FROZEN IN TIME
OVER BLACK:

The sound of ten numbers dialed on a phone. Then, crackling through in a calm English accent...

WOMAN’S VOICE

A beat lingers, then a single dialed number is heard.

MUSIC CUE: “RICH GIRL” HALL & OATES

DARYL HALL (IN SONG)
(over phone)
You’re a rich girl, and you gone too far ‘cause ya know it don’t matter anyway. You can rely on the old man’s money, you can rely on the old man’s money. It’s a bitch girl, but it’s gone too far ‘cause ya know it don’t matter anyway. Say money, money won’t get you too far, get you too far...

As the guitar and drums crescendo...

OPEN ON:

INT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY

View from the open window: sparse clouds and calm blue skies comfort the skyscrapers wrapped around Central Park.

DARYL HALL (IN SONG)
(over phone)
Don’t you know? Don’t you know, that it’s wrong to take what is given you...

“RICH GIRL” continues; PULL BACK INSIDE TO REVEAL -- an elegant, large bathroom that’s clearly inhabited by a female. Shampoo bottles... a white loofah... a super cute shower curtain... relaxing wall art... and balancing on the edge of the porcelain bathtub, rests the source of the music: an expensive cellphone, no case.
Descending lower into the bathtub, first to the corners of plush colorful throw pillows, then to the feet of: JULIA GREENWAY (21), her hands reach into frame and proceed to paint her toenails a bright teal. She’s wearing matching teal silk pajamas and her damp brunette hair is up in a large banana clip.

BUTLER (O.S.)
Miss Julia?

JULIA
Yes?

She looks up. A BUTLER stands in the doorway. He’s older, unassuming, and holding an empty hamper. He enters and begins collecting dirty clothes off the floor, putting the garments inside.

BUTLER
You know this is Manhattan, right?
Only dress in black, please.

JULIA
I’m comfortable, but thank you for the suggestion.

BUTLER
Madam Belvedere will never approve of those loud colors.

JULIA
Yeah well, Madam Belvedere isn’t here right now, is she?

BUTLER
When she arrives, that is.

She continues to paint her toenails.

JULIA
Oh no, guess I’ll just have to live on the edge till’ then.

BUTLER
(re: her phone)
A feat you’ve already accomplished, I see.

JULIA
Oh, whatever.

Each piece of clothing he places in the hamper is more eccentric than the last.
BUTLER
Not even a case? What if it falls like that and breaks?

JULIA
Then I’ll buy a new one.

The BUTLER scoffs and picks up the last article of clothing, placing it in the hamper when... the sound of a classic, old money doorbell rings through the penthouse.

BUTLER
(beat)
She’s here.

FOYER

The heavy doors open and MADAM BELVEDERE (70’s, sumptuous black outfit) struggles to enter, her arms filled with shopping bags. She heaves them on the sofa, leaving her sunglasses on, turning around to see: JULIA and the BUTLER (still holding the hamper) descending the staircase.

MADAM
I guess we’re ignoring the door now—but boy do I have a story for you.

JULIA
Oh yeah? Tell us.

They reach the bottom of the stairs and walk over to MADAM.

MADAM
You will not believe what happen to me when I was at Nordstrom.

JULIA
Nordstrom? Psh, more like Boredstrom.

MADAM
(re: butler)
Who’s this?

JULIA
Who?

MADAM
This man.
(to butler)
Hello, who are you?

He remains silent.
JULIA
He’s my butler... right?

MADAM
Julia, you don’t have a butler.

MADAM ushers the “BUTLER” to the door.

MADAM (CONT’D)
Okay, thank you. This way.

They reach the door. The “BUTLER” pauses.

BUTLER
(re: hamper)
Can I at least keep this? It’s what I came here for.

MADAM
(rips it out of his hand)
No you cannot keep that.

MADAM opens the door, tosses him out, and slams the door. She sets the hamper aside and returns to JULIA, who is now in the:

KITCHEN

Eating a slice of pizza, leaning against the counter. MADAM enters and pours herself a glass of champagne.

MADAM
Where’s my slice?

JULIA
...but you’re vegan.

MADAM
Well it’s still polite to offer.

JULIA
Fine then, you want one?

MADAM
No thank you, I’m much too pretty.

JULIA
Uh. Whatever, more for me.

MADAM
Just don’t go and spoil your appetite.
JULIA
(growing concern)
Wait, why do you say that?

MADAM
Good gracious, I knew you’d forget.

JULIA
What? Shit. Remind me again.

MADAM
Dinner. Early dinner. Tonight, we’re going to that, that whatever you call it.

JULIA
Tapas?

MADAM
Yes.
(with disdain)
That.

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Pretentious decor. Surrounded by other dining PATRONS and seated at a round table are: JULIA, MADAM, and their outlandish friends: BRANDON, SEBASTIAN, AUBREY, and ZOE.

aubrey
(fascinated)
So what did you do?

MADAM
I did what any reasonable person would have done, of course.

BRANDON
Since when are you reasonable?

The table lets out a good laugh at MADAM’S expense.

MADAM
(sly grin)
I’m friends with you, aren’t I?

BRANDON
Careful there, I flatter easily.
But I’ll ceasefire. Go on.

MADAM has a small moment to herself, delighted in her ability to diffuse the teasing with positivity.
MADAM
I said “quick!” We have to bring as many couches over as possible... before the flames consume them all, and try to catch everyone as they jump from the broken window.

ZOE
And what about their instruments?

MADAM
To hell with the instruments! Let em’ burn! Or throw em’ from the window, I don’t care; but you won’t see me catch a tuba. A person maybe, but an instrument, I will not sacrifice my dignity for.

SEBASTIAN
How many were there?

MADAM
Oh gosh, over twenty.

Everyone gasps.

MADAM (CONT'D)
Easy.

BRANDON
(beat)
An entire marching band. That’s just insane.

AUBREY
And to think, all that happened at a Nordstrom.

ZOE
Right? I’ve always found Nordstrom to be incredibly boring.

JULIA
(to Madam)
See? Told you I’m not the only one.

AUBREY
Yet another reason why I need to get out of Manhattan this weekend.

SEBASTIAN
Oh really? What do you think you’re gonna do?
AUBREY
I don’t know, haven’t decided yet. Probably go to Big Sur and work on
my pottery.

A WAITRESS arrives with a tray.

WAITRESS
Here we have our first plate.

AUBREY
Yes!
(claps)
I’m so hungry.

The WAITRESS sets a small plate in front of JULIA.

WAITRESS
Chicken katsu la petite.

In the center rests a McDonald’s chicken nugget. Plus a
decorative garnish. The WAITRESS makes her way around the
table, setting a plate in front of each person. JULIA rises.

JULIA
I’ll be right back everyone.

AUBREY
Hurry up, or I’m eating your
chicken katsu!

JULIA
(walking away)
You better not!

She makes her way through the busy restaurant, passing by
PATRONS at tables distracted in conversation.

LADIES ROOM

A small purse lands on the counter beside the elegant gold
sink. JULIA examines herself in the mirror, then admires the
reflection of the modern bathroom decor behind her. She looks
down and begins to wash her hands. Just her hands in the
basin running under water...

Moments pass...

JULIA turns the water off, looks at her reflection, and is
shocked to find: the modern bathroom decor behind her has
been replaced by high-fashion 1920’s art deco.
She whips around. Everything behind her is normal. A panic sets in... she turns around to look in the mirror again, and the mirror’s reflection is back to 1920’s art deco. Reaching her hand out, she touches the mirror, and it goes straight through. Immediately, she pulls her hand back. Inspects for damage. None. She tries again, this time reaching further, then rips her hand back to safety. After inspecting her arm, she gets on the counter and crawls head first through the mirror to:

INT. MANHATTAN SPEAKEASY, LADIES ROOM - NIGHT [1920’S]

While passing through the mirror, her outfit changes to a tasteful flapper style. Carefully, JULIA makes her way off the counter. The pulsing sound of a LOUD PARTY just beyond the empty bathroom can be heard. She slowly makes her way to the door. The silhouette of PEOPLE partying on the other side of the frosted glass on the bathroom door can be seen. The glass reads “WOMEN” backwards. With extreme caution, JULIA brings her hand closer to the door handle. Just as she’s about to open it... a silhouette FIGURE quickly appears on the other side and the door SWINGS OPEN TO REVEAL -- a beautiful FLAPPER (20’s) smiling ear to ear, as if they know each other.

                  FLAPPER
                 Darling! We’ve been looking everywhere for you!

The FLAPPER yanks JULIA out of the doorway and into the:

BAR AREA

Where she nearly collides with several boisterous REVELERS. The FLAPPER pulls her along, guiding her through the chaotic scene.

                  JULIA
                 Have you now?

                  FLAPPER
               Miss Addington just confessed to me you didn’t even bother so much as to flirt with the idea of greeting anyone on your way through the soirée. Is this true?

                  JULIA
                 Why, I must admit that it is.
FLAPPER
Heavens... if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you think of yourself as the bee’s knee’s.

JULIA
Well, when you put it like that.

FLAPPER
Only teasing.

The FLAPPER continues to lead JULIA through the close quarters.

FLAPPER (CONT'D)
It’s just that I’m all too aware of how desperately everyone wishes to enjoy your company tonight. It’s rather unfair of you to deprive them, no?

JULIA
(flattered this time)
Well, when you put it like that...

A nearby DRUNK MAN breaks from his group and stops them.

DRUNK MAN
(to Julia)
Hey there, doll... you’re lookin’ pretty swell this evening.

FLAPPER
(quietly to Julia)
Don’t bother with him, this one’s a real scoundrel.

DRUNK MAN
What’d you say to her?

FLAPPER
I told her you’re nothin’ but a troublemaker, now beat it!

A SECOND DRUNK MAN approaches.

SECOND DRUNK MAN
(to Julia)
Is this goon over here givin’ you a hard time?
DRUNK MAN
Hey pal, why don’t’cha mind your damn business. Can’t you see I had my eye on the dame first?

SECOND DRUNK MAN
What are you, some kinda tough guy?

DRUNK MAN
Better stay in your lane, or I’ll give you a one way ticket to Palookaville!

DRUNK MAN and SECOND DRUNK MAN almost come to blows when:

FLAPPER
Boys! Boys! Boys! Take it easy!

The FLAPPER separates the two of them and the DRUNK MEN reluctantly walk away. The FLAPPER continues to lead her.

FLAPPER (CONT'D)
Now, as I was saying... do what you must, dear.
(beat)
Shall we find our way to the barkeep? Would strike me as quite odd to go through all the trouble of bringing giggle juice here, you know, with prohibition and all, and neither of us partaking in any of it.

BAR
Seated at a crowded bar, the FLAPPER and JULIA each have a glass of liquor in front of them.

FLAPPER
Who might you know here? We may have some familiar friends between the two of us. We could swap gossip and so forth- well, not gossip, more like colorful chatter. That never hurt anyone, did it?

JULIA sips her drink and makes a face at the strength of the bootleg liquor.
FLAPPER (CONT'D)
Well, with the singular exception of that time word got around awful quick that Mrs Millie Baker was cavorting with Mrs Emily Baker’s ex-fiancé.
(beat)
Quite the scandal.

JULIA
Oh my.

FLAPPER
Yes, her very own sister! Could you even fathom such a thing?

The FLAPPER sips her drink like it’s water, then notices something in the distance.

FLAPPER (CONT'D)
And as we live and breathe, Mrs Emily seems to be getting rather cozy with Millie’s husband on the balcony.
(covertly points)
Exacting revenge it would seem.

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT - NIGHT
MADAM rises from her chair.

MADAM
This is getting ridiculous.

LADIES ROOM
A hand reaches for JULIA’S abandoned purse. MADAM holds the purse, looking at it trying to figure out where she went.

INT. SPEAKEASY, BAR - NIGHT [1920'S]
The BARKEEP tops off their glasses.

FLAPPER
(re: her dress)
What, this old thing?

JULIA
Yes! Of course. To my eyes, it’s beyond perfection.
FLAPPER
Why thank you, but I’ve had it for
far too long... besides, I’m
getting bored to tears of this
monochromatic wardrobe I’ve
helplessly amassed for myself.

JULIA
Lucky you. Me? Psh, I get in
trouble sometimes for wearing
outfits that are too loud.

FLAPPER
Nonsense.

JULIA
It’s true.

FLAPPER
I can tell you this much: I’ve been
famished for colorful fabrics
lately. Vibrant cashmere sweaters
and skirts; and hats, darling.
Dashing hats and feather boas
bright enough to make a peacock
shy.

A wall clock catches JULIA’S attention.

JULIA
Oh dear. I really should be getting
back.

FLAPPER
Not to worry. I’ll see you out.

LADIES ROOM

JULIA and the FLAPPER enter.

LADIES ROOM [TAPAS RESTAURANT]

MADAM is shocked at the sight of JULIA and the FLAPPER in the
mirror.

MADAM
Don’t worry, Julia! I’m comin’ to
get ya!
LADIES ROOM [SPEAKEASY]

JULIA and the FLAPPER can see MADAM panicking through the mirror.

    JULIA
    This doesn’t look good.

LADIES ROOM [TAPAS RESTAURANT]

MADAM frantically drags a nearby trashcan towards the mirror.

    MADAM
    Hang on! I won’t leave without you!

LADIES ROOM [SPEAKEASY]

They can see MADAM struggling to lift the trashcan through the mirror.

    FLAPPER
    No! No! Don’t break the mirror! (to Julia)
    She can’t break the mirror, tell her to stop!

    JULIA
    Don’t throw it, Madam! Don’t do it!

LADIES ROOM [TAPAS RESTAURANT]

She can’t hear them, only see them yelling and waving. The trashcan begins to leave the ground.

    MADAM
    I’ll... save... you!

LADIES ROOM [SPEAKEASY]

JULIA and the FLAPPER run at the mirror.

    JULIA         FLAPPER
    No!           No!

THE MIRROR SHATTERS ALONG WITH EVERYTHING ELSE AND OBLIVION MANIFESTS. THE FLAPPER AND MADAM GET LOST IN THE CHAOS AS JULIA RAPIDLY ASCENDS TO:
INT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE - DAY

From JULIA’S POV on the floor, eyes to the ceiling: THREE ANGELS stand over her in a disapproving manner. They radiate perfect splendor, imposing yet beautiful, armor, swords, and massive feathered wings.

ANGEL 1
(amongst themselves)
You think she’s alive?

ANGEL 2
I don’t know, try kicking her.

ANGEL 1
I’m not going to kick her!

ANGEL 2
Well not hard, obviously!

ANGEL 3
(looks down)
Wait... I think she’s waking up.

In a daze, JULIA sits up with much effort.

JULIA
Where the hell am I?

ANGEL 1
(beat)
See for yourself.

JULIA STANDS TO REVEAL: A gigantic circular room at the top of a tower with glass windows offering a 360 degree view of absolute paradise. Captivated, she nears closer to the glass as the THREE ANGELS hang back. When she reaches the windows, JULIA takes in the view of:

EXT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE - DAY

TONS OF ANGELS casually flying around while socializing, surrounded by waterfalls, castles, mountains and blissful splendor in every direction.

INT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE - DAY

JULIA turns around to face the THREE ANGELS.

JULIA
Did I die? Am I in Heaven?
The ANGELS laugh.

ANGEL 1
No, you’re not dead.

ANGEL 2
And you’re not in Heaven, either.

