

The First Fifteen Lives of Harry August

By

Zachary J. Terrell

Based On:

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By: Claire North

zacharyjterrell@gmail.com

(816)572-7266

EXTENDED MONTAGE:

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

1918, Berwick-upon-Tweed train station, freezing doesn't begin to describe how cold it is. A woman SCREAMS. The station is empty, everyone is indoors and celebrating. CLOSE ON the station's clock. TICK, TICK, TICK, GONG!

The clock hands shift over one click. It's midnight, January 1st, now 1919. Again, a woman SCREAMS out in pain; pain that can only be caused by childbirth.

A STATION MANAGER stands guard in front of the ladies' restroom. His hat is pulled down and his demeanor is gravely serious. More WAILS OF PAIN echo from the bathroom.

INT. TRAIN STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

The RED-HAIRED MOTHER lies on the ground in labor, around her are two RANDOM PASSERBYS, a man and a woman. Clearly, neither are doctors. Blood pools around the woman, thick, partially frozen in such cold. The woman passerby helps finally give birth to the child. A RED-HAIRED INFANT, hair matching his mother's.

The woman's cries die down, the BABY's cries take its place. Unfortunately after all of her work, the mother bleeds out and dies on the floor. The man takes his hat off in respect.

Beat. The man rummages through the dead woman's pockets and pulls out a FOLDED NOTE. He unfolds the note and him and the woman read it together. The baby's CRIES start to die down.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

The two randoms from the bathroom sit together on a train, clearly they are a couple and clearly they are exhausted. The child in their arms sleeps silently even with the RATTLING of the train on the tracks.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A horse and buggy transports the couple and the quiet child across a large swath of land; tall trees and open fields. Their cart gets pulled under a beautiful STONE ARCHWAY.

A GROUNDSMAN watches them wind their way to the manor.

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY

The couple and the child stand on the porch and KNOCK on a very large, very sturdy door. It slowly swings open and reveals a young SERVANT WOMAN. She looks at the man, the woman and finally the child.

INT. HULNE MANOR LIVING ROOM - DAY

The servant woman stands holding the quiet baby and talks to a WELL-DRESSED AND RED-HAIRED MAN (RORY HULNE), he is the owner of the estate. The WELL-DRESSED AND BRUNETTE WIFE (LYDIA HULNE) of the estate owner stands behind him and the Groundsman (Patrick August) behind his wife, the Servant (Harriet August).

INT. HULNE MANOR GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick and Harriet discuss with each other, the child still in Harriet's arms.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - YEARS LATER

1926. The red-haired child has grown and now he climbs the tall trees. He sprints across the open fields. He rests under the BEAUTIFUL STONE ARCHWAY. He is HARRY AUGUST, age 7.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Harry runs into his home, on his way towards his adoptive mother Patrick ruffles his hair and smiles. Harry hugs his mother at the stove. What a lovely family.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY - YEARS LATER

1937. Harry August, NOW 18, walks across a stage and grabs his diploma on the way. The audience is filled with proud parents and bored siblings.

INT. RECRUITMENT OFFICE - DAY

1938. Harry talks to an inviting RECRUITMENT OFFICER. World War II is happening and Harry must do his part. He signs on the appropriate dotted lines.

EXT. NORTHERN FRANCE VILLAGE - DAY

1942. A few fellow BRITISH SOLDIERS sit around a destroyed building. They're relaxed, the village must be cleared of assailants. Everything is calm, almost peaceful. A few soldiers laugh, a few sleep, a few interact with each other.

BOOM! Explosion! Earth flies and people hit the dirt. YELLING pulses from the crowd. Down the street stands a lone tank tucked between two buildings. Harry jumps up immediately and barrels towards the stray enemy.

He vaults over the rubble of a ruined cobblestone street as his unfastened HELMET slides off his head due to his sudden speed.

Inside the tank there is SCRAMBLING to man the infantry mounted machine gun--TOO LATE! Harry is upon them and drops a GRENADE through one of the openings they were attempting to man.

Even more COMMOTION from inside the tank to rid themselves of the explosive. Harry continues his reactionary sprint and redirects himself away from the soon to be explosion without slowing his pace in the slightest.

EXPLOSION! The grenade goes off inside the tank and as quick as they arrived the adversaries are eliminated.

INT. ARMY OFFICE - DAY

A medal of valor is placed around Harry's neck; The VICTORIAN CROSS, a high honor. Harry hides his trauma behind a facade of pride as he is awarded this accolade. A HIGH RANKING OFFICIAL steps away from Harry and offers a firm handshake.

EXT. STREET - DAY

1945. Victory! World War II has ended and the streets are filled with people in uniforms CHEERING with civilians dressed in all manner of formalities. Dock workers are equal to businessmen...at least for a day.

INT. SMALL PUB - DAY

Celebration encompasses the entirety of the bar. Everyone cheers and hugs each other. Harry, although happy, sits alone in the corner, silently drinking his plain beverage.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Harry makes the trek home he grew up at, only it looks much different than before. The trees aren't as tall, the field isn't as open and the STONE ARCHWAY is no longer beautiful. Weeds populate the ground as vines grip the sides of the discolored stone.

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY

Harry pulls weeds...

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY - YEARS LATER

1950. Waters hanging house plants...

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY - YEARS LATER

1955. And sweeps pathways.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

1957. Harry stands in a small crowd surrounding a casket, it's his mother, Harriet August. Between wiping tears Harry looks up at an elderly Rory Hulne, the master of the manor. Beat, they lock eyes before Rory breaks their gaze and looks away.

Despite their age difference, Rory and Harry share similar facial features, as they did when he was originally brought to the manor all those years ago.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

1960. Harry is in to hock his medal. He hands it to the PAWNBROKER and in return is handed a sizable stack of money. He leaves, looking happier now to be rid of the memento.

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - DAY

Harry waits as MOVER #1 carts an OLD BOILER out and up a ramp onto a truck. MOVER #2 carts in a NEW BOILER once the threshold of the door is unoccupied.

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY

Harry pulls weeds...

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY - YEARS LATER

1965, waters hanging house plants...

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY - YEARS LATER

1970. and sweeps pathways.

INT. COUNTRY HOME - DAY - YEARS LATER

1984. Harry sits alone on his WOODEN CHAIR and eats his STEW. Across from him is that day's NEWSPAPER.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - YEARS LATER

Harry has reached the end of his life, an old man in 1989. A NEWS BROADCAST is shown on the television in his room, MUTED. The Berlin Wall is being torn down by an enthusiastic croud.

