

THE TIME MACHINE

by

John Logan

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INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Darkness. Then a sound...

Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack...

The familiar sound of chalk writing on a blackboard.

Fade up to see...

A hand zooming across a blackboard at incredible speed, forming an endless algebraic equation.

Amazingly, when the writer reaches the end of the blackboard he does not lift the chalk and return to the left side to begin a new line -- instead he simply loops around and continues writing, right to left, upside down.

The college students in his class -- all male and dressed in late Victorian clothes -- smile at this familiar peculiarity and tilt their heads to try and read the endless equation, copying furiously into notebooks.

The hand continues to zoom along the blackboard... and then slows... and then stops... the students wait... the hand taps the chalk on the blackboard for a moment and we finally see...

ALEXANDER HARTDEGEN, a handsome young man not much older than his students, standing at the blackboard. He is gazing out a window, looking at a bird on a tree branch. He smiles.

The students glance to one another.

Alexander remembers himself and turns back to the blackboard, his hand again flying as:

ALEXANDER

So -- length, width, breadth --
formulate the area and of course we
arrive at solid mass. But imagine
if we continue the equation as I've
done -- can't we begin to recognize
another dimension beyond the first
three? I theorize we begin to find
duration -- the object's place in
time. Let's note that as "D"
here...

Alexander reaches the left side of the blackboard and loops around again in an unbroken line to continue the equation from left to right again.

The students are hopelessly lost. They finally stop copying and just watch Alexander work, admiring his brilliant innovation.

Meanwhile, a man watches from the back of the lecture hall. He is DAVID PHILBY, Alexander's closest friend, a bit older.

ALEXANDER

... If we accept the theoretical possibility of duration as a fourth dimension we find that our equation might -- no, that's not right --

He erases some numbers quickly with his hand, sending up a cloud of chalk dust, he coughs.

ALEXANDER
-- there, that looks more like it...

He continues to scribble at lightning speed. Then...

He begins humming to himself.

The students watch, amused. Philby smiles.

Alexander finally stops humming and writing. Steps back and looks at the equation. Then he turns to his students.

ALEXANDER
Does this make any sense to you?

The students are confused. One offers:

STUDENT
Sir, if I may, wouldn't it be easier if you applied a Fibonacci sequence to the differential coefficient?

ALEXANDER
(smiles)
It's not supposed to be easy, it's supposed to be beautiful... All of you think about that tonight and we'll press on tomorrow. Good afternoon.

The students begin to rise, class over. They leave the classroom talking eagerly about Alexander's theories, inspired.

A sudden new angle: from above we see Alexander going to Philby, leaving the classroom talking with him. We are in the upper balcony of the classroom. A solitary figure looks down, watching them.

This new figure is a thin man with pale skin, dry like parchment. Somehow ominous.

INT. COLUMBIA - HALLWAY - DAY

Alexander walks with Philby:

ALEXANDER
... The point is I know it will work once the, um, numbers and such are in order.

PHILBY
Do you know you were humming?

ALEXANDER
I was not.

PHILBY
Somewhere around "D+2xy something something."

ALEXANDER
Damned if I can keep her out of my equations.

PHILBY
Tonight's the night?

ALEXANDER
(checking pocket watch)
God, and I'm running late --

A PRIM WOMAN appears before them:

PRIM WOMAN
Dr. Hartdegen, Dr. Philby... Dean
Fulton would like to see you.

Alexander and Philby exchange a look. Gulp. They follow the prim woman.

INT. COLUMBIA - DEAN FULTON'S OFFICE - DAY

They follow the prim woman, Dean Fulton's secretary, into his dark, paneled office.

PRIM WOMAN
He's outside.

Alexander and Philby move through the office and out to a garden courtyard...

EXT. COLUMBIA - GARDEN COURTYARD - DAY

Oddly, chickens are clucking about the courtyard.

The thin man we saw before, DEAN FULTON, is casually tossing down feed for the chickens. With his other hand he carries an umbrella to protect himself from the sun. He does not look up.

DEAN FULTON
Gentlemen, watch your step.

Alexander and Philby stop. Dean Fulton looks up and smiles, benevolent.

DEAN FULTON
My fowl have polluted the yard.

PHILBY
Dean Fulton...

Dean Fulton continues to lazily scatter feed for his chickens.

DEAN FULTON

Dr. Philby, Dr. Hartdegen. I received the most extraordinary letter last week. From a parent. We are always pleased to receive letters from parents. They are our employers, after all. This gentleman's son is in your class, Dr. Hartdegen.

ALEXANDER

(knows what's coming)

I see.

DEAN FULTON

As I recall the syllabus the name of your tutorial is "Applied Mathematics and Engineering", am I correct?

ALEXANDER

Exactly correct, sir.

Dean Fulton stops scattering feed and gazes at Alexander with a smile. This is an old game between them and they both rather enjoy it. To a point.

DEAN FULTON

Well, just as I thought. Surely it's all been a terrible mistake. This parent actually suggested that your freshman course in applied mathematics has somehow become a seminar on theoretical physics!

ALEXANDER

Imagine that.

DEAN FULTON

But I know that none of my faculty would ever deviate from the assigned curriculum.

ALEXANDER

Well... perhaps I have "deviated" the tiniest bit.

DEAN FULTON

Might I ask why?

ALEXANDER

Because the assigned curriculum is boring.

Philby groans very quietly.

ALEXANDER

Sir, that curriculum is forty years out of date. The students today are looking toward the new century -- they want to be challenged and inspired, not spoon-fed dusty old equations that have been proved a thousand times. They want to explore.

DEAN FULTON

Do they?

Dean Fulton smiles and then begins to scatter feed again.

DEAN FULTON

What are these animals, gentlemen?

Alexander and Philby exchange a look.

PHILBY

Um, your chickens, sir.

Alexander helpfully offers:

ALEXANDER

And roosters.

DEAN FULTON

No, Dr. Hartdegen, they are not just chickens and roosters. They are science. Perhaps they aren't "inspiring" to you. Perhaps they don't "challenge" you --

ALEXANDER

No, sir --

DEAN FULTON

Animal husbandry is science, Dr. Hartdegen. I have been breeding these fowl for fourteen years. I have filled a library with information on their feeding patterns, social behavior and breeding. Empirical, exacting, quantifiable records.

ALEXANDER

Sir --

Dean Fulton looks up at him, his eyes cold:

DEAN FULTON

"Duration" is not a dimension. Scientists do not imagine the world around them. They do not wool-gather or cloud-spin. They prove. They demonstrate. Columbia University does not teach fantasy.

Philby shoots Alexander a warning look, but Alexander can't

help himself:

ALEXANDER

With respect, sir, would we have the telegraph without fantasy? Would we have radium and X-rays without someone first dreaming we could?

DEAN FULTON

The advances you speak of were the result of countless years of study and empirical experimentation, a careful evolutionary process, not chalkboard parlor-tricks.

ALEXANDER

My equations are not parlor-tricks!

DEAN FULTON

Abstract mathematics, relativity of dimensions, geometrical "durations" -- even allowing for the uses of speculation, what is the point?

ALEXANDER

Because it's a new way of seeing the world! Of seeing our place in it!

PHILBY

Sir, if I may --

DEAN FULTON

(with finality, to Alexander)

Young man, we have a way of doing things here. Radical theorizing is not acceptable. Have I made myself understood?

ALEXANDER

Yes, sir.

DEAN FULTON

Very good. Now if you will excuse us for a moment.

Alexander goes back into the office.

PHILBY

If I might explain, sir --

DEAN FULTON

You supported his application, Dr. Philby. You are his senior, advisor. I depend upon you to restrain his... excesses. Any repetition of the behavior I witnessed in his classroom today and there will be consequences for

you both.

PHILBY

Yes, sir.

DEAN FULTON

Now you are upsetting my fowl.
Please go.

Philby extricates himself from a chicken pecking at his shoe and goes.

ALEXANDER (V.O.)

He's a dinosaur. He's already
extinct, he just doesn't know it...

EXT. STREETCAR - DAY

Alexander and Philby are in an open horse-drawn streetcar, heading downtown. Everywhere around them, the massive city bustles.

New York City at the end of the 19th Century. It is vibrant to the point of frenzy; reaching for the future in a furious upheaval of construction.

Title: NEW YORK CITY - MAY 12, 1895 - 5:17 p.m.

ALEXANDER

... One day he'll be discovered by
some future archeologists and they
won't know what to make of him.
The thick brow, so lacking in
imagination. The dim little eyes,
devoid of curiosity.

PHILBY

You know generally teachers are
supposed to teach real equations
that add up to real numbers.

ALEXANDER

Where's the challenge in that?

PHILBY

Alex, this is your first year as an
associate professor. You might
want to play things a little more
conservatively.