ANGEL 3
This is nothing compared to Heaven, suffice to say.

JULIA
So then where am I?

ANGEL 1
I believe you humans call it a ‘factory’. Come, we’ll show you around.

HALLYWAY
The four of them walk down the center while large open windows on each side invite the exterior beauty inside the castle.

JULIA
This place is amazing.

ANGEL 1
Don’t get too thrilled, because you’re still in trouble.

JULIA
Trouble? What the hell did I do?

ANGEL 1
Hey. The language. Really.

JULIA
Sorry. What the heck did I do- that better?

ANGEL 1
Much. Thank you.

ANGEL 2
You’ll find out the exact nature of your offense when we get to Father Time’s office.

JULIA
Father Time? As in the Father Time?
FATHER TIME’S OFFICE

Clocks literally everywhere. Every conceivable space of the massive room is occupied by a clock telling the time for every person on Earth.

DESK

A hand holding a plastic card scrapes excess sand off the top of an overflown glass resting on the desk. A pair of eyes peer over the rim of the glass to make sure the sand is perfectly level. It’s not. It’s off by a single speck. The eyes turn disgruntled. A hand reaches towards the top of the glass and ever so gently removes a single grain of sand from the top of the glass. FATHER TIME (elderly, wearing a forest green cloak) brings his hand up to his face and blows the grain of sand off his fingertip. He lifts the glass of sand from the table, admiring it.

FATHER TIME
(to himself)
Eight hundred and seventy six thousand.

Briskly, yet cautious not to drop the glass, he makes his way through the:

REST OF THE OFFICE

Traveling by some clocks that disappear as someone passes away, and others that appear when someone is born. He comes to a wooden ladder. FATHER TIME climbs the ladder, reaching a platform above a gigantic “hour” glass. He dumps the glass of sand in. JULIA and the THREE ANGELS enter as FATHER TIME climbs down. He makes his way over.

JULIA
Oh my gosh, that’s the most amazing hour glass I’ve ever seen.

FATHER TIME
It’s not an hour glass.
(beat, extremely enthusiastic)
It’s a century glass.

JULIA
Oh. I stand corrected.
FATHER TIME
Equal to eight hundred and seventy
six thousand hourglasses.
(beat)
So. You must be Julia.
(beat)
And in some kinda trouble, hmm?

ANGEL 3
(whisper to Angel 2)
I’ve never seen anything like it.

ANGEL 2
(whispers back)
Dreadful. Simply dreadfu-

FATHER TIME
Please, this is a serious matter.

ANGEL 2
Sorry, sir.

FATHER TIME
Because I’ve never seen anything
like it either.
(beat)
We don’t have a protocol for this
sort of thing.

JULIA
Man, what did I do?

FATHER TIME
You stopped time. Water still runs
and electronics still work, but
everything with a life cycle has
been suspended. Or at least, their
ability to experience time has.

A YOUNG GIRL ANGEL wearing glasses enters holding a clipboard
and rushes over to FATHER TIME.

ANGEL WITH CLIPBOARD
Father Time! It’s urgent! I need a
moment of your time, please.

FATHER TIME
Yes, what seems to be the matter?

ANGEL WITH CLIPBOARD
Um, Annie’s in trouble.

FATHER TIME
Oh?
ANGEL WITH CLIPBOARD
Yeah, it would appear she forgot to
set her alarm clock, remember she’s
got that-

FATHER TIME
Her orthodontist appointment in the
morning, right. I remember, go on.

ANGEL WITH CLIPBOARD
But she has twenty points this
month. So what should I do?

FATHER TIME
(beat)
Hmm, that’s a tough decision.
(beat)
Tell me... is her window open?

ANGEL WITH CLIPBOARD
(glances at the chart)
Yes.

FATHER TIME
Send a crow in the morning, see if
Steve can do it.

ANGEL WITH CLIPBOARD
(relieved)
Thank you, Father Time.

FATHER TIME
Yes, of course.

The ANGEL with the clipboard turns around and exits.

JULIA
What do you mean I stopped time,
what about little Annie’s
orthodontist appointment tomorrow?

FATHER TIME
Annie is 78 years old and lives in
Providence, Rhode Island.

JULIA
Sorry, you get my point though.

FATHER TIME proceeds towards his desk and the rest follow.

FATHER TIME
I said the experience of time has
stopped. Not time itself.
JULIA
Elaborate, please.

FATHER TIME
We still need to continue making
time, even if no one is
experiencing any of it.

JULIA
(beat)
Still confused.

They reach the:

DESK

FATHER TIME sits down and JULIA takes a seat in one of the
giant chairs across from him, the ANGELS standing around her.

FATHER TIME
Where did I lose you?

JULIA
Well who’s “we”.

FATHER TIME
All the Angels here, and myself of
course.

JULIA
These are super comfy chairs by the
way.

FATHER TIME
Thank you. Comfort’s important when
you’ve got time like I do.

JULIA
And where’s Madam? The flapper
lady? Are they okay?

FATHER TIME
In the strictest definition of the
word, yes.

JULIA
Please, just be straight with me.

FATHER TIME
I told you! We’ve never had someone
stop the experience of time on
Earth before. Ever.

(MORE)
FATHER TIME (CONT'D)

(beat)
It’s completely unheard of.

JULIA
Sorry. I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean to.

(beat)
This is bad. This is really bad.

FATHER TIME
It could be a lot worse, believe it or not.

JULIA
So they’re alive?

FATHER TIME
Yes, they’re alive, just frozen, if you will. Along with everyone else.

JULIA
Frozen where?

FATHER TIME
Where ever they were the exact moment you broke the mirror.

JULIA
But I didn’t break the mirror, Madam did, that’s what I’ve been trying to tell you guys.

FATHER TIME
Stop trying to shift the blame. Your decisions led to the breaking of the mirror, therefore you’ve been found to be at fault, and that’s why it’s you who sits before me at this present moment, and not Madam Belvedere.

(beat)
We do not make errors, Julia.

JULIA
But how could Annie still have an appointment tomorrow morning that Steve is kind enough to wake her up for, but Madam and everyone else on Earth are frozen? I don’t get it.

FATHER TIME sits back, agitated.
FATHER TIME
(to Angel 1)
Is she gonna make me explain
everything?

JULIA
Oh come on, what, so I’m just
supposed to hang in limbo here
while everyone’s frozen on Earth?
And not ask about it?

FATHER TIME
Of course not.

JULIA
Well you’re being kinda mean to me.

FATHER TIME
Sweetheart, you froze time.

ANGEL 1
Yeah, you froze time.

FATHER TIME motions to ANGEL 1 ‘simmer down.’ He concedes.

FATHER TIME
That’s kinda significant, wouldn’t
you say?

JULIA
(beat)
I guess...

FATHER TIME
Annie’s appointment, Steve’s heroic
efforts, and everyone on Earth
being frozen can simultaneously
exist right now, because as they
say, time marches on, and we-
(points around)
me and the Angels here, help God,
specifically, to create time.

ANGEL 1
Basically what he’s saying is, your
little antics didn’t cause the
timeline of events to cease from
existence, only everyone’s ability
to experience them.

FATHER TIME
(to Angel 1)
Thank you.

(MORE)
FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
(to Julia)
Make sense now?

JULIA
I suppose it does.

FATHER TIME
Fine, let me explain it this way: suppose train A is headed for Gary, Indiana, and leaves on time at exactly 2:02 pm, traveling

40 miles per hour—

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
JULIA
Okay, okay, please, you don’t have to... I get it. What I don’t get is how you expect me to help you solve any of this.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
(beat)
Pretty big problem.

JULIA
That’s an understatement.

FATHER TIME
As I said, this is uncharted territory for us, so we’ll just have to...

JULIA
(leaning in)
Have to what?

FATHER TIME
Roll the dice and throw you back on Earth, let you figure it out yourself.

JULIA
But how do you expect me to—

FATHER TIME
As you can see, we’re clearly busy with matters of our own, otherwise we’d help you more. Besides, we were given orders—
(points up, re: God)
Not to interfere.
(beat, folds hands on desk)
Too much, that is.
FATHER TIME motions to the ANGELS.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)

Gentlemen.
(beat)
Please and thank you.

They show JULIA out. Unsure of herself, she digs her heels in the ground, but to no avail.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)

Out’cha go!

The doors open to a BLAST OF WHITE LIGHT. Like a group of nightclub bouncers, the ANGELS pick her up and toss her out to:

INT. TAPAS RESTAURANT, LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

Where the stall door opens and JULIA exits, jolted by the sight of MADAM frozen, mid-heave holding the trashcan a millimeter from the mirror with a contorted expression on her face, like an athlete seconds from releasing a javelin. With caution, JULIA passes by.

DINING AREA

Frozen PATRONS, mid-meal. JULIA knew this is what she’d return to, but her expression is beyond shocked. She pokes several people. Nothing. Returns to the:

TABLE

Only to find her plate empty. AUBREY is frozen, holding her napkin to the corner of her mouth with a suspicious expression.

JULIA
That bitch ate my chicken katsu!

She stomps over.

JULIA (CONT'D)
The nerve!

And picks up her water glass.
JULIA (CONT'D)
(mocking tone, swinging
glass around)
Probably go to Big Sur, and work on
my pottery.

Then sets it down. After ripping the napkin from her hand,
she drapes it on top of AUBREY’S head and storms off.

EXT. EXOTIC CAR DEALERSHIP – DAY

JULIA’S pastel kitten heels slam into frame and she proceeds
to the entrance.

INT. EXOTIC CAR DEALERSHIP, LOBBY – DAY

Several frozen SALES ASSOCIATES and CUSTOMERS linger, along
with a SECURITY GUARD.

OFFICE

One after the other, her hand rips down hanging key fobs from
a giant board attached to the wall.

LOBBY

She dumps a box containing dozens of key fobs onto a desk.
After scooping a handful, she turns around to face ten
gorgeous exotic cars. The bright sunshine dances across each
one. She presses the first key fob; nothing. Tosses it. Tries
another; nothing. Tosses it. Tries the next. Bingo. Tail
lights blink on a convertible and the engine roars to life.

EXT. EXOTIC CAR DEALERSHIP – DAY

The exotic car SMASHES through the glass and recklessly
speeds away.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT, KITCHEN – DAY

A hand rips open a stainless steel industrial standup
refrigerator, revealing a plethora of fresh food.

GRIDDLE

A perfectly marbled steak gets tossed on the hot surface.
DINING AREA

JULIA is seated at a giant table eating while surrounded by random frozen PATRONS culled from various tables.

    JULIA
    (points fork at woman next
to her)
    Susan, Susan, stop talking for once
    and listen to me... you have to
    move on. He’s no good for you.

JULIA waits for a response. SUSAN stares into space.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    (beat, eating)
    I’m tellin’ you, from personal
    experience. Take. It. From. Me. I’d
    rather suffer another heartbreak
    than to end up with someone I’m not
    meant to be with.
    (beat, eating)
    It’ll save you, trust me.

SUSAN again.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    (solemn)
    I’m sorry to hear that, Susan. But
    you’re not alone, sadly. I’ve been
    cheated on, too. Three times in
    fact.
    (recalling)
    Those motherfuckers...
    (beat, eating)
    This steak is blowing my mind by
    the way. I wish I could share some
    with you.

JULIA takes another bite. Looks up at the captive audience.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    And you guys, too.

Back to SUSAN.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    It’s not stealing though, right?
    (re: father time)
    But like what if he’s wrong and
    these steaks go bad?

Nothing from SUSAN.
JULIA (CONT'D)
(defensive)
Well hello, I need a way to get around. Especially something fast.

SUSAN again.

JULIA (CONT'D)
You know as well as I do they’ll never sell another car if I don’t quickly find a way to start time back up.
(beat, eating)
They’ll be thanking me later.

SUSAN again.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(beat, eating)
Thanks for the support, Susan. I knew you’d see the light.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The hubcap of a taxi. Naked legs suddenly blast by. PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- JULIA running naked, dodging frozen NEW YORKERS and TOURISTS left and right while laughing and screaming.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

JULIA enjoying a film surrounded by mannequins wearing sunglasses and outrageous outfits.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The exotic car screams down the street, top down with several mannequins as passengers. For no apparent reason, JULIA slows to a halt, puts the car in reverse and creeps in front of an:

EXT. ART STUDIO - DAY

The shiny car backs into frame and parks. JULIA kills the engine and jumps out.

JULIA
(to mannequins)
You guys wait here.
EXT. ART STUDIO, REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

She tries the door. Locked. Turns around, and without struggle, finds a fake rock hidden in a hanging plant and removes a key. She’s been here before.

INT. ART STUDIO - DAY

She quietly shuts the door behind her, then-

JULIA
Wait, why am I being quiet?

Still, JULIA slowly treks through the messy space. A makeshift kitchen. Low ceiling. Random art supplies. She turns the corner, where a translucent colorful fabric hangs in front of a doorway, inviting rays of sunlight peering through. Slowly brushing the tapestry aside, she enters the:

SUNROOM

CU on JULIA’S face: both hands cup her mouth and her eyes instantly well up. PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- tall ceiling, one side of the room all old glass windows, unfinished art projects, and in the center of the large space: her ex-boyfriend, GABRIEL BENGINI (28, Italian, handsome, shoulder length dark hair) frozen in the middle of working on an enormous unfinished marble sculpture of her.

JULIA
I... but... when?...

She draws near, gradually dropping her hands, then stops when she’s close enough to touch him. Several photographs of her are clipped to a stand. There’s a coffee table at knee level. She looks down. A Goosebumps book by R.L. Stine rests on top of the clutter. She picks it up.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(confused)
Say Cheese and Die?

The title makes her laugh. She wipes tears away through the unexpected smile, then looks at him-

JULIA (CONT'D)
Since when are you...
(beat)
Must be a nostalgic thing.

—and sets the book down, attaching her eyes back to the sculpture. An expression of longing slowly consumes her face.
INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

The upscale department store section. Chic ads and frozen SHOPPERS everywhere. JULIA tries to hold back her distress while fishing through a rack of designer clothing.

    JULIA
    Shopping...
    (struggling)
    Shopping can cure anything.

Her hands search the clothes faster.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    Where the fuck is the size six!

She slams the clothes together.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    Burn in hell you stupid panacea!
    God I hate Nordstom!

Anger gives way to sadness. She throws in the towel, drags her feet over to and boards an escalator traveling to the next floor up. Standing still, defeated with eyes glued to her shoes, she waits as the escalator pulls her higher. A pillar blocks the view...

For a moment, just the pillar. Then...

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY [FLASHBACK]

The pillar is finally out of view, revealing JULIA and GABRIEL nearing the top of the escalator, unfrozen SHOPPERS riding the adjacent escalator. She’s laughing her ass off and holding tons of shopping bags. His hands are empty, but he’s laughing just as hard. They reach the top. She starts to round the corner, he pauses.

    GABRIEL
    Over here, this way.

    JULIA
    (turned around)
    What? Which way?

    GABRIEL
    Valet.

    JULIA
    Ooo-la la.
EXT. SHOPPING MALL, VALET - DAY

They’re standing out front. His car pulls up. A YOUNG MALE VALET steps out, hands the keys to GABRIEL and walks off. GABRIEL pops the trunk and she puts her shopping bags inside. He closes the trunk and opens the passenger door for her.

JULIA
Why thank you.

GABRIEL
My pleasure.

The interior’s a mess. A look of disappointment befalls her face as he makes his way around to the driver’s side.