No room guests, no big hurrah, no pleading. Harry, a divorcee without children, being entirely average and unremarkable, FLATLINES.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

1918, Berwick-upon-Tweed train station. A woman SCREAMS. GONG, the clock strikes midnight, 1919. This again?

INT. TRAIN STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

The child is born again, the couple is present again, the mother dies again. The couple reads the note from the mother...again.

INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

The exhausted couple rides the train with the swaddled child. Only this time the child is not docile, he WAILS without hesitation.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A horse and buggy transports the couple and the inconsolable child across the familiar land as the Groundsman watches them.

EXT. HULNE MANOR - DAY

KNOCKING on the door. The couple stands hold the child, Harriet answers, looks at the SQUALLING child and then at the couple.

INT. HULNE MANOR LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harriet stands holding the still-crying baby and talks to Rory Hulne and his wife Lydia. Patrick stands behind his wife, Harriet.

INT. HULNE MANOR GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Patrick and Harriet discuss with each other, the child still screeching in Harriet's arms.

EXT. FIELD - DAY - YEARS LATER

1926. The red-haired and fussy child has grown and now he just stands in the field. No movement, uncharacteristically despondent for a child his age. He, as we know, is Harry August (7).

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Harry shuffles into his home. At the stove his adoptive mother sighs in exasperation at the arrival of her son. Patrick August says and does nothing.

Suddenly Harry collapses on the ground and commences to the wailing he did as a baby. Patrick and Harriet WALK over, looking unaffected by this occurrence.

Patrick tries to hold Harry still as Harriet attempts to calm him. It does not work, Harry fights and struggles.

EXT. ASYLUM - DAY

Harry August is being carried past a sign by four large ORDERLIES carry him each on one limb, Harry struggles valiantly but cannot free himself. The sign reads "St. Margot's Asylum for Unfortunates".

INT./EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

Harry, still seven years old, jumps out of the window to his death.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

1918...for a third time. The same train station, the same screams, the same midnight tolls.

END OF TEASER

ACT I

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

CLOSE ON: A modest wedding ring.

1959. The ring is on the hand of JENNY MUNROE (40s). She is encircled by HOSPITAL STAFF as they admire the sparkle coming from her knuckle.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

You know, it's about time he proposed.

Harry (40s) hovers around the fringes of the room observing the commotion.

JENNY MUNROE

Oh, stop teasing him. It wasn't because of him that I haven't had a ring.

NURSE

Yeah I would wait too if I was suppose to be marrying Harry.

The nurse was speaking in jest, but with a bit too high of a medicine-to-sugar-ratio.

JENNY MUNROE

He's great, and even better, he was ready to pop the question as soon as I was At a moments notice almost.

NURSE

Who wouldn't be? You're a catch darling.

JENNY MUNROE

You flatter me.

NURSE

I'm dead serious. First you had to shake all of the old dopes off your tail before you could accept a ring.

JENNY MUNROE

Dr. Crews was only surprised to see a woman in his wing of the hospital. And not one that was about to be under his scalpel.

Jenny looks down at her ring, sighing happily.

JENNY MUNROE

I'm never going to take this off, not even for my patients. You don't think they'll mind a few extra scrapes, right?

Harry makes his way into the conversation.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

They'd never know, you're that good.

JENNY MUNROE

There's a lot of flattery going on today. I'm not opposed.

The group laughs and Harry hugs his new fiance.

HARRY AUGUST

You know she's been the best surgeon in this building as soon as she set foot in here.

NURSE

Yeah, I remember. I was there.

HOSPITAL INTERN

I wasn't

Again, the group laughs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

1961. Harry lays in bed watching a NEWS REPORT on the TELEVISION. Jenny wanders here and there readying herself for bed. The lower third of the report reads, "Michelangelo Sculpture Nearly Destroyed With Hammer."

JENNY MUNROE

The world is a crazy place. I was reading this morning that the guy that did that claimed to be Jesus Christ incarnate.

Jenny slows her activities to focus more on the program, Harry stares pensively, pondering something important.

HARRY AUGUST

I think I need to tell you something.

JENNY MUNROE

What is it honey?

Jenny slides into bed next to her husband but Harry sits straight up and turns toward her with a serious look on his face.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

This is the fourth life I have lived. I've died three times before this and I constantly am born back in the same place.

Jenny pauses for a moment and then breaks the tension with a playful punch to Harry's chest.

JENNY MUNROE

Knock it off.

Harry stands up to better address his wife.

HARRY AUGUST

Listen, in a few weeks a scandal will surface in the US which will topple President Nixon. A law will pass that ends capital punishment here in England and a terrorist organization will shoot up an airport in Greece.

Jenny is still playfully skeptical.

JENNY MUNROE

Yeah, alright Love. Goodnight.

Beat. Harry gives up and returns to bed.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Harry reviews one of his patient's charts when he glances from his work to a NEWSPAPER splayed out on the counter near him. The headline reads "NIXON TESTIFIES IN CONGRESS."

After scanning the headline Harry exits, looking unfazed global politics he has already lived through.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny sits at the foot of the bed, dazed. The television is muted but reads "Terrorists kill 3 and wound 55 in airport attack" She turns in off and faces Harry.

An excruciating beat.

JENNY MUNROE

Tell me the truth, Harry. How did you know of this?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST
I lived through it.

Jenny's hand shoots up in frustration to silence Harry.

JENNY MUNROE
No, that's not possible.

HARRY AUGUST
I'm sorry, but that is what's
happening.

JENNY MUNROE
Are you mentally ill?

HARRY AUGUST
Jenny...I've ran all the tests
possible. This is the reason I
became a doctor in the first place
and what I've found is that I'm not
ill in any definable way. It's not
a medical problem, or at least it's
not a problem that has ever even
been remotely written on. I don't
know how to find an answer and I
stopped looking years
ago. Hundreds of years of trying
to figure it out has yielded
nothing.

JENNY MUNROE
Hundreds of years? You're only 42.

HARRY AUGUST
I'm two hundred and sic.

Beat. Jenny scoffs in amazement.

JENNY MUNROE
Why did you tell me all of that
would happen?

HARRY AUGUST
I couldn't figure out any other way
of proving this to you.

JENNY MUNROE
Harry, you need to tell me
honestly. Do you truly believe
what you are telling me?

Harry exhales with the relief of two hundred years of
keeping this secret to himself.

HARRY AUGUST

Yes I do.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Harry BANGS his fist on an unknown door. The voice of Jenny's mother answers him.

MOTHER (O.S)

You must go away now Dr.
August. We have called the police.

HARRY AUGUST

Let me in! I need to talk to my
wife!

No response. Harry peers through the windows into an intentionally darkened room. He strains to see through the blinds.