ALEXANDER

You sound like my father...

Alexander points to the masses of grey businessmen, all in identical bowler hats, marching along the sidewalk:

ALEXANDER

Look at them, Philby, all alike,
everyone in an identical bowler
hat. Do you want your students to
turn out like them?

PHILBY

I want my students to emerge with
theoretical and practical
knowledge.

ALEXANDER

I don't. I want them to run along
this street and knock off every
bowler they see.

PHILBY

You may not like it, but this is
the world we live in, Alex. Little
grey men with little grey hats.

ALEXANDER

But shouldn't it be better?
Shouldn't we be teaching our
students to imagine a world beyond
all this?

Alexander points to a new building going up, a complex
spider's web of steel girders.

ALEXANDER

Look at that, Philby. A steel
frame building. Ten years ago it
was unheard of. No little grey man
thought of that. The new Century
belongs to men who are willing to
imagine the impossible...

Their streetcar passes a few huddled beggars on the curb.
The businessmen ignore them. Alexander watches them, his
eyes sad.

ALEXANDER

(quietly)

In the future, we'll be better.

PHILBY

What?

ALEXANDER

Nothing.

EXT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Alexander's sprawling Victorian house sits on a quiet street.

There is a quaint shop right across the street. The shop
features a window showing a female mannequin dressed in
period clothes. The sign above the shop: BRANSON'S APPAREL
AND HABERDASHERY.

Alexander and Philby hurry into his house...

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Alexander's house is a lovely world of Victorian elegance

constantly at war with his erratic and creative enterprises.

Everywhere Alexander's scientific passions are evident: animal skulls rest alongside leather-bound tomes; mechanical inventions in various states of completion rest atop heavy mahogany tables; test tubes and microscopes are spread out on an unused piano.

The one facet that most immediately reflects Alexander is aural: the ticking of scores of clocks; a steady metronomic cadence.

Alexander bounds in, Philby following.

ALEXANDER
MRS. WATCHIT! MRS. WATCHIT!

MRS. WATCHIT, Alexander's housekeeper, troops down the stairs. She is a wry and commanding British woman in her 60's.

MRS. WATCHIT
Oh huzzah, the master's home.

ALEXANDER
Do you have it?!

MRS. WATCHIT
Hello, Mr. Philby.

PHILBY
Hello, Mrs. Watchit. You're looking in the pink.

MRS. WATCHIT
Must be all the exercise I get scampering up and down these stairs like a wee lamb.

ALEXANDER
Don't torture me -- do you have it?

MRS. WATCHIT
I have it, but don't you think for one moment I'll be letting you go out in that filthy coat -- now go upstairs and change. I've laid out your green coat.

ALEXANDER
What's the matter with -- ?
(he notes he is covered
in chalk dust)
-- What would I do without you, Mrs. Watchit?

He bounds up the stairs. Philby follows.

MRS. WATCHIT
And change your tie!

She bustles off, grumbling happily.

INT. ALEXANDER'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Charles Darwin stares at us. Imposing. Inspiring. Challenging.

A bust of Darwin looms over Alexander's bedroom.

Alexander, in a new coat, is trying to work a complicated knot in his tie. His eyes study the problem in a mirror.

ALEXANDER
Emma actually likes chalk dust --
says it smells like me.

PHILBY
How romantic...

Philby goes to Alexander, helps him with his tie.

PHILBY
The most able inventor I know and
you can't tie a simple four-in-
hand.

ALEXANDER
That's how I knew we were destined
to be together. When I met her
parents for the first time I came
right from class and I was covered
in chalk. They sniffed and
snorted, but she just smiled. At
that moment -- I just knew. How
did you know with Molly?

PHILBY
She made the best Shepherd's pie I
ever tasted.

ALEXANDER
Do you have a romantic bone in your
body?

PHILBY
(completing the tie)
No, I'm all bowler hat, remember?

Alexander quickly goes to his old coat and transfers his
pocket watch, journal and many loose scraps of paper covered
in equations to the new coat as:

PHILBY
Alex, really... good luck tonight.
She's a fine girl, and she's done
wonderful things for you.

ALEXANDER
Oh?

PHILBY

(smiles)
She's gotten into your equations.

Alexander stops, looks at him. Smiles.

ALEXANDER
I guess she has.

He glances at his pocket watch.

ALEXANDER
I've got to hurry...

He hurries out, Philby following...

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - STAIRS - EVENING

Alexander races down the stairs, tucking the watch into his vest.

They pass a series of clocks of every size and shape that run down the wall along the stairway.

PHILBY
All these clocks -- how can you constantly be running late?!

ALEXANDER
Perseverance.

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - ENTRY HALL - EVENING

Mrs. Watchit waits. Alexander and Philby appear down the stairs.

MRS. WATCHIT
Now that's more like it. You look a proper gentlemen for once.

ALEXANDER
Then if Emma turns me down will you marry me?

MRS. WATCHIT
(dry)
Oh, I'm already swooning.

ALEXANDER
Ouch -- all right, wish me luck.

He begins to sprint out the door -- Mrs. Watchit stops him with:

MRS. WATCHIT
You might be wanting this?

She holds up a velvet ring box. He takes the box.

ALEXANDER
Oh -- Thanks. Well...
(a wink to Philby)

... Time's a wastin'!

With that he is out the door.

Mrs. Watchit and Philby stand for a moment, catching their breath after Alexander's tornado of enthusiasm.

PHILBY

I wonder if that poor girl has any
idea what she's in for?

MRS. WATCHIT

For our sake, I hope not.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

The many luxurious horse-drawn carriages glide along Fifth Avenue with stately dignity. Rich pedestrians stroll along the sidewalk.

Alexander leaps out of a carriage and begins to stride toward an entrance to Central Park.

He passes a Flower Seller.

FLOWER SELLER

Have some flowers, sir?

ALEXANDER

Not tonight, thanks.

He continues on toward the entrance to the Park -- stops.

ALEXANDER

No -- I promised her flowers.

He turns around and hurries back toward the Flower Seller.
But...

A sudden mechanical clanking sound makes him stop dead in his tracks. The Siren's song...

He turns...

Pulled over to the curb is a magnificent Stanley Steamer automobile. It is a glorious collection of bronze and copper and steel and wooden dashboard and leather upholstery and groaning steam tank and clanking engine. Alexander stares, transfixed.

Alexander glances at his watch -- running late -- but he just can't resist this new marvel. Flowers forgotten, Alexander steps to the MOTORIST, currently tinkering with the car's engine.

ALEXANDER

It's spectacular...

MOTORIST

Thanks. Old Nell's my girl all
right. At least when she decides

to move, stubborn beast.

ALEXANDER
(walking around the car,
admiring)
I've only read about them -- and
the new internals.

MOTORIST
Now that's what I call plain crazy
-- internal combustion is just too
dangerous, all those little
explosions, never catch on.

ALEXANDER
How do you keep the water
temperature stable?

MOTORIST
There's a cantilevered gasket on
the --

Suddenly -- the car lurches forward dangerously -- Alexander
instantly grabs the brake lever and hauls it back -- the car
screeches to a stop.

MOTORIST
God -- could have killed me -- bad
girl, Nell! How did you know to do
that?

ALEXANDER
I just love mechanical things.

MOTORIST
Well, much obliged -- I'm always
forgetting the confounded brake --
say, if you wait until I get her up
and running I'll give you a
perambulation. Tell you all about
her.

ALEXANDER
(pained)
Ahhh... I'm afraid I've got a prior
commitment.

MOTORIST
Next time then. We perambulate
here most every night.

ALEXANDER
You have my word...
(he takes a last, longing
look at the car)
... She's just a beauty.

He sprints off into Central Park.

EXT. PAVILION - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A full moon shines in the night sky.

Gentle period music from a band, glowing lanterns hanging down and the swaying shapes of dancers.

We are at a beautiful pavilion in Central Park. A magical antique setting of ease and grace. White linen suits and straw boaters. Parasols and high-button shoes.

A beautiful woman stands with her back to us watching the dancers... she slowly turns...

EMMA smiles.

Alexander stands, just watching her, bewitched.

Then they come together and kiss lightly, as befits 1895 decency.

EMMA
You're late.

ALEXANDER
Got here as soon as I could.

EMMA
Dance with me...

ALEXANDER
You know I can't.

EMMA
Trust me...

She takes his hand and they dance. She is a natural dancer, smooth and gentle. He does his best, following her minute cues with great sensitivity.

As they dance:

EMMA
You promised me flowers.

ALEXANDER
What?

EMMA
You promised me flowers tonight,
don't you even remember?

ALEXANDER
Sorry... I was distracted.

EMMA
(lightly)
Well there's something new.

ALEXANDER
I need to... um... talk to you.

EMMA

Talk away, Professor.