INT. GABRIEL’S CAR - DAY [MOVING]

He rolls to a near stop, looks both ways, then merges with traffic while JULIA adjusts her feet resting in a pile of empty take-out containers.

JULIA
Not exactly what I’d call clean.

GABRIEL
Sorry. We’re not going very far.

JULIA
Not going far?

GABRIEL
(beat)
Huh?

JULIA
I’m confused; aren’t we going to Kennebunkport tonight?

GABRIEL
(realizing)
Shit.

JULIA
I thought we agreed!

GABRIEL
We did, but I can’t go now.

JULIA
Fan-fucking-tastic; I could tell the second I saw your interior.
GABRIEL
Relax, okay? I know you need a clean car on road trips.

JULIA
It’s mandatory.

GABRIEL
Kennebunkport’s not going anywhere. We’ll go next weekend. I promise.

JULIA
(calm)
Okay, fine.
(beat)
So what came up?

INT. ART EXHIBITION – NIGHT

Fashionable PEOPLE socialize, admiring the art pieces. It then becomes clear that JULIA and GABRIEL are among them, both dressed up. As they stroll:

GABRIEL
Now that—
(re: painting he’s pointing to)
is art.

JULIA
How’s that one any different? They’re all jaw dropping.

GABRIEL
Maybe it’s not. I don’t know. Guess I’m bias, because the artist and I go way back, growing up in Italy together.

They near the oversized painting and stop in front to get a closer look. It’s the face of a woman crying.

JULIA
So much detail.

GABRIEL
I know, yeah, she’s got an eye for shadow that brings her work to life like no other artist. She’s brilliant.

While he’s focused on the painting, she gives a subtle ‘how come you never call me brilliant?’ look. He doesn’t catch it.
JULIA
How many artists are featured tonight?

GABRIEL
Well, it’s me, Renata, (nods to painting) and about... ten other artists... I think? Yeah, ten.

JULIA
Where’s your stuff?

GABRIEL
Scattered about. Hopefully I sell all three tonight. In fact, remember the painting I told you I thought was unfinished?

JULIA
Uh-huh.

GABRIEL
I added barely a touch of lighter blue in the corner to contrast against the darker area under his necktie, and that’s all it needed. (nervous now) Well I hope. Otherwise I’ll look like a damn fool.

JULIA
No you won’t. C’mon. Let’s go see it, maybe someone’s already interested.

GABRIEL
(reassured)
Okay.

RENATA (O.S.)
Gabriel!

RENATA (29, Italian) approaches them, all smiles. She has the face of a runway model, a buzz cut, red framed glasses, and ironic denim overalls.

GABRIEL
Oh hey! We were just talking about you. Renata, this is my girlfriend, Julia. (introducing)
Julia, Renata.
RENATA
It’s so nice to finally meet you.

An awkward moment when they both feel the impulse to shake hands, but refrain.

JULIA
I’d shake your hand, if it wasn’t for-

RENATA
Don’t worry, I’m the same way.

JULIA
Your art is amazing.

RENATA
My gosh, thank you.

RENATA turns to her painting.

RENATA (CONT’D)
There’s a whole story behind that one. I’ll be as sad as her (re: girl in painting) after it sells. But still thrilled of course.

STEPHANIE (27) joins them.

STEPHANIE
Sorry to interrupt.

She’s dressed head to toe in charcoal and gives off the vibe she’s worn the same outfit for several days but somehow still looks fantastic.

RENATA
Oh no, you didn’t interrupt. What’s up?

STEPHANIE
Charles is here. He wants to meet you.

RENATA
Really?
(to Julia/Gabriel)
Excuse me. Sorry.

RENATA and STEPHANIE walk away together. JULIA and GABRIEL face the painting, their backs in silhouette, each of them blocking out an eye of the woman crying.
INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY [RETURNING]

A YOUNG WOMAN is seated at a table reading a book with one elbow on the table and her hand supporting her head. She appears to be deeply focused, when suddenly:

SNATCH -- the book abruptly gets swiped away by JULIA.

    JULIA
    It’s not that one guy’s book-

No reaction. The YOUNG WOMAN remains motionless.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    -but this might help.

As JULIA reads, the rest of the enormous beaux-arts style library can be seen, revealing frozen PEOPLE scattered about.

COMPUTER LAB

A search engine is on her screen. She types in “how to” and a drop down menu reads:

    How to tie a tie.
    How to train your dragon.
    How to lose weight.
    How to buy stocks.
    How to bake a potato.
    How to overthrow a government.
    How to make french toast.

Fingers quickly add:

    unfreeze time.

BOOK SHELVES

At the very end near the wall that’s mostly windows, in the narrow isle between two towering book shelves, JULIA’S seated on the ground, resting her back against one shelf while she intently reads. A chaotic mess of books are strewn about.

DISSOLVE TO:
BOOK SHELVES [LATER]

Her back now rests against the adjacent book shelf. A beam of sunlight piercing through the windows above warms her face. Her eyes dart back and forth, desperately searching for answers. She’s had enough and throws the book.

INT. COFFEE SHOP – DAY

Frozen PATRONS. Some at tables working on laptops, others in line waiting. Frozen BARISTAS preparing orders. The doors BURST OPEN. JULIA storms in with purpose. Her brows furrowed. As she nears the back, her hand grabs hold of an empty chair. Her eyes remain forward and mean as the chair drags behind, screeching across the tile pattern floor.

LADIES ROOM

The stillness is eradicated when JULIA enters, heading straight to the sink area. She lifts the chair and smashes it against the mirror, instantly shattering it, drops the chair and runs back to the:

PATRON AREA

As she scrambles out of the ladies room, the very beginning of a hopeful expression gets replaced by disappointment at the sight of PATRONS still frozen.

JULIA
Motherfucker!

She dashes for the door, nearly pushing over a frozen PATRON. CU of the handle. The second her hand is about to rip the door open:

CUT TO:

INT. MARRIOT MARQUIS, LADIES ROOM – DAY

The mirror reluctantly bears the reflection of JULIA in a fit of rage, chair above her head like a lumberjack about to split a piece of wood. The chair comes down and the mirror shatters everywhere. Reflection gone, now just her back, chair still tightly held in one hand, shoulders bobbing up and down as she breathes heavily.
INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN, LADIES ROOM - DAY

The reflection of JULIA, chair where it belongs, swinging like a baseball bat straight for the mirror. Just before the chair makes contact:

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, LADIES ROOM - DAY

The mirror explodes. A shard of glass ricochets off the wall, deeply cutting her forearm.

JULIA
Shit! Fucking shit!

She immediately examines the wound. It’s bad. A stream of blood flows down her arm to the elbow. She instinctively goes for the sink, but the basin is full of glass.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(quickly looking around)
No fucking paper towel! Are you fucking kidding me!

MAIN CONCOURSE

JULIA bolts from the ladies room, blood trailing behind her. Frozen PEOPLE everywhere. There’s a FROZEN LADY wearing a thick scarf nearby. JULIA makes a bee line over and-

JULIA
Please can I have this!

Snatches it. FROZEN LADY’S hat and glasses fly off. She keeps running... desperately pressing the scarf to the wound while dodging frozen PEOPLE left and right. She blasts by a frozen BUSINESS MAN making eye contact with us. Stay on the frozen BUSINESS MAN, when suddenly the eyes come to life. His head moves to track her with a facial expression that slowly contorts to an evil grin.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET, FISH COUNTER - DAY

A glass case full of organized seafood. Beside the case, there’s a flip up countertop. JULIA opens it and walks out. As she drifts past the array of fish-

JULIA
Good thing the fishmongers had bandages.
MARKET AREA

While heading deeper into the market, her freshly bandaged forearm is clearly seen. Weaving between frozen PATRONS has become second nature, as she does so with ease. Walking, distracted in her thoughts, something familiar catches the corner of her eye. Her head whips over to investigate, indicating whatever it is must be of importance.

PRODUCE SECTION

In the near distance, lateral to JULIA, a FROZEN MAN with his back turned is in the middle of selecting a watermelon. He has long brown hair, exactly like Gabriel’s.

MARKET AREA

Her breath disappears, still walking, head turned, eyes locked on the FROZEN MAN. As she realizes there’s no way it’s him, she looks forward again, but it’s too late. Her foot misses the first step of a small flight of stairs. Arms outstretched, tumbling at a speed with no hope of making a recovery, her face SMASHES against the ground. Just her face, completely unconscious, then:

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. BEACH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

From JULIA’S POV, face in the sand, still black screen. Gradually, the familiar sight of beach sand comes into view. She makes it to her feet, dressed in workout gear. The calm ocean waves glimmer behind her as she brushes the sand off her body.

MALE TEENAGER 1 (O.S.)
(from a distance)

Hey!

Unaware anyone was close by, she looks up with minor suspicion, opposite to the water. A group of FOUR TEENAGERS seated on a log by the tree line smoking two joints. TWO GIRLS and TWO GUYS. Total stoners, but the cool kind. The type that effortlessly pull off dreads and ripped tank tops. Their skin is burned and slightly peeling from the hot sun.

FEMALE TEENAGER 1

You okay?

FEMALE TEENAGER 2

Yeah, that was quite the spill!
JULIA
(loud)
Yeah.
(beat)
Yeah... I’m fine.

Squinting from the sun, she makes her way over.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Thanks for the concern, you guys.

MALE TEENAGER 2
Just makin’ sure.

JULIA
Maybe I should stick with pavement today. What do you think?

She reaches them and stops.

MALE TEENAGER 1
Think you should hit this joint.

MALE TEENAGER 1 and FEMALE TEENAGER 2 each have a joint. FEMALE TEENAGER 2 extends hers.

FEMALE TEENAGER 2
You want some?

MALE TEENAGER 1
Yeah, it’ll help with your balance.

JULIA takes the joint from FEMALE TEENAGER 2.

JULIA
(surprised)
Really?

MALE TEENAGER 1
(deadpan)
No.

They laugh, but JULIA can’t tell if it’s at her or with her. Whatever. She hits the joint, coughing the smoke into the salty air.

JULIA
(coughing)
Strong. The weed is strong.
(beat)
Damn dude.
(passes it back)
Here ya go.
INT. BEACH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

On the coffee table, a magazine titled “The Kennebunkport Village Magazine” with an adorable ovenbird on the cover rests beside a mug of green tea and a remote control. She lifts the remote, sinks into the sofa, turns on the TV, and flips through channels, landing on a long-form interview with ALEK SIIKAVIRTA (65, Finnish, charming but cold, thick accent, still wears a three piece suit).

ON TV

The INTERVIEWER leans in.

    INTERVIEWER
    One more time?
    (laughs)
    In layman’s terms. Forgive me.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

ALEK, relaxed, leans back in his chair.

    ALEK
    No, it’s quite alright. You’ve been more understanding than most.

    INTERVIEWER
    That’s something else I wanted to get to.
    (glances at notes)
    Because you’ve stirred up quite the controversy in the scientific community.

    ALEK
    You’re putting it mildly there.

    INTERVIEWER
    Author and famed astronomer William Bunker has described your work as,
    (reading notes)
    “The worst theory since phrenology.”

ALEK reaches for his mug of water, takes a sip.

    ALEK
    That was kind actually, comparatively speaking. I’ve heard much worse.
INT. BEACH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

There’s large windows on the side of the house facing the ocean, allowing the blurry sight of the beach to be seen behind her. On the patio, GABRIEL appears to be moving something. Her sipping the tea in the foreground, him dipping in and out of frame in the background.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Well, when you essentially call the father of relativity a liar-

BACK TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

ALEK, looking slightly uncomfortable.

ALEK
I never called Einstein a liar, that’s where everyone has me misunderstood.

INTERVIEWER
(disarming)
And that’s why we’re here. To give you all the time you need, so you can thoroughly explain your position.

ALEK
Thank you.

INTERVIEWER
You’re welcome. It’s a rather new field for me, this space-time dilation.

ALEK
I’m using gravitational time dilation as only one foundation to my theories, so it’s not the only avenue I explore. It’s always been about studying and connecting the dots between time and the multiverse. That’s what interests me most, and it’s why I do what I do.

INTERVIEWER
You say “multiverse” as if it’s a real thing.
ALEK
It is a real thing; and they’re all around us. We interact with other dimensions without even knowing it. Every day.

INTERVIEWER
Tell us more, would you? About this relationship between time and other dimensions, and what the implications are.

ALEK
So essentially, if I had to deliver it in layman’s terms, as you requested, first understand that, the faster you move through space, the slower you move through time.

INTERVIEWER
Implying if one were to travel at say, the speed of light-

ALEK
(nodding)
Yes...

INTERVIEWER
One would essentially, or theoretically, stop time. Is that correct?

ALEK
(laughs)
Neither of us know for sure... from an experiential standpoint. Unless you’re holding out on me of course.

INTERVIEWER
(laughs)
No, unfortunately this time around I’m not.
(turns to camera)
If you’re just joining us, folks—
INT. BEACH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM – DAY

She blows on the mug of tea, eyes on the TV, but focused on the subject matter mostly because she’s still stoned.

INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
My guest today is-

ON TV

INTERVIEWER
Aleksander Siikavirta, and his new book-
(reaches down to grab it)
Released a month ago today, is titled-

Before the INTERVIEWER holds it up, GABRIEL taps on the glass to get her attention. She leaves the sofa and moves to the:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE, PATIO – DAY

Just the house, with the exception of GABRIEL coming in and out of frame hauling something unseen, dropping each heavy object on the ground. The sliding glass doors open, revealing JULIA standing in the doorway, sipping her green tea.

JULIA
What’s all this for?

GABRIEL
There she is.

He’s surrounded by firewood.

GABRIEL (CONT’D)
I had a great idea, thought I’d get started on it.

JULIA
Should I be worried.

GABRIEL
Funny... no... no, growing up, my family use to spend the summers in Sicily, visiting my nonni–

JULIA
That’s grandparents, right?

GABRIEL
Very good.
JULIA
I don’t like to brag, but I studied Italian for a semester in high school.

GABRIEL
It’s a shame you stopped.

JULIA
Yeah, well you know, I had to make room for drafting class. But so go on, back to you and your nonni in Sicily.

GABRIEL
So yes, we would always make the most incredible bonfires on the beach and invite the whole town. The most beautiful beaches in the world. They’ll steal your heart.

JULIA
Impossible.

GABRIEL
Oh, just you wait. You’ll see.

JULIA
So confident.

GABRIEL
Always... but, I guess I’ve been feeling nostalgic lately, so I thought, how about we do the next best thing, and invite everyone we can think of to an epic bonfire tomorrow night. Bring it to us instead.

She considers this.

JULIA
Um.

GABRIEL
Oh, come on. We’ll have a blast.

The mental shift from ‘on the fence’ to ‘all in’ is completely unfiltered on her face.

JULIA
Okay. Let’s do it.

He’s all smiles. Almost boy-like.
GABRIEL

Thank you.

They embrace and enter the house kissing.

INT. BEACH HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

JULIA lifts her cellphone off the counter.

   JULIA
   Okay, I’ll start texting people and
   you start texting people.

He removes his phone.

   GABRIEL
   Priorities.

INT. UPScale salon - DAY

MADAM, leaning back in a spa chair, hair wrapped in a white
towel and cucumber slices over her eyes. She’s surrounded by
ESTHETICIANS, some working on her feet, others on her hands.
The cellphone beside her vibrates loudly. She picks it up,
unlocks the phone and goes to look at the screen, but forgets
to remove the cucumber slices.