A police VEHICLE rolls up to the house as Harry attempts to slide open the window from the outside.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Harry sits cuffed and quiet in the back, no signs of any struggle between the AUTHORITIES and the detainee. The car turns left at an intersection and Harry notices they aren't going the direction he expected.

HARRY AUGUST

Are we not going to the station?

OFFICER 1

Correct.

EXT. ASYLUM - DAY

St. Margot's Asylum for Unfortunates, where he was committed as a child during his second life. Only the words "for Unfortunates" has been poorly removed from the sign. Harry begins to panic in the backseat.

HARRY AUGUST

I refuse to go in there.

As the VEHICLE rolls down the long driveway a few ORDERLIES burst out of the building with a STRETCHER. And enormous man known only as UGLY BILL is preparing a SYRINGE of god-knows-what for Harry.

INT. ASYLUM HALLWAY - DAY

The orderlies and Ugly Bill wheel an unconscious Harry to the main room.

INT. ASYLUM MAIN ROOM - DAY

The room is full of standalone beds and other random PATIENTS engaging in all manner of uniquely "ill" activities.

Harry wakes up to find one of the asylum's physicians, Dr. Abel, observing him. Dr. Abel reaches a STETHOSCOPE out to Harry's chest.

DR. ABEL
Could you breath for me?

Harry complies.

DR. ABEL (CONT.)
Okay, good. And out now. Thank you doctor August.

He returns the instrument to hanging around his neck.

HARRY AUGUST
A stethoscope is hardly a ration approach to diagnosing mental illness.

DR. ABEL
Do you think you are mentally ill?

HARRY AUGUST
No, I can just recognize a bad doctor when I see one.

DR. ABEL
My name is Dr. Abel. I see that you too are a medical professional.

HARRY AUGUST
Yes, and I've seen my fair share of bad doctors. A tell-tale sign, for one, is for them to not be working in an actual hospital.

(CONTINUED)

Just then a TOURETTES PATIENT makes her presence known through her forcibly-supressed tics.

TOURETTES PATIENT

Give it to me. Come on, come on,
come on. Give it to me. Give it
to me.

She pulls up her hospital gown and starts to move around like a faulty assembly-line machine. Dr. Abel, looks up and snaps his fingers in the air.

Upon seeing the snap Ugly Bill enters the room carrying a STRAIGHTJACKET. As he approaches the woman, a BIPOLAR PATIENT starts weeping and rocking back and forth on his bed.

HARRY AUGUST

What you're doing here is not
medicine. This is not treatment
for your patients.

Ugly Bill starts forcing the Tourettes Patient into her new outfit.

UGLY BILL

(to Bipolar Patient)

Stop crying immediately or you'll
match her.

He doesn't stop.

HARRY AUGUST

This is a modern day
Bedlam. You're only worsening
their symptoms.

DR. ABEL

And you would know exactly how to
cure them, seeing as you're from
the future? That is what you told
you're wife, correct?

Beat. Harry sighs deeply, swallowing his pride along with the truth.

HARRY AUGUST

I see now that I suffered a mental
breakdown...a psychogenic lapse
with reality. Obviously I'll need
frequent counseling in order to
overcome this issue.

(CONTINUED)

DR. ABEL

Dr. August, I think what you suffered was more than just a breakdown. You suffered a complete delusionary episode, indicative of much more complex issues. I'd like to keep you here a while longer.

Harry is viably not keen on the idea.

DR. ABEL (CONT.)

There are some fascinating medications coming out which I believe would be exactly what you need--

HARRY AUGUST

Medications?

DR. ABEL

Some very promising developments have been made with the phenothiazines--

HARRY AUGUST

That's insect poison.

DR. ABEL

I understand your concern as a physician but I assure you, I'm talking about its derivatives--

HARRY AUGUST

I think I'd like a second opinion, Dr. Abel.

DR. ABEL

I am a fully qualified psychiatrist.

Harry finds that statement amusing as he watches Ugly Bill forcing the Bidpolar Patient into a STRAIGHTJACKET as well.

HARRY AUGUST

Then as a fully qualified psychiatrist you'll understand the importance of a second opinion as well as the patient's trust in any treatment.

DR. ABEL

Yes, but I am the only qualified physician on this ward.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST
I'm qualified.

DR. ABEL
No, Dr. August. You're ill, and in
no state to practice, especially on
yourself.

HARRY AUGUST
Alright, call my wife then. She
has legal say in what you do to me
and will also be my second
opinion. I refuse to take the
poison you are prescribing me and
you must get the signature of my
next of kin in order to force them
on me.

DR. ABEL
As I understand it, she's partially
responsible for suggesting your
confinement and care.

HARRY AUGUST
She knows good medicine from bad.

DR. ABEL
I'll consider it.

He won't.

Ugly Bill has succeeded in restraining to the two patients,
neither of which have ended their commotion.

INT HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The BEEPING of a heart monitor. Harry lies on his deathbed,
he is 78. The news shows the Berlin Wall being taken down.

HARRY AUGUST
(to himself and the TV)
This again.

A YOUNG GIRL (9) enter the room and approaches Harry.

YOUNG GIRL
I almost missed you, Dr. August.

Harry slowly turns his head to look at her, his BREATHING is
merely labored wheezes, he looks tired.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG GIRL (CONT.)

I need to send a message with you back through time. Seeing as you are conveniently dying, make sure it is passed down to the Club of your origin just as it was passed down to me.

Harry's BREATHING and BEEPING slows. Beat. The girl leans in close to Harry's ear.

YOUNG GIRL

The world is ending. That message has gone down child to adult for generations, thousands of years.

HARRY AUGUST

(labored)

The world always ends, that's nothing new.

YOUNG GIRL

Yes but, the end is coming sooner and we don't know why. The end is getting faster and it's up to you now.

Harry flatlines.

END OF ACT 1

ACT II

INT. ASYLUM MAIN ROOM - DAY

Harry lays in bed, spit dribbling out of the corner of his mouth; drugged, Dr. Abel sedated him anyway. All he can do is look out and breath. There is a KNOCK on the door. Dr. Abel enters.

DR. ABEL

You have a visitor, Dr. August.

Dr. Abel hits a BUTTON and Harry starts to slowly sit up along with his bed. Jenny starts to tear up at the sight of Harry's state.

JENNY MUNROE

Hello, love.

Harry can only GARGLE, no words can be made.

(CONTINUED)

Jenny walks over to Harry wipes the spittle running down the side of his face. She's wearing her WEDDING RING despite the recent turn of events.

Harry looks down at her hand tenderly but still cannot express his thoughts, GARGLING still. Beat. Jenny toughens up again and turns to face Dr. Abel.