ALEXANDER
Not here... alone. May we?
Please?

She leads him from the dance floor.

EMMA
Let's walk through the park...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PATH - NIGHT

Alexander and Emma walk through the park, arm in arm,
enjoying the exquisite night.

Flickering gaslights provide a dim illumination on the path
they follow as it winds through the dark foliage.

EMMA
(looking at
constellations)
... Orion's belt, pointing to the
earth. You see it over the rocks
there? Sailors consider that an
omen of good fortune; the hunter
watching over them on their
travels... Are you listening to me,
Alex?

ALEXANDER
(glancing up)
What? Yes -- Orion -- good fortune
-- sailors.

EMMA
All right, what is it now?

ALEXANDER
(nervously)
Emma, you know I have great...
admiration for you.

EMMA
Admiration? My my.

ALEXANDER
I mean... well... affection.

EMMA
You're getting warmer.

He stops.

ALEXANDER
Oh dammit, I love you! I can't
eat, I can't sleep, I can't think,
all I do is moon over you and --
hum, apparently.

EMMA

(mock seriously)
And what do you propose, Professor?
Shall we hold a seminar to study
the problem?

A beat. He takes a huge gulp of air and then commits himself
-- he dramatically drops to one knee -- and then in a great
rush of words:

ALEXANDER
Marry me. I'll do everything I can
to make you happy and build a life
and have babies and make you proud
and be worthy of you and... ah...
make you happy, did I say that?

She looks down at him, tears of joy coming to her eyes.

EMMA
Oh, Professor...

He leaps up and embraces her. A long, joyous embrace.

He stops --

ALEXANDER
Wait, I have something for you.

He searches through his many pockets -- coat, vest, pants --
begins plucking out the loose scraps of paper covered with
equations -- but can't seem to find the jewelry box.

She watches him for a moment, amused, loving him all the more
for his befuddlement.

EMMA
You know, the moment is rather
dying here.

ALEXANDER
Hold on... I know I have it...

He finally finds the velvet jewelry box. Snaps it open.
Inside is a lovely moonstone ring. The gem is a pale,
translucent blue mirroring the full moon above.

ALEXANDER
I know it's not a diamond but --

EMMA
A moonstone.

ALEXANDER
Your birth stone. I thought --

She holds a finger to his lips.

EMMA
You thought right.

He slips the ring on her finger. She holds it up to the

moonlight, deeply moved.

EMMA
Look, it matches the moon...

Then...

A low voice from the thick trees next to them.

VOICE
I just might cry.

Alexander and Emma turn to see a tall THIN MAN stepping from the trees. His hands are buried deep in his overcoat pockets.

THIN MAN
Couldn't help but overhearing. Two fine young people starting out on the road of life. I wish you the very best.

ALEXANDER
Thank you...

THIN MAN
I hope it's a happy journey for you both -- and much as I hate to do this, moved as I am by your protestations of love, I'll be needing your money now.

ALEXANDER
(smiles)
Sir...?

THIN MAN
And your jewelry too. I guess we could consider this your first little bump on the road to married bliss.

ALEXANDER
I don't understand.

The Thin Man removes a hand from his pocket. He holds a small revolver.

THIN MAN
Now don't make a scene... there's no cause for that. Just hand over your wallet, will you?

He holds the gun up, lethal, a sudden glint as the barrel shines in the moonlight.

THIN MAN
Did you hear me, lad?

ALEXANDER
All right, all right -- here --

everything --

Alexander swiftly gives the man his billfold.

THIN MAN
And the watch.

Alexander hands over his pocket watch as the Thin Man eyes Emma's ring.

THIN MAN
And the ring.

EMMA
No --

THIN MAN
I'm afraid so, darling. Maybe
he'll buy you a diamond now.

ALEXANDER
Please, not that -- look --

The Thin Man pulls back the hammer of the revolver. Click.

THIN MAN
Give me the ring.

EMMA
No...

The Thin Man suddenly lurches forward and grabs Emma's arm --
trying to wrench the ring violently from her finger --
Alexander instantly springs to her defense -- a struggle --

The gun fires -- the flash of cruel, phosphorous light
momentarily illuminating them all starkly --

Emma recoils to Alexander -- Alexander looks at the Thin Man,
disbelieving --

The Thin Man glares at him --

THIN MAN
Why did you do that?! It's only a
ring!

The Thin Man races away into the darkness.

Alexander holds Emma, she clings to him, blood flowing over
his fingers. He snatches her up and carries her -- running
urgently through some trees to a carriage path beyond --

Carriages filled with young lovers float past.

ALEXANDER
HELP ME! PLEASE!

An empty carriage finally stops -- Alexander lurches into the
carriage with Emma --

INT./ EXT. CARRIAGE - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

-- Alexander holds Emma in the back of a carriage. He urgently screams to the driver:

ALEXANDER
GET TO COLUMBUS HOSPITAL! NOW!

The driver whips his horses and the carriage takes off.

ALEXANDER
PLEASE HURRY! WE'VE NO TIME!

CARRIAGE DRIVER
I'M TRYING SIR -- !

Emma clings to Alexander, her hand clasped tight to his vest, blood flowing out of her, pooling. Her dying eyes just watching him.

ALEXANDER
GOD HURRY PLEASE -- JUST GET OUT OF
THE PARK --

And then the carriage slows -- stops -- Alexander stabs his head out the window and sees --

A long line of carriage ahead of them. A traffic jam. Pairs of lovers enjoying the beautiful night, gazing up at the stars.

ALEXANDER
Oh God...

A distant bell begins to toll. Time inexorably, cruelly moving on.

ALEXANDER
PLEASE -- HURRY!

The driver whips the horse -- tries to maneuver the carriage through the traffic jam -- a jumble of horses -- their horse shies -- can't get through.

Emma's hand clutches Alexander's vest, fingers moving slightly. The bell continues to toll. Time running out. Her lips move noiselessly, her eyes stare up at him, praying for one parting glance.

He continues to shout to the driver, fighting time, not looking at her:

ALEXANDER
(desperate)
FOR GOD SAKE DO SOMETHING!! --
JUST -- GET OFF THE PATH!

CARRIAGE DRIVER
I'm trying, sir! -- I can't get
through!

Alexander glances down to Emma. She is dead. Her eyes open. He stares at her. Not wanting to believe. The bell continues to toll.

Fade to Black...

And then a strange sound in the darkness...

The roar of a tiger -- distorted, echoing...

Then another sound...

Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack...

Chalk racing across a blackboard.

Title: FOUR YEARS LATER.

Fade up to...

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - LAB - DAY

An endless equation -- Alexander's hand speeds across a blackboard -- manic, ferocious. We pull back to reveal...

An enormous blackboard, floor to ceiling, two stories high, filling one wall -- and two other blackboards, filling two other walls, also covered with equations. A shocking flash of Alexander's fevered mind.

He stands with his back to us, perched high on a rolling library ladder, his hand violently scrawling numbers in a frenzied rush. He pulls the ladder along as he works, totally absorbed.

Title: AUGUST 7, 1899 - 5:23 p.m.

The drapes around the room are drawn tight against any hint of the day outside. Windows sealed.

In the flickering gaslight we see a cacophony of scientific equipment and experiments filling every inch of the chamber below him, two stories filled with beakers and test tubes; microscopes and coils; engineering blueprints and gyroscopes; and the huge chalkboards crowded with layers upon layers of intense calculus and geometry and equations.

There is another large part of the lab, jutting off from the house. A closed curtain conceals this part of the lab.

And all the clocks have stopped. The steady metronomic cadence that was the aural life of Alexander's house is no more. We see a number of clocks around the lab. All have been allowed to run down.

A knock at the door -- Alexander ignores it -- another knock.

He finally turns from the blackboard.

ALEXANDER

What?!

And we see him -- Alexander is very different now: cadaverous and intense, a face that looks as if it has not seen the sun in years. And eyes marked by tragedy.

Mrs. Watchit enters. The years of dealing with his heartbreak have taken a toll on her as well.

MRS. WATCHIT
Sir, Mr. Philby is here.

ALEXANDER
Here?

MRS. WATCHIT
Yes, sir, he --

ALEXANDER
Tell him to go away --

Philby pushes past Mrs. Watchit. He wears an overcoat and a bowler hat.

PHILBY
I won't go away, Alex.

Alexander stares down at Philby. Philby is shocked at the change in his friend.

ALEXANDER
All right, Mrs. Watchit. You can go.

MRS. WATCHIT
May I get you some --

ALEXANDER
That'll be all.

She leaves the lab.

PHILBY
My God, Alex, what's happened to you?

Alexander climbs down the ladder as:

ALEXANDER
I've been working.

PHILBY
I came by the house every day after the funeral. And then every week. Then every other month. Then I stopped coming. Did you even notice?

