.

Jackie laughs. Angela admires her mom's laugh. She stealthily  
wipes away a tear. Jackie turns towards the group of restless  
Kindergartners lined up against the wall.

JACKIE

Tallulah! Your babysitter is here.

Jackie turns back towards Angela.

JACKIE

(to Angela)



What's your name, baby?

ANGELA

Ang... Angela.

JACKIE

Shut the front door! I have a little girl named Angela. She even looks just like you. Same big brown eyes and long lashes.

Angela smiles. 1997 TALLULAH arrives by Jackie's side. This version of Tallulah is 5-years-old, slightly pudgy, and has a bowl cut. 1997 Tallulah looks up at Angela.

1997 TALLULAH

Who are you?

ANGELA

I'm your new babysitter. Remember? Your mom said we're walking to and from home now. It'll be fun. You'll love it.

1997 Tallulah pouts and wipes snot from her nose. 1997 Tallulah SNEEZES. Angela notices.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Tallulah! Cover your mouth! You have to always cover your mouth!

Angela tenses up. She looks desperately at Jackie.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to Jackie)

You'll always cover your mouth, right? These kids are disgusting! There are germs everywhere!

From farther away, Jeffrey spies on Angela and Jackie. He notices Angela's body language as she becomes more erratic.

JEFFREY

Alright. That's our cue to leave.

Jeffrey rushes around the corner to where Angela is standing.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

(to Angela)

Hey there! Let's go.

Jackie eyes them both suspiciously. Angela pouts. Jeffrey takes Angela's arm and pulls.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Angela reaches out for 1997 Tallulah's hand, but 1997 Tallulah is hesitant.

ANGELA

Come on, Tallulah.

1997 TALLULAH

I don't wanna walk.

Angela takes 1997 Tallulah's hand and jerks it. Hard.

ANGELA

Come on Tallulah.

1997 Tallulah pulls back against her. Angela, frustrated, bends down to see eye-to-eye with 1997 Tallulah.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

If you walk home with me I'll give you a candy bar.

JACKIE

Doesn't that kind of defeat the purpose of exercise?

ANGELA

It's ah... it's a process. Right? Gotta get her moving is the first step. Then uh... change the incentives to healthy ones. Yeah. C'mon Lulah, let's go.

1997 Tallulah squints at Jeffrey.

1997 TALLULAH

(to Jeffrey)

I don't know you.

Angela picks up 1997 Tallulah and rushes away, Jeffrey hustling behind her. Angela uses her free fingers to wave behind her.

ANGELA

Bye Jackie, nice to meet you!

JACKIE

(to herself)

I didn't tell her my name.

They walk across the street until they are in the neighborhood adjacent to the school.

Present-Day Tallulah runs to meet them.

Angela dumps 1997 Tallulah on the ground. She lands on her feet, but off-balance. She holds out her hand for the candy bar.

When Present-Day Tallulah catches up to them, she notices the child.

TALLULAH  
Who's the fat kid?

Jeffrey glares at 1997 Tallulah.

JEFFREY  
(to Angela)  
What have you done?

1997 Tallulah closes her hand and opens it again, awaiting her chocolaty prize.

ANGELA  
(to Tallulah)  
That's you.

Tallulah looks dubiously at the younger, pudgy version of herself.

TALLULAH  
That's not me.

1997 Tallulah looks back up at Present-Day Tallulah.

1997 TALLULAH  
Where's my candy bar?

JEFFREY  
(to 1997 Tallulah)  
You're not getting any candy!

1997 Tallulah starts to tear up.

ANGELA  
Oh no... look what you've done.

JEFFREY  
Look what *I*'ve done? Look what *you*'ve done! Her actual parent is going to go to the school looking for her and she's not going to be there.

TALLULAH  
Well? What are we supposed to do?

JEFFREY

Oh, now you want to listen to me?

ANGELA

Come on. What if we go back in time  
to before we got her-

Jeffrey rushes forward and GRABS Angela on the wrist where  
she is wearing the device.

