

Flashback
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FADE IN:

Darkness. Then a hint of light. Faint at first. Growing brighter and brighter, almost blinding as we go into --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A BLAZING FLUORESCENT BULB shines from the ceiling, its piercing light bouncing around the pristine white walls.

The cramped room is silent, save for the incessant mechanical whirl of a CEILING FAN.

No ornamentation. No decorations.

A bed. A night table. Medical equipment.

Lying in the bed is A MAN. Late 30s. Thin but muscular. White hospital gown. Hair closely shaved. Beard overgrown.

This is CALE ISAACS.

Gradually, his eyes flutter open, blinking against the blinding light.

Cale lets out a soft sigh. Looks around the windowless room. Confused. Disoriented.

CALE

Hello?

Silence.

Slowly, Cale sits up. Groans in pain.

He goes rigid. Something's not right.

Shakily, he runs a hand over his head, shocked by his closely-cropped hair.

Coming around the top of his head, Cale's hand goes still. His eyes widen. Startled.

Gently, he rubs his fingertips up and down the back of his head, tracing the STITCHES over the FRESH GASH that runs down to the nape of his neck.

His breathing quickens, suddenly worried.

Cale takes a moment. Tries to collect himself.

He sees two doors -- one closed, one open.

The open door leads into a small bathroom. The lights off.

Cale calls out to the closed door --

CALE (CONT'D)

Hello?!

No response. The only sound the dull, persistent humming of the ceiling fan.

Cale pivots. Dangles his legs over the side of the bed. Pushes himself up.

Grunting, he carefully lowers himself to the floor.

Cale's legs wobble. He grips the bed. Steadies himself.

Shakily, he starts towards the door, but stops as --

An IV tube jerks his arm back. It's connected to a bag hanging from a metal stand beside the bed.

Cale grips the stand, using it for balance as he shuffles over to the closed door.

His fingers fumble with the door knob. Locked.

He pounds on the door. Waits for a response. Nothing.

Glancing up, he sees a SMALL CAMERA mounted in the corner above the door. Its red power light glowing dimly.

Cale waves his arms, shouting into the camera --

CALE (CONT'D)

Hello? Can anyone hear me?

He continues waving his arms, growing more frantic until --

His body sags, legs giving out underneath him.

The room begins to spin.

Cale gropes for the IV stand. Catches himself from falling.

He drags himself back over to the bed. Climbs into it with a groan. Eyelids drooping.

Cale takes one last look at the locked door before his eyes flutter closed. Black.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale wakes up to find a tray of food on the night table.
Congealed. Unidentifiable.

He sets the tray on his lap. Digs up a chunk with his
plastic fork. Takes a bite and immediately spits it out.

Gagging, Cale grips the IV stand and staggers into the
BATHROOM

Where he turns the water on and rinses out his mouth.

Like the main room, the bathroom is devoid of character.

A sink. A mirror. A toilet. A shower. Nothing more.

Cale turns the water off. He tilts his head around. Looks
at the gash along the back of his head. Red. Jagged.

Timidly, he reaches back to touch it. When suddenly he hears
the lock on the main door click. Cale shuffles back into the

MAIN ROOM

As the door opens and A MAN enters.

He's in his 50s. Partially balding. Distinguished.
Dressed conservatively with a STETHOSCOPE draped around his
shoulders. This is ALAN MATHESON.

The two men stare at each other several moments before --

CALE
You a doctor?

MATHESON
I sure hope so, otherwise I spent a
long time in school for nothing.
You shouldn't be walking around.

CALE
I'm fine. What is this place?

MATHESON
You're gonna want to sit.

CALE
I said I'm --

Suddenly, his legs start to give out again.

Gripping the IV stand, Cale pulls himself over to the bed. He sits on the edge as Matheson approaches.

MATHESON
Let me take a look.

Cale leans away from him. Uneasy.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
I have to check your stitches.

Cale lowers his head, letting Matheson examine the stitches.

CALE
What am I doing here?

MATHESON
Lie back, I need to check the others.

CALE
The other --

Matheson leans Cale back. Cale watches him closely --

As Matheson lifts up Cale's gown, revealing another STITCHED LACERATION along his stomach.

CALE (CONT'D)
I didn't even feel that.

MATHESON
You're on pretty good pain meds.

Matheson places the bell of the stethoscope on Cale's chest. Listens to the rhythmic thud of his heartbeat.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Sit up for me. Slowly.

Cale sits up stiffly. Matheson slides the bell of the stethoscope around his back, listening to his lungs.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Take a deep breath.
(beat)
Again.

Matheson lays the stethoscope back around his shoulders.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Any numbness, blurred vision?

CALE
No. Why am I here?

MATHESON
How are your motor skills? You're
able to eat okay?

CALE
I would be if the food didn't taste
like shit. Why am I --

MATHESON
Any ringing in your ears? Trouble
with your hearing?

CALE
You having trouble with yours?

MATHESON
What about your memory?

Cale backs down. Visibly shaken.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
You sustained quite a bit of head
trauma. It's understandable that
there'd be some residual effects.

CALE
Look, I only want to know --

MATHESON
This is a medical facility outside
of Houston. You've been here,
unconscious, for over two weeks.

CALE
What happened to me?

MATHESON
You don't remember?

Cale shakes his head.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
What's the last thing you do
remember?

CALE
I don't -- I don't know.

Matheson pulls out a small notepad and pen.

MATHESON

Well, let's start with the easy ones. Can you tell me your name?

Cale shakes his head.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Really?

Cale nods.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Birthday? Where you were born?

CALE

No.

MATHESON

Family? Friends? Job?

CALE

I don't know.

MATHESON

Any chance you can you tell me the days of the week?

CALE

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday --

MATHESON

Okay. What about states?

CALE

(like a shot)

Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado --

MATHESON

Excellent.

CALE

Knowing who I am, how I got here, that would be excellent. Naming a couple states doesn't mean shit to me right now.

MATHESON

Fair enough.

Matheson puts the pen and paper away.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

I'm afraid there's only so much I can tell you. In cases such as this, it's best to let the mind piece itself back together. Too much information too quickly --

CALE

Who am I? Can you tell me that?

MATHESON

Your name is Callum Matthew Isaacs. You were born in Moberly, Missouri, February 5th, 1979. Your parents were Michael and Kathleen. Does any of this sound familiar?

CALE

No. Why am I here?

MATHESON

You really don't remember anything, do you?

Cale eyes him, waits for an answer.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

You were in an accident.

CALE

What kind of accident?

MATHESON

That's a complicated question to answer, and would only lead to further questions. I think we've done enough for today. You should rest some more. I'll be back to check on you later.

He starts for the door. Cale follows, dragging the IV stand.

CALE

What happened to me? What sorta accident was I in?

Matheson doesn't respond. Opens the door to leave.

CALE (CONT'D)

Tell me how I --

His legs start to buckle. Matheson quickly reaches out, catching Cale before he collapses to the floor.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The fan blades whirl loudly in the darkness. A sliver of light sneaks underneath the main door.

Cale's eyes open. He sits up with a groan. Spots the SMALL RED LIGHT shining from the camera over the door.

He slides out of bed. Grips the IV stand. Heads into the BATHROOM

And flicks the light on.

He moves over to the toilet. Leans his elbow against the wall, sighing in relief as he pees.

Cale flushes. Turns the light off. He starts back into the MAIN ROOM

And shuffles slowly towards the bed.

Then he stops. His hand shakes, rattling the IV stand --

THEN SUDDENLY A BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT FLASHES FROM SOMEWHERE. CALE'S BREATH CATCHES IN HIS THROAT AS --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The dull sound of the toilet flushing. Cale stands over it, leaning against the wall for support.

EXACTLY AS HE WAS MOMENTS AGO.

Cale looks around. Disoriented. Confused --

As the toilet shuts off. Silence.

CALE
What the --

He's cut off as there's another FLASH OF LIGHT and --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale awakens to two ORDERLIES pulling him up off the floor. Blood flows from a fresh wound on his forehead.

The Orderlies lay Cale on the bed as his eyes flutter closed.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale jerks awake to find Matheson replacing his IV bag.

MATHESON

Easy. You were dreaming.

Cale runs a hand over his bandaged forehead.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

You took a bit of a tumble last night. Gotta be more careful, you coulda torn your stitches.

Cale sits up. Leans back against the wall.

CALE

Something happened.

MATHESON

The meds you're on can affect your equilibrium. You're lucky we had someone monitoring your room or else you mighta spent all night --

CALE

I passed out?

MATHESON

On your way back from the bathroom, yeah. You weren't unconscious for more than a few seconds. Nothing to worry about. Grab yourself a shower, then we'll get started.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Steam rises from the shower as Cale eyes himself in the mirror. He runs a hand through his shaggy beard. Frowns.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale, freshly showered, emerges from the bathroom. Matheson is seated on a chair at the foot of the bed.

CALE

Any chance I could get a razor?
This itches like hell.

MATHESON
I'll have the orderlies bring you
one when we're done. Take a seat.

Cale slides down onto the bed.

CALE
You never told me your name.

MATHESON
Matheson. Dr. Alan Matheson.

He extends his hand. Cale takes it.

CALE
What kinda doctor are you?

MATHESON
A good one. Let's get started.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a stack of flashcards.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
You remember your name?

CALE
Callum Matthew Isaacs.

Matheson shows him the first flashcard. 5 + 3.

CALE (CONT'D)
You're kidding me, right?

MATHESON
There's only a handful of areas in
the brain associated with memory.
First step is to figure out which
one's been affected.

CALE
Tell me about the accident.

MATHESON
This first.

CALE
I'm not doing anything until I know
how I got here.

Matheson sits there, unmoving, holding up the flash card.
The two men lock eyes. Neither backing down until --

CALE (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, eight, okay?

Matheson holds up another flash card. 22 - 6.

CALE (CONT'D)
Sixteen.

Matheson flips to the next card. 5 x 9.

CALE (CONT'D)
Forty-five. What's the point in determining whether or not I can do second grade math?

MATHESON
This will go a lot faster if you don't ask questions.

CALE
It's not gonna go at all unless you answer them.

Matheson sighs. Sets the cards aside.

MATHESON
In answering these equations, you're using a number of areas in your brain. The computation is done in the frontal lobe. You're processing the information you see on the cards, which, to a certain extent, involves the parietal lobe. And you're saying the answers aloud, which means you're accessing the temporal lobe -- all areas of the brain also associated in some ways with memory, and they all seem to be functioning perfectly. Also you remembered your name so your hippocampus seems unaffected as well. Now can we continue?

Cale nods. Matheson turns over the next flash card. It's a simple drawing of a father pushing his son on a park swing.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
What do you see here?

CALE
It's a dad with his kid, they're playing, having fun.

MATHESON

Last one.

He flips to the final card. It shows a young boy looking down at a school assignment marked with a giant F in red ink.

CALE

The kid's disappointed, sad.

MATHESON

No, he's not.

CALE

Yeah, it's probably just a practice test or something.

MATHESON

None of the people in these two pictures are displaying any kind of emotion. See, faces totally blank. You took the situations and filled in emotion based on your own memory, so the problem's not in your thalamus or the amygdala.

CALE

So where is the problem?

MATHESON

I have no idea.

Matheson slides the cards back into his pocket.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Your condition is abnormal.

CALE

How's that?

MATHESON

Amnesia is rare. Incredibly rare. Oftentimes physically or emotionally traumatizing events can cause memory gaps. But full-blown amnesia, remembering nothing about one's past, it's almost unheard of.

Matheson scoots his chair closer.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Now I don't want to presume anything, but hypothetically if you were exaggerating your condition --

CALE
Exaggerating?

MATHESON
Maybe there's something you'd rather not talk about. If that's the case, I understand. I'm sure you've been through a lot, more than I can imagine, but if there's something that maybe you're afraid to say, it's okay, you can tell me.