ALEXANDER
I'm sorry, David.

PHILBY

It hurt me, Alex. Very much.

ALEXANDER

Then why are you here?

Alexander proceeds to obsessively tidy the lab, almost hiding things from Philby. Philby is increasingly disturbed by this behavior, as:

PHILBY

It's my Jamie's birthday today.
Your godson. He's nine years old.
At his party he asked me if Uncle
Alex was coming. I told him no.
Then he asked me if you didn't like
him anymore.

ALEXANDER

For God's Sake, David --

PHILBY

There are some things I need to say
to you. You may not like hearing
them, but I don't know if I'll ever
get another chance --

ALEXANDER

You care for me. And you're
concerned. And I have to start
living my life again. I hear it
from Mrs. Watchit every day.

PHILBY

But you won't listen. You won't
see me, you won't see anyone. What
would you like me to tell Jamie?
That Uncle Alex is busy? That
Uncle Alex is hiding up there in
his laboratory --

ALEXANDER

Hiding?

PHILBY

You know that's what it is. Mrs.
Watchit tells me you're here at all
hours -- day and night --

ALEXANDER

(sharply)

That's because I'm working. You
remember that? You used to care
about your work.

PHILBY

I care more about my life. And
yours.

A difficult beat.

PHILBY

Alex... Alex, please stand still
and look at me.

Alexander stops. Looks at Philby.

PHILBY
(gently)
What happened to Emma will never go
away. It's part of you now and it
always will be. But you have to
learn to live with it...

ALEXANDER
I live with it every minute of
every day.

PHILBY
I know that --

ALEXANDER
You don't know that. You couldn't
possibly. If I'd only done this,
or that, if I'd arrived ten minutes
earlier, or later. If we'd taken a
different path or I hadn't fought
the man for the ring. You have no
idea what it is to relive every
moment of that night -- consider
every action you made -- and every
one of them wrong.

PHILBY
It wasn't your fault, Alex.

ALEXANDER
Wasn't it?... I have a dream almost
every night now. The Lady and the
Tiger, you remember that story? In
the dream I'm alone in a huge
chamber with a thousand doors.
Behind every door, save one, is a
tiger. I have to make the
decision. Which door conceals
Emma? And I just stand there...
looking at the doors...

PHILBY
Do you find her?

Alexander doesn't answer. A beat.

PHILBY
Alex, nothing will ever change what
happened, but --

ALEXANDER
That's where you're wrong. I will
change it.

A beat. Philby looks at him. Alexander offers nothing more,
continues to scurry around the lab.

ALEXANDER

David... I appreciate your concern,
I do. But I ask you to have faith
in me. Just for a little while
longer. I'm working on something
now. Something... extraordinary.

PHILBY

What is it?

ALEXANDER

You wouldn't believe me.

PHILBY

I would.

ALEXANDER

I'll tell you what... come by for
dinner in a week and I'll show you.

PHILBY

Why don't you come to our house
instead?

ALEXANDER

I can't do that --

PHILBY

When's the last time you were
outside this house --
(notes a disheveled cot in
the corner)
-- or this room?

ALEXANDER

(tense)

I can't leave when I'm so close.

PHILBY

There are trains leaving Grand
Central every then minutes. A
dozen liners leaving the harbor.
Get on one of them. Go to
Singapore, Scotland, Manchuria,
anywhere, just away from here --

ALEXANDER

That's absurd --

PHILBY

You're dying here. Don't you see
that?!

A tense beat.

ALEXANDER

You won't say that in a week.

PHILBY

I pray to God that in a week you're

not here.

A beat.

PHILBY

All right. I'll come for dinner.
And in the meantime... you'll think
about what we discussed?

ALEXANDER

In a week... we will never have had
this conversation.

Philby looks at him, mystified and concerned.

ALEXANDER

Good night, David.

PHILBY

Good night, Alex.

Philby turns to go.

ALEXANDER

Still wearing that bowler hat.

Philby stops. Turns back.

PHILBY

It's raining outside. Open the
drapes and you might know that.

He goes.

Alexander stands for a moment.

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - LAB - NIGHT

Alexander sits, drinking a glass of brandy. He is staring at
the curtain concealing the other part of the lab.

We notice that all the chalkboards have been wiped clean.

He drains the glass of brandy. Bon voyage.

Then he rises and moves to the curtain. He pulls the curtain
back and reveals...

The magnificent creation itself: The Time Machine.

We take in this beautiful creation of curving brass and thick
velvet, elegant lines and a hopeful feeling of Victorian
futurism, as Alexander moves to the windows by the machine.

He slowly pulls back all the drapes on the windows. The Time
Machine sits in an area of the lab that juts off, like a
greenhouse with windows offering a generous view of the world
around him: his quiet garden and the small dress shop across
the street.

Alexander moves to the Time Machine. He sits, nervously

settling in.

The brass control panel ahead of him has a simple display showing the year and date -- AUGUST 7, 1899 -- and a control lever that moves forward and back.

A beat. He takes a deep breath and then... reaches for the control lever --

CUT TO:

EXT. PAVILION - CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

All is as it was. Gentle period music from a band, glowing lanterns hanging down and the swaying shapes of dancers.

A beautiful woman stands with her back to us watching the dancers... she slowly turns.

Emma smiles.

Alexander stands, just watching her, his eyes wide, incredibly moved. We note that Alexander wears the clothes he was wearing when he got into the Time Machine. It is the older Alex, pale and thin.

She goes to him and kisses him.

EMMA
You're late.

ALEXANDER
(with difficulty)
Got here as soon as I could.

EMMA
Dance with me...

ALEXANDER
You know I can't.

EMMA
Trust me...

She takes his hand and they dance. She is, again, a natural dancer, smooth and gentle. He tries to follow her minute cues but the experience of holding her in his arms again is almost too much for him. He is overcome with emotion.

EMMA
Alex, what is it?

ALEXANDER
Holding you... again.

EMMA
Darling.

ALEXANDER
I need... to talk to you.

EMMA
All right...

ALEXANDER
Not here... alone. Please.

She leads him from the dance floor.

EMMA
Let's walk through the park...

ALEXANDER
No... let's walk through the city.

EMMA
(a little mystified)
All right...

He takes her hand and leads her away from the pavilion --

Then he stops, sees he must lead her through one of a number of tree-lined paths out of the park. The gaping darkness of the park is strangely ominous. Behind each door a tiger.

EMMA
Alex, what is it?

ALEXANDER
Nothing -- let's just get out of the park.

He takes her arm and makes his decision -- he pulls her quickly down one of the paths.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - PATH - NIGHT

Alexander pulls Emma toward an exit to the city, going as quickly as he can. His eyes dart nervously into the dark trees around them.

EMMA
Alex...?!

ALEXANDER
Shhh. Let's just hurry on here.
We don't have to talk, all right?

She stops, pulling him.

EMMA
Why do we have to race for heaven's sake?!

ALEXANDER
(looking around, alert)
I want to get into the light,
that's all. Please...

He pulls her along.

EMMA

This running along is all well for
you -- you're not wearing a corset.

Then a sound stops him -- an unholy echo through the night,
tormenting him from his nightmares -- the roar of a tiger.

ALEXANDER
My God...

EMMA
Alex, it's just the zoo.

He grabs her and pulls more quickly, a little desperate.

ALEXANDER
Please, Emma, it's just a little
further.

He hurries her along. They finally reach the exit and emerge
from Central Park to Fifth Avenue...

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - PARK EXIT - NIGHT

He stops, looks around, sees lots of pedestrians and
carriages and gaslight. Safety. Victory.

He breathes deeply and smiles. He offers her his arm.

EMMA
Oh, now you're all gallant.

She shakes her head and then takes his arm. They stroll.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

A bit later. Alexander and Emma make their way down this
most magnificent of boulevards. He holds her arm tightly, as
if in fear of losing her again.

EMMA
You're so pale... I hope you're not
coming down with something.

ALEXANDER
No, I'm fine. I'm...
(laughs)
... wonderful. Just walking down
the street with you again.

EMMA
We took a walk three days ago.

ALEXANDER
Not like this. Never like this.
Emma, I swear to you -- if I've
learned one thing, it's that
moments like this are rare. And I
will thank God for them every
moment of every day.

She is confused at his strange intensity, but respects his

seriousness.

EMMA
They are rare...
(she glances up at the
constellations above)
... Orion's belt, pointing to the
earth --

ALEXANDER
(smiles)
The sailor's omen of good fortune.
The hunter watching over him on his
travels.

EMMA
So it's astronomy now, is it?

They are passing by the Stanley Steamer at the curb Alexander
saw earlier. The Motorist is still tinkering with the
engine.

EMMA
Heavens, look at that now!