JEFFREY

No! Stop. Don't even think those  
thoughts. If we start moving around  
in time to fix our mistakes we'll  
create multiple timelines. You want  
another Tallulah?

He glances from 1997 Tallulah, to Present-Day Tallulah.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

That's how you get another Tallulah.

Jeffrey sighs.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Listen, the only way out of this is  
to run back to the school and return  
the kid before her mom picks her up.  
It'll be weird, but it's better than  
creating a rift in the universe, you  
know?

ANGELA

If we could just-

JEFFREY

No if's. I'm sorry.

1997 Tallulah looks up at Angela.

1997 TALLULAH

It's like my mom always says:

Present-Day Tallulah perks up, ready to finish the sentence,  
but the lines that the two Tallulahs speak do not match up:

TALLULAH

"Everything changes, all the time."

1997 TALLULAH

"If if's, and's, or but's were candy  
and nuts, then every day would be  
Christmas."

Present-Day Tallulah turns and stares at 1997 Tallulah.

TALLULAH  
That's not what she says.

1997 TALLULAH  
Yes it is.

TALLULAH  
Is not. That's not what our mom  
says.

1997 TALLULAH  
You keep saying "our mom," and I  
think you're confused. We don't have  
the same mom.

Present-Day Tallulah looks at Jeffrey, panicked.

TALLULAH  
I thought you said this was me.

JEFFREY  
I thought it was?  
(to Angela)  
I thought it was.

Angela looks at 1997 Tallulah.

ANGELA  
It is! This is Lulah. I know from  
the things my mom said. They have  
the same mom.

Jeffrey nudges 1997 Tallulah, who winces.

JEFFREY  
(to 1997 Tallulah)  
Alright you. What's your mother's  
name?

1997 TALLULAH  
Sharon Alford!

Jeffrey looks at Present-Day Tallulah expectantly.

JEFFREY  
Well? Your mother's name?

TALLULAH  
Sharon Alford. Listen... I told you  
this kid wasn't me from the  
beginning.

Jeffrey puts his face in his hands and unleashes a muffled scream. He picks up his face and stares daggers at Present-Day Tallulah.

JEFFREY  
(to Present-Day Tallulah)  
You did this.

TALLULAH  
Me? How?

JEFFREY  
When we went back in time and you  
punched that guy in the face.

Angela shoots an accusing glare at Tallulah.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
(to Tallulah)  
You changed the order of events and  
created a second timeline!

TALLULAH  
You don't know that.

JEFFREY  
You don't know *that*!

Jeffrey paces. Balls his fists.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
This has never happened before, no  
one has ever... I'm going to be in  
so much trouble!

He looks back and forth between the Tallulahs and Angela,  
until Present-Day Tallulah becomes alert with excitement.

TALLULAH  
Wait! I can fix this!

JEFFREY  
How about you... stop trying to fix  
things.

TALLULAH  
No, I mean it! You should go back  
and keep me from ever doing this,  
and if I need proof that what you  
say is credible, just say the thing  
that my mom says.

JEFFREY  
The thing about Christmas?

TALLULAH  
 No, say, "Everything changes, all  
 the time." And maybe that'll keep  
 this whole thing from ever  
 happening.

Jeffrey thinks in silence.

JEFFREY  
 Okay. Don't go anywhere.

He starts to walk in a direction away from them, but then  
 stops, turns, and comes back.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
 No wait. Return the kid. Do it fast!  
 I'll be right back.

Jeffrey goes off, but then stops to look for his wrist  
 device. It's on Angela. He grabs Angela's wrist. He presses a  
 button on the device. It "unlatches" from her wrist, which is  
 painful.

ANGELA  
 Ow!

JEFFREY  
 Sorry. Should've warned you.

He puts the watch on himself and immediately disappears. The  
 Tallulahs and Angela are left across the street from the  
 elementary school. Angela holds her hand out for 1997  
 Tallulah to take. 1997 Tallulah slaps it away.