JENNY MUNROE

What on earth do you have him on? And why wasn't I notified of what you prescribed him?

DR. ABEL

He agreed with my decision.

Jenny looks around at all the other patients on the ward.

JENNY MUNROE

And you're the head physician here?

DR. ABEL

Yes.

JENNY MUNROE

I doubt he agreed to anything you signed off on. This is how you treat your patients?

DR. ABEL

I too am concerned with his deterioration. It's not usually like this and there could be many causes. I'll personally start working on alternatives.

JENNY MUNROE

And you will contact me before you start his new medications.

DR. ABEL

Yes, I will.

The two start to leave. Harry GARGLES more but is not heard. Ugly Bill starts approaching Harry from across the room.

Dr. Abel and Jenny are at the exit.

HARRY AUGUST

(quietly, gargling)

Jen--

Dr. Abel glares at Harry as he opens the door for Jenny. She doesn't hear him. Beat.

UGLY BILL
Not so smart now.

Ugly Bill sticks a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into Harry's arm and plunges the FLUID into his vein.

Everything starts to go fuzzy.

FADE TO BLACK:

PHEARSON (O.S.)
Oh no, no, no. This won't do at all. Get him into a separate room.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Harry lies in his bed, finishing up his breakfast. FRANKLIN PHEARSON walks into the room carrying a BRIEFCASE, no knock. Both cunning and dastardly. A Third-Reich bookkeeper type of person.

PHEARSON
You're looking much better.

HARRY AUGUST
I feel better.

PHEARSON
It may please you to know that Dr. Abel has been fired.

Harry only sips his TEA.

PHEARSON (CONT.)
I applaud his intentions but his methods were unsound.

HARRY AUGUST
Who are you?

Phearson smiles, finally he is asked that question.

PHEARSON
Franklin Phearson. An honor to make your acquaintance at last, Dr. August.

He reaches out his hand for Harry, but Harry does not accept the handshake offered to him. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

PHEARSON

So. You know the future.

Harry sets his TEA down on the table in front of him and wipes his mouth carefully with a NAPKIN.

HARRY AUGUST

No. I had a psychotic episode, of which I'm being treated.

PHEARSON

That's bullshit.

HARRY AUGUST

Who are you?

PHEARSON

Franklin Phearson, Dr. August, as I said.

HARRY AUGUST

Who do you represent? You sound quite American to me.

PHEARSON

I represent a number of interested agencies. Organizations, nations, parties. Whatever it is you want to call them. Let's just say the good guys. You want to help the good guys don't you?

HARRY AUGUST

And how would I help, if I could?

PHEARSON

Again, like I said, you know the future.

Beat.

HARRY AUGUST

If I attempted to leave, would I be allowed?

PHEARSON

Let me answer with a question. Where would you go?

Harry thinks for a moment, he doesn't even know where he is.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

If I had the knowledge you're looking for, which I don't, what would you use it for?

PHEARSON

That kind of depends on what it is. If you tell me that the West will come out of this conflict triumphant, that good wins and the bad fall beneath the righteous sword, then hell, I'll be the first guy to buy you a bottle of champagne.

Phearson pulls up a CHAIR next to Harry's bed.

PHEARSON (CONT.)

If, on the other hand, you happen to know the dates of massacres, wars, scandals, of men murdered and crimes committed, well then Dr. August, I cannot lie to you, we may have quite the lengthy conversation.

HARRY AUGUST

You seem to be the only one ready to believe that what I said isn't grounds for my committal. My former doctor, mother in law, and wife disagree with you.

PHEARSON

Have you ever come across something called The Chronus Club in your travels?

HARRY AUGUST

I have not.

PHEARSON

A myth. One of those conspiracy footnotes academics like to put on the bottom of a paragraph to liven up an otherwise boring passage. A kind of, "incidentally, some say this is the reason," fairy-tale forced into the small print of some unread text.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

Ans what does this small print say?

PHEARSON

It says that there are people, living among us, who do not die. It says that they are born and they live and they die, like everyone else, but then are born again and living again and die again in the same life. And these people who are infinitely old and infinitely wise get together sometimes, no one knows where, and have...well it depends which kind of book you're reading what they have.

Harry returns to sipping on his tea.

PHEARSON (CONT.)

(Some say conspiracy meetings in white robes, others go for orgies in which the next generation of their kin are created. I don't believe in either. The Klan has really let the white robe image fall out of favor and everyone's first thought is orgies.)

HARRY AUGUST

And this Chronus Club?

PHEARSON

Yes, sir. Like the Illuminati without all the glamor or the Masons without all of the cufflinks. A self-perpetuating society spread across the ages for the infinite and timeless. I had to investigate this nonsense because someone said the Russians were. From what I can tell it's only a fantasy made by some extremely bored commorades, but then someone like you comes along, Dr. August, and that really throws my paperwork.

HARRY AUGUST

You think because my delusions correspond to an old wives' tale there must be something to it?

(CONTINUED)

PHEARSON

God, no. Not at all. I think that because your delusions corresponded to true events there must be something in it. So...here we are.

Beat. Despite Harry's extreme age, he is still overwhelmed.

PHEARSON

I got you out of that hospital, Harry.

More thinking.

HARRY AUGUST

On one condition.

PHEARSON

What would you like?

HARRY AUGUST

I want to know everything you do about the Chronus Club.

Phearson silently sets his entire BRIEFCASE onto Harry's lap, and leaves the room.

One Phearson walks far enough out away from the room, Harry opens the BRIEFCASE and pulls out an over-stuffed FOLDER. The edge is closed by a single piece of red tape reading "CONFIDENTIAL"

Harry pops the seal and opens the FOLDER.

INT. HOME - DAY

1622. The middle of the 30 Years' War, in the Holy Roman Empire and VICTOR HOENESS sits studying by candlelight in his stone house. The fireplace is going and his large OAK TABLE has hundreds of PAPERS strewn across its top.

Outside a window different soldiers leading horses and middle-aged armaments pass by.

The papers are extremely academic. Histories of foreign lands, scientific theories and mathematical formulas. The edges are worn by years of use.

One even reads, "The History of the 30 Years' War by Victor Hoeness" and is half finished...but he is focused on different reading entirely.

(CONTINUED)

The PAPERS he reads look far newer and are handwritten. The one he currently scans is titled "Fall of the Ottoman Empire".

On his table are SCHEMATICS for early airplanes, tanks, revolvers. Medical JOURNALS about vaccines, morphine and penicillin. Histories of nations that haven't even been created yet, stealth combat strategies and a large MAP that is far too modern for the age he lives in.