ALEXANDER
I've seen it.

He continues escorting her along.

EMMA
Now I know you're ill -- passing up
the chance to explore some new
gadget.

ALEXANDER
It's only a machine.

She stops. Genuinely concerned now.

EMMA
Alexander... tell me what's going
on. Is something wrong?

He looks at her deeply:

ALEXANDER
No, Emma. Everything is finally
right. Tonight we're going to
start all over again. And this
time... I'm never going to let you
go.

He kisses her deeply. She is shocked at this public display
of affection, pulling back slightly.

EMMA
Alex... people are staring.

ALEXANDER
Let them.

He kisses her again.

EMMA
Let them.

ALEXANDER
I have something for you...

He pats his pockets, feels the jewelry box, smiles. Then he notes the Flower Seller he saw before.

ALEXANDER
(smiles)
Wait -- I want to do it right this
time -- stay here, don't move...

Emma stands, mystified, as he goes to the Flower Seller.

FLOWER SELLER
Have some flowers, sir?

ALEXANDER
Yes, as many as you have!

A sudden sound makes him spin back --

A frenzy of movement -- on the curb, the Stanley Steamer suddenly lurches forward -- the brake not set -- the Motorist jumps out of the way -- the Steamer slams forward to the street full of horse-drawn carriages -- a horse rears and bolts -- panic, screams -- the horse lurches to the curb -- toward Emma -- the carriage topples over --

Burying Emma in a violent crash.

Alexander races to Emma -- too late. A crowd begins to form. Alexander folds himself over her in wordless torment.

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - LAB - NIGHT

Alexander sits in his lab, glaring at the Time Machine. Tormented. Eyes haunted. Drinking a glass of brandy. Not his first.

He glares at the Time Machine, his fury building -- then he bolts up -- flings the brandy glass away from him -- it shatters -- strides across the lab -- throws himself into the Machine.

ALEXANDER
Time heals all wounds -- then let
it!

He SLAMS the control lever forward violently -- in fury -- a high-pitched whine -- building -- the world undulating around Alexander --

Suddenly all the silent clocks in Alexander's lab begin to tick --

TIME TRAVEL

Alexander's spine immediately arches back -- he screams in pain --

The molecules of his body revolt as they are torn forward through time -- as time tears through him -- his whole body suffers as he bends and floats and rips through time -- when he turns his head his whole face seems to elongate --

He's going too fast -- he eases back on the control lever -- the pain receding somewhat --

And the world around him changes --

The sun rises and then sets and then rises; in his garden snails zoom past flowers that bloom and die in an instant; apples grow ripe and then fall and decay in his garden; a complicated spider's web grows in a corner of his laboratory in seconds --

The sun and moon now shoot through the sky, a strobe-like flashing of day and night, finally settling into a strange, perpetual grey light.

He begins to control the lever a bit more -- it is sensitive to his touch -- soon he can glance around a bit without absolute agony -- and then with no pain at all --

In the window of the dress shop across the street he watches a female mannequin as she is redressed, her clothes morphing from style to style, a swirl of styles and outfits. And new buildings spring up across the street as the seasons pass in a blur, summer-fall-winter-spring-summer-fall-winter-spring.

His journey is accompanied by a strange symphony -- sound bending around him; voices, music, period radio news reports, industry. Sounds that float and flit through his consciousness, distorted, barely recognizable.

And bizarre shapes move through his world as well -- ghost like apparitions -- strange and eerie as they bend and morph through space -- people.

He can almost control the appearance of the people as he gently modulates his speed with the control lever -- he sees Mrs. Watchit bending through time -- Philby, concerned -- then people he doesn't know, architects with blueprints, pointing --

Then the world directly around him is changing -- his lab changing -- walls being torn down --

His lab is now a GARAGE -- a series of swiftly morphing cars denoting the passing time as years spin by on his control panel display in a dizzying blur: 1905... 1919... 1924...

In the distance he sees New York City expanding -- the Chrysler Building (1930) and the Empire State Building (1931) shoot up.

Then the garage is torn down around him -- another construction going up -- larger -- a RESTAURANT.

He modulates the control lever -- controlling the ebb and flow of time -- the patrons of the restaurant huddled around a radio, a news report, FDR's voice... "December 7... A day that will live in infamy..."

He notes a store going up next to the dress shop: a newspaper shop -- sees banner headlines as the years sweep past -- D-DAY! -- VE DAY! -- VJ DAY! -- an enormous celebration in the street.

The years spin by on his control panel: 1946... 1953... 1957...

The strange aural symphony continues as he hears music and news, the music evolving from swing to early rock...

The restaurant dissolves around him and a HOUSE grows up -- he is in a den -- a black-and-white TV on -- Alexander gapes -- slowly, slightly...

On the TV: JFK's funeral... in the den he sees the shape of a family nestled together, watching the funeral, weeping...

He presses on. The years spin by on his control panel: 1963... 1966... 1969...

On the new color TV in the den: news reports of the Apollo 11, Neil Armstrong stepping on the moon... "One small step for man..." Alexander stares, amazed.

The aural and visual symphony continues... rock segueing to disco, Vietnam news...

He is shocked to see the mannequin in a miniskirt! He sees the dress shop becoming a department store and the newspaper store becoming a high tech electronics shop --

On a bank of TVs in the electronics shop window he sees Nixon leaving the White House for the last time, August 9, 1974, walking to the helicopter, the ferocious victory "V"...

Then Alexander is suddenly outside as the house is demolished -- quickly eroding around him -- he is in a VACANT LOT...

He is stunned to see the towers of the World Trade Center looming in the distance -- the rollerskaters with boom boxes swirling past with the grace of ballet dancers -- and something so fantastical that Alexander can only gape...

An airplane soaring above.

The years zip by on his control panel: 1979... 1985... 1989...

More disjointed sounds and images, TV reports and radio news and music: oil crisis, plop-plop-fizz-fizz-oh-what-a-relief it-is, Ronald Reagan, punk rock, Gulf War, Clinton...

Then order from the chaos -- the overgrown vacant lot is landscaped -- becoming a beautiful PARK...

He slows a bit, almost stopping -- intrigued by a transformation across the street: the banks of TV screens are replaced by an informational kiosk of some kind.

The control panel display clicks more slowly... February 2005... April 2005... May 2005...

Alexander continues to stare at the information kiosk as he comes to a stop, briefly, at: MAY 24, 2005

EXT. PARK (2005) - DAY

Alexander sits unnoticed in the Time Machine as he watches a group of schoolchildren and their teacher gathering around the informational kiosk. It is a public information booth with a video screen showing the word VOX. A glowing red blip within the "0".

The Vox kiosk is activated when the TEACHER steps in front of a sensor eye.

VOX KIOSK (V.O.)
May I help you?

TEACHER
Yes, please... tell us about the terraforming.

The children watch, delighted, as images of the moon and renderings and videos of some massive engineering project appear on the Vox screen.

VOX KIOSK (V.O.)
The joint United Nations/Microsoft terraforming operation began nine months ago with the Moon Base Alpha landings. After establishing Plymouth Center the terraformers began colony construction. Can I tell you more?

CHILD
What are they doing now?

Alexander watches, stunned. A machine that converses with people.

VOX KIOSK (V.O.)
Currently, the terraformers are preparing the first excavation demolitions for the subterranean chambers. It is projected that the first lunar colonists should be landing within the decade. Can I tell you more?

Alexander gapes at the Vox kiosk. Magnificent renderings of a vast underground metropolis. People living on the moon.

He must see this grand adventure out. He presses on...

TIME TRAVEL

But almost immediately the Time Machine is lurching and buffeting -- a strange darkness spreading over it as air raid sirens scream --

Alexander is alarmed -- he begins to pull back on the control lever -- the date on the display clicks to: AUGUST 26, 2007.

And Alexander and the Time Machine suddenly topple over as the ground lurches below them --

EXT. PARK (2007) - DAY

Alexander looks up from the grass...

Right into the eyes of a small albino alligator.

The alligator blinks at him and then slithers off, a brood of other alligators with it.

Alexander glances to the street -- sees an enormous pack of rats emerging from a sewer drain -- a thick, undulating carpet of rats --

And Alexander feels the vibrations. The earth, a steady rumble. His eye is drawn to a small puddle of water near him. The water swirls around strangely and then -- whoosh -- forms into a vortex and spirals away into the sky --

Alexander follows the water with his eyes and finally sees it...

The Moon.

Filling the sky as if it were falling toward the Earth.

Parts of the moon are beginning to sheer off -- violently peeling away like the skin of an onion -- as it impacts the gravitational Roche Limit, 7,300 miles above the Earth. (The moon is currently 230,000 miles above the Earth.)