1997 TALLULAH  
 No! Chocolate first.

**28 EXT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - NIGHT 2020**

**28**

Jeffrey reappears outside of Tallulah's rental home. He  
 scoots his way around the bushes until he finds the front  
 porch. He falls over the steps with a loud *Thump!* He gets up  
 clumsily and darts past the living room window until he makes  
 it safely to the front door.

Jeffrey puts his hand up to knock, then hesitates. He hovers  
 his finger over the doorbell, but doesn't press it. He stands  
 there, unsure of what to do. All of a sudden, Tallulah JERKS  
 the door open from the inside. Jeffrey SHRIEKS.

JEFFREY  
 Ah!

TALLULAH  
I knew it!

She brandishes a broom at him.

JEFFREY  
(to himself)  
God! I expect it to happen and yet  
I'm surprised every time.

**29 INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT OFFICE - DAY 2020**

**29**

Tallulah, Angela, and Jeffrey appear in Jeffrey's basement office with a bright flash of light. Tallulah and Angela are out of breath.

JEFFREY  
You put the kid back?

Tallulah nods.

JEFFREY (CONT'D)  
(to Angela)  
Did anyone notice you? Did your mom  
find out that the other Tallulah was  
taken?

ANGELA  
(out of breath)  
My mom... definitely... knew  
something... was up.

JEFFREY  
But that's it? Nothing else looked  
suspicious?

TALLULAH  
We definitely looked suspicious.

JEFFREY  
You know what I mean.

Tallulah starts to laugh.

TALLULAH  
Everything seems fine.

Jeffrey peers around his office.

JEFFREY  
It does, doesn't it?

Tallulah and Angela look around, confused.



JEFFREY (CONT'D)

Listen. I did something really dangerous. I created a time loop. It's kind of a snake eating its tail kind of situation. My coming to your house set these events in motion, but it's also the last thing that occurred.

ANGELA

You don't sound really sure of yourself.

JEFFREY

I'm not. If we're lucky, it won't have any effect on our timeline. Hopefully this will be a singular event that will have zero consequences.

Jeffrey closes his eyes, as if making the events of the past day disappear with his mind.

**30 INT. PRODIGY HEADQUARTERS - DAY 2172**

**30**

THE PRODIGY (16) blinks her eyes open. She sits in a comfortable lounge chair in her penthouse suite built into a skyscraper that towers over the ruins of Manhattan.

Her wrist device makes a delicate *ding!* sound.

THE PRODIGY

What, Kevin?

KEVIN

Sorry for the interruption, Your Supremeness, but you said to let you know whenever there's been an inconsistency in the current timeline.

The Prodigy perks up in her chair.

THE PRODIGY

Did you find something?

KEVIN

Ehhh yes and no. There was something, and then it went away.

THE PRODIGY

Went away? Things don't just go away.

KEVIN

Your researcher, the one you sent to  
the year 2012?

A digital display erupts from The Prodigy's wrist device. It shows images of Jeffery's mugshots, passport, resume, and various criminal record-looking documents.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

His name is Frok 14 but he goes by  
Jeffrey Arnold. He created a time  
loop in the year 2020.

THE PRODIGY

A time loop? I didn't authorize  
that.

KEVIN

You're right, Your Gloriousness, it  
was undocumented and highly  
illegal... but you might be a little  
more interested in the other people  
he got involved. They're both past  
residents. A... Tallulah Alford and  
Angela Mitchell.

THE PRODIGY

Tallulah? What kind of name is  
Tallulah?

Tallulah and Angela's images appear on the display.

THE PRODIGY (CONT'D)

He told people from the past about  
time travel? And involved them in a  
time loop?

The Prodigy stands up.

THE PRODIGY (CONT'D)

And it didn't create a second  
timeline?

She pats herself down, as if to make sure she's real.

THE PRODIGY (CONT'D)

Kevin, do you know what this means?

KEVIN

I believe so... does it mean we've  
found a cure?

THE PRODIGY

A cure! Can you imagine?

The Prodigy grins excitedly and examines the image of Tallulah.

**31 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 2020**

**31**

Table and Spiff sit on the bed in their hotel room surrounded by an odd assortment of food. They ball slices of white bread up, eat it, and howl with laughter. The TV blares loudly on the news station.