CALE
Doc, I don't have the first damn clue what I've been through. You say it's a lot, I'll take your word for it. And if there's anything else you'd like to share, I would absolutely love to hear it, 'cause I've got zero idea who I am, how I got here, or what may or may not be waiting for me outside these walls. As far as I'm aware my life started yesterday. You know everything I know because you told me everything I know, so the only person in this room with any secrets is you.

Matheson smiles at this. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a SMALL PATCH. Hands it to Cale.

It's singed. Stitching torn from something. The patch shows a sleek, high-tech rocket blasting up through the clouds. And in simple block letters is a single word -- HELIOS.

CALE (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

MATHESON
It's a patch from your flightsuit.

CALE
Flightsuit? My flightsuit?

MATHESON
You sure you're up for this?

Cale nods.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

For the last twelve years NASA's had a group of researchers focused on designing and building the first craft capable of accelerating to and sustaining travel at the speed of light. They called it The Helios Project. Roughly eight months ago they completed their prototype.

CALE

Prototype? You mean a ship?

MATHESON

They built a craft capable of traveling at one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, a craft that within a decade would have allowed for nearly instantaneous transportation anywhere in the world, anywhere in the universe, thereby changing the course of human history. If you want to call it a ship, you wouldn't be wrong, but that word doesn't quite cover it.

CALE

That's impossible. Nothing can go the speed of light. Can't be done.

MATHESON

Apparently you thought differently when you signed up to be the pilot.

Cale takes a deep breath. Tries to process this.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

You crashed in a corn field outside of Arnett, Oklahoma.

Cale goes rigid. From somewhere comes the SOUND OF AN ALARM.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

We only know two things for sure. One is that at precisely two-oh-eight and sixteen seconds you performed a manual override of the computer's main program.

The sound of the alarm grows louder. Drowning out Matheson.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
The second thing we know is that
exactly one minute and twelve
seconds later --

Cale begins to shake as the ALARM becomes deafening. And
under the piercing din -- THE SOUND SCREAMING --

Matheson grabs Cale by the shoulders. Shakes him.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Cale. Cale!

The chaotic noise continues inside of Cale's mind until --

MATHESON (CONT'D)
CALE!

Suddenly Cale snaps into focus. Silence.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

CALE
Yeah.

MATHESON
I think that's enough for today.

CALE
Yeah.

Matheson goes to grab the patch. But Cale clutches it tight.

CALE (CONT'D)
Please.

Matheson nods. He exits, leaving Cale sitting on the bed,
staring at the burned patch. Mind racing.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

The faucet runs as Cale stands at the sink, lathering up his
face. A fresh razorblade rests nearby.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Steam rises as Cale, freshly shaven, showers. He leans back,
rinsing the shampoo from his hair. When suddenly --

THERE'S A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Water streams from the faucet. Cale, disoriented, leans against the sink to hold himself up.

He takes a deep breath. Stares at himself in the mirror --

HIS SCRAGGLY BEARD IS HALFWAY SHAVED OFF.

Shakily, Cale sets the razor down. Studies himself in the mirror. Confused. Suddenly there's ANOTHER FLASH and --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Cale's eyes flutter open. He's lying on the floor of the shower, water cascading down onto his face.

He groans. Sees blood flowing from a torn stitch in his abdomen. Red water swirls down the drain as --

CALE (V.O.)
Something's happening to me.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale lies in bed as Matheson re-stitches his stomach wound.

MATHESON
You've been blacking out?

CALE
A couple times now.

MATHESON
What's it like, just before, do you
feel light-headed? Dizzy?

CALE
No.

MATHESON
Headache when you wake up?

CALE
No.

MATHESON
So that's it, you blackout?
Nothing more to it?

Cale hesitates. Watches Matheson work.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Cale?

CALE

No. Nothing more.

(beat)

When can I talk to my family?

MATHESON

Your family?

CALE

They know I'm here, right?

I'm allowed to talk to them?

Matheson looks away. Hesitates before --

MATHESON

I'll see what I can do.

CALE

What? What is it?

MATHESON

Nothing that --

CALE

Why can't I talk to them?

MATHESON

Because there's no one to talk to.

He pauses. Lets this sink in.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Your parents are both gone, no brothers, no sisters, you have no wife, children, aunts, uncles, cousins. Nobody. Your lack of personal ties is why you were chosen in the first place.

CALE

Are you sure?

MATHESON

I'm sorry.

He lays a comforting hand on Cale's shoulder. Then carefully sets the last stitch in Cale's stomach.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Anything else I can do for you?

Cale shakes his head.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Hit the call button if you need me.
I'll be around.

Matheson starts to leave before --

CALE
I remember things.

MATHESON
What's that?

CALE
When I black out I remember things.

MATHESON
From the ship?

CALE
No. Mundane stuff, stuff I just
finished doing. But it's strong,
the memory. It seems real. Like
I'm reliving it.

MATHESON
What you're referring to is a
condition known as hyper memory
recall. It's in part what
sufferers of PTSD experience.

CALE
Post-traumatic stress disorder?

MATHESON
That's right. The brain's complex.
It can call up memories, make them
seem as real as this right here.

CALE
What happened to me on that ship?

MATHESON
Only you can answer that.

CALE
You said yesterday that you guys
knew two things for sure. What's
the second one?

MATHESON

The answer to what you did aboard that ship is of supreme interest to a lot of people, not just you.

CALE

I bet. What's the second thing?

MATHESON

How badly do you want to know what happened to you?

Cale doesn't answer. Waits for him to continue.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

There may be a way to help accelerate the recovery of your memory. In cases of post-traumatic amnesia such as yours there's been a lot of success recovering memories by way of electronic neural stimulation.

CALE

Electronic neural stimulation? Sounds like shock therapy.

MATHESON

Yeah.

CALE

Exactly how is this different from shock therapy?

MATHESON

Same thing, electronic neural stimulation just sounds better.

CALE

Absolutely not.

MATHESON

Cale, I'm your doctor, I'm here for you, to make you better, that's all. But I'm not totally in charge. There are people in this building who want to know what happened on that ship and they'll do anything they can to find out.

CALE

It crashed, that's what happened.

MATHESON

Yes, but before the ship crashed it accelerated to the speed of light.

Cale stares up at him. Shocked.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

That's the second thing. You did something to the system aboard the ship, tweaked some parameter, changed some algorithm, we don't know. But a minute after you did, the ship accelerated to the speed of light and stayed there for one one-hundredth of a second.

Matheson pauses. Lets the weight of this hang in the air.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

They need to know what you did, they can't wait, and as far as they're concerned this treatment is their best chance. I'll be there with you, I'll make sure that --

CALE

Get out.

MATHESON

Cale, I only want to help you.

CALE

I don't give a shit about the ship. There's nothing I need to know badly enough to justify zapping my brains out jacking up my head even worse. Tell them I said no.

MATHESON

I will. Let me know if you need anything else.

He gives Cale's leg a friendly pat then walks out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

The burned patch sits above the sink below the mirror. Cale stares at it intensely. Then his eyes drift to the mirror --

And back to the shower behind him.

Cale lifts up his gown. Examines his stitches.

He shakes his head. Mystified.

CALE

Whatever.

He goes to grab the patch off the sink --

When something catches his attention. He stops. Stares at --

The ring finger of his left hand. There's a faint tan line.
Barely visible --

But it's clearly the outline of a wedding band.

Cale stands frozen. Processing this as --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale emerges from the bathroom, leaning against the IV stand
for support as he strides to the bed.

He grabs the call button. Pushes it repeatedly. Anger
growing on his face.

After several moments, the door opens and Matheson enters.

MATHESON

Pushing it once would've sufficed.

CALE

Why'd you lie to me?

MATHESON

I've never told you anything but
the truth.

CALE

(holding up ring finger)
You said I had no family. I was
married.

MATHESON

You were, yes. Not anymore.

CALE

What happened?

MATHESON

I don't know, I've only seen
snippets of your personal file.
But as far as I know you haven't
been married for almost a year.

CALE

Why haven't you read my file?

MATHESON

It wasn't given to me. They seem to prefer you and I maintain a certain level of detachment.

Cale looks to the camera over the door.

CALE

Can't they hear you?

MATHESON

There's no audio. Cale, you and I are in this together.

CALE

How do you figure that?

MATHESON

I've worked as a NASA doctor for twenty-five years. My loyalty to this program is unquestioned. They brought me in here to get you well enough so they could do the neural stimulation treatment. That's all they care about. Not me though.

CALE

Like you give a shit about me.

MATHESON

I'm a doctor, you're my patient, it's that simple. If you do this willingly, I can be there and I'll help you however I can. But if you force their hand, three orderlies will crash through that door and haul you out of here kicking and screaming. I don't want that, and I'm certain you don't either.

CALE

What can you tell me about my past?

MATHESON

Not much that I haven't already. I know you were in the Air Force, that you joined NASA ten years ago.

CALE

No, my life. Who I was.

MATHESON
I don't know.

CALE
I had a wife.

MATHESON
I know nothing about your wife
other than she's not your wife
anymore. But this treatment, it
does work. Yeah, it's the best
chance they have to learn what
happened aboard the ship, but it's
also the best chance you have to
get your life back. Don't do it
for them, do it for you.

Cale looks down. Studies the tan line on his ring finger.

CALE
When can we start?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Matheson sets up a wheelchair beside Cale's bed.

CALE
I can walk.

MATHESON
It's on the other side of the
facility. You'll thank me.

Cale slides out of bed and down onto the wheelchair.

Matheson wheels him to the door. Opens it. The two of them
step into a

NARROW HALLWAY

With dim lighting and dull gray walls.

Matheson guides Cale down the shadowy corridor. The steady
clacking of his shoes reverberates through the empty halls.

They move along in silence. Cale nervously grips the
armrests of the wheelchair.

Matheson wheels him around one corner. Then another.

CALE
We're underground, aren't we?

MATHESON

That's right. Three levels.

CALE

What kinda place is this?

MATHESON

Whatever it is upstairs that's not what it is down here. This is where the government keeps things they'd prefer remain secret.

CALE

Why do I fall into that category?

MATHESON

The testing of a light-speed spacecraft was controversial. A craft traveling that fast carries a lot of energy with it. Some considered it to be too dangerous.

CALE

So no one knew?

MATHESON

Only a select group. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, you tragically crashed on your way to the moon.

They turn another corner, stopping at a large steel door.

Matheson slides a key card along a panel beside the door. A green light flashes. The door buzzes.

Pushing the door open, Matheson wheels Cale into the

MACHINE ROOM

Where a TECHNICIAN, 40s, is running last-minute checks on a MASSIVE DEVICE.

A complex web of electrical cables snakes down from the ceiling, coil around A SIMPLE WOODEN CHAIR, then weave their way to a CONTROL PANEL.

Cale nervously eyes the setup as the Technician greets him.

TECHNICIAN

You must be Mr. Isaacs.

Cale nods. Doesn't take his eyes off the chair.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
It looks much more intimidating
than it really is.

CALE
Sure as hell hope so.

Matheson helps Cale out of the wheelchair and eases him down
into the wooden seat. Cale shifts uncomfortably.

TECHNICIAN
Sorry about that, I'm afraid I'm
not much of a woodworker. And I
couldn't use any padding.

CALE
It's fine.

The Technician smiles politely then moves over to the control
panel, checking the dials and gauges.

TECHNICIAN
If you wouldn't mind.

He holds two leads out to Matheson, who takes them and
secures them to either side of Cale's head.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
I assume the good doctor explained
what we'll be doing today.

CALE
He told me enough.

Matheson places a reassuring hand on Cale's shoulder.

TECHNICIAN
And can you strap him in?

Matheson straps Cale's arms and legs to the chair.

MATHESON
Those aren't too tight, are they?

Cale shakes his head as the Technician grabs a mouth guard
from the control panel.

TECHNICIAN
Do you have any questions?

CALE
How bad's it gonna be?

TECHNICIAN

The shock will be relatively mild.
It may be painful, I'm sorry to
say, but it's not strictly speaking
dangerous. Anything else?