The people on the street race around, tense and desperate, flowing along the streets and sidewalks. National Guard soldiers are trying to retain order, urgent voices into megaphones --

Alexander hauls himself up -- and races into the mob --

EXT. STREET (2007) - DAY

He grabs a man --

ALEXANDER

What's going on -- ?!

The Man pulls away from him, terrified -- Alexander is hustled along the sidewalk in the mass of people -- He turns

to a woman:

ALEXANDER
Please tell me -- what's
happening?!

She ignores him -- he is buffeted along in the mob of people
-- then, a voice, remarkably calm in the chaos, a familiar
voice:

CALM VOICE
May I help you?... May I help
you?... May I help you?...

Alexander pushes his way through the frenzy of people toward
the voice. Finds himself at...

The front steps of the Fifth Avenue New York Public Library.
The twin stone lions looming over the chaos on the street.

The calm voice is coming from another Vox kiosk, an upgrade
of the one he saw previously. Alexander unintentionally
activates the unit by stepping in front of a red sensor eye.

VOX KIOSK (V.0.)
May I help you?

ALEXANDER
I -- what are you?!

VOX KIOSK (V.0.)
I am the Fifth Avenue Public
Library informational kiosk. VOX
registration NY-114. May I help
you?

ALEXANDER
What's happening to the moon?!

Informational videos appear on the screen, showing the cause
and horror of the moon's fall, as:

VOX KIOSK (V.0.)
The 2005 terraforming demolitions
for the lunar excavations sent the
moon into a diminishing retrograde
orbit resulting in global
gravitational fluctuations,
increased seismic activity and
tidal anomalies. Can I tell you
more?

ALEXANDER
No -- wait -- the moon's falling
out of orbit -- that's not
possible!

VOX KIOSK (V.0.)
Well, considering it is, in fact,
happening, I would assume it's
possible. The retrograde orbit

began in 2005 when the demolitions
for the lunar colonies --

ALEXANDER
Why is it -- breaking up?

VOX KIOSK (V.O.)
I was getting to that... The moon
has reached the gravitational Roche
Limit, 7,300 miles above the
surface of the Earth. This has
created pressure on the lunar
stratum beyond gravitational
tolerances. It might be helpful to
know that the nearest public
evacuation shelters can be found at
Grand Central Station, Madison
Square Garden --

Then -- behind Alexander -- the entire street EXPLODES up --
the asphalt twisting crazily -- people tossed through the
air --

And Hell has come to earth.

The earth begins to shake and quake and undulate violently --
as if gravity itself is rebelling.

Above -- a huge part of the moon breaks away --

Alexander gapes around -- horrified to see violent seismic
and gravitational upheavals -- the tectonic plates shifting
wildly, jutting up at harsh angles -- the East River swirling
into a twisting cyclone of water spiraling into the sky --

And most shocking of all: a volcanic mountain BURSTING up
through Manhattan.

A National Guard soldier races to him --

SOLDIER
Underground -- we have to -- !

His words are drowned out by a DEAFENING BLAST -- the
reverberation sending SHOCK WAVES down the street -- people
are thrown through the air, blood streaming from some
punctured eardrums --

In the distance, the volcano is ERUPTING --

The soldier hustles a mass of people toward a subway entrance
-- they scurry down --

Alexander spins around and races back, towards the Time
Machine.

As the Vox Kiosk continues its lonely chore:

VOX KIOSK (V.O.)
May I help you?... May I help you?

EXT. STREET (2007) - DAY

Alexander sprints down the street, passing horrific flashes of the end:

- Looters, lighting fires and taking nihilistic joy in their useless treasures...
- A family, kneeling in prayer, holding hands...
- Doomsday cultists, celebrating the end. A macabre Dance of Death as the city dies...
- A man standing quite calmly, trying to use his cell phone...
- A taxi trying to drive through the mayhem, desperate people attacking the taxi, trying to get in, trying to get away...

Then -- the earth HEAVES violently and Alexander is thrown to the ground -- in the distance, but much closer, another VOLCANO BLASTS UP -- THRUSTING through the earth -- RIPPING aside the Empire State Building and most of midtown Manhattan --

Alexander barely has time to pull himself to his feet before it happens again --

The THUNDEROUS explosion -- the cascading SHOCK WAVE -- Alexander is hurled through the air --

He SMASHES into a parked car, shattering the windshield -- he rolls off the car, his coat shredded, a gaping wound in his side --

As the new, closer volcano ERUPTS in a torrent of spewing lava -- great rivers and explosions of lava everywhere --

JETS of lava SHOOT through the air -- incinerating everything in sight --

Gasping through his pain, Alexander rises and hurries down the street -- he tosses off his shredded coat -- his injury slows him, but he goes as quickly as he can --

But a vast TIDAL WAVE OF LAVA is careening after him -- burning everything --

And then he see it... the park... the Time Machine.

It is a race against time as Alexander sprints for the Time Machine -- the lava closer and closer --

Alexander leaps to the Time Machine and hauls it to its upright position -- the lava is almost on him -- he dives into the Time Machine and SLAMS the lever forward --

A high-pitched whine -- building -- the world undulating around Alexander --

JUST as the tidal wave of lava ROARS over him --

TIME TRAVEL

Alexander lurches back in agony -- quickly slows the Time Machine's momentum -- he pants for breath as the red, molten lava glows and then quickly cools into --

Darkness.

The eerie blue glow from the Time Machine's control panel is the only light.

Alexander is now inside a mountain, the perfect sphere of time-energy around the Machine his only salvation.

He pushes the lever forward more -- the years spin by on his control panel in a blur -- he grits his teeth in pain -- the rapid bending through time assaulting him --

Time passes...

Alexander is having real trouble breathing now --

The years continue to spin past on his control panel in a dizzying blur.

Time passes...

Alexander is in agony -- his body writhes from the assault of time -- every movement is torture -- his skin vibrates and stretches bizarrely -- and he is almost out of air, panting for breath --

He takes one last deep gasp of air --

And holds the breath -- the seconds tick away -- the years shoot past on his control panel, truly a race against time --

He's not going to make it -- he can't hold his breath a second longer --

Suddenly -- a flash of blinding sunlight --

The mountain around the Time Machine begins to erode -- quickly wearing away --

Alexander immediately pulls back on the control lever -- reducing his momentum and the assault on his body -- he takes a deep, gasping breath --

The date on the display quickly clicks forward and finally stops at: JULY 12, 802,701.

Alexander looks at the date, stunned, gasps for breath, fainting...

Fade to black...

INT. HOUSE - VISIONS - DAY/NIGHT

Visions as Alexander fades in and out of consciousness.

-- Night. Candles...

-- Night. Emma's face... close, concerned... a beautiful angel welcoming him to death... No, not Emma... Another woman.

-- Day. Hands, dressing the wound on his side. Tender...

-- Day. A room. In a pleasant, rustic house...

-- Night. The woman again. Not Emma. But close, concerned...

INT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Alexander awakes. Looks around. A simple room in a simple house. He sees his wound has been dressed and cared for.

He slowly rises and pulls on his shirt and vest. Goes to the door of the house...

EXT. ELOI VILLAGE - SUNSET

Alexander emerges from the house...

And finds himself in a village built around a large central square. All the buildings are unadorned and designed with architectural simplicity. It has an agrarian and peaceful feeling.

And it is totally deserted.

The entire village is enclosed by a great, wooden wall. Large gates open to the world beyond. Everywhere beyond this barricade is lovely mountainous and forest scenery.

Alexander wanders to the square.

ALEXANDER
Hello...?

Nothing. His word echoes around the eerily empty village.

He notes that several tables are waiting in the square. Set for dinner. Plates and cups and utensils. No food.

ALEXANDER
Is anyone here...?

Again. Nothing.

He goes to the open gates and steps out...

EXT. OUTSIDE THE ELOI VILLAGE - SUNSET

A path leads away from the village, cutting through a magnificent forest with lush foliage.

He begins to follow the path -- then stops when a curious

squirrel scampers onto the path. The squirrel looks at him, large eyes, tilting inquisitive head.

Alexander smiles at seeing something so familiar in this strange time.

ALEXANDER

Hello...

The startled squirrel turns and scampers away -- and Alexander is shocked to see a flash of vermillion scales on its back. Not a squirrel at all.

Alexander continues on for a bit. Most of the lush vegetation is alien to him: enormous fruit hanging on colorful vines; gentle petals and dandelion-like wisps that float on the breezes. It is an untamed wilderness exploding with verdant beauty.

And then he hears something...

Voices.

He stops, alert.

Then he sees figures, heading up the path towards him.

And Alexander sees the ELOI. About two hundred of them are trooping up the path. They are completely human-looking. Very healthy. Simple clothing, not unlike what Alexander is wearing. And not one is over the age of 30.

Alexander braces himself, not sure what to expect.