INT. Renata’s loft apartment - DAY

Seated on a barstool at the kitchen island, RENATA types an e-
mail on her laptop. STEPHANIE walks down the stairs from the
loft wearing a white tank and white underwear and makes her
way over.

   RENATA
   Hey sleepy head.

   STEPHANIE
   Not fair, you just got up early.

RENATA stops typing and swivels around to face STEPHANIE.

   STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
   Don’t worry, I brushed.

They exchange a smile while leaning in to kiss each other
good morning. Their lips part.

   STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
   Whatcha workin’ on?
STEPHANIE proceeds to the cabinets above the counter, opens one, pulls down a mug, shuts the cabinet and pours a cup of coffee.

    RENATA
    Just a random e-mail.

    STEPHANIE
    (re: coffee)
    Nice. You need more?

    RENATA
    I’m good, thank you.

STEPHANIE sits down.

    RENATA (CONT'D)
    So I got a text from Gabriel.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A beautiful full view of the beach hosting a giant bonfire surrounded by nearly 20 PEOPLE partying. The ocean and lights from beach houses frame the revelry.

BONFIRE

Chairs and an open cooler, but no one is seated. Instead, bodies mingle around the enormous flames. Scanning through, the group consists of: JULIA, GABRIEL, RENATA, BRANDON, SEBASTIAN, AUBREY, ZOE, and EIGHT other REVELERS. (Stephanie noticeably absent.)

    ZOE
    (to Julia)
    I’d rather take a shit on a
    hooker’s toilet than spend even one
    more second there if I can avoid
    it.

    RANDOM DRUNK MAN (O.S.)
    (from a distance)
    Yeah, fuck Nordstrom, man! Kinda
    bullshit is that, man I swear...
    (trails off)

She can tell JULIA isn’t listening.

    ZOE
    What?
JULIA
Sorry, no, I’m listening. It’s just she should’ve been here by now.

TREELINE
A BUFF MAN raises a ram’s horn to his lips, bellowing a thunderous call.

BONFIRE
JULIA and ZOE look over, stunned at the sight of:

BEACH
SIX BUFF MEN, three on each side, carrying a bamboo litter with MADAM relaxing on a throne. There’s four giant tiki torches on each corner.

BONFIRE
AUBREY joins them.

AUBREY
Is that?

BEACH
Their feet move through the sand.

BONFIRE
The BUFF MEN lower the litter to the ground. MADAM steps off and a rogue soccer ball rolls up to her feet.

MALE TEENAGER 1 (O.S.)
(from a distance)
Little help!

BEACH
The FOUR TEENAGERS from before wave their hands.
BONFIRE

JULIA recognizes them right away.

JULIA
Oh shit! These teenagers are cool as shit!

GABRIEL
You know them?

JULIA
Yeah, they got me stoned yesterday.

GABRIEL makes an ‘impressed’ face.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Hey guys! It’s me, clumsy jogger lady! Come on over!

BEACH

Sand kicks up as the FOUR TEENAGERS run to meet them.

BONFIRE

MADAM bends over and touches her toes.

MADAM
I might have to warm up these hammies first.

And again.

MADAM (CONT'D)
But after that-

Then starts twisting her torso, warming up.

MADAM (CONT'D)
I can go all night.

MADAM winks at the closest BUFF MAN.

JULIA
Alright, we get it.

The TEENAGERS reach them.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(to teenagers)
Hey guys!
MADAM
But it’s true! I led the women’s
Montgomery Academy soccer team to
victory in two championships when I
was in college.

GABRIEL
Ah, a fellow footballer.

MADAM
You don’t want none of this, pretty
boy.

GABRIEL
Oh, we’ll see about that.

With his foot, GABRIEL effortlessly flips the ball out of the
sand and begins dribbling it on his knees.

JULIA
(to teenagers)
You up for a game of soccer?

FEMALE TEENAGER 1
Of course.

FEMALE TEENAGER 2 MALE TEENAGER 2
Fuck yeah. Always.

ZOE
We can use the tiki torches as goal
posts.

ZOE goes to remove one, but-

MADAM
(re: buff men)
Hey, hey, hey, they can handle it.

ZOE
Oops, sorry fellas.

FOUR of the BUFF MEN simultaneously remove the tiki torches.

BEACH [LATER]
Tiki torch goal posts, a game mid-play, and the bonfire still
roaring nearby.

FIELD
Close on MADAM tearing through DEFENDERS.
BEACH
A MAN with a metal detector searches for buried treasure, coming closer to the game without realizing it.

FIELD
MADAM makes headway, spinning and diving from DEFENDERS. The MAN trails in her path and she pushes him aside.

MADAM
Outta my way, prick!

He got knocked off course but didn’t fall over. Stay with the MAN as MADAM blasts ahead. BEEP BEEP BEEP. His metal detector flashes red.

MAN
What’s this?

He unearth a bar of gold, stands and stares at it in his hand.

MAN (CONT’D)
Holy shit! A bar of gold! Thanks lady!

FIELD
The ball screams past the tiki torches and over GABRIEL’S head, playing keeper. MADAM celebrates, running in circles, arms raised, screaming.

JULIA
Goal!

JULIA runs over to join MADAM, followed by others.

MONTAGE
-- MADAM telling a spooky story around the bonfire. EVERYONE on the edge of their seat. The BUFF MEN hold each other in fear.

-- The chairs are in rows, facing MADAM hosting a puppet show. Laughter to the point of tears from the BUFF MEN.
-- A beached bottlenose dolphin on the shore as MADAM kneels beside it, praying in tongues, hovering her hands over the poor creature, tide intermittently washing over them both. EVERYONE watches in alarm. Suddenly the dolphin comes to life and swims back to the ocean and cheering erupts, MADAM humbly rising to her feet. Turns to accept the accolade-

MADAM
(mouthing the words)
I know, I know.

BEACH [LATER]

Loosely scattered groups. Some around the bonfire, others watch the ocean. MALE TEENAGER 1 & 2 approach the cooler.

MALE TEENAGER 1
Check if there’s any booze left.

MALE TEENAGER 2
What if they catch-

MALE TEENAGER 1
Just do it!

MALE TEENAGER 2
(beat)
Fine.

MALE TEENAGER 1
In fact, I’ll be your lookout.

MALE TEENAGER 2
Okay, good idea.

With a terrible pokerface, MALE TEENAGER 2 sneaks closer to the cooler as MALE TEENAGER 1 tries not to laugh while walking away.

ON MALE TEENAGER 1

He picks up an empty Mike’s Hard Lemonade bottle out of the sand and starts to piss in it.

ON MALE TEENAGER 2

He tries to inconspicuously look through the cooler, but can only find non alcoholic drinks. Feeling the pressure, he bails.
BEACH [MOMENTS LATER]

MALE TEENAGER 1 runs up to MALE TEENAGER 2.

MALE TEENAGER 1
So? Did you score anything?

MALE TEENAGER 2
Nah, it was empty. At least no
booze I mean.

MALE TEENAGER 1
Ah man, that sucks.
(beat)
Well not to worry, ‘cause I found
some Mike’s Hard Lemonade.

MALE TEENAGER 2
No shit?

MALE TEENAGER 1
Yeah man. Here, have some.

MALE TEENAGER 1 hands him the bottle.

MALE TEENAGER 1 (CONT'D)
Mine’s over there.

MALE TEENAGER 2
(about to sip, lowers)
Why’s it so warm?

MALE TEENAGER 1
I don’t know, they must’ve left it
out. Just drink it.

MALE TEENAGER 2 raises the bottle to his lips and:

CUT TO:

BONFIRE

JULIA wrapped in a light blanket and seated next to MADAM,
both deep in conversation, their words unheard. In the
distance, over MADAM’S shoulder, JULIA can see:

SHORELINE

GABRIEL and RENATA standing alone together, facing the ocean.
They appear to be having a moment. GABRIEL suddenly expresses
immense joy at whatever RENATA has just said and the two of
them hug with overflowing enthusiasm. It lingers.
BONFIRE

Sad jealously begins to grow in JULIA’S eyes, but MADAM is clueless. She’s too distracted telling her story. Then:

MALE TEENAGER 1 (O.S.)
(in the distance)
He drank my piss! Can you fucking believe it! He drank my piss!

INT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET – DAY [RETURNING]

CU of the caked dry blood that seeped through her bandaged forearm, still limp on the floor. CU of her closed eyes. From above, her tortured body slowly comes to life.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET – DAY

The exotic car is parked carelessly in the street. Frozen PEDESTRIANS line the sidewalks and a frozen COURIER pushes a cart across the street. A few cars and a work van sit at a red light nearby. JULIA enters the frame, stumbling towards the exotic car.

INT. EXOTIC CAR – DAY [PARKED]

A hand flips the visor down and slides the mirror open, revealing JULIA’S battled face. She inspects the giant gash on her forehead, wiping away the dry blood. She gives up, remains still, then bursts into tears.

OVER THE SOUND OF HER CRYING, FAST CUTS OF:

-- Two frozen elderly MEN playing chess in the park.

-- A frozen little GIRL wearing a Catholic school outfit and colorful backpack running to catch a school bus.

-- Three frozen Muslim MEN in Lebanon seated outside a coffee shop laughing and enjoying tamarind beverages on a hot day.

-- Four frozen Chinese WOMEN in rural China collecting water, dipping their wooden buckets in a running stream.

-- GABRIEL, frozen in front of the giant sculpture.

RETURN TO:
INT. EXOTIC CAR - DAY [PARKED]

She barely collects herself and starts the car.

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL MARKET - DAY

As the car drives away, it goes through the red light, passing the work van. Stay on the work van... getting closer to the driver side window until... an UNFROZEN UTILITY WORKER, sitting still, both hands on the steering wheel, his eyes track the exotic car as it turns the corner.

INT. ART STUDIO, SUNROOM - DAY

She’s seated on an overturned bucket next to GABRIEL, head in hands, bawling. Tears like she’s never experienced. Without hope, she stands, crying harder, and drags herself over to a milk crate with an array of spray paint cans and takes one.

KITCHEN AREA

By the front door, hanging on the wall, there’s a striking handmade sign, a real labor of love, that reads:

GABRIEL’S ART STUDIO

JULIA enters the frame, still crying her eyes out, and pauses in front of the sign, standing in profile. At no point does she look at the sign. All tears. Then, lifting her arm up, holding the can of spray paint, she adds an ‘F’ in front of the word “ART”, causing the sign to now read:

GABRIEL’S FART STUDIO

Not a single hint of laughter. She cries even harder and keeps walking.

EXT. RURAL BOAT DOCKS - NIGHT

Just the headlights of the exotic car. The engine starts revving. Louder and louder.

INT. EXOTIC CAR - NIGHT

Her tormented, crying face, then a foot slamming the gas.
EXT. RURAL BOAT DOCKS - NIGHT

Top down, the exotic car flies over the dock and crashes into the ocean.

EXT. UNDER WATER - NIGHT

Her unconscious body, buckled in, sinking with the exotic car. Further down. For an uncomfortable amount of time. Without warning, a delicate GLOWING FEMALE HAND presses the release button on her seatbelt.

EXT. BEACH, SHORELINE - NIGHT

Glowing arms gently lay JULIA’S unconscious body in the wet sand. Just her face, near death. The GLOWING WOMAN (played by the same actress who plays the FLAPPER, now with long wavy hair) leans in, places her lips on JULIA’S and pinches her nose shut, beginning CPR. The GLOWING WOMAN pulls away and JULIA spits up water, coughing.

    JULIA
    (deeply struggling)
    Who are you?

The GLOWING WOMAN coyly looks as though she’s about to answer, then shakes her head ‘no’. She turns around and heads back to the ocean.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    Wait.
    (beat)
    No. Don’t leave me.

She stops, turns around.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    Can I at least thank you?

The GLOWING WOMAN considers this. Then, almost in a teasing manner-

    GLOWING WOMAN
    (beat)
    You’re lucky it wasn’t snowing.

A playful expression that says ‘maybe it’s a riddle, maybe not’ and without wasting another second, she dashes back to the ocean.

    JULIA
    Come back, please! Come back!
JULIA goes to sit up, but the pain is too great. She’ll never catch her in time. As the GLOWING WOMAN dives into the dark waves, JULIA catches a glimpse of her glowing legs that have now changed to a mermaid fin.

INT. ART STUDIO, SUNROOM - DAY

Dust from a broom settles in a pile. JULIA continues to sweep the partially cleaned room.

KITCHEN AREA

After drying it with a towel, she sets a plate in the last available spot in the dish rack.

EXT. ART STUDIO, REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Cigarette butts from an ashtray on the balcony get dumped in the trash bin.

FRONT PORCH

Her reflection in the glass front door as she wipes it down. Turning around, JULIA sits on the steps next to a frozen cat and begins to pet it, half frowning, half smiling.

INT. ART STUDIO, KITCHEN AREA - DAY

An extremely messy table. Papers, Christmas decorations, art supplies, tax folders, everything. JULIA nears, taking care of the candles first. After loading them in a box, she notices something. A snow globe on top of a stack of old sheet music folders.

JULIA

Huh.

She picks it up. Shakes it. As the snow begins to settle, she sees a yellow paper stuck between the two stacks of sheet music folders. Setting the snow globe aside, she removes the yellow paper. Studies it for a moment. It’s a detailed sales receipt. Reading:

Rossi Brothers Marble Co.

Florence, Italy
In cursive handwriting:

250 kilo, marble, ........€ negotiable

And below that, a hand-written note from Renata. As JULIA reads:

RENATA (V.O.)
Don’t worry about the price, my father got a great deal on the marble, as he always does. Consider it an engagement gift. You guys should come to Sicily after the proposal and we’ll all celebrate! Who knows, maybe you’ll end up inspiring me to propose to Stephanie, and we can make it a dual celebration. Wouldn’t that be something? Okay, enough from me. Take care, and as always, good luck with the work. Regards, Renata.

JULIA dies inside. Her grip loosens. The receipt falls to the table and:

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]

Where JULIA lifts her menu off the two top table, seated across from GABRIEL, who’s already reading his. A WAITER arrives.

WAITER
(filling their water glasses)
Can I get you started with something to drink besides water?

JULIA
Could we get just a few more minutes please?

WAITER
Certainly.

JULIA
I’m sorry.

WAITER
Quite alright.

The WAITER walks away.
GABRIEL
Pretty sure I know what I want.

JULIA
Already?

GABRIEL
Yeah, I have to get their potato gnocchi again.

JULIA
(mocking)
Can I have carbons inside my carbs, please?

GABRIEL
What! It’s so good. I’ll jog it off through Central Park tomorrow, how’s that?

He sets his menu down.

JULIA
If you’re getting the same thing, then I’m getting the porchetta again.

GABRIEL
We’ll share.

JULIA
Deal.

She sets her menu down.

GABRIEL
So I had an idea.

JULIA
Alright.

GABRIEL
Brace yourself.

JULIA
Okay. I’m braced.

GABRIEL
I was thinking... what about us getting a place together?

She wasn’t ready for that.
JULIA
Oh. Um, right now, my living arrangement with Madam-

GABRIEL
You don’t have to decide this minute.

JULIA
(beat)
Okay.
(off his look)
Don’t be upset.

GABRIEL
It’s fine, really.

JULIA
I’m sorry.