CALE

Why couldn't you use padding?

TECHNICIAN

Flammability. Didn't want the
chair catching fire.

CALE

Sorry I asked.

TECHNICIAN

You'll be fine.

He slides a mouth guard between Cale's teeth.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

So you don't bite off your tongue.

He offers another polite smile. Steps to the control panel.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Everyone ready?

Cale nods, turns to Matheson who gives him a reassuring look.

The dull electric buzz grows louder. And louder.

Tense moments pass. Cale slowly breathes in and out.
Steeling himself up.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, in three, two, one...

He hits a switch on the panel. The overhead lights flicker.

Cale tenses. Bracing for the shock --

THEN A MASSIVE SURGE OF ENERGY SHOOTS THROUGH HIS BODY.

Cale's back arches, convulsing. The pulsating electric hum
fills the room. Crescendos as --

IMAGES FLASH IN CALE'S MIND -- A WOMAN -- AN EMPTY ROOM --

THEN THERE'S A SUDDEN BURST OF BLINDING LIGHT AND --

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Silence. Cale jolts awake. Sits up to find himself --

In a plush bedroom. Nicely decorated. King-size bed.

Cale takes in a deep breath. Confused. He effortlessly pushes the sheets off his body. No pain.

He lifts up his white undershirt. No stomach wound.

Cale slides out of bed. He steps over to the mirror on the bureau and is shocked to see --

His hair is longer. Cale ruffles it into place. Instinctively parting it. Looking all-American.

Cale eyes himself in the mirror. Tries to process all this.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Cale edges down the hall, enjoying the feel of the carpet on his bare feet. He smiles as he steps into

THE LIVING ROOM

Which like the bedroom is impressive. State-of-the art electronics. Expensive furniture. Well-decorated.

Cale stands in the doorway, taking it all in.

CALE

Hello?

No response. He crosses the room. Heads for the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Cale emerges from inside the house to find himself --

In the middle of a quiet suburban street. The quiet clicking of lawn sprinklers. The sound of a mower in the distance.

Cale stands on the porch. Taking it all in.

Across the street, a PUDGY NEIGHBOR waves as he heads into his house. Cale timidly waves back. Overwhelmed.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cale strides back inside. He takes a deep breath. Spots a desk nearby cluttered with framed photos of --

Cale and a woman. Dark-haired. Subtly beautiful.

He picks up one of the pictures. Stares at the woman. But nothing registers. He puts it down as he notices --

A daily desk calendar. THE DATE IS MARCH 2nd, 2017.

Cale continues around the room to a shelf filled with DVDS. He sifts through them until he finds one labeled --

WEDDING VIDEO.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The television comes on as the wedding video begins. A cheesy graphic pops up -- CALE AND JESSE FOREVER.

Hand-held footage shows Cale putting on his tuxedo.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
You sure you're ready for this?

CALE
What are you doing?

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
You wanted me to document. I'm documenting. So how do you feel?

CALE
I feel pumped. Let's do this.

Suddenly the video cuts to footage of JESSE, the woman from the pictures, as ANOTHER WOMAN does her hair.

JESSE
He said he's pumped?

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
Uh, yeah.

JESSE
What a dork.

She smiles lovingly. Looks directly into the camera.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Most romantic day of our lives and
that's the best you got?

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
How do you feel, Jess?

JESSE
I feel, um -- I'm pumped too.

The tape cuts back to footage of Cale getting dressed.

CAMERAMAN (V.O.)
When did you know? That she was
the one, when did you know?

CALE
I don't -- It's cheesy.

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)
It's your wedding video, it's
supposed to be cheesy.

CALE
The first time I saw her laugh.
She does this thing, I don't know,
her laugh, it's totally unself-
conscious. She loses herself.
Totally lets go. When's the last
time you completely lost yourself?

The tape cuts to footage of him and Jesse dancing at the
reception. Cale whispers something in her ear and Jesse
bursts out laughing. It's adorable. Infectious.

In the living room, Cale stares at the footage, enraptured,
until suddenly from across the room --

JESSE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Cale hops up from the floor. Looks to the doorway to find
Jesse standing there in the flesh, arms crossed.

CALE
I was, uh...

JESSE
Feeling nostalgic?

CALE
Yeah. I guess so.

Fingers fumbling, he switches off the TV. Eyes Jesse. She's slightly older and more dour than in the video. Her upbeat energy seems to have evaporated.

JESSE

At least you're awake. What time did you get in last night?

CALE

Last night?

JESSE

Last I checked it was past two and you still weren't home.

CALE

I don't -- I don't remember.

JESSE

Right.

She turns and walks out of the room. Cale follows her into

THE KITCHEN

Where Jesse grabs a leftover container from the fridge.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Don't let me interrupt what you're doing. Forgot my lunch this morning, just came to grab it.

Cale stares at her. Mind racing. At a loss for what to say.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me that way?

CALE

What way's that?

JESSE

Like you've never seen me before.

CALE

I didn't mean to -- Sorry.

Jesse takes a water bottle from the cabinet. Fills it.

JESSE

When are you gonna be home tonight?

CALE

I don't know.

JESSE

Right.

She starts towards the door before --

CALE

Jes -- Jesse?

JESSE

Yes? Cale? What's wrong with you?

CALE

I'm not -- It's been a weird day.

JESSE

I've gotta get back. Got a dozen patients to see this afternoon.

CALE

Maybe you could -- Can you --

JESSE

Jesus, Cale, what is it?

CALE

Maybe you could eat here. Skip work. We could spend some time together. Talk about stuff.

JESSE

What kinda stuff?

CALE

I don't -- I don't know, whatever.

JESSE

Whatever? No, I don't think I'll stay here to discuss whatever.

CALE

Did I do something or --

JESSE

And you want me to skip work? Me?

CALE

Jesse, what did --

JESSE

That takes some balls, Cale. Who the hell do you think you are?

She stares him down, then disappears out the door. Cale stands frozen. Confused. He starts after her.

CALE
Jesse, wait --

BUT THEN SUDDENLY THERE'S A BRILLIANT FLASH AND --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Cale awakens on the floor. Matheson kneels over him.

MATHESON
Cale! Wake up!

Cale blinks. Disoriented.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Cale, you with us?

Cale nods groggily. Starts to say something. But then his eyes flutter closed as he passes out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale lies motionless on the bed, staring up at Matheson as he shines a pen light into his eyes.

MATHESON
You gave us a bit of a scare.

Cale starts to sit up. Matheson eases him back down.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Easy, easy. You passed out as soon as we began the treatment, you were nonresponsive. How do you feel?

CALE
Got a pretty wicked headache, but other than that I'm fine.

MATHESON
You're not fine. Cale, you were unconscious for more than ten minutes. Your pulse was low, you were barely breathing. I thought we'd lost you.

CALE
Ten minutes?

MATHESON

Did the electric pulse stir
anything loose? Did you remember
anything?

CALE

My wife.

MATHESON

Really?

CALE

Jesse. That's her name, right?

MATHESON

It is. What did you remember?

CALE

She was mad at me.

MATHESON

For what reason?

CALE

I don't know. It wasn't like she
was mad about something, she was
mad at me. Frustrated. Like it'd
been going on for a while.

MATHESON

See, your memories are still there,
they're just buried.

CALE

She left me, didn't she?

MATHESON

Is that what you think?

CALE

I did something wrong and she left
me. Is that what happened?

MATHESON

I don't know. But if that's what
you think, what you feel, then
you're likely right. Our instincts
are correct most of the time.

CALE

I want to talk to her.

MATHESON

I'll see what I can do, but given that she's no longer your spouse there may be difficulty getting our friends upstairs to sign off.

CALE

I'm talking about a phone call.

MATHESON

I'll see what I can do. Do you need anything else?

Cale shakes his head.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

This memory, was it like the others you've experienced during blackouts? Was it hyper realistic? Did it feel like you were there?

CALE

Nope. Nothing special at all.

MATHESON

Okay. I'll check in on you later.

He starts towards the door before --

CALE

Hey, Doc, what is today?

MATHESON

Hmm?

CALE

The date? What is today?

MATHESON

It's November fifth.

CALE

Twenty-seventeen?

MATHESON

Yeah. Why are you so interested in the date all of a sudden?

CALE

No reason. Just curious.

Matheson nods, then leaves the room, locking the door.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits on the bed, mind turning. After a moment, he climbs down to the floor and rips the sheets off the bed.

He balls up the sheets. Tosses them in the corner.

Cale then climbs back into the bed. Lies down.

He stares at the ceiling. Watches the fan blades whir. Closes his eyes. But nothing happens.

CALE

Come on, you can do it.

He slams his eyes closed. Face clinched in concentration.

AND THERE'S SUDDENLY A BLINDING BURST OF LIGHT AS --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits on the bed. He looks around. Smiles --

As he sees the sheets are still on the bed. Corners tucked in neatly. Pristine.

THEN THERE'S ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale's eyes snap open. He's lying on the stripped bed. The sheets still piled in the corner. He sits up with a smile.

CALE

Son of a bitch.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Water pours from the spout as the bathtub fills with water. Cale sits on the toilet, watching the waterline climb.

With the tub full, Cale turns off the water.

He then lies down on the floor. Takes a calming breath. His face strains in concentration as --

THERE'S A QUICK FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Cale's body shudders as he finds himself back on the toilet, exactly as he was moments earlier. Water spills from the spout as the tub fills with water.

Cale stands. Checks the waterline. The tub is half full.

CALE
Probably about three --

He's cut off as there's another FLASH and --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Cale wakes up on the floor. He looks to the full tub.

CALE
About three minutes.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits on the edge of the bed as Matheson flashes a pen light in his eyes.

MATHESON
Pupil response is good. You having any motor function difficulty?

CALE
No.

MATHESON
Any more blackouts in the last couple days?

CALE
None at all. Any chance I could get a pen and paper?

MATHESON
What for?

CALE
I was thinking it might help my memory to do some, what's it called, free writing.

MATHESON
Free association writing?

CALE
Stream of consciousness, yeah.
You think that might help?

MATHESON
It's certainly worth a try. And
I'd be happy to help you with that,
if you tell me what's going on.

Cale stiffens. Worried.

CALE
What do you mean?

MATHESON
You've been displaying some
abnormal behavior, such as
stripping the sheets off your bed.
Any particular reason you did that?

CALE
Any particular reason you were
watching me do that?

MATHESON
It's in my job description.
Unusual behavior is often
incredibly telling. People don't
alter the status quo for no reason,
so what's going on, Cale?

He locks eyes with Cale. Waits for an answer.

CALE
There was a spider.

MATHESON
A spider?

CALE
In the bed. I freaked out a little
and ripped the sheets off. Sorry I
upset the status quo, but spiders
freak me out. Don't judge me.

MATHESON
Wouldn't dream of it. I don't like
snails myself.

CALE
Snails?

MATHESON

With those curly shells, the way they climb up walls, they're just weird. Don't tell anyone.

CALE

Your secret's safe with me.

MATHESON

I'll have an orderly bring you a pen and paper later today.

CALE

Thanks.

Matheson puts his pen light away.

MATHESON

Anything else I can do for you?

CALE

Yeah, could I get a clock too?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The digital clock on the bedside table clicks to 7:16 PM.

Cale opens the notebook on his lap. Jots down the time.

He then lies down on the bed. Closes his eyes. Focuses. And suddenly we're --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale takes in a deep gulp of air as he finds himself sitting cross-legged on the bed. He looks to the clock. 7:14 PM.

He grabs the notebook. Hastily draws a STAR on the first page before there's another FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale wakes. He sits up. Eyes the clock. 7:17 PM.

CALE

Time keeps going.

He opens the notebook. Finds the star on the first page.

Cale draws an arrow from the first time listed, 7:16, and jots down 7:14.

CALE (CONT'D)

Two minutes. I wonder if I can push it further.

He writes down the current time as the clock clicks to 7:18.