The Eloi see him... And go to him enthusiastically. Alexander instinctively steps back. No need. The beautiful woman who was tending his wounds, MARA, is first to him.

MARA

You're up! You must be feeling better --

ALEXANDER

Yes...

More Eloi crowd around him, all very friendly. A slightly older Eloi, late 20's, KORUS, steps to him.

KORUS

And hungry, I'd say. You had such a long journey.

ALEXANDER

I did...

KORUS

Well, we're happy you're here. Come inside.

MARA

We want to hear all about it.

Korus and Mara lead Alexander back toward the village.

KALEN, Mara's nine-year-old son, grabs Alexander's hand. Alexander is surprised. The Eloi are seemingly a bit more tactile than we are.

KALEN
How did you get hurt?

MARA
Kalen...

KALEN
(eagerly)
I found you. I saved your life.
You were bleeding all over the
place!

MARA
That's quite enough, Kalen.

Korus claps an arm around Alexander's shoulders enthusiastically, Alexander rocks from the hearty embrace.

KORUS
Let the poor man eat first, then he
can tell us the whole story!

He leads the befuddled Alexander back toward the village.

EXT. ELOI VILLAGE - NIGHT

The gates to the village are now securely locked, a heavy crossbar in place.

Alexander and the Eloi are eating dinner, the tables now full of fruits and vegetables. Braziers burn around the central square. Everyone strains to see and hear Alexander.

Mara watches him particularly closely from across the table, her cautious eyes never leaving him.

ALEXANDER
"Eloi"?

KORUS
What are your people called?

ALEXANDER
Well, I guess you'd call us... New
Yorkers.

KORUS
(savoring the words)
New Yorkers.

MARA
How long did you travel?

ALEXANDER

Well it seems like a long time --
but it wasn't really. It's rather
hard to explain.

KALEN
It must have been hard, leaving
your work.

ALEXANDER
The journey is part of my work.

KORUS
You can work with us as soon as
you're feeling better... Looks like
a climber to me.

The Eloi agree. Definitely a "climber."

KORUS
We had another visitor from beyond
the valley about four years ago.
His name was Moren. Do you know
him?

ALEXANDER
No...

KORUS
He said he traveled for two months.

ALEXANDER
I took a different route.

KALEN
What did you do at night?

MARA
(a bit quickly)
What's it like where you come from?

ALEXANDER
Oh, very different. But not
entirely... I mean we have lots of,
um, trees and such. But not
everywhere. And more roads. And
buildings.

KORUS
Why?

ALEXANDER
To live in. There's a lot of us...
beyond the valley.

KORUS
New Yorkers.

ALEXANDER
Yes. I hope you won't take this
the wrong way but is there someone
older I could talk to? An elder or

patriarch of some kind?

The Eloi look at him a little oddly.

KORUS
I am the oldest.

ALEXANDER
No, I mean someone considerably
older. Your father perhaps?

KORUS
My father has gone to a better
place.

ALEXANDER
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to...

KORUS
Of course. You're just tired.
Mara, will you look after Alexander
tonight?

MARA
Yes.

ALEXANDER
Thank you.

KORUS
(stands, toasting)
Friends, join me in welcoming our
brother from beyond the valley,
Alexander.

The Eloi stand and toast. Applause and good fellowship.
Before Alexander can open his mouth to respond the Eloi are
clearing the table. A bit abruptly.

Mara and Kalen go to Alexander, they head back to their
house.

KALEN
Now how did you get hurt?

ALEXANDER
I had an accident.

KALEN
I figured that. What kind of
accident?

MARA
Kalen, don't be morbid.

Kalen grabs Alexander's hand and pulls him along.

KALEN
What do you do on the towers?

ALEXANDER

On the towers?

KALEN
I'm training to be a high climber.

MARA
We'll see about that.

KALEN
I am. Are you a climber?

ALEXANDER
Ah... no.

KALEN
Don't tell me you're a mud carrier.

ALEXANDER
'Fraid so. Just a regular old...
mud carrier.

Kalen is disappointed.

MARA
That's all right, Kalen...
(a wry glance to
Alexander)
... Mud carriers are important too.

They continue on toward their house.

INT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alexander sits with Kalen and Mara. The boys's eyes alive
with wonder.

ALEXANDER
... Thousands and thousands of
people. And sometimes we live in
great buildings that reach up five
or ten stories.

KALEN
And everyone looks like us?

ALEXANDER
Exactly like you. Well, maybe not
as healthy.

MARA
Is there a lot of illness?

ALEXANDER
Some. But I mean we aren't all
so... handsome.

KALEN
I want to see your home. Will you
take me?

MARA

Kalen, right now you need to go up
to bed. You're exhausting
Alexander.

KALEN
You'll tell me more tomorrow?

ALEXANDER
I will. Good night.

Kalen kisses his mother and then kisses Alexander. He goes
up the stairs, disappearing to another part of the house.

ALEXANDER
His curiosity is amazing.

MARA
Mm.

A beat. Mara gazing at Alexander.

MARA
Come to the roof. We can talk
there.

EXT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Alexander and Mara emerge from a stairway to the flat roof of
the house.

Alexander stops, looking up...

The moon -- or what's left of the moon -- shines in the
night. Oddly shaped shards are spread out in uneven
intervals. It is bizarrely beautiful.

ALEXANDER
My God...

Mara notes his reaction as she sits at the edge of the roof
by a large brazier. She lights a fire in the brazier as:

MARA
Sit with me.

He goes to her and sits.

He notices that other Eloi are also sitting on their roofs
all around the village, braziers burning like campfires
through the night.

MARA
Kalen will tire you out if you let
him. He's always been curious.
His father was firm with him but...
it's just his way.

ALEXANDER
Your husband is dead?

MARA

He's gone to a better place.

He looks over the peaceful night.

ALEXANDER

It's hard for me to imagine a better place. Where I come from there's so much... frenzy. Day and night. It seems we're all running faster and faster...

(he smiles)

... All in identical bowler hats.

MARA

You're not from beyond the valley.

ALEXANDER

What makes you say that?

She reaches into her clothing and pulls out his pocket watch. She holds it up.

MARA

We don't have anything like this. Or the machine where Kalen found you. And I doubt they do beyond the valley... Now where do you come from?

ALEXANDER

You might find the truth rather hard to understand.

MARA

(dry)

Then you can speak slowly.

He smiles. Fair enough.

ALEXANDER

All right... I'm from here. Around here anyway. The machine where you found me allowed me to travel through time... I'm from the past.

She looks at him.

MARA

Oh, that explains everything.

ALEXANDER

I know it's hard to believe, but it's true.

MARA

That machine --

ALEXANDER

Allowed me to travel from my time to yours.

MARA
How long ago?

ALEXANDER
More than 800,000 years.

She looks at him. She looks at his pocket watch. Then back at him.

MARA
Why?

ALEXANDER
Why not?

MARA
Why would you do that?

Alexander doesn't respond.

MARA
I might find the truth rather hard to understand?... Can you go back?

ALEXANDER
Yes. Or forward into the future. I suppose I really should check on the machine, see that it hasn't been damaged...

MARA
I'll take you tomorrow... You must have seen a lot on your journey.

ALEXANDER
For a time it was astounding. I saw the years spinning by, I was in the years spinning by. We made such advances. I don't understand half of them. There was a machine that talked to me and others that flew through the sky... We must have been incredible thinkers and artists --

A sudden scream cuts through the night -- Kalen -- Mara bolts up, races down into the house, Alexander following --

INT. KALEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kalen is sitting up in bed, eyes wide, screaming -- Mara runs to him, holds him closely -- Alexander stands in the doorway.

MARA
Kalen, it's all right, I'm here --

KALEN
(terror)
They're here! They're inside the house -- !

MARA
No, you're safe --

KALEN
They're inside --

MARA
(calming)
Kalen, look at me. There's no one
here but us. You see... I'm here,
you're here, Alexander's here.
There are no Morlocks. It was just
a dream...

She holds him closely, he is weeping uncontrollably.

MARA
You're safe...

Alexander moves away, allowing them their privacy.

EXT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Alexander sits, looking over the night. He notes that most
of the Eloi have gone in, but, oddly, their fires still burn
on the rooftops.

He glances up at the stars, gazing at the dazzling mosaic of
beautiful lights.

MARA'S VOICE
He's asleep.

Alexander turns. Mara is standing at the entrance to the
roof.

ALEXANDER
Is he all right?

MARA
Just a dream. You should sleep
too. You're still not well.

A beat.

MARA
I'm going to sit with Kalen. Keep
the fire burning if you can.

ALEXANDER
I will...

A beat. She doesn't move.

MARA
I'll take you to your machine
tomorrow.

ALEXANDER
Thank you...

A beat. She doesn't move.