An ALARM goes off. Table and Spiff are blissfully unaware of it.

Spiff holds a bag of candy up to his face and inspects the list of ingredients.

SPIFF  
Does this have any nutritional  
value?

Table pulls apart pieces of white bread and delicately places them on his tongue.

TABLE  
I don't think so.

The alarm keeps going off. Table takes a piece of bread and throws it into Spiff's mouth.

SPIFF  
Look, I'm one of those things. A  
cow!

TABLE  
No stupid, you're a duck!

SPIFF  
Moo! Moo!

Table and Spiff snort with laughter. The ALARM is still going off. Table finally hears it.

TABLE  
Wait. Shhh! Spiff be quiet. What is  
that sound?

Spiff turns off the TV. They get up and rummage through their food mess, trying to track down the source of the noise. It is loud and very annoying.

Spiff clutches his stomach.

SPIFF

Woah. Table? I don't feel so good.

TABLE

Well, that's a risk you take when  
you eat all that processed food.

Spiff bends over in pain.

SPIFF

No Table I'm serious.

Table looks Spiff over. Table notices Spiff's wrist.

TABLE

Spiff, where's your wrist device?

Spiff's body starts to evaporate into thin air, then he re-materializes.

TABLE (CONT'D)

*Spiff, where's your wrist device?*

Table upturns the bedside table and looks frantically for the sound. He finds it: it's coming from Spiff's wrist device, tucked between the hotel blankets.

Spiff's body starts to vanish, and then he disappears entirely.

TABLE (CONT'D)

No. No!!!

Table throws Spiff's watch at the wall. The alarm ceases and a disembodied voice comes from the device:

WRIST DEVICE

PHYSICAL BODY DESTABILIZATION IN  
EFFECT. PLEASE REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR  
DEVICE ON WHEN TRAVELING.

TABLE

No! No! No! No!

Table throws the food, it SPATTERS against the wall. Table rages and YELLS in helpless anger.

MATCH CUT TO:

32 INT. TALLULAH'S RENTAL HOME - NIGHT 2020

32

Tallulah SCREAMS and sits up suddenly in bed. She is sweaty and out of breath. Angela BURSTS through her bedroom door, wielding a baseball bat.

ANGELA  
Jesus girl, what now?

Tallulah looks at Angela, relieved.

TALLULAH  
Oh Ang, I just had the weirdest  
dream. We went back in time with  
Jeffrey, you know, that creepy guy  
that I work with? And we were at  
Bakersfield and we saw a little  
version of me only she was fat and  
she had a bowl cut-

Angela shakes her head and relaxes the bat to the floor.

ANGELA  
No, Lulah, stop. That really  
happened.

Tallulah frowns.

TALLULAH  
Are you serious?

ANGELA  
Yes.

Angela moves to shut the door.

TALLULAH  
So time travel is real?

ANGELA  
Yes.

Angela starts to shut the door again.

TALLULAH  
Wait. Is your mom really dead?

ANGELA  
Oh my god, Lulah, fuck off. Yes. She  
died.

Angela starts to shut the door again.

TALLULAH  
Ang, wait!

Angela swings the door open. It BANGS against the opposite  
wall.

ANGELA

*What?!*

Tempered silence.

TALLULAH

I'm sorry. About your mom. And everything that happened. I get what you're going through-

ANGELA

Stop right there. Say you're sorry, but don't act like you understand. We both know that you have no idea what I'm going through. Maybe call your mom tomorrow and stop rolling your eyes when she offers to pay your rent again, or like, just ask her about her day or something. Keep making your bad art, keep working your twenty hour weeks. Be grateful for a minute.

CLOSE ON the red, blinking "change filter" light.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(pointing the bat at the window unit)

And for the love of god, would you PLEASE change your air filter?

Tallulah looks at Angela, confused. Angela scrapes the bat along the floor as she leaves Tallulah's room. She closes the door behind her, enveloping Tallulah in darkness.

CUT TO BLACK.