Then Cale lies down. Closes his eyes tight. Face clinched. Focusing. As a FLASH OF LIGHT begins to build and --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

A shudder ripples through Cale's body. He's seated on the bed. Staring at the clock -- 7:13.

He chuckles to himself. Opens the notebook --

The first page is blank. No times. No star in the corner.

Cale takes the pen. Draws a figure-eight in the upper corner where he initially drew in the star. He sets the notebook down. Takes a deep breath as --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale's eyes flutter open as he sits up. The clock reads 7:20.

He opens the notebook. The front page now has a figure-eight drawn in the corner instead of a star.

CALE

It changed.

Cale writes out the time of his last jump -- 7:13.

CALE (CONT'D)

Five minutes.

He jots down the current time. Lies back down as --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The clock reads 12:42 AM. Cale leans back against the wall, flipping through the notebook. The first few pages are filled with times. Cale jots down the time lapse from each jump. Does some quick math.

He writes down the average -- 3.42 MINUTES.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits up in bed as Matheson takes his blood pressure.

CALE

Any luck with me being able to talk
with my wife?

MATHESON

Not yet. I'm still trying though.

CALE

What if we were still married?

MATHESON

You're not. Blood pressure's good.

He undoes the blood pressure cuff.

CALE

I'm serious, what if the two of us
were still married?

MATHESON

I don't indulge in what ifs,
they're a waste of time and energy.

CALE

Say I somehow fixed whatever made
her leave me, then we'd still be
together and I could talk to her.

MATHESON

Cale, it's best if you --

CALE

I need to know who I was. And from
where I'm sitting, the easiest way
to do that would be to talk to the
person who was closest to me.

Matheson makes a note on Cale's chart.

CALE (CONT'D)

How am I doing?

MATHESON

Quite well it seems.

CALE

Well enough to do that electric
chair thing again?

INT. MACHINE ROOM - DAY

The machinery hums. Cale is strapped into the chair. Matheson looks on as the Technician places extra electrodes around Cale's head.

TECHNICIAN

We're gonna monitor your brain activity this time, see what's going on up there. You ready?

Cale gives a thumbs up.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Same level as before. Should be relatively mild. Sound good?

Cale nods. The Technician hits a series of buttons.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Three...two...one...

He flips the switch.

A surge of current rushes through Cale. He arches his back against the chair. Cries out in pain as --

A LIGHT SPARKS FROM SOMEWHERE -- GROWING BRIGHTER -- CUTTING THROUGH THE DARKNESS AS --

Cale squints. He shields his eyes against the light only to find that he's STANDING BEHIND A PODIUM in --

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

A DOZEN EXECUTIVES are seated in the audience. They stare at Cale expectantly. Growing impatient. Cale stands frozen, unsure what to do. He looks behind him --

To see a COMPLEX SCHEMATIC being projected on a large screen on the stage. Cale stammers as --

EXECUTIVE

So what's the answer?

EXECUTIVE #2

How are the tachyons stored in the hyperdrive prior to release?

CALE

The -- Yeah, I'm sorry, I --

Suddenly Cale is saved as a SLENDER WOMAN steps out of the darkness and slides in behind the podium. She's classically beautiful, her smile warm. This is LEIGH WALDMAN, early 50s.

LEIGH

You'll have to excuse Mr. Isaacs,
we've been working him a little too
hard, I'm afraid.

EXECUTIVE #2

Can he explain the hyperdrive
functionality or not?

LEIGH

Of course he can, he designed it.
That's all for now though. We'll
send around a memo with the rest.
Let's let Cale get back to work.

The lights come on. The Executives file out, grumbling.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Assholes. Got a question for
everything. You all right?

CALE

Uh, yeah.

LEIGH

Take a walk with me.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Cale walks beside Leigh down a wide office hallway.

LEIGH

Sorry, I shoulda stepped in sooner.
From now on, they get an hour of
questions, that's it. And if any of
them come around bugging you, let
me know and I'll run interference.

The two of them stride through a pair of double doors into

AN EXPANSIVE LOBBY

With enormous front windows that overlook a bustling street.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

What's the ETA on the engine specs?

CALE
I dunno, ask me again later.

LEIGH
You sure you're okay? Maybe we
have been working you too hard.
It's all gonna be worth it though.
The hard work, the sweat, all of
it. You and me, we're gonna change
the world, you can't do that
without making a few sacrifices.

A cell phone begins to ring. Cale doesn't notice.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
That your phone?

Cale pats his pockets. Finds a ringing cell phone. The
screen reads: JESSE'S CELL.

CALE
It's Jesse. My wife. That's my
wife's name, Jesse.

LEIGH
I'm aware. Tell her I said hi.

She heads off as Cale answers the phone.

CALE
Hello?

JESSE (V.O.)
Hey, sweetie.

CALE
I need to talk to you. I had a few
questions that --

He suddenly loses his train of thought as he sees MATHESON
cross the lobby and disappear into an elevator.

JESSE (V.O.)
Cale? Hello?

CALE
Yeah, I'm here.

JESSE (V.O.)
Look, I just called to apologize
for going off on you yesterday.
(MORE)

JESSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
All you wanted was to spend time
together and I -- Whatever, I'm
sorry. What'd you wanna ask?

As Jesse talks, Cale strides across the lobby, reaching the
elevator bank as a pair of doors opens. He steps into the

ELEVATOR

And runs his hand down the panel of buttons. The lowest
level is B-1. Cale stares at the panel curiously as --

JESSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Cale, what did you wanna ask me?

CALE
Just a couple quick things.

JESSE (V.O.)
Then why don't you come out of that
elevator and ask me?

Cale cranes his head around. Peeks back into the lobby.

CALE
You can see me? Where are you?

JESSE (V.O.)
I don't know, but right now you're
pretty cold.

Cale steps back into the

LOBBY

And searches the area, listening to Jesse as she directs him.

JESSE (CONT'D)
Warm, warmer. No colder. Way cold,
you're gonna die of frostbite.
Okay, you're thawing out.

Cale turns, finally seeing Jesse out the front window. Their
eyes meet. Cale goes for the door and accidentally bumps
into an EXECUTIVE. Papers spill across the floor.

Outside, Jesse bursts out laughing. Cale bends down to help
gather the papers. But stops suddenly as he sees Jesse
through the window. Laughing. Cale watches her. Entranced.

The executive hustles off with his papers as Cale pulls open
the door. He goes to his wife. She's mere feet away when --

Suddenly a BLINDING WHITE LIGHT cuts through his mind and --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Cale jerks awake, still strapped to the chair. Matheson kneels in front of him, tapping the side of his head.

MATHESON
Cale? Cale, you okay?

Cale nods. Mutters through the mouthpiece.

Matheson begins to unstrap Cale's arms and legs. Cale shouts, his protests muffled.

Matheson removes Cale's mouthguard.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
We're done for today.

CALE
No, please. I wanna go again.

MATHESON
I can't allow that, Cale. It isn't safe for you to --

CALE
One more time.

MATHESON
Were any memories triggered?

CALE
Yeah. Yeah, it's helping.

MATHESON
What do you remember?

Cale hesitates. Unsure what to say.

CALE
My wife. I saw her.

MATHESON
That's it?

CALE
Is that it? It's my wife, I need to go again. Please.

Matheson and the Technician share a look.

MATHESON

No, it's too dangerous.

CALE

Come on, Doc.

MATHESON

Cale, your body clearly isn't responding favorably to the treatment. Loss of consciousness for this long isn't typically --

CALE

Do you want me to get my memory back or not?!

MATHESON

Okay, one more. But we're gonna take it down a notch.

CALE

No, that's not --

MATHESON

It's my call. You wanna do this again, that's the way it's gonna be. There's no sense in getting your memory back if we have to fry your brain to do it. Understood?

CALE

Yeah.

Matheson slides the mouthguard back between Cale's teeth.

The Technician resets the console. Turns the power down.

The electric hum diminishes but continues to pulsate.

TECHNICIAN

You sure you're ready for this?

Cale nods. Braces for the shock.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Okay, three, two, one...

He flips the switch. The hum of energy crescendos as a surge of electricity jolts through Cale.

His body arcs rigidly. A flash of light and then --

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Water streams from the faucet. Cale shudders as he finds himself standing over a bathroom sink. He eyes his reflection in the smudged mirror.

A sign taped to the corner of the mirror reads: EMPLOYEES MUST WASH HANDS BEFORE RETURNING TO WORK.

Suddenly there's a pounding at the door. A MAN'S VOICE comes through. Agitated.

MAN (O.S.)
Hey, buddy, you alive in there?

Cale ignores him. He fumbles through his pockets. Finds keys, a wallet, a cell phone, and a pen.

Finally Cale looks at his watch -- 9:42 AM -- MARCH 5TH.

CALE
Two days later.

The pounding at the door continues.

MAN (O.S.)
Come on, man, zip it up.

Cale opens the door to find a MIDDLE-AGED MAN waiting impatiently. The Man pushes his way into the bathroom, closing the door behind him, as Cale steps out into

A DINER

Retro. Old-fashioned booths with mini-jukeboxes.

Cale stops near a glass case at the back of the restaurant. Candy and trinkets inside. He scans the diner. Disoriented.

Until he spots Jesse sitting at a booth across the diner. She makes goofy faces at a TWO-YEAR-OLD GIRL at a nearby booth. The girl is laughing. Having a blast.

Cale watches Jesse interact with the girl. A loving smile spreads across his face.

But their fun comes to an end as the Young Girl's FATHER spins her around and motions for her to eat her food.

The girl waves at Jesse. Jesse waves back as across the room Cale looks to the CASHIER, 20s, behind the glass case.

CALE
Do you have any flowers?

CASHIER
Just what you see.

Cale grabs a candy bar. Pays. Then he walks over and sits across from Jesse, who's resumed working on a crossword puzzle. He offers her the candy bar.

CALE
Got you a present.

JESSE
After that meal, are you kidding?
(re: the crossword)
Verne's sub. Eight letters.

CALE
Nautilus. How do you do it?

JESSE
Do what?

CALE
You've just got this energy, this glow. How do you do it?

JESSE
I have special powers. Eight letters, binary question words.

CALE
I'm serious.

JESSE
I do what makes me happy.

CALE
That's it?

JESSE
Most people overthink things, they somehow talk themselves out of doing what they want. If I think something will make me smile, then I do it. Simple as that.

CALE
And are we happy?

Jesse looks up from the crossword.

JESSE
Why are you asking if...

CALE
Because I am. Are we?

JESSE
Yeah. Usually. It's just hard
sometimes knowing that you love
something else as much as you love
me. But I get it, it's your job,
your dream, whatever. Can we --
Binary question words?

CALE
Either or.

Jesse fills this in as --

JESSE
That reminds me, do you want me to
give you a call after or wait for
you to get home?

CALE
After? After what?

JESSE
The appointment that you were just
saying you couldn't make.

CALE
Right. Yeah. This appointment,
is it with a doctor or...

JESSE
No, it's with Herman, the guy who
drives the floorsweeper at the
hospital. He swears he can work
the ultrasound machine just as well
and he gave me a really good deal.

CALE
Ultrasound?

JESSE
Gotta make sure the baby doesn't
have an extra head. Or no head for
that matter. Unexpected gathering.
Thirteen letters.

Jesse looks up from the puzzle. Sees Cale stunned.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What?

CALE

Noth -- Nothing.

JESSE

Unexpected gathering?

CALE

Surprise. Surprise party.

Jesse starts to write this into the puzzle but stops as --

JESSE

Pen's dead.

Cale digs into his pockets. Offers up his pen.

JESSE (CONT'D)

That's okay. I gotta go.

CALE

I wanna come. To the appointment.

JESSE

You told me five minutes ago --

CALE

I wanna be there.

JESSE

You say that now then in two hours
Herman's gonna be rubbing goo on my
belly and you're gonna be whining
that you have to run off to work.

Cale pulls out his keys. Thrusts them at her.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What?

CALE

I'm yours, all day. Even if for
some reason I ask for them back,
don't give them to me. I want to
be with you. That's all I want.