Victor stands from his table and walks towards the other side of his room. On his wall is a PERIOD-ACCURATE MAP with a hand-drawn travel path leading from his home in Rome to Paris, France. He grabs a PISTOL.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - EVENING

Harry and Phearson sit unaccompanied, Harry in his bed, Phearson in a chair; the regular setup.

PHEARSON

We're doing this for the world,
Harry. We're doing this for the
future.

A REEL-To-REEL machine is on the floor next to Harry's bed, spinning and spinning, recording everything being said.

HARRY AUGUST

I have already answered all of your
questions today, what more can I
say?

PHEARSON

You can tell me what we're doing
wrong in Vietnam.

HARRY AUGUST

We've been at this for what feels
like hours, I don't actual know how
far we are into our session with
this being the one room in the
country without a clock.

Phearson examines his wrist.

PHEARSON

Quarter 'til ten. It's been almost
thirteen hours, as usual.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

Jesus, I need to rest. I can't even remember what I was just talking to you about. The brain cannot function effectively for this long.

PHEARSON

You were just about to tell me of Vietnam.

HARRY AUGUST

I don't know! I've never studied that war, my country wasn't involved.

PHEARSON

What if we dropped the bomb on Hanoi? Just a clean sweep of everything.

HARRY AUGUST

That never happened before, how would I know if that would work? And it has never happened because it's insane!

Phearson rubs the exasperation from his eyes, he's tired too.

HARRY AUGUST (CONT.)

Maybe if you give me some paper and a pen I could write things down and remember better.

Beat. Phearson weighs the pros and cons.

PHEARSON

Paper...and a marker, no pen. You understand, right? Someone who lives many lives has no consequences for suicide.

HARRY AUGUST

No amount of lives stops the fact that I feel pain, Phearson.

PHEARSON

That's actually perfect, in fact.

Phearson CLICKS off the RECORDER, picks it up and rises from his chair and KNOCKS on the inside of the door. Ugly Bill enters the room.

(CONTINUED)

PHEARSON

Only his torso, nowhere visible
please.

(to Harry)

You'll have your paper, and then
you'll tell me everything I need to
know.

Ugly Bill approaches Harry and starts to unfasten his belt,
smiling the whole way. Phearson exits the room, TAPE
RECORDER and all.

Ugly Bill folds his belt in half and raises it above his
head and starts to whip it down onto Harry's stomach and
right before impact...

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

A stack of PAPER topped with a CHILD'S MARKER is on the
ground next to Harry's bed. Harry GROANS painfully as he
gets out of bed and picks up his "gifts".

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT - SOME TIME LATER

INSERT: Harry's writes his letter. "Chronus Club. I am
Harry August. On 26 April, 1986 reactor four went into
meltdown. Help me."

A letter previously written pokes out from behind the page
Harry is working on. Only the top is visible, "Dear
Jenny,".

Harry appears to be nodding to himself and mouthing numbers,
counting seconds.

He folds up both letters he has written with precise creases
to make them take up as little space as possible. He pulls
his pillow out of the way and slides the letters into a slit
cut into the side of the mattress.

An ALUMINUM BAR on the headboard rattles as his hand bumps
into it. Harry takes notice and twists the bar, it unscrews
slightly.

FOOTSTEPS from outside the door, Harry stops and looks at
the door. The light poking out from under the door is
obstructed by four shadows. Harry writes on a different
sheet of paper. Two sets of FOOTSTEPS walk away until they
are no longer heard.

(CONTINUED)

"12:30AM, Guard change. 2-1." The paper is scheduled out very precisely starting with "9:45PM. PHEARSON LEAVES."

After writing Harry folds up the paper and stashes in in a different SLIT in the mattress.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - EVENING

The TAPE RECORDER clicks off.

PHEARSON

Session over. See you tomorrow,
Dr. August, keep it coming.

Phearson exits the room with the recorder. Beat. Harry closes his eyes and sighs deeply.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Four shadows under the door. FOOTSTEPS away. Two shadows remain. Harry puts a line through "12:30AM, Guard change. 2-1." from his self-made schedule. It joins the rest of the information in being crossed out.

Harry retrieves the letters from his hiding spot under the pillows and starts to unscrew that same BAR. He sets the letters on his small sheet, folds them up and spins the sheet into a makeshift rope. Finally he ties the sheet around his shoulder and waist like a satchel.

Harry stands by the door, looks down at the two shadows under his door and sighs one last time. He quietly turns the doorknob as slowly as possible. Beat.

WHAM! Harry slams the door open as hard as he can, knocking the guard in front of it over.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harry leaps out of the room and SLAMS the ALUMINUM BAR onto the back of the GUARD'S head knocking him out cold.

Pause. Harry waits for others...but no one comes. He steps over the fallen guard and continues down into the next hallway.

INT./EXT. HALLWAY II - NIGHT

Harry looks out and down a large window. Too many stories up to jump safely from here.

It is the same window he jumped out from in his second life.

INT. HALLWAY II - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harry comes across another room with the door ajar. It's dark in there, no inhabitants. He enters.

INT. SECONDARY ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It's a guard's room. Bed, dresser, closet and everything. Harry looks around for a moment before going to the closet, taking the coat that was hung up and putting it on. It's far too big for him but beggars can't be choosers in this case.

On the way out he snags some change from atop the dresser.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Harry scrambles his way down a few flights of stairs until he sees a large "1" painted on the wall. He finds a window, pushes it open and crawls out.

EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT

Almost free, except a retaining wall too high to hop over. Harry looks for a tree to help him to his salvation.

He starts to run but the GRAVEL makes too much noise under his feet, he resorts to a fast walk.

Beat. There it is, the perfect tree to help him over the wall. He climbs up to the limb sticking out over the wall.

Once he is far enough over the wall Harry straddles the limb and drops the ALUMINUM BAR into the darkness below him. It CLATTERS softly indicating a safe enough landing.

Harry unties the sheet that was around him, refastens it to the limb he is on and lets it dangle down.

Harry, not being a very strong man, lowers himself off the tree with the aid of the sheet. Halfway down he grips the sheet and hears a PAPERY CRUNCH. His eyes widen, the letters!

Unfurling the spun-up sheet Harry manages to get the CRUNCHEd LETTERS to fall on the ground beneath him. He resumes easing himself down until he makes it to the end of sheet and his feet dangles below him. Beat.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

He lets go and plummets the ground landing HARD and masking his pained grunts. Once he collects himself he searches around to find the LETTERS and BAR. Finally free Harry limps quickly away from his prison laughing almost maniacally.

The SHEET hangs still attached to the tree.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Harry breaks into a full-on sprint down the road until he reaches a T-junction in the road complete with a SIGN pointing two directions, to the left, "HOXLEY - 15 Kilometers" to the right, "West Hill - 10 Kilometers".