GABRIEL
(feigned confidence)
Don’t apologize. I was just throwing it out there, that’s all. Something I’ve been thinking about, since my lease is up soon.

The WAITER returns, holding a cocktail tray with bread, olive oil, and balsamic.

WAITER
(while setting down bread etc.)
We have amazing featured wine flights this week, each showcasing a different varietal.

As he talks, JULIA pours olive oil on a side plate, removes a roll, rips it in two, and dips one half in the oil.

WAITER (CONT'D)
My personal favorite is the montepulciano. It pairs well with virtually everything on the menu.

She takes a bite of the dry half.

INT. ART STUDIO, KITCHEN AREA - DAY

Watermelon slices on a cutting board. A hand adds another.
EXT. ART STUDIO, FRONT PORCH - DAY

JULIA knocks.

INT. ART STUDIO, KITCHEN AREA - DAY

The trashcan lid opens and GABRIEL tosses a rind in over the sound of O.S. knocking.

    GABRIEL
    Coming!

He picks up two slices of watermelon and walks away.

EXT. ART STUDIO, FRONT PORCH - DAY

The door opens. He’s all smiles. Holds out a watermelon slice.

    GABRIEL
    You want some?

    JULIA
    I’ll partake.

She accepts the slice from him and walks in.

INT. ART STUDIO, KITCHEN AREA - DAY [LATER]

Over a dozen rinds from eaten slices on the cutting board. GABRIEL stands in front and-

    GABRIEL
    We should get some real food after this.

Cuts a fresh piece. Slices it in half.

    JULIA
    (beat)
    Yeah...

He turns around to face JULIA.

    JULIA (CONT'D)
    Can we go outside?
He doesn’t understand why, but still says-

GABRIEL
Sure, if you want to.
(re: watermelon)
Should I bring more with us?

JULIA
No, you can leave it.

EXT. ART STUDIO, FRONT PORCH - DAY [LATER]

They’re seated on the steps, her looking guilty, him allowing a few tears past the gate that would otherwise be an all out flood if he was alone.

GABRIEL
But why?

JULIA
Come on, who are we kidding?

GABRIEL
I completely disagree.

JULIA
I wasn’t expecting this.

GABRIEL
Expecting what?

JULIA
For you to react this way.
(beat)
I was expecting a door slammed in my face.

GABRIEL
Maybe it’s because... besides my brother, you’re still the only person I know here. In this giant city. And yes... it’s tough for me to admit it, but if I lose you, I’m losing my only honest friendship, not just a girlfriend.

JULIA
I know. I know, I feel awful.

GABRIEL
I don’t want you to feel awful.
JULIA
What you said isn’t true, by the way. You’ve got tons of artist friends.

GABRIEL
Yeah... not really, though. They’re all just shallow acquaintances.

JULIA
We can still try’n be friends.

GABRIEL
No we can’t. Like you know that never happens, right?

JULIA
Maybe we can be the exception, I don’t know.

GABRIEL
Just, really. Please.

JULIA
Fine. What do you want me to say?

GABRIEL
(beat)
Nothing.
(beat)
You’ve made your point abundantly clear.

He gets up and she remains seated, looking down with more guilt.

INT. ART STUDIO, SUNROOM - DAY [LATER]

GABRIEL is sulking, holding a stack of photos while seated on a Murphy bed against the exposed brick wall. There’s an empty box in front of him. As he goes through each photo with longing, some get tossed in the box and others set aside on the bed.

SUNROOM [MOMENTS LATER]

A sheet music stand with photos of JULIA attached. Durable casters on a pallet roll forward next to it. Two hands dip a giant dry sponge in a bucket of water, then ring it out.
KITCHEN AREA

GABRIEL clears a spot on the messy table, setting the yellow sales receipt on a stack of sheet music folders, then another stack on top of the receipt. He sets the box of photos in the cleared space.

SUNROOM

A circular saw gets placed on a workbench next to a variety of chisels and hammers. Desk cabinets open and GABRIEL removes a pointing machine and a pencil.

SUNROOM [MOMENTS LATER]

Pencil in ear, chisel and hammer in hand, he stands before the untouched block of marble and photos, letting out a deep sigh. The chisel presses against the marble. Just as the hammer is about to strike the butt end:

CUT TO:

INT. ART STUDIO, KITCHEN AREA - DAY [RETURNING]

On the messy table rests the yellow sales receipt. JULIA stares at it for a moment, tears rolling down her cheeks.

SUNROOM

JULIA broods with her head resting over his frozen shoulder and elbows splayed across his back.

JULIA
I know you can’t hear any of this, but, for what it’s worth, I’m so incredibly sorry.
(beat)
Too little, too late. I know. It kills me. But I don’t know what else to do.

DISSOLVE TO:
MONTAGE

Over the years: GABRIEL in foreground, frozen in profile, and JULIA in altered states around him:

-- She’s pacing with a pen and notepad, brainstorming ideas while writing.

-- In a spirit of pure joy, JULIA strums an acoustic guitar while singing him a song as he’s surrounded by a mannequin audience.

-- They’re wearing birthday hats and there’s a cake with a ’29’ on the table next to them.

-- JULIA doing jumping jacks in workout clothes.

-- He’s wearing a birthday hat, she’s dancing while dressed as a clown and there’s a cake with a ’30’ on the table next to them.

-- A futon in bed configuration getting dragged into frame next to him.

-- Night, her asleep on the futon.

-- Futon elsewhere. JULIA moving plants around the room, trying to find the ideal location for each one.

-- Birthday hats, balloons and a cake with a ’31’ on the table.

-- GABRIEL wearing a barbers cape, shaving cream on his face, and JULIA trying her best to cut his hair.

-- Night, GABRIEL with a botched short hair cut, her on the futon next to him, clearly scared, using a flashlight to read his “Say Cheese and Die” Goosebumps book.

-- They’re wearing birthday hats, GABRIEL with his now frozen bad hair cut, her cheap party horn rolls out as she claps, and the cake displays a ’32’ on the table next to them.

INT. ART STUDIO, KITCHEN AREA – DAY

A bag of groceries lands on the spotless table. Reaching in, JULIA removes vegetables, a loaf of bread, and several Goosebumps books. She makes her way to the bookshelf in the corner and places them in their appropriate spot among the other Goosebumps books. The last one squeezes neatly in place, completing the series. A quick smile. Moving back to the table, she takes out a carrot and heads for the:
EXT. ART STUDIO, FRONT PORCH - DAY

Where she sits on the steps next to the frozen cat, leaving the door ajar, then bites the carrot.

    JULIA
    (to cat)
    You want some?
    (beat)
    Nah, you wouldn’t touch this either way.

Then takes another bite.

INT. ART STUDIO, SUNROOM - DAY

CU of GABRIEL’S eye. It blinks. CU of the chisel in his hand. It drops. Hits the floor, and the sound reverberates to the:

EXT. ART STUDIO, FRONT PORCH - DAY

She’s more alert than a gazelle. Immediately looks at the cat. It’s still frozen. Her body springs up and she scrambles inside.

INT. ART STUDIO, SUNROOM - DAY

Unaware, GABRIEL walks towards the tapestry hanging in the doorway that leads to the kitchen area.

KITCHEN AREA

She bolts towards the tapestry and they COLLIDE, getting tangled up in the:

DOORWAY

They rip the tapestry down and-

    JULIA      GABRIEL
    Ahhh!!!     Ahhh!!!

Fall to the ground together. GABRIEL untangles himself first, then realizes it’s JULIA. His face drops. Before she has a chance to see the sculpture, he pushes her to the:
KITCHEN AREA

Where she’s safely out of view.

    GABRIEL
    Really Julia? Just gonna invite
    yourself in?

    JULIA
    I... I... just got here, sorry.

    GABRIEL
    I need to get rid of that key,
    don’t I?

Now she’s the frozen one.

    GABRIEL (CONT’D)
    (heading to sink)
    You wanna tell me what you’re doin’
    here?

Then notices the defaced ‘GABRIEL’S FART STUDIO’ sign on the
wall, stopping hard.

    GABRIEL (CONT’D)
    Woah! What the hell is this shit!
    You know my nonni made that sign!

    JULIA
    (beat)
    I didn’t think you’d ever see it
    again.

    GABRIEL
    Never see it again?
    (dismissive)
    The hell are you talking about...

He continues to the sink, but catches his reflection in the
mirror first, stopping hard again.

    GABRIEL (CONT’D)
    Fuck me! My hair!

Arms shoot up, he rubs his head and runs to the mirror in
horror. Looks back at her-

    GABRIEL (CONT’D)
    What, wait, how did you even...
    when... what the fuck, Julia!
JULIA
(beat)
It gets worse.

GABRIEL
What do you mean, it gets worse!
This is insane enough!

JULIA
Way worse. Like, infinity worse.

He’s speechless.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Like so much worse, any concern
about your hair will completely
vanish worse.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK – DAY
As they stroll, she’s focused while he’s distracted, half in
shock at the frozen PEDESTRIANS, half still upset with her.

JULIA
Because I’ve been here for almost
five years now, throughout the
whole city, and I’m telling you,
there’s nothing left. It’s time to
leave and search for answers
elsewhere.

INT. HIGH RISE APARTMENT BUILDING – DAY
They make their way through the impressive lobby to the
elevators.

GABRIEL
Let’s hope we can find em’.

LOBBY [SECONDS LATER]
The elevator doors open. It’s jam packed with frozen PEOPLE.
An ELDERLY COUPLE, three MAINTAINENCE WORKERS, a STOCK BROKER
in a suit, a PIZZA BOY, a MOTHER with TWO TODDLERS and an
INFANT in a stroller holding a baby rattle, and a FASHION
MODEL wearing a cocktail dress and dark sunglasses. They
enter and turn around to face the doors as they close.
ELEVATOR

An awkward moment while they ignore the frozen PEOPLE and focus on the elevator climbing floors.

LOFT APARTMENT

JULIA searches the kitchen area while GABRIEL flips the couch cushions.

JULIA
Any luck?

GABRIEL
No, not yet. I’ll check the bedroom, maybe they’re in there.

BEDROOM

A hand pulls open the last dresser drawer and rips the clothes out, joining them to the pile on the floor.

GABRIEL
Fucking damnit.

Framed photos on the dresser. One of GABRIEL, JULIA, GABRIEL’S BROTHER and his WIFE on vacation, posing while enjoying lunch around a table on a yacht in Greece. His hard exterior crumbles momentarily as he stares at the photo with longing and... flips it face down, collecting himself. Turning back to the drawer, he reaches in, digs deeper in and finds... there’s a false bottom.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
What’s this...

Lifting the lid, he removes a set of car keys.

ELEVATOR

Both of them are sandwiched between the MAINTAINENCE WORKERS and the PIZZA BOY.

JULIA
What does he even need two cars for anyway?

GABRIEL
He doesn’t.
JULIA
It’s New York.

GABRIEL
I know. He’s an idiot.

JULIA
Must run in the family.

He looks at her like ‘really?’

JULIA (CONT’D)
Sorry...

GABRIEL
Our dad almost disowned him for wasting money like that on the first sports car he bought.

(beat)
It’s fair to say making partner went to his head a little bit.

The doors open. They step off, leaving the frozen group behind. Stay on the elevator. The doors close. They failed to notice the MOTHER, her TWO TODDLERS, and the INFANT in the stroller are gone, with the exception of the baby rattle on the floor.

INT. PARKING GARAGE – DAY

As they walk, GABRIEL has his arm extended, holding the key fob while pressing the panic button.

JULIA
Do you know what level he usually parks?

GABRIEL
Why would I know that?

JULIA
I don’t know... just asking.

She stops. He doesn’t.

JULIA (CONT’D)
Why are you being like this?

GABRIEL
Come on, let’s go.

He finally stops. Turns around.
GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Do you want to find my brother’s car or not?

PARKING GARAGE [MOMENTS LATER]

Flashing headlights and a blaring car horn, then... the cacophony ceases and they enter frame, pausing in front of the sports car. He hands her the keys.

JULIA
Thank you.

She walks around to the driver side and opens the door.

GABRIEL
You’re on your own.

He turns around and walks away. She panics.

JULIA
Wait, what?

GABRIEL
(back turned, walking)
You heard me.
(beat)
You can’t just break up with someone and expect them to forget all about it. I don’t care if the world is frozen or not.

The door slams. Brows furrowed, she storms over, ripping his arm, whipping him around to face her.

JULIA
Don’t you fucking dare do this to me. I’ve been-
(crying now)
busting my ass for the last five fucking years, completely alone, by your fucking side the whole goddamn time, every night, only to-

GABRIEL
You’ve what?

JULIA
(beat, embarrassed)
You heard me.

She disarmed him.
GABRIEL

(beat)
You never told me that.

JULIA
Because it’s embarrassing.

GABRIEL
You obviously saw the sculpture
then...

Now he’s the embarrassed one.

JULIA
I did. And it’s the most beautiful
thing anyone has ever done for me.

GABRIEL
Breaking up was artistic jet fuel,
as you could see.

JULIA
I should have never broken up with
you.

GABRIEL
Okay, what do you mean.

JULIA
I went through your stuff a
little...

GABRIEL
Of course you did.

JULIA
Motherfucker, you were frozen! And
I had to clean!

A smile returns to their faces.

JULIA (CONT'D)
And I found the sales receipt from
Renata.

GABRIEL
(realizing)
So... okay, that means you-

JULIA
Yes.

GABRIEL
What?
JULIA
Yes. My answer is yes.

She’s radiant. He looks down. Trying to hide the emotions. Lifts his head. She desperately searches his eyes... and finds the joy leaking through. They erupt, embrace, and kiss like never before.

ART GUY
Oh, and you can protest all you want.
(sly)
But I’m driving.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Top down, the sports car blasts outside and turns into the street.

INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY [MOVING]

She opens the glove box and begins searching.

GABRIEL
What’re you looking for?

JULIA
Any sunglasses in here?

GABRIEL
Check the center.

After closing the glove box, she opens the center compartment, fishes around, pulls out two pairs of sunglasses.

JULIA
Would you look at that.

GABRIEL
Beautiful find.

JULIA
You want one?

She puts on a pair–

GABRIEL
Well yeah. Hand em’ over.

JULIA
Here.
And extends them out, he goes to grab it, but she pulls them back.

GABRIEL
Hey, come on.
(beat)
I’m driving here.

JULIA
You wanted to!
(off his look)
Yeah, yeah, safety first.

She hands him the sunglasses. He puts them on.

GABRIEL
Let’s figure out where we’re going.
(beat)
You said the city is useless at this point.

Their conversation continues over:

CUT TO:

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

The sports car drives over kutz bridge with the Washington Monument and Jefferson Memorial towering nearby.

JULIA (V.O.)
You probably didn’t notice yet, but I collected every single Goosebumps book there is-

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Shut up. You did that for me?

JULIA (V.O.)
Yeah, I went everywhere to all the bookstores and thrift stores in every borough to find them all. So I know for a fact there’s nothing out there.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
What about Kennebunkport?
INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY

TWO FBI AGENTS, frozen while chatting and walking down the hallway. JULIA sneaks up, pretending as though it’s necessary. GABRIEL laughs at her.

    JULIA (V.O.)
    Maybe.

    GABRIEL (V.O.)
    We know the area.

    JULIA (V.O.)
    True.

She takes their clearance cards.

    GABRIEL (V.O.)
    Maybe that’s bad though.