Jesse grins. Takes the keys, pockets them. Starts to stand.
But Cale drops a quarter into the mini-jukebox.

JESSE

What are you -- Are you serious?

CALE
Give me a letter and a number.
Come on, anything. A number and --

JESSE
I don't know. C 14.

Cale punches it in. A GOOFY OLDIES SONG begins.

JESSE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Cale just smiles. Stands. Offers her his hand.

JESSE (CONT'D)
You're joking. Now? To this?
We'll look ridiculous.

CALE
And you looked totally normal
making silly faces with your little
friend. Come on, let's go.

He pulls her out of the booth. They start to dance. But
Jesse can't contain herself. She bursts out laughing.
The two of them lock eyes. Jesse leans up to kiss him --

THEN ALL AT ONCE THERE'S A FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - DAY

Cale sucks in a deep gulp of air as his eyes shoot open.
He's still in the chair. Matheson and the Technician look on.

MATHESON
Did it work?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Matheson sits near the foot of the bed, watching as Cale
hungrily gulps down a tray of food.

MATHESON
Still nothing about the ship?

CALE
No. Just her.

MATHESON
I see.

CALE

Don't sound too thrilled, it's only my life and all.

MATHESON

I'm sorry. I'm happy your memory's returning.

CALE

When can I talk to her?

MATHESON

I put in a request, but it takes a while for word to make its way to the top. They may not grant it anyway, with you not being married.

Cale sets his fork down.

CALE

You're sure about that, that we're not married?

MATHESON

As sure as I was yesterday.

CALE

That can't be right.

MATHESON

Why's that?

CALE

I mean under these circumstances, it's not right for them to keep us from talking, married or not.

MATHESON

I agree. I'll do everything I can.

CALE

Does she know I'm here?

MATHESON

I'm not sure. They tell me what I need to know in order to do my job, nothing more.

Cale finishes his food. Sets the tray aside.

CALE

When can I go back again? To the chair, I mean?

MATHESON

I'll have to check your brain scans
from the last round of treatment.
I noticed a few anomalies that --

CALE

How long?

MATHESON

At least a day or two.

Cale looks away. Disappointed.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Cale, I'm not going to pretend I
know what you're going through.

CALE

Sounds like you're about to.

MATHESON

Our memory, it's everything. Tells
us what we've done, where we've
been, what we care about, who we
love. I understand you're
desperate to get that back, but it
may take some time.

CALE

I just wanna know who I was.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits on the bed. The clock reads 4:24 PM.

He grits his teeth. Squeezes his eyes closed. Focuses all
his energy --

UNTIL THERE'S A QUICK FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale shudders. Looks to the clock. 4:19 PM.

CALE

There's gotta be another way to go
farther back.

He sighs in frustration. As there's another FLASH and --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale awakens. He's about to close his eyes and try again when he notices a TREMOR IN HIS HAND. FINGERS SHAKING --

Then suddenly a light in the bathroom flickers.

Cale cranes his head around. The light flickers again. And again. Electricity crackling.

CALE

Shit.

He reaches for the call button but stops as --

SUDDENLY THE FLICKERING BATHROOM LIGHT ILLUMINATES A FIGURE.

Cale shudders. The call button falls to the floor and the red actuator slams against the cold tile.

But Cale's eyes are locked on the bathroom. As the lights flicker again, he gets a better look at the figure.

IT'S JESSE.

Cale stares. Enraptured. Confused --

Until the main door opens and an Orderly enters.

ORDERLY

Did you need something?

Cale turns. Startled.

CALE

No. Sorry. It fell.

The Orderly leaves without another word.

Cale turns back to the bathroom. The light is on. No longer flickering. And Jesse is gone.

Cale climbs out of bed. Gripping the IV stand he staggers to

THE BATHROOM

And pokes around curiously.

He pulls back the shower curtain. No one there.

Cale lets out a sigh. Shrugs. Starts for the door --

But stops as he hears A VOICE coming through the wall. Soft. Indistinct.

Cale presses his ear to the wall. Listens closely. But the voice is still too muffled to make anything out.

Moving quickly, Cale grabs a cup from the sink. Places the mouth of the cup to the wall. His ear to the other end. And the voice comes through clearly. It's Matheson --

MATHESON (O.S.)
...treatment is making it worse.

WOMAN (O.S.)
It's also bringing his memory back. He remembers his wife, snippets of their life together. I'd say that's pretty conclusive proof that the treatment's effective.

MATHESON (O.S.)
I'm not sure it's safe to --

WOMAN (O.S.)
We're running out of time. I need his memory back now.

MATHESON (O.S.)
Say his memory comes back and he remembers everything, what happened with his wife, all of it. What will you do then?

WOMAN (O.S.)
The more important question is, what is he gonna do?

Approaching footsteps. Cale scrambles away from the wall.

He fumbles the cup down onto the sink. Flushes the toilet.

The water swirls down, toilet running loudly as Matheson appears in the doorway. Cale pretends to button his pants.

CALE
Can't a guy get a little privacy?

MATHESON
Sorry. You weren't in bed, I was worried you'd blacked out again.

Cale grips the IV stand. He follows Matheson back into the

MAIN ROOM

And takes a seat on the bed. Cale notices a folder in Matheson's hand.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

We need to talk. These are the scans of your brain from the last round of treatment.

Matheson opens the folder. He pulls out a number of CAT-scan style brain images. Lays them along the foot of the bed.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

You say your memory's coming back?
(pointing to the scans)
See these areas here? The hippocampus, entorhinal cortex, perirhinal cortex, temporal cortex, these are where our memories are stored. Look at these scans. In every single one, those areas are totally black. No neural activity.

He grabs the last scan. The whole thing is nearly black.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

This one here, half a second after the shock begins, virtually zero brain activity. Coma patients have more going on than this. We did two shocks. After the first one, you were technically brain dead for a period of almost five minutes, after the second shock, for a period of close to four.

CALE

That's not normal I'm guessing.

MATHESON

These scans leave me with two questions. The first is how can you be remembering things when the memory centers in your brain haven't been activated? And the second, is how are you still alive? This low level of activity isn't enough to regulate your heart, your lungs, but I was there. I heard you breathe and I felt your heartbeat.

Cale stares at the scan. At a loss for words.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
You know what the most puzzling
thing is? This right here.

He points to a small area on the last scan, the only portion
of the brain lit up. And it's blazing, bright red.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
You know what that area of the
brain does?

Cale shakes his head.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Neither do I. No one knows.
This is a dead space, dormant in
everyone, long believed to be some
type vestigial area associated with
lower brain function.

Cale stares at the small illuminated area in the scan.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Cale, your brain is working in a
way for which I have no medical
explanation. Your synaptic pathways
no longer follow traditional
routes, it's like your entire brain
has rewired itself. You say you
remember your wife, you know her
name, I'm just wondering --

CALE
What haven't you told me about her?
About my wife?

MATHESON
Cale, you know everything --

CALE
Don't lie to me. I heard --

MATHESON
I'm not lying --

CALE
You either tell me what you know or
I'm gonna take this IV stand and
beat you with it till you can't
walk. We understand each other?
So what haven't you told me?

Matheson puts a calming hand on his shoulder. He notices that one of Cale's fingers is TWITCHING RANDOMLY.

MATHESON

Cale, I would never lie to you. Ever. You know everything I do about your wife. But I can't do my job unless I have all the facts. So I need to know what happens to you during these treatments.

Cale takes a moment before --

CALE

You remember what I said about the blackouts? How I remember things and it's like I'm there? Well, it's like I'm there because I am there. I'm actually going back.

Matheson nods. Solemn.

MATHESON

This is what I was afraid of.

CALE

What? You gotta believe me, I'm not remembering things --

MATHESON

I know it may seem like --

CALE

I'm really there.

MATHESON

It only feels like that because your brain is shutting down.

CALE

What are you -- You said it was rewired or -- What do you mean --

MATHESON

I'm sorry to tell you this, I really am, but you're dying, Cale. That's what these scans show, and these delusions your describing only confirm that --

CALE

They're not delusions.

MATHESON

Cale, the pathways in your brain are damaged. Look at your hand, the muscle spasm. Signals are getting crossed, before long your brain won't be able to regulate your organs properly. Then your brain will start to shut down.

CALE

How long do I have?

MATHESON

I estimated two weeks. Maybe three. But that could speed up if we continue the treatment.

CALE

The shocks make it worse.

MATHESON

I'm advocating that we cease the electric stimulation sessions until we better understand --

CALE

I'm actually going back. I need you to believe me. Please!

MATHESON

I'm sorry, Cale. I'm gonna do everything I can to help you.

He pats Cale on the shoulder. Then stands to go.

CALE

Doc, you gotta believe me. Doc!

Matheson exits without turning back. The door slams.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale lies in bed asleep. Peaceful.

Then all at once he's ripped out of bed by two Orderlies. They pull him to the door while Cale flails against them.

CALE

What the hell's going on?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Orderlies drag Cale kicking and screaming down the hall.

CALE
Hey, where are you taking me?!
Let me go!

He tries to kick loose, but the Orderlies are too strong.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Cale is pulled into the room. He fights against the Orderlies as they strap him into the chair.

CALE
Get your hands off me!

The Technician and Matheson stand beside the control panel. They watch as Cale struggles against the restraints.

CALE (CONT'D)
What's going on?

The Technician begins to place electrodes on Cale's head.

CALE (CONT'D)
You said it was dangerous to --

MATHESON
I'm sorry, Cale.

CALE
What are you doing?!

Cale continues to struggle. It's no use. Then suddenly the door to the room opens. Cale cranes his head around to see LEIGH. He sighs in relief.

CALE (CONT'D)
You. Help me, get me outta here.

LEIGH
You remember me?

CALE
Yeah, of course. Untie me.

LEIGH
See, Alan, I told you. This is helping his memory come back.

CALE

Get me outta here. Please.

Leigh looks at Cale sympathetically. Then she grabs the mouthguard off the table and shoves it between Cale's teeth.

Cale struggles. His shouts muffled but venomous.

LEIGH

We ready to start?

TECHNICIAN

Good to go.

He hits a button on the console. The machine powers up as Leigh bends down. Looks Cale in the eyes.

LEIGH

I wish there was another way but unfortunately time is running out.

Cale looks to one of the Orderlies. Sees a pen sticking out of his pocket.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

I'm going to make this as painless as possible but I need you to try and focus and think back to -- Cale, are you listening to me?

Cale closes his eyes. Focuses his concentration. There's a FLASH of light and suddenly --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

The two Orderlies drag Cale into the room. They slam him down into the chair as he thrashes against him. The Orderlies manage to strap one of his arms in --

And in a flash Cale grabs the pen from the Orderly's pocket. Kicks the two of them away.

Cale hastily slides the pen between the loops on the wrist strap. Pulls it loose.

He then bolts out of the chair. Races for the door. Grabs the handle.

But before he can open it, one of the Orderlies grabs Cale from behind and drags him back to the chair.

Cale screams as there's a FLASH and --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Cale's eyes flutter open to find Leigh standing in front of him. He's still strapped to the chair.

LEIGH
Another blackout?

Cale grunts a response through the mouthguard. Leigh gently removes it as --

LEIGH (CONT'D)
We're going to administer a series of shocks now.

CALE
Good. Send me back. I'll fix it so I never end up here.

Leigh looks to Matheson.

LEIGH
You weren't kidding about the delusion, were you?

CALE
(to Matheson)
When I get outta here, I'm gonna find you out in the real world and I'm gonna --

LEIGH
That's enough, Cale.

She slides the mouthguard back into place. Cale continues talking, his speech muffled.

The Technician flips a switch on the control panel. The room fills with the hum of electricity.

TECHNICIAN
Ready?

LEIGH
(to Cale)
Try to concentrate on what you did aboard the ship. Think back.
(to technician)
Hit it.