He goes left.

EXT. HOXLEY - MORNING

Harry makes it into town. It's a small village in decline, but suitable enough. Across the square a POSTMASTER is opening up the Post Office for the day. She looks across the street at the TOWN BAKER and waves sweetly.

Parked in the town square is an out-of-place-looking CAR.

INT. POST OFFICE - MORNING

An exhausted and unclean Harry limps up to the Postmaster.

HARRY AUGUST

I need to mail two letters please.

The Postmaster looks weary of such a sight until Harry puts some money on the counter.

POSTMASTER

Sure thing.

HARRY AUGUST

You're very kind, thank you.

Once both letters were in possession of the Post Harry limps out.

INT. BAKERY - DAY

HARRY AUGUST
A loaf of bread with butter,
please.

Harry drops some money on the counter. The old Baker only nods and starts moving at a suspiciously slow pace to gather the food.

BAKER
You're not from around here?

HARRY AUGUST
No, friends and I are only passing
through. I do love it here.

BAKER
Oh, were you with those men who
came into town earlier? They said
they were looking for someone.

The baker finally hands Harry his bread.

HARRY AUGUST
Thank you

PHEARSON (O.S.)
Harry!

Harry turns to see Phearson in the doorway.

PHEARSON (CONT.)
Thank goodness, I thought I had
missed you.

Harry grabs the METAL BAR from his pocket and brandishes it ready to fight when...

SLAM. The Baker rugby tackles Harry to the ground, sending the BAR skittering across the Bakery floor.

EXT. HOXLEY - DAY

Harry is being dragged out by two MEN. Standing by the out-of-place-looking CAR is Ugly Bill and he's holding the door open. He is without a jacket while everyone else is appropriately clothed.

(CONTINUED)

Once Harry is dragged close enough Ugly Bill leans down to look Harry close in his eyes.

UGLY BILL

I believe you took something of mine.

Harry lunges forward and bites Ugly Bill on the nose CRACKING some of the cartilage. Ugly Bill reels back YELPING and punches Harry right in the face.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Harry August (50s) lies strapped to a HOSPITAL BED, he does not try to struggle, he does not try to break free. He has a few scrapes and bruises on his face.

In the room sits an American in the corner. FRANKLIN PHEARSON, cunning and dastardly. A Nazi death camp bookkeeper of a man. And he looks about ready to snap

HARRY AUGUST

Complexity should be your excuse for inaction.

PHEARSON

We're the good guys, Dr. August. We're here to make the world a better place. A better world for you and I.

HARRY AUGUST

A better world that I'm confined away from.

Phearson gives him nothing.

HARRY AUGUST (CONT.)

Complexity. You and I are individuals, you cannot control massive socio-economic events. No matter the amount of tampering you are still too small. If you tamper with even one thing it can nullify everything else I've ever described.

PHEARSON

Names and places, Dr. August.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

Why? Will you assassinate Lee Harvey Oswald before he picks up his rifle? Will you execute children for crimes they haven't committed yet?

Phearson jumps to his feet.

PHEARSON

Names and places!

HARRY AUGUST

You're making decisions based on what has yet to happen!

Phearson starts to slowly move toward Harry.

PHEARSON

(preaching)

Humanity is evolving, Harry. The world is changing! The rate of evolution is increasing. In the last two hundred years we have achieved so much more than in the last two thousand. We live in a world of problems. Fascism, communism, socialism! You and I must save everybody from the bad people bent on control and destruction. Humanity must be saved from its self-inflicted wounds. And do you know why that is?

Phearson makes it to Harry's side and leans in slightly to make his point.

PHEARSON (CONT.)

It's our job, the job of good men, to guide this process. Pilot it so that we don't have any more disasters! Do you want another world war? Another Holocaust? We can change things, make them better.

HARRY AUGUST

You see yourself so fit to oversee the future?

That one gets him.

(CONTINUED)

PHEARSON

Goddamn it, yes! Because I'm a defender of democracy! Because I'm a believer in freedom, in law! Because I'm a good guy with a good heart and, damnit, because someone has to.

Beat. Phearson's yells cease reverberating around the room.

HARRY AUGUST

Mr. Phearson, I don't know what it is you want me to tell you.

Phearson leans in as close as possible to Harry.

PHEARSON

You're going to continue telling me what I want to know.

He then turns and exits through the door.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY - SOME TIME LATER

A few KNOCKS on the door ring out and a WOMAN (Virginia) 60s, dressed in floral scrubs, oddly chipper, enters.

VIRGINIA

What a terrible little pickle they have you in.

Harry doesn't respond.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

Looks like they've given you quite the one-two, now doesn't it?

No response at her politeness.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

I'm Virginia, if you're wondering, which I can see. Yes, you are wondering, wrong? I got your message in The Times.

Harry finally looks to address Virginia.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

Ah yes, there we go. The Guardian as well, if I'm not mistaken.

Beat. This could still be some sort of elaborate setup against Harry.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA

"Harry August...reactor
four...April 26th...Help
me." Yadda yadda, that sort of
thing, right?

Beat.

VIRGINIA

I'm like you, Harry. Actually
there are others as well, a group
of us, all throughout history.

HARRY AUGUST

You're uh-

VIRGINIA

This is quite the mess you're in
here, I guess it's not your fault
though. Good thing you contacted
us. Which life are you on now, Dr.
August?

HARRY AUGUST

Uhm, my fourth.

VIRGINIA

Lovely, I see. And you started
studying medicine to figure out why
everytime you die you start right
again from the start, I presume?

HARRY AUGUST

Yes.

VIRGINIA

Classic early-years stuff.

Virginia leans in.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

(whispering)

I did the same thing in my third
and fourth lives.

HARRY AUGUST

You said there are others? A
group?

VIRGINIA

Yes, of course there are
others. You didn't think you were
that special, did you?

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

I uh, wasn't sure.

VIRGINIA

How about we meet later and discuss everything? How would 2 p.m., Trafalgar Square, July 1st of...I don't know, 1940 sounds? Works for you?

HARRY AUGUST

I'll be there.

Virginia again leans and reaches out to hand something to Harry. He looks down in his palm. A small PEN KNIFE.

VIRGINIA

A bath helps. But one must make do, mustn't we? Tra-la, Dr. August, so long and all that!

And she slips back out the door.

END ACT III

ACT IV

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY

1940. Harry, now 21 and in his Fifth life sits alone at an outdoor cafe, eyes scanning his surroundings. Pedestrians pass by without even a glance towards him. Harry's legs bounce with nervous energy.