    CUT TO:

CU of JULIA’S hand swiping the clearance card.

LABORATORY

Frozen SCIENTISTS mid-work. JULIA and GABRIEL move through, looking for anyone or anything.

    JULIA (V.O.)
    You mean go even further outside our comfort zone?

    GABRIEL (V.O.)
    Yeah, exactly.

    JULIA (V.O.)
    This is good. Let’s keep brainstorming.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VA - DAY

Getting weary, they comb the halls, shouting for anyone.

    GABRIEL (V.O.)
    I don’t know, it’s a tough call.

    JULIA (V.O.)
    North or south.

    GABRIEL (V.O.)
    Or west.
JULIA (V.O.)
No, we’re not going west. It’s too far.

INT. FBI BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA - DAY
A small sitting area with frozen AGENTS gets disrupted as they pass through.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Yeah, you’re right. Cover closer ground first, then if there’s nothing, go west.

RETURN TO:

INT. SPORTS CAR - DAY [MOVING]
GABRIEL sinks back, comfortable, JULIA twirls her hair, looking out the window.

JULIA
Since we ruled out Kennebunkport, let’s go south.

GABRIEL
Fine with me. Florida is probably best experienced with everyone frozen in it anyway.

BACK TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - DAY
They pass through the shooting gallery. Frozen AGENTS, holding their firearms up during target practice.

JULIA (V.O.)
Once we get to Florida, we’re stuck though. Right? The further we go.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Right, we don’t wanna reach the keys, only to find nothing, then have to drive all the way back to get west.

JULIA (V.O.)
That would suck.
GABRIEL (V.O.)
Scratch Florida then.

EXT. CITY STREET, ASHEVILLE, NC – DAY
The sports car casually weaves around the traffic.

JULIA (V.O.)
I’m serious about not wanting to go too far inland though.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Oh, I know.

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT – DAY
Both at a booth enjoying tacos. She playfully snatches his last one and takes a bite.

JULIA (V.O.)
I feel like we’ll get stuck or something.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Wait...

JULIA (V.O.)
What?

EXT. CITY STREET, ATLANTA, GA – NIGHT
Bright lights from the tall buildings dance across the car.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
I’ve got an idea.

JULIA (V.O.)
Let’s hear it.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
What about DC?

EXT. MOTEL – NIGHT
The car pulls in.

JULIA (V.O.)
It’s close.
OUTSIDE ROOM

They enter the dingy room.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Lots of smart people are in DC.

RETURN TO:

INT. SPORTS CAR — DAY [MOVING]

He briefly takes his eyes off the road, exchanging an equal look of confirmation with each other, having formulated a plan.

JULIA
If there’s other people who are unfrozen, it’s gotta be there.

GABRIEL
(beat)
Decision made. We’re going to DC first.

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY

The sports car gains speed.

EXT. HIGHWAY — DAY [DAYS LATER]

They approach a road sign that reads: “FLORIDA. NEXT TEN MILES”.

INT. SPORTS CAR — DAY [MOVING]

Both deflated.

GABRIEL
This is it. Last stop until we head west.

Glaring out the window, her face agrees, until she notices something.

JULIA
Hang on.
(beat)
Pull over.
EXT. ROADSIDE SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY

The car pulls in. Grimy. Exactly what one would expect from a roadside souvenir shop near the border of Florida.

INT. ROADSIDE SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY

In front of a spinning bookstand, JULIA peruses the selection of reading material. Everything from UFO books and Loch Ness Monster, to the Egyptian pyramids and string theory. As it spins, she brings it to a grinding halt when a book grabs her attention. It’s ALEK’S book on time-dilation. Recognizing his face on the cover, she picks it up.

JULIA
Holy shit, no fucking way.

She flips to the inside of the back sleeve to find a happy picture of Alek with his wife, Venla and border collies above a small bio that reads:

Aleksander Siikavirta lives at his home in Helsinki, Finland, with his wife, Venla and their two border collies, Chips and Willow.

INT. ROADSIDE SOUVENIR SHOP - DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

Rushing over, JULIA startles GABRIEL while he’s picking out a Davey Crocket hat.

JULIA
(beat)
We’re going to Finland.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

As their boat travels...

GRADUALLY SUPERIMPOSE THE FACE OF A TICKING CLOCK.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

INT. FATHER TIME’S OFFICE - NIGHT

The image of the clock face superimposed over their boat gets smaller until it’s seen as one among the billions of clocks on the wall, this clock with JULIA’S name underneath.

PULL BACK CONTINUES UNTIL:
FATHER TIME enters frame, menacing, watching the clock like a witch over a boiling cauldron.

FATHER TIME
(beat)
Bring her to me.

Bits of flesh hit the floor behind him. Small bloody pieces intermittently splatter... coming from:

TINY DEMONS, emaciated yet ravenous, making horrible noises and ripping at the faces of the THREE ANGELS. They’re only tearing and eating at one side of their faces. The THREE ANGELS are completely unfazed. They slowly turn around, emotionless, TINY DEMONS attached, and lumber for the door.

EXT. FINNISH CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A blue and white striped awning hangs above sale signs in the window for processed food written in Finnish. JULIA and GABRIEL enter frame and walk in.

INT. FINNISH CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

The door shuts behind them. Frozen CUSTOMERS, some in line, others browsing the short, narrow isles.

GABRIEL
Ladies first.

She returns a smirk, heads for the back, him to the beverage cooler. GABRIEL opens the glass door, deliberating what to choose among the colorful drinks. Standing there, he welcomes the cold air on his face. Pulling down an odd looking bottle, he studies it, attempting to decipher the label. Frost accumulates, turning the once clear glass door translucent. As he reads:

FROM INSIDE COOLER

An ANONYMOUS POV studying GABRIEL from the other side of the beverage rack.

BACK TO GABRIEL

He returns the bottle and grabs another. A PAIR OF MALE EYES, THICK FURROWED BROWS STARE BACK, but he doesn’t notice. Moments pass until... an obscured FIGURE appear on the other side of the frosted glass door. He looks over and jumps.
GABRIEL
(as he shuts the door)
Shit, you scared me.

LUNGING FORWARD, the eyes from inside the cooler, possessed, belonging to a rabidly violent STORE CLERK. GABRIEL instinctively jumps back from him and:

THE STORE CLERK’S HEAD GETS BLOWN OFF. GABRIEL hits the deck as glass shards, bottles, blood, skull fragments, brains, and fruit juice spray everywhere. The STORE CLERK’S body lumps to the ground next to him.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

JULIA, shotgun held up, breathing heavy, like a thoroughbred that just finished a race.

FOOD AREA

Still on the ground, he’s in shock, staring at the headless corpse.

GABRIEL
I thought you were in the bathroom.

JULIA
(beat, lowers rifle)
Door was locked.

BATHROOM

A SECOND STORE CLERK, violently possessed, presses his ear against the door, eavesdropping. Lips quivering, he restrains his maniacal laughter in order to hear better.

FOOD AREA

GABRIEL fumbles to his feet.

BATHROOM DOOR, OUTSIDE

CU of the door knob slowly turning.

FOOD AREA

GABRIEL steps forward, but then stopping from: on the floor, the STORE CLERK’S dead body morphs into a TINY DEMON.
It howls in pain, knocks over food racks and jumps through the window, breaking straight through the glass, vanishing.

GABRIEL
What the fuck was that!

Without warning, STORE CLERK 2 rushes for JULIA.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
 Fucking shit! Look out!

JULIA
 Holy shit!

She pulls the trigger and... it’s empty. STORE CLERK 2 barrels behind the counter, grabs JULIA by the hair, drags her out and starts bashing her head against the floor. GABRIEL rushes over and tackles STORE CLERK 2 off her, landing on top of him, pummeling his face.

BEHIND THE COUNTER

CU of JULIA’S shaking hands loading the shotgun.

FOOD AREA

STORE CLERK 2 raises his hips, maneuvers out, jumps to his feet and attacks GABRIEL. JULIA runs over, leaving the shotgun on the counter. GABRIEL and JULIA grab STORE CLERK 2 by the collar, force his head under the slurpee machine, and pull the lever, dousing him while he struggles. He breaks free, hurtles over to the shotgun, GABRIEL and JULIA chasing behind, and rips it off the counter.

EXT. FINNISH CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A FLASH of gunshots in the windows. A moment passes before a second hole blasts through the window and a TINY DEMON frantically escapes, howling in agony while flying away.

EXT. ALEK’S HOUSE - DAY

GABRIEL helps JULIA through an open window on the ground floor, the shotgun leaning against the wall of the cookie cutter modern colonial.
INT. ALEK’S HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

GABRIEL passes her the shotgun through the window. She sets it down and helps him inside, almost knocking over an expensive globe off the mahogany corner table in the process.

DEN

Finnish commercials drone on the television. ALEK rests horizontally, frozen while asleep on the sofa.

HALLWAY

JULIA and GABRIEL (holding shotgun), while on high alert, tip-toe past the family portraits hanging on the wall.

DEN

ALEK’S still face in the foreground, JULIA and GABRIEL entering the room behind the sofa in the background. They see the television and backside of the sofa. Hearts racing, both get closer... and JUMP for dear life from the sudden blaring sound of a:

FAMILY ROOM

Grandfather clock ringing out, situated beside the large bay windows that:

SHATTER INTO A MILLION PIECES from the THREE ANGELS charging through. They stand in the rubble, TINY DEMONS eating their faces, and sprint for the:

DEN

Where the THREE ANGELS abruptly enter and come to a halt, only to find it’s empty, television off, an eerie silence. They take a step forward and suddenly... THEY FREEZE. The once rapidly moving limbs of the TINY DEMONS now completely still.
BASEMENT LAB

CU of a device in ALEK’S hand (he was napping after all). It’s the size and shape of a hockey puck, but with controls that look as though it was designed by an advanced alien species.

JULIA (O.S.)
What is it?

ALEK (O.S.)
It’s a multi-dimensional particle refractor.

They’re huddled around a workbench.

GABRIEL
(beat)
So that’s where I left it.

JULIA half-laughes, but ultimately shoots him a ‘now is not the time’ look.

ALEK
It’s what allowed me to gain access to the technology Father Time used to stop time. Otherwise, our frozen friends upstairs would have captured us for sure.
(beat)
Here. This way.

ALEK leads them past sophisticated equipment to a large platform level with the ground. They stop, leaving some distance between them and the platform.

ALEK (CONT’D)
(holds up device)
Blink and you’ll miss it.

He presses a button, activating several lights, and, hard as he can, TOSSES IT LIKE A FRISBEE. As it cuts through the air, two retractable cables shoot out from each side, a pick attached to the ends. The device grips the center of the platform with the taut cables running to the picks attached further out, forming a triangle shape. A large flat rectangular reflective surface shoots up, suspended in mid air between the picks.

GABRIEL
What... the... fuck...

ALEK moves closer to the floating mirror, leaving JULIA and GABRIEL where they stand.
GABRIEL stunned, JULIA with a slack jaw and eyes darting as the puzzle pieces rapidly come together.

ALEK
(kneels in front of mirror)
Oh, it gets better.
(points to mirror)
Look...

In the mirror, the reflection of everything except ALEK, JULIA, and GABRIEL quickly melts to a vibrant, colorful, chaotic dimension. ALEK reaches his hand through the mirror, moves it around, then pulls it back to safety.

JULIA
(rushing over)
Wait, that’s... this looks just like... I’ve seen this before.

She kneels down beside ALEK and reaches her hand inside, then pulls it back.

ALEK
Ring any bells?

JULIA
Yes, where did you get this?

ALEK
I constructed it. After years and years of trial and error.

JULIA
You were the one who put this in the bathroom?

ALEK
What? What bathroom? No, listen to what I have to tell you.

GABRIEL joins them.

GABRIEL
Okay, I’m completely lost.

Their conversation continues over:

CUT TO:
KALEIDOSCOPIC VOID

ALEK, blasting forward, tumbling and spinning, but with direction and purpose.

    ALEK (V.O.)
    After exploring multiple dimensions through time and space, I discovered the dimension where time is created.

INT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE - NIGHT

Moving through the shadows, ALEK sneaks down an open corridor with a tall, majestic ceiling.

    ALEK (V.O.)
    There, I came upon-

CHAMBER

A hand rolls out blueprints on a table.

    ALEK (V.O.)
    -the paradigm, laid out in full detail for multi-dimensional travel.

RETURN TO:

INT. ALEK’S HOUSE, BASEMENT LAB - DAY

They’re still kneeling in front of the floating mirror.

    JULIA
    He stole them from you.

    ALEK
    (laughs)
    Not exactly. No, our designs had similarities, but also some pretty significant differences. For instance, his cagnaphormarites had a compression ratio that exceeded 10.42 to 1. Although, it’s possible that was the result of...

Blank stares. ALEK stops himself, realizing he lost them.
ALEK (CONT'D)
Sorry. As I was saying. I couldn’t-

BACK TO:

INT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE, CHAMBER - NIGHT

The blueprints almost seem to glow as he reads.

ALEK (V.O.)
-believe my eyes. If this technology exists in other dimensions, that could only mean one thing.

RETURN TO:

INT. ALEK’S HOUSE, BASEMENT LAB - DAY

They haven’t moved yet, unlike the swirling patterns on the mirror.

JULIA
You’re not the only one traveling.

ALEK
Precisely.

BACK TO:

INT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE, CHAMBER - NIGHT

He hears footsteps. Panics. And voices. Rolls up the blueprints. Tucks them away in a luminescent red bin on the end with the other blueprints and hides under the table.

ALEK (V.O.)
For the first time ever, I encountered sentient beings outside of our own.

FATHER TIME and the THREE ANGELS with TINY DEMONS eating their faces enter, clearly engaged in an unheard conversation.

ALEK (V.O.)
A secret of the multiverse was revealed to me that day...

They proceed to the table.
ALEK (V.O.)
When I overheard them discussing
plans to overthrow God, by stopping
time forever, and using you as
their patsy.

FATHER TIME removes several blueprints, standing inches from
ALEK sweating bullets.

RETURN TO:

INT. ALEK’S HOUSE, BASEMENT LAB – DAY

In a flash, the floating mirror shoots down, disappearing
into the device along with the retracting cables. They stand,
ALEK detaching the device from the platform.

JULIA
Me? But why me?

JULIA (CONT’D)
Perhaps they thought you’d be easy
to fool, that you’d go along with
it.

GABRIEL
I won’t even try...

JULIA
But then how did you freeze those
demonic angel things upstairs?

ALEK
That’s why I laughed when you
thought Father Time was the thief.
No, I stole the technology from him
after becoming privy to his scheme.

JULIA
I woulda done the same.

BACK TO:

KALEIDOSCOPIC VOID

ALEK careening through the multicolored madness.

ALEK (V.O.)
It wasn’t until I finally arrived
back on Earth, in our dimension-
INT. ALEK’S HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

His wife, VENLA, frozen while praying, kneeling with her elbows on the bed, eyes closed.

ALEK (V.O.)
- that I discovered what had occurred while I was gone.

The door opens behind her, ALEK enters, then quickly exits, trying not to disturb, unaware she’s frozen.

HALLWAY

Back against the closed door, he notices the DOG in the adjacent bedroom frozen in the middle of scratching behind the ear.