The Technician punches the button. Electricity pulses as it shoots through Cale's body. And suddenly we're --

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cale starts. His eyes flutter as he finds himself lying in bed with Jesse, his arm draped over her.

JESSE
Something wrong?

CALE
No. I was -- I'm fine.

Jesse leans back. Kisses his cheek.

JESSE
You look confused. Do we need to discuss what we've done?

CALE
I don't --

JESSE
In my health talk at the college this morning I emphasized the need to make sure these types of activities were consensual.

CALE
There's something I need to --

Jesse climbs on top of him.

JESSE
At any point were you uncomfortable with what we were doing? Because I'd hate to think that I took advantage of you.

She leans down, kissing him passionately.

CALE
Jesse, there's something I need to talk to you about.

JESSE
Are you killing the mood? Is that what you're doing?

CALE
No -- Well, yeah, probably. I need you to do something for me. No matter what, you can't let me go.

JESSE

Pretty sure we're past the hit-it-and-quit-it stage.

CALE

Jesse, I'm serious. I don't know how much time I have.

JESSE

What are you talking about?

CALE

The ship, Helios. Whatever happens, whatever I say, you can't let me get on it. I don't care if you have to strap me down to this bed, you can't let me go up there.

JESSE

What are you --

CALE

Just promise me.

JESSE

Okay. Okay, I promise. Even if you don't wanna go, can I still strap you to the bed?

CALE

Swear to me, no matter what.

JESSE

Girl scout's honor.

Jesse salutes. Cale smiles. Relieved.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What's gotten into you?

CALE

Nothing. I'm -- Nothing.

He pulls Jesse in close.

CALE (CONT'D)

This is where I want to be. Right here. This is where I belong.

Cale smiles. Rubs her slightly paunched belly.

CALE (CONT'D)

What do you think about names?

JESSE
Did you finish your list of
obviously inferior choices?

CALE
What's your choice?

JESSE
Still Andrew. Not gonna change.

CALE
Andrew?

JESSE
Yeah.

CALE
I like that.

JESSE
Since when? The other day you
rattled off five people you've
hated who had that name, which I
still think is a piss poor
barometer for naming your son.

CALE
No, I like it. Andrew.

JESSE
Yeah?

CALE
Yeah.

He pulls her in tighter. Kisses her softly. Lovingly.
The phone on the nightstand begins to ring. Cale ignores it.

JESSE
Are you gonna get that?

Cale shakes his head. Continues kissing her --
UNTIL SUDDENLY THERE'S FLASH OF LIGHT IN HIS MIND AND WE --

INT. HELIOS SHIP - DAY

A WARNING ALARM SCREECHES. RED LIGHTS FLASH ACROSS CALE'S
PANICKED FACE. HE'S STRAPPED INTO THE PILOT SEAT.

The lights on the control panel flicker as an ELECTRONIC VOICE announces --

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Warning. Breach to main hull.

CALE
Hello?!

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Warning. Breach to main hull.

CALE
Somebody help!

Cale pounds on the control panel. Frantic.

CALE (CONT'D)
Help!

Suddenly the alarm goes silent. The lights click on.

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Simulation seventeen complete.

Cale slowly collects himself. His breathing steadies. Finally he stands and makes his way to the back of the ship. Timidly he pushes it open and steps out into

A MASSIVE HANGAR

Where two men, one LANKY and the other BALDING, stand at a control panel beside the sleek SIMULATOR.

LANKY
Told you it wouldn't work.

BALDING
He didn't complete the cycle.
(to Cale)
You didn't complete the cycle.

Cale comes down the steel steps.

LANKY
What happened? It was the power cell, wasn't it?

BALDING
The power cell isn't the issue.

LANKY

The output capacity is. Unless Freddy has some sorta superhuman strength, the stick's gonna tear his arm off at the socket.

BALDING

(to Cale)

All right, let's try it again.

Cale pats down his pockets. Comes up empty.

BALDING (CONT'D)

Cale, you wanna --

CALE

You know where my phone is?

BALDING

Back at security with the rest of our phones. Let's just get this done so we can all go --

CALE

I need to talk to my wife.

LANKY

It's two in the morning.

Cale checks his watch. MARCH 8th -- 1:48 AM.

LANKY (CONT'D)

Come on, buddy, we need you to focus. I'm sorry we pulled you out of bed, but we need your mind here along with the rest of you.

BALDING

We could use the thrusters.

LANKY

What are you gonna power them with?

CALE

The phone. That was you guys.

LANKY

What do you think here? How do we offset the torque on the stick so Freddy can maintain control?

Cale starts towards the exit before --

LANKY (CONT'D)

Come on, man, the demonstration's
in six hours. Nobody's going home
till we figure this thing out.

CALE

I really don't care. I'm not going
on the ship. You understand me?
Tell that bitch that I'm not going.

LANKY

Jesus, buddy, are you --

CALE

I'm not going!

BALDING

Yeah, I don't think Freddy'd care
much for you sitting in his lap.

CALE

Who's Freddy?

BALDING

Did you hit your head in there?

CALE

Wait, I'm not the pilot?

BALDING

Not unless you changed your mind.
Or better yet changed Jess's mind.
You got a kid coming, man. Why the
hell would you wanna go up there?

CALE

I need to talk to her.

LANKY

Come on, we gotta figure this out.

Cale starts towards the exit, striding fast before --

ANOTHER FLASH FLICKERS IN HIS MIND AND --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Cale jerks awake. Trickle of blood flow from his nostrils.
The din of electrical current rages. And above that, the
sound of shouting. Chaotic --

MATHESON
That's enough! We're done!

LEIGH
Hit it again!

MATHESON
You're gonna kill him!

LEIGH
We need to know! Hit it again!

The electrical hum crescendos and as Matheson screams --

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Silence. Cale stands beside the nightstand as Jesse sleeps soundly in the bed. Suddenly a voice comes from somewhere --

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sir? Are you there, sir?

Cale shudders. Realizes he's holding the phone to his ear.

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sir, are you --

CALE
Yeah. Yeah, I'm here.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
What's your emergency, sir?

CALE
Emergency?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
You said there was something wrong
with your wife.

Cale looks to Jesse asleep on the bed. He tries to shake her awake. She doesn't move.

CALE
Jesse?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Sir, what's the nature of your --

Cale doesn't hear the rest as the phone slips from his hand and clatters to the floor. He shakes Jesse harder. Panics.

JESSE

Jesse!

Jesse still doesn't move. No response.

A FLASH BEGINS TO BUILD IN CALE'S MIND.

He hastily takes a look at his watch -- 3:43 AM. THEN THE
BLINDING WHITE LIGHT OVERTAKES HIM AND WE --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Cale's eyes flutter. He fades in and out of consciousness.

MATHESON

Loosen his arm. Loosen it!

LEIGH

His brain activity --

MATHESON

Get him to his room! Get him --

Cale's eyes close. The room goes black.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The fan squeals in the silence. Cale sleeps in bed,
machines hooked into him. A steady beeping.

Matheson stands at the foot of the bed. He studies a series
of BRAIN SCANS in his hand. His face is grim. Concerned.

The door opens behind him and Leigh enters silently.

LEIGH

Has he come to yet?

Matheson shakes his head.

MATHESON

You see these?

He passes Leigh the scans. She flips through them.

LEIGH

What am I looking at?

MATHESON

The random synaptic firings are
getting worse.

LEIGH

We knew that was a possibility.

Leigh hands the brain scans back. Looks at Cale solemnly.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

He wanted to go on the ship. He asked me, he begged me. Nobody had any idea this would be a side effect. There was no indication --

MATHESON

We're killing him!

LEIGH

He died the moment he got on board that ship.

She steps towards the bed. Squeezes Cale's limp arm.

MATHESON

What's happening in his brain right now is unprecedented. I've been poring over neurologic studies for days, there's never been anything like it before.

LEIGH

Are you saying you believe his stories, that he's actually --

MATHESON

No, I'm just saying we should slow down, take some time, really try and figure out what's going on.

LEIGH

We're resuming the treatments as soon as he wakes up.

MATHESON

He's my patient. It's my call.

LEIGH

I don't wanna damage your ego or anything, but this is bigger than you now. He's not a patient. The key to humanity's future is locked away somewhere in his mind. And one way or another I'm gonna find a way to pull it out.

She shoots him one final look, then walks away.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Orderly enters and checks on the machinery connected to Cale. He pulls out the old IV bag. Goes to replace it --

When suddenly Cale's hand moves. His eyes flutter open.

The Orderly stumbles away from the bed. Surprised.

CALE (V.O.)
How long have I been out?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits up slightly. Matheson stands over him.

MATHESON
Two days. Do you remember my name?

CALE
Why wouldn't I --

MATHESON
I've got half a dozen scans that
show neural misfires in your brain.
Now do you remember my name or not?

CALE
Matheson.

MATHESON
Do you remember anything new?

CALE
New? You mean like from my past or
like you and that bitch strapping
me down and frying my skull?
No, I don't remember anything new.
Now get the hell outta here.

MATHESON
Cale, I need to --

CALE
Get. Out.

MATHESON
There's something you need to know.

CALE

There's a lot of things I need to know. Like my wife, her dying, you knew this whole time, didn't you?

MATHESON

I felt that the notion of someone waiting for you might be a strong motivator to aid in your recovery.

CALE

Fuck you!

Matheson backs away. Apologetic.

CALE (CONT'D)

March eighth, between midnight and three, that's when she died, right?

MATHESON

I believe so, yes.

CALE

What happened to her?

MATHESON

Cale, I need to tell you --

CALE

What happened?

MATHESON

It was a carbon monoxide leak. Nothing spectacular. She died in her sleep. Peacefully.

CALE

That's it? That's -- That's it?

MATHESON

That's it. Listen, Cale, your most recent brain scans --

CALE

I don't give a shit.

MATHESON

You need to understand --

CALE

Am I still dying?

Matheson nods.

CALE (CONT'D)

Is there any way to stop it?

MATHESON

I don't know. Our best bet for the short term is to get Dr. Waldman to discontinue the treatment. She's not confident that your memory will return on its own. She's gambling that the electronic stimulation will trigger it before your --

CALE

Before my brain conks out.

MATHESON

Yeah. I'm trying to get her to stop but she's not --

CALE

Why don't you go do that then and leave me the hell alone?

MATHESON

I'm sorry, Cale. I really am.

But Cale doesn't hear this last part. His focus is drawn to the bathroom where JESSE is standing in the doorway.

Matheson follows his gaze. But he doesn't see anything.

Cale keeps his eyes on Jesse. She smiles coyly.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Did you hear me? I said --

CALE

Leave me alone.

MATHESON

I'm sorry.

CALE

I don't care.

Matheson stands with a sigh and walks out. Cale looks back to the bathroom doorway. Jesse is gone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale climbs out of bed. Lowers himself to the floor. Legs shaking, he shuffles to the bathroom, gripping the IV stand.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Steam fills the room as Cale showers. He leans against the wall, unable to hold himself up. His hands shake.

He closes his eyes. Rinses the shampoo from his hair --

When suddenly a pair of arms wrap around him.

Startled, Cale brushes the water and suds from his eyes. He spins around to find Jesse standing there.

He stares at her for a moment before --

CALE
How did you get here?

JESSE
Magic.

CALE
You're not real.

JESSE
I am to you.

She leans in to kiss him. Cale closes his eyes. Waits for a kiss that never comes.

And when he opens his eyes again, Jesse has disappeared.

Then all at once Cale's legs give out. He fumbles for the wall, trying to hold himself up. But it's no use.

He struggles to lower himself safely down, fingertips sliding on the tiled walls.

Finally Cale drops down to the floor of the shower. Water cascades down around him.

He tries to pull himself back up but his legs won't work.

Cale sighs in frustration. Leans his head against the wall.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness. Cale tosses and turns, unable to sleep. He rolls over on his side --

To find Jesse lying in bed beside him.

JESSE

Hey you.

CALE

Hey.

He stares at her a moment, lost in her eyes before --

JESSE

You left me.