VIRGINIA (O.S.)

Hello, dear boy!

Virginia prances up to Harry and pecks both cheeks. She, too is much younger than we saw her previously. In her 40s and dressed more fashionable, she'd be ready to hit a prohibition-era jazz-club immediately following their meeting.

VIRGINIA

My goodness, you're much younger than our last meeting.

Harry stands still, a bit startled by Virginia's quick re-entry into his life.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

How was the last one? The femoral is just such a gusher once you get it going. Terrible fuss!

HARRY AUGUST

Was death the only option?

VIRGINIA

Oh but of course, love. You only would have been hunted more and besides, how else would we have known you're one of us if you didn't make this meeting?

Beat. Fair enough.

HARRY AUGUST

Are you going to walk away in the next ten minutes?

(pause)

I ask because I only have a few hundred years of questions and if we haven't much time then I need to start prioritizing.

Virginia smiles and gives a tiny-bit-too-hard-yet-playful slap on Harry's arm.

VIRGINIA

Dear boy, you have centuries left to ask whatever you'd like. Come with me.

INT. COLLEGE OFFICE - NIGHT

1949. Harry sits at behind his large desk in the middle of his office. He is a professor in this life and a young one for the size office he currently resides in. As Harry shuffles some papers over to the side of his desk we hear a KNOCKING at the door.

In walks one of his students, Vincent Rankis (mid-20s). A mousy looking kid. Perpetually has the frantic demeanor of someone late for class.

VINCENT RANKIS

Dr. August, a moment?

HARRY AUGUST

Of course. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

VINCENT RANKIS

I wish to discuss the multiverse.

Beat. An odd subject, but certainly something that interests Harry.

HARRY AUGUST

Your name?

VINCENT RANKIS

Vincent Rankis. Consider...the very notion of time travel is, in itself, paradoxical. I build a time machine, impossible, and travel back in time, also impossible, and step out to the earth in say 1600. I speak to no one, I do nothing. I am there for ten seconds and then leave. What have I achieved?

HARRY AUGUST

Very little a great expense?

VINCENT RANKIS

Incorrect. Our impossible time traveler has, in ten seconds, inhaled eight litres of air, exhaled eight litres of air causing the carbon dioxide content to marginally increase. He has accidentally stood on a daisy and startled a sparrow.

HARRY AUGUST

Yes, the crushing of the daisy.

VINCENT RANKIS

(cutting Harry off)

The sparrow then alters its path and therefore the hunter now must follow it.

HARRY AUGUST

And the hunter, now changing directions sees the farm hand in bed with the butcher's daughter.

VINCENT RANKIS

Keeping the daughter from becoming pregnant and therefore eliminating the time traveler's familial lineage.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

And our impossible time traveler returns to himself never have being born.

VINCENT RANKIS

Are we to hypothesize God?

HARRY AUGUST

God?

VINCENT RANKIS

There are two possible outcomes. Either the universe becomes unable to sustain this paradoxical burden and collapses on itself or the universe is able to fix itself and allow all future events to proceed as previously planned.

Beat.

VINCENT RANKIS (CONT.)

Are we to suggest that both the time traveler's interference and the universe's ignorance to that fact were a divin plan and that everything has already been laid out in exact beforehand?

Harry thinks to himself.

HARRY AUGUST

I refuse to have a scientific conversation on something that simply cannot be measured. Not by any means we have or by observable effect.

Vincent smiles to himself as if Harry has said the exact sentence he was wanting.

VINCENT RANKIS

You see, Dr. August. You could not be more incorrect.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - DAY

Harry and Virginia walk together.

VIRGINIA

No one knows who started it for sure, but the leading theory is that it was a woman from Boston named Sarah Sioban Grey during the Civil War. She had the idea to find more of us so we can collectively help each other out.

HARRY AUGUST

Help us out?

VIRGINIA

Yes, let me finish now, Harry.

Harry averts his eyes before listening again.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

Money, mostly. She started cataloging everyone like us so that we could have a community and the option of simple lives. You'd be surprised how much money truly helps out, Harry! Her only condition was that everyone who dies would find more brothers and sisters during our next life and do the same for them. And then those people would do the same and so one, spreading the club across the world.

HARRY AUGUST

And all throughout time too. Both future and past.

VIRGINIA

Exactly. And every few lives we all gather together, never in the same area twice of course. We like to spice things up every hundred of years or so.

HARRY AUGUST

And what do you do at these gatherings? Work together to change future events? Prevent tragedies? What?

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA

This is probably the first time in a while that you don't know all the answers, right?

Virginia laughs and opens the door for Harry.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

You're actually a somewhat rare breed of us, you seem to have perfect memory. Just like the regulars, most people don't have too good of recall ability. That's why we need other members to look after us! Not everyone one of us is able to place bets on horse races they remember the winner of.

INT. CHRONUS CLUB HALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The pair take a seat.

VIRGINIA

This is our London branch, but like I said, we'll move locations pretty soon. You'll be notified.

(pause)

Goodness, I've gotten really off topic from your question.

Beat.

VIRGINIA

We never bugger with temporal events, Harry, you must be aware of that. We don't affect the future unless its absolutely necessary, and we have to get Club approval beforehand as well. You actually caused quite the fuss in your last life, but that isn't your fault. Complexity is our excuse for inaction, that's our motto.

Harry nods in reaction to the motto.

HARRY AUGUST

Are there any rules?

VIRGINIA

Yes, yes. Don't harm anyone...of us, that is. We couldn't care less

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA (cont'd)
what you do with the rest of the population as long as it's not obscene and doesn't bring unwanted attention toward our kind. Besides any of that business isn't very becoming. Be good, Harry.

HARRY AUGUST
You mentioned helping others?

VIRGINIA
Yes! If you do happen to make an unnecessary amount of money please put some aside for our Childhood Benevolence Fund, the future generations are so appreciative.

HARRY AUGUST
Is that it?

VIRGINIA
Not quite, and not so much a rule but good advice.

Virginia moves in closely to make her point.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)
Don't tell anyone where or when you're from. Not in specific terms, at the very least.

The two take a seat a small table in the hall.

HARRY AUGUST
Why?

VIRGINIA
Because they might kill you with it.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

Victor Hoeness stands before the king. The Royal Guards still lay on the ground.

KING
Why give me this information?

VICTOR
Your nation is still the most powerful in Europe despite the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VICTOR (cont'd)
civil unrest. The Roman Empire is weak, along with Spain's king and the Pop is powerless when faced with your armies. I can give you weapons, medicine, strategies. All I need is a strong King and we can make a newer, better, more advanced world.