RETURN TO:

INT. ALEK’S HOUSE, BASEMENT LAB - DAY

JULIA and GABRIEL follow ALEK over to a pillar with hanging equipment. In a rush, he takes down three empty tactical bags, keeping one for himself and handing them the other two, then reaches into bins on the pillar, removing devices and passing them over.

ALEK
I don’t know about you, but I’m not gonna let them get away with it.
(re: devices)
Take these. Put as many as you can inside your equipment bags.

They stuff the devices inside, barely keeping pace.

GABRIEL
Shit, why so many?

ALEK
Great question. Hang on...

ALEK struggles with the lid of the final bin.

ALEK (CONT’D)
Wait... almost...

It opens.

ALEK (CONT’D)
Got it.
He empties the last bin, divvying them up.

ALEK (CONT'D)
Because...

Last one.

ALEK (CONT'D)
I still haven’t figured out how to retrieve an M.D.P.R. after I’ve entered, only how to immediately close and disable it after I’ve passed through.

JULIA
So they’re one and done.

ALEK
Pretty much.

GABRIEL
Fuck.

ALEK
That’s not the problem though. I have them stored everywhere. It’s the lack of extra particle suspension technology I’m using to hold our company upstairs at bay that worries me.

JULIA
You can add me to that list then.

ALEK
That’s the prototype we’re using upstairs. After getting it right, I was planning on bringing it into play against Father Time.

GABRIEL
Give him a much needed taste of his own medicine. I like it.

ALEK
You got that right. But I wasn’t expecting to need it for those guys first.

JULIA
So what do we do?

ALEK
No choice. We have to make another.
JULIA
But we don’t know anything about dimensions, and particles, and all that fancy scientific stuff.

ALEK
Trust me, I’ll handle that part. It’ll just take us some quick multi-dimensional travel to gather the necessary components, and we’ll be on our way.

CU cuts of bags zipping up. They sling the tactical bags over their shoulders and head for the:

DEN
Where they pass the frozen ANGELS while walking to the sliding glass door. Stay on the nearest ANGEL. CU on the TINY DEMON’S belly. The rib cage is rapidly moving.

SLIDING GLASS DOOR
Facing the glass, their backs darkened in shadow from the light outside, ALEK reaches for the door handle, stopping when they suddenly hear:

HUMANOID FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Warning. Battery low.

BEHIND THEM
CU on the small prototype contraption. It’s resting in the carpet on a tripod near the ANGELS with a blinking red light.

HUMANOID FEMALE VOICE
Warning. Battery low.

SLIDING GLASS DOOR
ALEK closes his eyes in profile.

ALEK
(beat)
Fu-

Before ‘fuck’ can depart from his lips, he gets RIPPED OUT OF FRAME.
KITCHEN

Utter chaos as their torn bags, devices, pots, and pans go everywhere, surrounding JULIA, GABRIEL, and ALEK as they fly through, straight for the:

FAMILY ROOM

Where they smash against the wall, destroying everything in sight.

DEN

Grinning with satisfaction, the ANGELS blast forward.

FAMILY ROOM

Still on the ground, JULIA notices the shotgun propped against the bar stool by the counter adjoining the family room and kitchen. She races on hands and knees, grabbing it just in time to:

KITCHEN

BLAST - The closest ANGEL takes two shotgun slugs to the chest.

FAMILY ROOM

Horror on her face, as it barely made a difference. She tosses the shotgun. GABRIEL and ALEK rip her up and she grabs a device from the debris at the last second. They scale the stairs, knocking over plants and framed pictures off the wall, the ANGELS demolishing what’s left, frantically chasing after them.

MASTER BEDROOM

Leaping over the bed, they head for the window, ALEK struggling to open it.

JULIA
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

GABRIEL
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!

ALEK
I’m going! I’m going!
The window opens, ALEK steps out onto a lower roof immediately followed by GABRIEL and JULIA.

EXT. ALEK’S HOUSE – DAY

From within the house, an ANGEL grabs her jacket, abruptly stopping her, causing the device to fly from her grasp.

    JULIA
    Ah, no! Fuck!

It tumbles down the slightly pitched roof and lands in the mucky gutter. She wiggles out of her jacket and they slide down the roof as the ANGELS break through the wall. When they fall over the side, GABRIEL rips the device from the gutter.

MID-AIR

GABRIEL tosses the device lateral to JULIA who tosses it lateral to ALEK. He catches it, activates the device and whips it towards the ground. The ANGELS explode over the edge, now falling with them. The device shoots out retractable cables, one attaching to patio furniture and the other to a BBQ grill. The mirror opens, they fall through, and it closes just in time for the ANGELS to crash on the patio.

KALEIDOSCOPIC VOID

The three of them speed through, ALEK leading the way.

EXT. OPEN FIELD, ALTERNATE DIMENSION – DAY

The sky is magenta and the grass is cyan. An odd, mechanical, cyborg pterodactyl-type creature glides through the air. A portal opens, spits them out on their butts and closes.

    JULIA
    That was fucking nuts.

    ALEK
    Everyone okay?

GABRIEL landed in a puddle of neon orange water.

    GABRIEL
    (lifts arms, sleeves wet, shakes water off)
    Yeah, I’m good.
After they all struggle to stand up, JULIA and GABRIEL follow ALEK, headed to a single, leafless tree.

ALEK
Over here.

JULIA and GABRIEL continue for a beat, then hang back.

UNDER TREE
ALEK kneels in the dirt facing the exposed roots. He presses on a depression in the bark and a hidden door opens, revealing a stainless steel compartment with blue LEDS containing five multi-dimensional particle refractors. After removing three, he shuts the door and heads back to:

OPEN FIELD
Joining JULIA and GABRIEL.

ALEK
You have to learn how to use one of these eventually, might as well be right now.

ALEK hands them each a device.

ALEK (CONT'D)
Hold it like this.

He places his pointer finger on a top button on the edge and his thumb on a button located on the face, holding the device similar to the way a farmer holds a can of chewing tobacco.

JULIA
Press and hold?

They copy him.

ALEK
Oh yeah. Don’t let go until it’s time to throw.
(winds up)
Like you would a frisbee.

And tosses it. The picks dig into the dirt, the device clamps down and a reflective portal opens.

ALEK (CONT'D)
Your turn.
GABRIEL
Ladies first.

JULIA
I’ll go.

She tosses the device. Her portal opens to the right of ALEK’S.

GABRIEL
Good toss.

JULIA
Batter up.

He follows suit. They face each other now, all three portals side by side in the near distance behind them. Intermittent blasts of energy, visually similar to solar flares, fly out of the portals as they talk.

ALEK
There’s good news and bad news.

GABRIEL
Lay it on us.

ALEK
Good news is, the materials to replenish our supply of M.D.P.R.’s can be found on Earth.

JULIA
And the bad news?

ALEK
When I went searching for unfrozen people, I left a portal open in nearly every major city, along with my prototype particle suspension technology, hoping I could unfreeze others, but the transponders kept uplinking to the wrong frequencies. So I decided to abandon it and come back to the project later.

JULIA
I take it you never found anyone.

ALEK
Except you guys finding me.

GABRIEL
Couldn’t get more ironic if it tried.
ALEK
Yeah, I’d say it’s clearly altered the schedule a bit.

GABRIEL
Why do we need three portals open though?

ALEK
Because we’re splitting up.

JULIA
I beg your pardon? Splitting up?

ALEK
We have to.

GABRIEL
Great. This is terrifying.

ALEK
You guys will be fine. We can pull this off. Just take it one step at a time. After we’re done on Earth, you’ll meet me in the Kappa Division, Sector Four.

JULIA
(laughs)
Okay... but why go all the way to Four? What’s wrong with Sector Three? Save us some time. That’s what this is all about, right?

GABRIEL
Let him talk.

ALEK
(extremely stern)
Never go to Sector Three. You hear me?

JULIA
Sheesh, okay. Just trying to keep it light before we inevitably get lost in the multiverse.

ALEK
Not on my watch. We’ll take all the necessary precautions. After we’ve manufactured a safe number of particle suspension devices, we’ll be ready to take on Father Time.
JULIA
Does that mean we’re going back to Finland?

ALEK
No. Not yet anyway. I have an emergency laboratory in The Omicron. We’ll be safe there.

(beat)
At least I hope.

JULIA
(nervous)
Piece of cake.

ALEK
One admonishment: the areas when we have to split up, after Earth that is, time will be moving at vastly different rates, depending on where you are, especially when we get to the final sectors of the Omega Division- time moves so fast over there, if you’re not careful you could lose precious seconds tripping then having to tie your shoe laces and years will have gone by on Earth, so we have to make haste.

JULIA
We’ll try not to let you down.

ALEK
We can leave these portals open, and after it’s all said and done, we’ll rendezvous back here.

GABRIEL
Alright, simple enough.

JULIA
Let the games begin.

ALEK
Guys ready?

JULIA

GABRIEL

Ready.

ALEK
Okay, let’s move.
They turn to face the mirrors, exchange one last look, then SPRINT towards and jump into their respective portals.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

Same shot... moments pass... just the portals for an off-beat amount of time. A few lazy solar flares jump out and go back in. The magenta sky seems to breathe, when suddenly ALEK’S portal rapidly glows and he returns, decked out in tactical gear and equipment. He looks around, growing worried when suddenly JULIA’S portal rapidly glows and she returns, also decked out in tactical gear and a duffle bag. They exchange a smile of relief. It gives way to concern, locking their eyes on GABRIEL’S still portal.

JULIA
Aleks
(cheerleading) (cheerleading)
Come on... come on... Alright... alright...

Finally it rapidly glows, much more than theirs did. Intensity continues. Getting dangerous. They step back. GABRIEL begins to appear, back turned wielding a giant sword above his head, followed by the terrifying head of a T-REX BREATHING FIRE. He struggles to exit, fighting the hideous beast.

GABRIEL
Get back! Look out you guys!

T-REX
(shrieking)
A devastating blow sends the T-REX in retreat.

JULIA
ALEK
Woo-hoo! Hell yeah!

GABRIEL wipes the sweat from his brow and drops the heavy sword.

EXT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE - NIGHT

Tall spires engulfed in shadows look down on sparse ANGELS patrolling the entrance.

INT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A torch hangs from the stone wall. The dancing flames get blocked out by JULIA, GABRIEL, and ALEK as they sneak past incognito. They come to an adjoining hallway and stop.
GABRIEL
(sotto)
Which way?

JULIA
(sotto)
Yeah, which way?

ALEK
(sotto)
From the looks of it, I think we should keep going straight.

JULIA
(sotto)
Okay.
GABRIEL
(sotto)
Copy that.

They continue out of frame. Stay on the adjoining hallway. Running along the walls and ceiling, an endless legion of TINY DEMONS follow them.

HALLWAY

As the trio move, the walls and ceiling behind them rapidly turn to a blanket of TINY DEMONS, only their yellow eyes visible in the shadows.

BRIDGE

A narrow walkway joins two structures with a seemingly bottomless abyss underneath. ALEK is in front, JULIA in the center, and GABRIEL behind her.

FROM UNDER THE BRIDGE

Their footsteps pass over the holes as TINY DEMONS attached to the bottom move in closer.

BRIDGE

Nearing the middle, GABRIEL looks down and catches a glimpse of yellow eyes, but it’s too late. Before he can sound the alarm, several TINY DEMONS RIP JULIA OVER THE EDGE.

GABRIEL

Julia!

ALEK

Julia!
MID-AIR

Falling, falling, falling and she... CRASHES through a glass skylight to the:

FUTURISTIC INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN

Falling on an island table and immediately tumbling off and onto the floor, face down.

JULIA
(groaning)

JULIA reaches around, feeling her back to make sure the duffle bag is still strapped around her. It is. She pulls herself up.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Holy shit, I’m alive.

Looking through the broken skylight, she can see a boundless sea of yellow eyes rapidly spilling down the sides of the pit.

JULIA (CONT'D)
Fuck me.

In a controlled panic, she rips the duffle bag off, unzips it, and removes a harness with two motion-sensor laser gun turrets that go over her shoulders, the turrets facing the back. She throws it on. The harness also has a laser rifle folded up on the chest. One last reach inside the bag and she pulls out two glock-style laser pistols. She’s ready. Eyes back to the skylight.

JULIA (CONT'D)
(pointing guns at skylight)
Come and get it, motherfuckers.

In the blink of an eye, the TINY DEMONS pour through the skylight and inundate the kitchen. Laser blasts from her guns go everywhere. The turrets on her back hone in on and decimate the TINY DEMONS with flawless precision behind her while she expends TINY DEMONS with her pistols in front. There’s so much firepower, it causes a moving perimeter of calmness around her, much like the eye of a tornado.

BRIDGE

Two hands open a tactical bag, remove a rope, and tie it around the edge. GABRIEL tosses the rope over.
KITCHEN

In the frenzy, a TINY DEMON manages to rip one of the pistols from her hand-

    JULIA
    Hey, asshole!

-and toss it across the room.

BRIDGE

The rope doesn’t come anywhere close to reaching the bottom of the pit. GABRIEL is descending at the middle portion and ALEK is above him.

KITCHEN

JULIA runs and ducks a swarm of TINY DEMONS, sliding on the floor like a baseball player stealing home plate. She blasts a dozen TINY DEMONS and gets up, facing a large microwave oven above the counter. The turrets blast away, providing cover as she rips the door open. Turning around, she blasts several TINY DEMONS. One of them comes straight for her. She rips it out of the air and throws the TINY DEMON in the microwave, slamming the door shut. Her finger hits the ‘HIGH’ button.

FROM INSIDE MICROWAVE

As the TINY DEMON ricochets around in agony, the sight of JULIA’S back while she’s using her laser rifle is visible through the door.

KITCHEN

Her lasers smoke TINY DEMONS left and right while sparks fly from the microwave until... DING. She whips around, the laser turrets effortlessly covering her back, and opens the door. She grasps her laser rifle again and-

    JULIA
    (turning around)
    Dinner’s ready.

-sprays the TINY DEMONS, blinding light flashing from the muzzle of her automatic rifle as their guts fly everywhere.
ROPE

GABRIEL reaches the end and looks down, catching a glimpse of the carnage below.

    GABRIEL
    What the fuck.

He looks up. ALEK is almost there.

    GABRIEL (CONT'D)
    Now or never!

    ALEK
    Kick some ass!

They release.

MID-AIR

With skill, they remove two holstered laser pistols, both of them holding one in each hand. Rapidly approaching the skylight, they start shooting the instant they reach the:

KITCHEN

Crashing through the skylight, shooting TINY DEMONS while falling, continuing when they land without missing a beat. JULIA rushes over.

    GABRIEL
    Backup’s here.

    JULIA
    You fucking made it! I love you guys!

    ALEK
    Let’s kill these son of a bitches.

They form a configuration with JULIA in the center and their backs to her sides, allowing her turrets room to fire and covering every angle between them. All the remaining TINY DEMONS charge, but it’s no use against the storm of laser rounds.

KITCHEN [MOMENTS LATER]

The bloody door of the microwave hangs open in the foreground while the trio exit in the background. Then... the TINY DEMON head rolls out of the microwave.
FATHER TIME'S OFFICE

Both heavy doors are open. Light casts into the darkness, pulling a beam across the floor. The light is interrupted by the trio as they enter, when suddenly... THEY FREEZE.

CU ON:

Beside their feet, a small contraption on a tripod, much like the particle suspension technology ALEK used. A pair of boots enter frame. RISE UP TO REVEAL -- FATHER TIME, his satisfied grin contrasting against their frozen faces. He looks at ALEK first, then slowly circles the trio.