CALE

You died.

JESSE

You'd made your choice long before that.

CALE

No.

JESSE

Yeah, you did. But it's okay, I get it, the fascination of the unknown, the search for something new. You went after what you wanted.

CALE

I had what I wanted.

JESSE

Then why weren't you beside me in bed? Why aren't you dead too?

The question hangs in the air before --

CALE

So I can save you.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale lies on the bed, gripping Matheson's hand.

MATHESON

Okay, good. Other hand.

Cale grabs Matheson's fingers with his other hand.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Now squeeze.

Cale's fingers tighten feebly.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Keep going. Harder.

Cale tries squeezing harder, but he has no strength.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
That's good. You can stop.

Cale's hand falls away.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
You're having trouble standing?

Cale nods.

CALE
Any chance I could get some
stronger painkillers?

MATHESON
Headaches? How bad, on a scale
from one to ten?

CALE
I don't think ten covers it. Feels
like I'm falling apart.

MATHESON
Your motor control's gonna continue
to get worse. Headaches, blurred
vision. I'm doing my best to try
and find some way to reverse --

CALE
That's not good enough. I told you
that if you lied to me I was gonna
beat you half to death, you
remember that?

MATHESON
Seeing as how you can barely walk,
I figured it was an empty threat.

CALE
Yeah, well, now you owe me. I need
a favor from you.

MATHESON
What might that be?

CALE
Does your little machine keep track
of the zaps it gives me?

MATHESON

Yeah.

CALE

The intensity level?

MATHESON

Yeah.

CALE

I want readouts of all of them.

MATHESON

For what reason could you possibly need that information?

CALE

You owe me. And seeing as how I'm not gonna be around much longer, your window to repay that debt's getting smaller by the day. Now will you help me or not?

Matheson looks down at him. His face impossible to read.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Cale steadies himself against the sink. Looks at himself in the mirror. The muscles in his eyes twitch. He looks to his hands. His fingers jerk. Muscles spasming.

He clinches his hand into a fist. His whole hand shakes as --

The door opens in the other room. Cale starts for the doorway expectantly --

CALE

Did you get the readouts from --

But he goes rigid as he enters the

MAIN ROOM

To find Leigh beside his bed. He eyes her, venomous.

CALE (CONT'D)

What do you want?

LEIGH

Just to talk. Please, hear me out.

Cale's legs begin to shake beneath his weight. Leigh steps up to help him but Cale waves her off. Sits on the bed.

CALE
I'm fine. Talk.

LEIGH
I know how I must look from where you're sitting, but believe me, I'm not the bad guy here.

CALE
You locked me in a room, tortured me, lied to me about my dead wife, and you came alarmingly close to killing me. If you're not the bad guy, then who the hell are you?

LEIGH
Everything I did was for the project. If you were in my position you'd have done the same thing.

CALE
Bullshit.

LEIGH
You only say that because you don't know who you are. I know you, Cale, better than anyone. That's what you've been looking for, isn't it? Who you are? Let me show you.

She pulls a small ELECTRONIC TABLET out of her pocket.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
Touch the screen.

Cale hesitates. Unsure. Then finally taps the screen --

A video begins to play. Handheld footage of an office party. There's wild cheering. Booze being passed around.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
That was last year, the night we finally got the hyperdrive to filter and store tachyons. The night we realized what we'd been building towards was gonna work.

In the midst of the chaotic party is Cale. Shouting louder than the others. Gulping down champagne.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

You didn't stop smiling all night.

Cale watches himself on the tablet. Emotional.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Cale, the Helios Project didn't exist before you. You breathed life into it and you lived it every day for ten years. Your entire world revolved around it.

CALE

What about my wife?

LEIGH

You loved her. I know you did, but this was your life.

The video continues to play. Cale watches the younger version of himself. Laughing. Cheering. Never happier.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Sacrifices had to be made. But it all worked out for the best. You got on the ship and you did what nobody else could have done. I knew all along it had to be you.

The video stops. Leigh gently lifts it off his lap.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Maybe I could have handled things better, but I was only trying to finish what we started. You gave everything to this program, it was gonna be your legacy. And you will be a legend, you're gonna change the world, all you have to do is remember what you did on the ship.

Cale processes all this, mind turning as --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale is seated on the floor. Charts litter the space around him. He examines a time line of the flight -- the moment the ship went light-speed, the moment that it crashed. Jesse paces in front of Cale as he jots down notes.

JESSE

You shouldn't be doing this.

Cale pores over a list of the energy delivered by each shock that sent him back in time. He begins making calculations.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Cale, stop.

CALE

Leave me alone.

JESSE

You're actually gonna help them?

CALE

I am them!

Jesse kneels down in front of him. Eyes him compassionately.

JESSE

Your head's turned around, you're not thinking straight.

CALE

Says the hallucination.

JESSE

You were gonna save me.

CALE

I still am, I can do both. After I jump back to the ship and figure out what I did, then I'll go back again and save you. Everybody wins, and I can finally get the hell out of this godforsaken place.

Cale continues working. Jesse kneels over him.

CALE (CONT'D)

What?!

JESSE

Don't do this.

CALE

Will you please go away?

JESSE

Cale --

CALE

Leave me alone!

He focuses on his work. Looks up again. And Jesse is gone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale is seated on the bed, papers spread out around him. He passes a series of calculations to Leigh.

CALE

The machine has to be dialed in to the right settings.

LEIGH

I don't understand.

CALE

Different shock levels trigger different memories. There's a narrow window where I can check the ship's keystroke log before it crashes -- Whatever, it doesn't matter, just set the machine to these levels and we're good.

Leigh folds the slip of paper. Slides it into her pocket.

LEIGH

Don't worry about the settings. Just refamiliarize yourself with everything, try to get your brain going in the right direction, and we'll take care of the rest.

CALE

You don't understand --

LEIGH

The machine doesn't work like that, different settings don't set off different memories.

CALE

Maybe ordinarily but this --

LEIGH

Cale, your mind is going.

CALE

No, it's not. I'm perfectly fine.

LEIGH

Then why have you been talking to yourself the last two days? Let us handle the machine. Don't worry, we'll take care of everything.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits on the edge of his bed, repeatedly hitting the call button. After a few moments, Matheson bursts in.

MATHESON

What is it? Everything okay?

CALE

What took you so long?

MATHESON

I was -- What do you need, Cale?

CALE

You gotta talk to Waldman for me.
I know you don't believe the time
jump thing, but unless the
machine's dialed in right, I could
end up anywhere.

MATHESON

I don't think --

CALE

Just do this for me, please.
You're my doctor, you asked me to
trust you, all I'm asking is --

MATHESON

I'm not your doctor anymore.

Cale goes silent. Surprised.

CALE

Since when?

MATHESON

About five minutes ago. Dr. Waldman
is adamant that your treatment be
continued, and I can't in good
conscience be any part of that.

CALE

I can go back, I can find out what
she wants, I can save my wife.

MATHESON

Cale, if they strap you into that
chair again, you're going to die.

Cale looks away. Sees Jesse standing beside the bed.

CALE
You don't know that for sure.

MATHESON
No but I have thirty-four years of
medical knowledge and a few hundred
years of science backing me up.

JESSE
Maybe you shouldn't go.

CALE
I'll be fine.

MATHESON
Cale --

CALE
Two more jumps, that's it.
I've got it all plotted out, look.

He hands Matheson two sheets of paper depicting the power
levels for the two shocks.

CALE (CONT'D)
One to get me to the ship before it
crashes, the other to get to Jesse.

JESSE
You're forgetting the paradox.

MATHESON
Cale, your mind is broken, you're
delusional.

CALE
(to Jesse and Matheson)
No, I'm not.

JESSE
If you save me, then none of this
ever happens.

MATHESON
I can't help you.

He hands the papers back to Cale. Cale looks to Jesse.

JESSE
The only reason you were on that
ship was because I died.
(MORE)

JESSE (CONT'D)
If I'm not dead, then you never go,
you never end up here. The ship
doesn't work without you on it.

MATHESON
Cale, you have to refuse the
treatment. Do you understand?

But Cale isn't listening to him. He's focused on Jesse.

CALE
(to Jesse)
Say that again.

MATHESON
You have to refuse the treatment.

JESSE
The ship doesn't work without you,
and me dying is what put you on it.

Cale goes still. Something's just clicked in his mind.

MATHESON
Good-bye, Cale.

CALE
No, wait, I need you to help me.
You need to send me back. Take me
to the chair right now.

MATHESON
I can't do that.

CALE
This is real, okay? Forget your
thirty-four years of medical
experience and listen to me. You
said it yourself, something's
happening in my brain that you
can't explain. This is real!

MATHESON
I'm not gonna kill you.

CALE
She's gonna kill me anyway. At
least let me try to fix all this.

But Matheson simply turns and walks out. The door slams as --

CALE (CONT'D)
Doc!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale sits on the bed. Mind turning. He glances towards the bathroom. And something clicks into place. Shakily, Cale lowers himself down to the floor and staggers into the

BATHROOM

And stares at the metal SHOWER CURTAIN RINGS.

Struggling to stand on his tiptoes, Cale wrenches one of the rings off of the shower rod.

He then shuffles over to the wall, where above the sink is an ELECTRICAL SOCKET.

Cale turns the metal ring over in his fingers. Kisses it.

CALE

Take me back.

Hand shaking, he inches the ring towards the socket. Cale takes a deep breath. Then jams the ends into the slits.

A SURGE OF ENERGY ROCKETS THROUGH HIM. A BURST OF LIGHT AS --

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

Cale's eyes burst open. He cries out in agonizing pain. His whole body shaking, he slowly sits up to see --

WRECKAGE FROM THE CRASHED SHIP. SPREAD ALL OVER THE FIELD.

Cale braces himself against a piece of the hull. Pulls himself to his feet. Blood pours from a wound in his stomach and another wound in the back of his head.

He stumbles forward through the flaming debris. Overwhelmed.

CALE

Hello?!

Suddenly, his legs give out. Cale stumbles to the ground, his head landing inches from a jagged piece of metal.

Groaning, he looks through the smoky haze to see --

The main control panel. Charred. Pieces broken away. But still clipped to it is a singed PHOTOGRAPH OF JESSE.

Cale sees the picture. Smiles through the pain before --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Cale awakens on the floor of the bathroom. The flesh of his right hand is burnt. He groans in pain.

CALE

Shit.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - BATHROOM - DAY

Cale turns on the water full blast, as hot as it will go. He opens the bathroom door, letting the steam escape.

He watches as the water vapor floats out the door. He peeks out into the

MAIN ROOM

To see the lens of the camera over the door fogging up.

Cale waits a moment, then slips across the room.

He grabs the pen off the bedside table. Unscrews it. Pulls out the spring and breaks it in half.

Cale steps over to the door, using the broken spring as a lock pick. He twists it back and forth.

CALE

Come on, come on.

The lock clicks. Cale twists the knob. Steps out into

THE HALLWAY

And edges down the corridor, his legs shaky beneath him.

Cale turns a corner. Leans against the wall for support.

SUDDENLY HE HEARS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

Cale ducks around another corner. Stands perfectly still --

As the footfalls grow louder. Closer.

Cale breathes quietly. Steadies himself against the wall --

But his legs continue to shake under his weight.

Cale stiffens. Goes totally still --

As an Orderly walks past in the adjoining hallway, less than fifteen feet away.

The Orderly continues on. Footfalls receding.

Cale lets out a relieved sigh. Then continues down the hall.

He turns one corner. Then another. His strides grow shorter, more desperate.

Finally Cale reaches the door to the machine room. He slides the broken pieces of spring into the lock.

He turns it back and forth. Hands shaking.

Tense moments pass. Footsteps approach.

Cale bears down. Works frantically --

Finally the lock clicks. Cale tries the knob and the door opens. He catches a glimpse of the machine --

When suddenly pairs of arms wrap around his body as two Orderlies force him away from the door.

CALE (CONT'D)

No!