The king nods in agreement.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

French soldiers fight their enemies with superior weaponry and guns.

VIRGINIA (V.O)
The best way for me to explain why is to tell you about one of us who lived in the 1600s, Victor Hoeness. Victor mined information from fellow Club members and was inventing things that were still hundreds of years in the future. Needless to say the map of Europe looked much different in a few short years.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

An iron-clad warship bombards a helpless docked fleet of wooden ships.

VIRGINIA (V.O)
He managed to convince half of the Club to join him in this quest to better the world and he imprisoned the half that opposed.

EXT. FORREST - DAY

WORKERS work tireless running railroad spikes into the track they are a building. A train rests on the track yards behind them.

VIRGINIA (V.O)
In the 1690s the first steam train was built and tested between Paris and Versailles. Technology advanced faster and faster.

EXT. EUROPEAN TOWN - DAY

Airplanes swoop down dropping bombs upon a small town. Anti-aircraft guns among the explosions fire upward downing planes left and right.

VIRGINIA (V.O)

In 1768 anti-aircraft guns were able to down a third of bombers sieging what is currently known as Dresden. Victor did not live to see the end of his dream, as you might imagine. A dream which came to an end on November 18th, 1914.

INT. MILITARY FACILITY ROOM - NIGHT

The room has nothing but a control center full of buttons and lights. The door to the facility is kicked open and three MASKED TERRORISTS pour into the room and start searching the board.

VIRGINIA (V.O)

A group calling themselves the Prophets of a New Dawn broke into an Australian missile silo and launched three nuclear warheads.

One of the terrorists finally locates the correct button and extends his hand to activate it.

EXT. SPACE

Small pops of light dapple the Earth's surface. Nukes and Hydrogen bombs EXPLODE softly with the flashes.

VIRGINIA (V.O)

The world retaliated and by 1953 all life was gone from the surface of the planet and the entire process started over again.

INT. CHRONUS CLUB HALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Harry absorbs the information with shock on his face. Both for what's being said and seeing Virginia somber for the first time ever.

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA

When the club told Victor of what had happened he at first didn't believe and then asked for more notes to be passed back from other members in order to fix the problems at the start. But there was a much bigger issue.

Beat.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

In the Club's eyes, Victor had committed mass murder, a genocide. Not of the whole human race, that was only one temporal event, one cycle of our lives. But because of his actions generations of our kind were not able to be born and therefore would not be living to see the next lifetime.

HARRY AUGUST

Jesus Christ.

VIRGINIA

That was the first cataclysm. You see, the end of the world always comes, but it's a long time from now. He brought upon us an apocalypse hundreds if not thousands of years earlier than it's made to take place.

Beat.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)

His ambition for an advanced world single-handedly brought upon a mass extinction.

Beat. Harry again processes this information and leans back in his chair.

HARRY AUGUST

What happened to him?

VIRGINIA

Well, that's where my advice comes in. There's two ways for us to die. One is a chemical wipe of the mind, a Forgetting. If there are absolutely no memories then life

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA (cont'd)
pretty much starts again completely
new for us, a clean slate. Most of
the Club has one done at some
point, I've been told that I have
as well but I can't remember, so
who knows?

For a moment Virginia stops moving to ponder why she may of
had it done.

VIRGINIA
The second way is a permanent
death.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

1918 Berwicke-upon-Tweed, the clock strikes midnight; 1919.

VIRGINIA (V.O)
It's a bit controversial amongst
us...but we have to send one of
ours back and abort the target
before they are born.

INT. TRAIN STATION BATHROOM - NIGHT

The red-haired mother gives birth to Harry.

VIRGINIA (V.O)
The person we send kills the mother
before she is able to have her
child. If the child is never born
then they never have a chance to
hasten the end of the world through
their repeating lives.

Harry's mother dies on the floor in a pool of her blood.

INT. CHRONUS CLUB HALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

VIRGINIA
In the case of Victor, some members
captured him and he was tortured
until he revealed when, where and
by whom he was born. Then they cut
off his hands and feet, and pulled
out his eyes and tongue, so he
couldn't reveal any more
information. They locked him up

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIRGINIA (cont'd)
and kept him alive long enough for
the information to be sent back
through time and his mother to be
ended prior to giving birth to
him. It was a much more barbaric
time then.

Beat. Harry cannot speak.

VIRGINIA
(returning to chipperness)
So don't give that information out
willy-nilly.

They both sit in silence.

VIRGINIA
You'll be alerted as to when the
next gathering will be. I must be
off Harry, I have another
appointment.

Virginia stands and walks to Harry's side of the table to
rest her hand on his shoulder.

VIRGINIA (CONT.)
Don't forget, please donate to the
fund for our next generation.

And she leaves. Harry does not move.

INT. COLLEGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Back in the Harry's office occupied by two high-thinkers
sitting together in mid-discussion.

VINCENT RANKIS
My scenario can most certainly be
measured.

HARRY AUGUST
In what ways?

VINCENT RANKIS
Indulge in my thought experiment.

Harry reluctantly waves Vincent to continue.

VINCENT RANKIS (CONT.)
A tool. For the observation of
everything.

(CONTINUED)

Beat. Harry looks around waiting for more development.

VINCENT RANKIS

We accept the existence of gravity
not because we can see it but
because we can see its impact on
objects.

HARRY AUGUST

Yes.

VINCENT RANKIS

From observable effect, as you
said. A tool that can
deduce...everything.

(pause)

If we take the building block of
the universe, the atom, and agree
that it has certain observable
effects...then we also are saying
that the universe itself is built
upon these simple principles. With
full knowledge of the principles of
the universe would it not be
theoretically impossible to
extrapolate the entire function of
creation?

HARRY AUGUST

I believe we may be straying back
into God territory.

VINCENT RANKIS

What is science for if not
omnipotence?

Beat. That sentence slides around in Harry's brain,
reminding him of Victor Hoeness's destructive follies.

HARRY AUGUST

(hesitantly)

What you are proposing is starting
to sound quite complicated for
modern audiences.

VINCENT RANKIS

In science, complexity should never
be an excuse for inaction.

Beat. A statement which cannot be ignored.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY AUGUST

Quarks.

Vincent falls silent and still.

HARRY AUGUST (CONT.)

The Higgs boson. Dark
Matter. Apollo Eleven.

No reaction. Harry reaches out to Vincent only to have him
jerk away.

HARRY AUGUST

This tool of yours can be
catastrophic. To say the least.

Vincent springs to his feet.

VINCENT RANKIS

So, you're one of them? You know
the Chronus Club?

HARRY AUGUST

I'm a member.

Vincent punches Harry in the face and storms out of his
office.

END PILOT