FATHER TIME
He’s smart enough to get this far, but too dumb to finish the job. Tsk tsk. Some kind of scientist you are. You’d be nothing without stealing from me anyways, not to mention the time I’ve created for you.
(to all three)
All of you.
(back to Alek)
And your poor wife. Now you’ll really mourn her loss. Yet another mess between the two of you that’s all. Your. Fault.

Disgust emits from FATHER TIME’S face. He stops in front of JULIA.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
And you.

The disgust amplifies ten fold. He continues to circle.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
I gave you. The entire. World. Literally. And this is how you repay me? A strong-arm takeover? I could have chosen anybody.
(beat)
Anybody.
(beat)
But I chose you. Of all people. And now look at you! You could be out doing whatever your stupid little heart desires, but instead you’re here, frozen like everybody else now. You just had to go and bite the hand that feeds, didn’t you?
FATHER TIME turns his wrath to GABRIEL.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
Speaking of stupidity.
(laughs)
You should have left her when you
had the chance, pretty boy.
Dumbass. Ya know what? I almost
wish you weren’t frozen right now,
just so I could see the look of
regret on your face.
(laughs)

The floor rises in the shape of a circle around the trio and
the small contraption. It hovers close to the floor and
follows FATHER TIME as he walks further into the room.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
I have a lovely surprise. All three
of you will be thrilled. Especially
you, Julia.

They reach a dozen ANGELS with TINY DEMONS eating half their
faces, each ANGEL holding a shovel and standing in front of a
giant pile of sand. Beyond them lies the CENTURY GLASS, now
empty.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
(to Julia)
Look familiar? Amazing, indeed.

Classic, evil laughter pours out of FATHER TIME. The platform
hovers past the ANGELS. Another group of ANGELS lift the
century glass off the base, the trio hover underneath,
securing to the top of the base, and the ANGELS lower the
century glass back down, encasing them inside.

FATHER TIME'S OFFICE [SECONDS LATER]

Cuts of shovels piercing piles of sand, followed by cuts of
ANGELS dumping sand into the century glass.

FATHER TIME'S OFFICE [MOMENTS LATER]

Sand falls on the heads of JULIA, GABRIEL, and ALEK. Descend
lower to reveal the sand is up to their waists.
FATHER TIME'S OFFICE [LATER]

Flapping their elegant, powerful wings, a group of ANGELS secure the enormous top to the century glass, now completely filled with sand. FATHER TIME admires the sight.

FATHER TIME
Magnificent work, gentlemen. Simply magnificent.

FATHER TIME turns around and ambles for the door. Looking down, it’s clear he’s deep in thought, proud for gaining the upper-hand and defeating them, when suddenly...

Foreign, small crumbled pieces fall on FATHER TIME’S head. He stops dead in his tracks. More small pieces of matter fall on the floor in front of him. He feels his head.

FATHER TIME (CONT'D)
What is this...

Then looks up, his jaw dropping at the sight of:

MADAM BELVEDERE CRASHING THROUGH THE VAULTED CEILING, DRESSED AS A NINJA, WITH A TORRENT OF BUFF MEN BEHIND HER.

MADAM
(pointing sword at FATHER TIME)
Ahh!!

FATHER TIME steps out of the way just in time as MADAM lands like a cat with all 9 lives. The BUFF MEN, too many to count, land, and continue to land, behind her.

MADAM (CONT'D)
Charge!

The ANGELS, nearly double the size of the BUFF MEN, but way less in number, swoop in and plow into frame, brawling with MADAM and the BUFF MEN while FATHER TIME runs like a coward over to the wall, the chaos having blocked the exit.

CENTURY GLASS

A BUFF MAN winds up his fist and smashes the glass. Sand dumps out like a firehose. Several other BUFF MEN help him break the century glass open more.

CEILING

The unrelenting pace of fresh BUFF MEN continue to pour in.
CENTURY GLASS

One group of BUFF MEN enter the almost empty century glass, while a second group fight off ANGELS, providing the first group cover.

INSIDE CENTURY GLASS

A BUFF MAN rips the particle suspension device off the platform and tears it to pieces. JULIA, GABRIEL, and ALEK come to life, causing the BUFF MEN to burst into cheers.

FATHER TIME'S OFFICE

MADAM, having climbed a pillar, leaps off, raises her sword high above her head and chops off the wing of an ANGEL flying by. The mono-winged ANGEL spins wildly and gets pummeled by BUFF MEN upon crash landing.

DESK

Standing behind, FATHER TIME speaks into a hand-held remote transmitter.

FATHER TIME
   (slams fist on desk)
   Faster!

HALLWAY

A legion of TINY DEMONS gallop through the hallway like possessed, racing greyhounds.

FATHER TIME (V.O. INTERCOM)
   Faster! Faster!

ENTRANCE

The TINY DEMONS explode in, erupting past the tall doors, some crashing into them from going so fast.

DESK

FATHER TIME’S face turns from anxiety to feigned confidence as he watches the TINY DEMONS join the fray.
FATHER TIME

Yes.

His cowardice mitigated, he abandons the desk, grinning maniacally.

FATHER TIME'S OFFICE

With expertise, MADAM slices a TINY DEMON in half.

MADAM

Take that! Ugly motherfucker...

The fighting rages around her. The trio runs to MADAM.

JULIA

Madam!

MADAM stops at the sight, a sudden motherly happiness takes over.

MADAM

You’re all okay! Thank God!

MADAM and JULIA embrace among the madness.

JULIA

I can’t thank you enough.

MADAM

Here.

Turning around, MADAM gets the attention of a nearby BUFF MAN in a group fighting an ANGEL.

MADAM (CONT'D)

Weapons!

The BUFF MAN gets the attention of another BUFF MAN, signals to him, receives three laser pistols and hands them to MADAM.

MADAM (CONT'D)

(to Buff Man)

Thank you, sweetheart.

The BUFF MAN goes right back to fighting and the trio each take a gun.

GABRIEL

Beautiful.

ALEK

You’re a life saver.
NEAR DISTANCE:

A BUFF MAN punches a TINY DEMON mid-flight. It gets caught by another BUFF MAN and he rips the TINY DEMON in half.

BACK TO TRIO AND MADAM

Battling two nearly defeated ANGELS with a giant group of BUFF MEN. JULIA ducks two TINY DEMONS and does a barrel roll over to GABRIEL. Kneeling, she aims at the ANGEL in worst shape as GABRIEL covers her, killing multiple TINY DEMONS. She fires. Direct hit between the eyes. The ANGEL topples over.

CEILING

One after the other, BUFF MEN jump in through the destroyed ceiling.

DESK

ALEK careens over, sets his gun on the desk, and bangs on the computer keys. The screen asks for a password.

    ALEK
    Shit. Think. Think. Think.

He quickly types something. A dozen dots appear in the space bar on screen. He slams enter. The screen turns green and reads: “ACCESS GRANTED”.

    ALEK (CONT'D)
    Fuck yes!

He focuses on the screen and types a keyboard shortcut. A window pops up. Just then, a TINY DEMON swoops down and grabs his gun.

    ALEK (CONT'D)

    Hey!

He lunges for the gun, but it’s too late. The TINY DEMON flaps away with it. As he’s about to move back to the computer...

FATHER TIME IMPALES HIM IN THE BACK WITH A GIANT SWORD.

    FATHER TIME
    (pulls him close)
    Time always wins in the end.
FATHER TIME'S OFFICE

CU on JULIA’S distressed face.

JULIA

_No!!_

She struggles to push TINY DEMONS, BUFF MEN, and ANGELS out of the way, running towards the:

DESK

Where FATHER TIME rips the blade out and runs for the:

ENTRANCE

Dashing out of the office, passing the giant doors.

DESK

JULIA falls to her knees in front of ALEK’S body and cradles him in sorrow.

HALLWAY

FATHER TIME comes to a heavy-duty door with a keypad and touch screen on the wall. In a rush, he presses a flurry of buttons.

FLASHING ON TOUCH SCREEN:

_SELF DESTRUCT INITIATED_

He rips the door open and enters the:

ESCAPE POD

Frantically pulling his harness on.

EXT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE - NIGHT

The escape pod blasts off.
INT. FUTURISTIC CASTLE, FATHER TIME’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Parts of the ceiling crash around JULIA, still kneeling in front of ALEK. GABRIEL and MADAM rush into frame and yank her up.

GABRIEL
We gotta move, or we’re all gonna die!

She snaps out of it. Rushes nearby to the:

DESK

Saving the wireless computer before a giant piece of ceiling crashes down, breaking the desk in half.

MADAM
Let’s go! Let’s go! Let’s go!

FATHER TIME'S OFFICE

JULIA (carrying computer), GABRIEL, and MADAM run while being protected by BUFF MEN, still fighting off ANGELS and TINY DEMONS.

ENTRANCE

They dash out of the office, passing the tall doors as a huge piece of ceiling crashes behind them.

HALLWAY

Chunks of ceiling fall around JULIA, GABRIEL, MADAM, and a group of BUFF MEN as they sprint. A slab falls in front of JULIA, causing her to trip, sending the computer airborne.

BUFF MAN
I got it!

The BUFF MAN catches the computer, another BUFF MAN rips JULIA to her feet, she regains possession of the computer, and all of this happens without slowing down the stampede.
HALLWAY [SECONDS LATER]

They come to a halt in front of the empty escape pod door. Next to it, there’s a second unused escape pod.

MADAM
We need the code!

GABRIEL
Try anything!

GABRIEL covers her while she presses random buttons in a panic on the keypad below the touch screen.

FLASHING ON TOUCH SCREEN:

ACCESS DENIED

The message only flashes a few times until... BAM! A BUFF MAN’S fist disintegrates the screen, causing the door to fling open.

BUFF MAN
You guys get in!

The other BUFF MEN behind him fight off ANGELS, TINY DEMONS, and falling slabs.

ESCAPE POD

JULIA, GABRIEL, and MADAM barrel in. MADAM flips down the back seat while JULIA and GABRIEL sit in the two seats facing the windshield.

LOOKING IN FROM HALLWAY:

BUFF MAN
Go! We’ll keep you safe!
(slams door)

JULIA sets the computer on a small fold out shelf and a window appears. She leans in to read the message.

JULIA
You have entered escape pod two. In order to prevent service interruption, please connect using a PTU cable before releasing the escape pod.

Angered, she pulls back.
JULIA (CONT'D)
The fuck is a PTU cable.
(to Gabriel)
Look for a “PTU” cable if you can.

She closes the window and clicks on an icon and a new window pops up. On GABRIEL’S side of the dash control screen, a low fuel sign glows.

GABRIEL
Low fuel.

JULIA
Fan-fucking-tastic.

Displayed on the dash control screen, there’s a 3-D image of their escape pod flying to a remote inter-galactic fuel station.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
There’s a fuel station in... yes, the auto-pilot says we’ve got enough to get there.

On the computer, JULIA clicks a file that opens a window listing the entire timeline of human history, when suddenly...

THE CABIN SHAKES VIOLENTLY.

MADAM JULIA
Turbulence! Shit!

GABRIEL
Fuck!

Ceiling panels give out, causing exposed wires to hang above their heads. The turbulence subsides.

MADAM
Let’s get the fuck outta here!

On GABRIEL’S side of the dash screen, accompanied by a loud alarm, a giant red message reads:

WARNING. SELF DESTRUCTION COMPLETE IN:

00:20.00

The digits rapidly count down.

GABRIEL
Twenty seconds!
On JULIA’S computer screen, she clicks on the current moment in time and drags it back to the day time froze. GABRIEL reaches for a button on the dash that says ‘Release Pod’. Back to her screen, a window pops up.

  JULIA

  Wait!

The message reads:

  Would you like to adjust timeline?

    Okay    Cancel

GABRIEL looks over her shoulder at the computer screen.

  JULIA (CONT'D)
  We can move the timeline back.

His controls now read:

    00:11.72

The numerals rapidly descending.

  GABRIEL
  We’ll die from the blast at this point, even if we escape.

  MADAM
  We don’t have a choice then, Julia!
  Do it!

JULIA and GABRIEL look deep into each other’s eyes, realizing if the timeline moves back, they won’t be together anymore.

  JULIA                      GABRIEL
  I love you.                I love you.

They enfold, eyes closed, and hold an intense kiss, sparks flying from the hanging wires. Still kissing, JULIA reaches over and slams enter on the keyboard.

  DISSOLVE TO:

  WHITE SCREEN
EXT. NYC FRENCH RESTAURANT, LOADING DOCK - DAY

A delivery van rolls up. The side doors of the van slide open. Two MEN jump out and begin removing boxes of food. As they approach the back door of the restaurant, it blasts open. A furious MAÎTRE D (middle-age, male) exits, wearing a white tie, black tuxedo coat with tails, white pique vest, white shirt with a panel front, and white gloves. Out of place, a grimy backpack is also slung over his shoulder. Distracted by his anger, he completely ignores the two MEN as they enter. Standing beside a dumpster, the MAÎTRE D drops his backpack, disrobes with indignation and throws the clothes away.

MAÎTRE D
(thick French accent)
That, is the last time, that I ever get treated... with, with such disrespect!

He spats on the ground.

MAÎTRE D (CONT'D)
Puh!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A disheveled HOMELESS MAN (played by the same actor who plays the BUTLER in the beginning) aimlessly wanders down the sidewalk, coming to the alley behind the french restaurant. The MAÎTRE D, now wearing street clothes and a backpack, turns out of the alley, still upset, and almost collides with the HOMELESS MAN.

EXT. FRENCH RESTAURANT, LOADING DOCK - DAY

The HOMELESS MAN peers into the dumpster.

FROM INSIDE DUMPSTER

His face lights up.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

In her own world, JULIA strolls down the sidewalk. She passes the alley and continues out of frame. The HOMELESS MAN, now dressed as the BUTLER and feelin’ like a million bucks, exits the alley and proceeds in the direction JULIA went.
EXT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TOWER - DAY

Nondescript awning. A fashionable WOMAN exits just as JULIA gets to the door. The WOMAN does a split-second hold open for her.

JULIA

Thank you.

INT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE TOWER, FOYER - DAY [MOMENTS LATER]

Clearly running late for an appointment, a BUSINESS MAN on a cellphone rushes out the door, the BUTLER entering the empty foyer as the BUSINESS MAN exits. The BUTLER looks around. From above, the faint sound of O.S. footsteps cause his eyes to follow the aesthetic, winding staircase, when suddenly he catches a glimpse of JULIA entering her place on the fourth floor. Next to him, mailboxes attached to the wall categorized by floor grab his attention. CU on the two names below No. 401:

Madam Belvedere   Julia Greenway

MADAM’S name is typed and under glass, whereas JULIA’S is handwritten on orange, laminated construction paper and taped below.

PENTHOUSE BATHROOM

CU on the thin profile of her cellphone, no case, balancing on the edge of the porcelain bathtub. JULIA’S hand reaches into frame. The instant her finger tip touches the screen:

CUT TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL

MUSIC CUE: "RICH GIRL" HALL & OATS [FROM 0:25]

DARYL HALL (IN SONG)
Don’t you know? Don’t you know,
that it’s wrong to take what is
given you...

IN MARGINS:

Photos of Julia & Gabriel together with Renata & Stephanie, dressed up and goofing around on the beach in Sicily enjoying a dual honeymoon.

FIN.