Cale closes his eyes. Tries to focus his mind into a jump --

But one of the Orderlies jams a syringe into the side of Cale's neck.

Instantly Cale's body goes limp. Blackness.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Cale awakes groggily. He goes to rub his eyes, only to find that his arm is handcuffed to the bed frame.

Leigh stands over him.

LEIGH

You shouldn't have done that.

CALE

You.

LEIGH

I'm disappointed in you. I thought you'd finally come around.

CALE
I know what you did.

Leigh stares at him. Cold.

CALE (CONT'D)
And even if I remember, I'll never
tell you what I did on the ship.

LEIGH
Yes, you will. I know you, Cale.
You worked too hard on this project
to let the secret of its success
die with you. You may not remember
who you are, but that doesn't
change who you are. You'll do
everything you can to remember, and
then you'll tell me how you did it.

She leans down. Kisses his forehead. Cale jerks away.

LEIGH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, for all this. I really
am. And I'm gonna make sure your
sacrifice is never forgotten. Get
some rest. You're gonna need it.

She rubs a hand along his cheek. Then turns and walks out.
Cale watches her go. Glaring. Mind turning.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale lies in bed. The red camera light shines brightly in
the darkness. Cale stares at it in disgust --

Until suddenly the camera light goes out.

Cale sits up. Confused.

The sound of hurried footsteps in the hall. The clatter of
keys. The door lock clicks --

And Matheson steps into the room.

MATHESON
We have to move fast.

He hastily unlocks Cale's handcuffs. Helps him out of bed.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Come on.

He slides the IV stand over to Cale. Cale grips it tight. Grabs the papers off the table and follows Matheson into the

HALLWAY

And the two of them rush down the darkened corridor.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
We don't have much time.

He grips Cale by the arm. Helps him along.

CALE
Thanks.

MATHESON
Gotta keep moving.

The two of them turn down another corridor. Almost to the door to the machine room --

When all at once the door to the stairwell flies open behind them and UNIFORMED GUARDS pour out with Leigh among them.

Matheson pulls Cale along. Frantic.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Come on! Come on!

LEIGH
Get him!

The Guards sprint towards them. Boots pounding.

MATHESON
Hurry!

Cale pushes him away. Stands perfectly still.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

The Guards close in. Only a few feet away.

MATHESON (CONT'D)
Cale!

Cale closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath --

And just as the Guards grab him there's a FLASH and --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Cale lies in bed. He hears the rattle of keys through the door. Then the door opens and Matheson enters.

MATHESON
We have to move fast.

He hastily unlocks Cale's wrist.

CALE
The shower rod.

MATHESON
What?

CALE
Get the shower rod.

Matheson slides the IV stand over to Cale then disappears into the bathroom.

Cale lowers himself to the floor. He grips the IV stand for balance, legs shaking. Grabs the papers off the table as --

Matheson emerges from the bathroom, shower rod in hand.

CALE (CONT'D)
Let's go.

The two of them step into the

CORRIDOR

And move quickly down the hall.

MATHESON
(re: shower rod)
Why am I carrying this?

Cale doesn't answer. They turn down another corridor and Cale reaches back for the shower rod.

Matheson hands it to him, and Cale slides it between the door handles on the stairwell door.

And no sooner is it in place then HEAVY FOOTFALLS sound in the stairwell and Leigh's face appears in the window.

She tries to open the doors, but the rod holds them in place.

Leigh glares at Cale through the window. Venomous.

She turns to the Guards behind her.

LEIGH

The other stairwell. Go! Go!

Cale watches through the window as the Guards head back up the stairs. Matheson grabs him by the arm.

MATHESON

We gotta hurry.

The two of them continue down the hall. They turn a corner, then another, finally arriving at the machine room.

Matheson slides his key card. The lock clicks. They enter

THE MACHINE ROOM

And Matheson bolts the door behind them. Cale climbs into the chair as Matheson powers up the machine.

Together they attach the leads to Cale's head. The low hum of energy gradually fills the room.

CALE

Thank you.

MATHESON

This is insane, you know that?

Suddenly there's a HEAVY POUNDING on the door. Cale hands Matheson the two sheets with the power level settings.

MATHESON (CONT'D)

Which one?

Cale considers each. Unsure. Finally he points to one and Matheson punches the settings into the control panel.

CALE

Keep it going as long as you can,
make sure I have enough time.

MATHESON

Ready?

CALE

Hit me.

The electricity crescendos. Matheson hits the button --

AND A BRILLIANT BURST OF LIGHT FLASHES IN CALE'S MIND AS --

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The steady ca-chunk of the windshield wipers as rain beats down. Cale shudders. Grips the wheel. Stopped at a light.

He glances at the dashboard clock. 12:42 AM. Checks his watch. March 8th.

CALE
Holy shit, it worked.

A horn blast sounds from behind him. The light is green. But Cale doesn't move.

Hands fumbling, Cale reaches into his pocket. Pulls out his cell phone as the car behind him continues to honk. He pulls up the contact list. Shuffles through.

CALE (CONT'D)
Home, home.

The car behind Cale honks one last time, then pulls around, the DRIVER flipping him off.

But Cale doesn't see. His head is buried in the phone. There's no listing for HOME.

He scrolls down. Finds JESSE. Hits send. And it goes straight to voicemail --

JESSE (V.O.)
Hey, you've reached Jesse --

Cale hangs up. Pounds a fist into the dash, frustrated, rattling the GPS.

He pulls up the GPS menu. Finds a listing for HOME. The directions pop up.

Cale slams on the gas. He whips the car around in the middle of the intersection, speeding off as --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

The electrical hum is almost deafening. Cale sits unconscious in the chair, his body convulsing.

Matheson watches in horror as the banging on the door grows louder and louder.

He presses himself against the door. Holding it shut as --

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cale rockets down the street, blowing past stop signs. The voice from the GPS guides him.

GPS
Turn right in point one miles.

Cale cranks the wheel. Spins the car around the turn.

He glances at the GPS. Less than a mile from home.

The engine hums as Cale floors the gas pedal and --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Electricity humming. Matheson puts all his weight on the door. But it begins to give way, the frame splintering.

He groans in pain as --

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cale's car squeals to a stop outside of the house. He bolts from the car. Races up the drive. Fumbles the keys.

He pounds on the front door, trying each key.

CALE
Jesse!

Finally he finds the right key. The door opens as --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

The latch finally gives. Matheson tries to force the door closed but he's losing ground. The door opens inch by inch as the guards push it open as --

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cale races in to find Jesse asleep in the bed. He taps her on the cheek, trying to wake her up. No luck.

CALE
Come on, come on.

He grabs Jesse by the shoulders. Shakes her. Still nothing.

CALE (CONT'D)

Jesse!

Finally he picks her up off the bed. Hoists her onto his shoulders as --

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

The Guards force the door open. Matheson backs away, guarding the chair defensively. Leigh steps between the guards. Eyes him coldly.

LEIGH

Get out of the way.

MATHESON

Not a chance.

Leigh motions to the Guards. They draw their guns as --

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cale lowers Jesse down onto the front lawn. Begins CPR.

CALE

Come on, baby. Come on.

He breathes air into her lungs.

CALE (CONT'D)

Come on!

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

The Guards aim their guns on Matheson as Leigh stares him down. Matheson's body trembles. He tries to stay strong.

LEIGH

Is he really worth all this?

MATHESON

He's my patient.

Tense moments pass before --

LEIGH

Grab him.

The guards rush forward. They pull Matheson away from the chair where Cale sits unconscious as --

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cale continues CPR. He grows more frantic with each second.

CALE
Come on, Jesse.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Leigh steps to the control panel. Matheson struggles against the Guards as they hold him back.

MATHESON
No!

Leigh reaches for the power lever. Fingers closing in as --

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cale breathes into Jesse's mouth. Pumps her chest.

INT. MACHINE ROOM - NIGHT

Leigh grips the lever. Shuts the machine down as --

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cale pounds on Jesse's chest.

A glimmer of light FLICKERS in his mind.

CALE
No. Please. No!

He keeps working as the light grows brighter. And brighter --

And just as the light overtakes Cale --

JESSE JOLTS AWAKE, TAKING IN A DEEP GULP OF AIR AND --

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The slow, steady beeping of machinery. Cale's eyes flutter open. He's seated in a chair by the bed --

Where Jesse sleeps. Sheets pulled up around her.

Cale takes her hand. Caresses it gently. And her eyes open.

JESSE

Hey you.

Cale leans in. Kisses her.

CALE

Are you okay?

JESSE

Yeah. Yeah, I think so.

CALE

I was -- I was so worried. I found you in the house and --

JESSE

What are you talking about?

CALE

The carbon monoxide leak.

JESSE

Were you having a little dream?

CALE

No, there was a leak.

JESSE

Cale, that was months ago. Why are you bringing that up --

She's cut off as a NURSE enters the room with a NEWBORN BABY.

NURSE

Look who's the first one awake in the nursery!

Cale stares wide-eyed as the Nurse gently sets the baby in Jesse's arms. The baby coos.

JESSE

Hey, Andrew. Say hi to daddy.

CALE

Hey, little guy.

Cale takes his son's tiny hand. Smiles. He pulls his wife and son in close. Overwhelmed.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Cale stands at the window to the nursery, watching his son.
In the window's reflection, he sees Leigh move in behind him.

LEIGH

There you are! How is he?

Cale turns. Simply stares at her.

LEIGH (CONT'D)

Which one is he? That one there?
Oh, he's so beautiful. Can I see
Jess or is she still sleeping?
(off Cale's look)
What? Something wrong?

CALE

My memory's been a little fuzzy but
it's starting to come back. The
ship, it's never worked, never
reached light-speed, has it?

LEIGH

Because we haven't had the right
guy in the chair. It's gotta be
you, Cale, I'm telling you. You're
the only one who can make it work.

CALE

That why you tried to kill my wife?

Leigh steps back. Visibly shaken. Caught.

CALE (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

LEIGH

Cale, I would never --

CALE

Don't. Just don't. I don't know
if I'll ever remember how I made it
work, but I can promise you this.
I'm gonna keep an eye on you, on
the project, and if I think you're
getting close, I'm gonna derail it.
I'm gonna devote the rest of my
life to making sure that you never
get what you've devoted yours to.
Thought you should know now in case
you're wondering about it later.

Leigh stands there. At a loss for words.

CALE (CONT'D)
You're gonna want to leave now.

Leah turns, stunned. And walks away.

INT. CALE'S OFFICE - DAY

Cale grabs every notebook and scrap of paper on his desk and shoves it into a cardboard box. There's drawings, schematics, equations. He clears off the whole desk.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Cale steps onto the elevator, cardboard box under his arm. The doors close and elevator descends for a moment before the doors open again and MATHESON steps on.

Cale glances at him, stunned, as the two ride in silence. Finally Matheson notices Cale looking at him and --

MATHESON
Something wrong?

CALE
Huh? No, no.

MATHESON
Do we know each other?

CALE
I guess we don't.

The doors open. Matheson gets out. Cale watches him go as --

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cale enters with the filled cardboard box to find Jesse sitting on the couch, baby cradled in her arms.

Cale kisses her sweetly. Caresses the baby's head.

JESSE
You wanna sit with us? I'm about to put him down for his nap.

CALE
In a minute. There's one quick thing I gotta do.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Cale pulls a metal trash barrel to the middle of the backyard. He looks back towards the house --

And through the window sees Jesse inside with the baby. A smile slowly crosses his face. He's happy. At peace.

Cale then grabs the cardboard box and dumps all the papers into the trash barrel.

He strikes a match. Hesitates. Watches the flame dance --

When suddenly the flame brushes against his finger.

He winces in pain. A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT AND THEN --

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Moments earlier. Cale looks through the window of the house to see his wife and child. He's smiling. Happy --

But his smile quickly fades as realization sets in. This isn't over. And as Cale stands there watching his family --

THERE'S ANOTHER FLASH OF LIGHT AND --

FADE OUT

THE END