MARA
You seem fascinated by the stars.

ALEXANDER
You can see so many here.

MARA
(smiles)
Don't then have stars where you
come from?

ALEXANDER
Not like this... They don't seem so
bright with all the city lights. I
never really noticed them much...

A beat. He is on the verge of asking her to join him in
enjoying the night.

MARA
Good night, then.

ALEXANDER
Good night.

She turns to go...

ALEXANDER
Mara... what's a "Morlock"?

She stops.

MARA
A child's nightmare, that's all.

She goes into the house.

He sits for a moment, looking over the beautiful night. He
glances up at the shards of the moon.

O Brave New World...

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - DAY/SUNSET

We are moving through the Eloi world. Through lush jungles
and glades and forests. Everywhere around us there are
fascinating geological and botanical wonders to behold...

Bucolic and beautiful. Idyllic...

And then the landscape is more mountainous, rocks and the
beginning of a splendid desert... the sun is setting... the
desert sand burns red in the sunset... still beautiful...

And then a shape appears in the distance -- we sweep toward
it -- it is hulking -- predatory -- terrifying -- sparkling
red as if the setting sun is reflecting from shinning
metal --

INT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - DAY

-- Alexander bolts awake. Unsettled by the dream.

EXT. FOREST PATH - HILL - DAY

Alexander and Mara are making their way up an ascending path through the forest with the rest of the Eloï. Kalen is ahead of them with some other children.

Korus comes to them:

KORUS

Good morning, Alexander. Feeling up to some work?

ALEXANDER

I suppose so.

MARA

I'm going to take him to where Kalen found him first.

KORUS

And then you'll join us?

MARA

Yes.

KORUS

Good. We'll see you later then.

He moves ahead, walking briskly. Excited about a day of work.

ALEXANDER

Mara, I had a strange dream last night. I was here, walking through a forest very much like this, and then...

MARA

Then you came to a desert and mountains...

ALEXANDER

Yes.

MARA

And you saw a shape ahead of you...

ALEXANDER

Yes!

MARA

We all have that dream.

ALEXANDER

All of you?

MARA

Every night.

ALEXANDER
You share dreams? That's
incredible.

MARA
We share everything.

He slows, looking ahead, amazed.

In the distance, just over the crest of the hill he sees a
strange point, like the top of a high steeple, jutting up to
the sky.

They approach the crest of the hill...

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

Alexander stands, utterly staggered, looking down into a
valley.

And he sees...

A city... not exactly... s sculpture... no...

Imagine Monument Valley. Man-made.

Twisting spires and towers and monoliths shoot up for a
hundred feet, swirling multicolored constructions of sand and
stone. They are mammoth creations that bend and twist and
soar, filling the valley. There is a bizarre sort of
architectural order to the creation, yet it is also inspired
and mad and emotional.

MARA
Our work.

They begin to descend into the valley with the rest of the
Eloi.

EXT. VALLEY - ELOI CREATIONS - DAY

Among the towers now, Alexander sees the fabulous detail to
the constructions. They are beautiful, soaring combinations
of mud and stone sculpture; fabric and wood; sand and
flowers.

It is ethereal pyramid building: primitive creation of
stunning artistic courage and clarity.

Already the Eloi are busy.

Like a race of master builders, they climb wooden
scaffoldings and scale ropes -- swarming busily around the
towers like insects -- unified in their task of amazing
artistic creation.

Alexander and Mara move through the towers.

ALEXANDER

This is magnificent...

MARA
Thank you.

ALEXANDER
And this is your "work"?

MARA
Yes.

They pass some Eloï carrying mud from a nearby river to the towers.

MARA
(dry)
The mud carriers.

ALEXANDER
I can see Kalen's point.

MARA
Want to be a high climber now, do you?

ALEXANDER
What you need is an engineer. If you set up a system of pulleys and counterweights, some basic block and tackle mechanism, you could to this a lot more easily.

MARA
It's not supposed to be easy, it's supposed to be beautiful.

ALEXANDER
What's it all for?

MARA
I don't understand.

ALEXANDER
I mean, why do you do it? What purpose does it serve?

MARA
It has no purpose. It's just beautiful... Does everything have a purpose where you come from?

ALEXANDER
Most things. We're very high on purpose.

MARA
It's always been this way here. We work on the towers all our lives. When we're young we train to be planners or climbers or sculptors...

ALEXANDER
Or mud carriers.

MARA
And there's no shame to that. It's
all the same here. Everyone has an
important job to do. We all work
together and couldn't survive
without each other.

ALEXANDER
What are you?

MARA
I'm a planner. I help decide where
the new towers go and what they
should look like.

ALEXANDER
How do you decide?

MARA
I try to imagine how they'll look
when they're done. I try to
imagine how we'll fit in with
them... our place in the world.

Alexander is impressed with her quiet words, so much like his
own creative passion.

He stops, taking in the communal activity everywhere around
him for a moment. Enjoying the warm sunshine and peaceful
surroundings.

Paradise.

He continues to gaze at the towers, smiling. Mara looks at
him, almost on the verge of saying something. She decides
against it.

MARA
We should go if you want to see
your machine.

They continue on.

EXT. FIELD - NEAR SUNSET

The first stars are beginning to shine in the night sky as
Alexander and Mara make their way across an open field.

ALEXANDER
... It was a great city. The
greatest city in the world.

MARA
You liked it there.

ALEXANDER
Oh, very much...

(he points)
... I used to work somewhere in
that direction, I think. A huge
university where we taught
everything from botany to history
to literature.

MARA
Learning was important?

ALEXANDER
Oh very. Learning, commerce, the
arts -- the whole place was buzzing
all the time. Night and day.

MARA
Did you have fires at night?

ALEXANDER
Only to keep warm. For
illumination we had gaslights on
most of the streets and a new
invention called electrical
lighting that made it seem like
daylight all through the night.

MARA
It must have been safe.

ALEXANDER
Oh, it was...
(beat)
... Most of the time.

MARA
It sounds like a wonderful place to
live.

ALEXANDER
Looking back... I suppose it was.
I didn't quite realize it at the
time but...

Alexander stops, frozen. Staring up.

MARA
Alexander...?

ALEXANDER
(quietly)
Orion's belt...

The constellation gleams in the sky. The string of three
stars pointing to the earth. Exactly as it was on the night
Emma died. Alexander looks around, amazed, getting his
bearings:

ALEXANDER
Those rocks, over there... they're
the same... this is... Central
Park.

MARA
You know this?

ALEXANDER
Over there was Fifth Avenue -- and
the Plaza Hotel was there... this
is... the carriage path. We're on
the carriage path.

A stunning realization for Alexander. The stars and rock
formations confirming his thoughts.

ALEXANDER
The whole world is different. But
this never changes...

A long beat as he looks around, his eyes full of pain.

ALEXANDER
This is where my journey started...
right here.

MARA
You lost someone.

ALEXANDER
Yes.

MARA
Someone you loved very much.

ALEXANDER
Yes... After her death, it was
intolerable for me here... The
future had to be better.

MARA
Is it?

ALEXANDER
If you only knew...

A beat. He looks at her deeply.

ALEXANDER
You've welcomed me into your home.
Into your lives. Everyone has...
For the first time in a long time
it doesn't hurt quite so much. I
thank you for that.

MARA
I know what it is to lose someone.
When my husband was taken from
us... I thought the pain would
never end.

She gently touches his face.

MARA

But time helps.

A beat. She breaks the moment, turning:

MARA

Now let's see this amazing machine
of yours.

She moves off. He takes one final glance at Orion's belt,
and then follows.

One of the squirrel-like creatures scampers after them and
then stops -- and something bizarre happens -- the squirrel's
jaws distend unnaturally -- and it vomits forth an eyeball --

The human-looking eyeball oscillates on a thick mechanical
tendrils. Watching Alexander and Mara. Spying.

EXT. JUNGLE - SUNSET

The Time Machine awaits. It sits at the edge of some thick
jungle foliage.

Alexander goes to it. Mara following. He circles the
machine, checking it.

ALEXANDER

Good -- it looks fine. We had
quite a ride together...

MARA

It's undamaged?

ALEXANDER

Yes... a little scorching on the
upholstery but otherwise all ship-
shape.

MARA

So you can use it now?

ALEXANDER

Yes... I suppose so.

MARA

Go back to your own time?

ALEXANDER

I could...

Suddenly, she is a different person -- she takes his arm
firmly, her eyes burning into his:

MARA

(urgently)

Alexander, take my son away. Take
him back to your time. Will you do
that?

ALEXANDER

Mara --

MARA
Please, I beg you. Take him away
from here --

And then...

A mournful wailing stabs through the night. A distant horn.

Mara freezes. Her eyes wide in horror.

MARA
Kalen...

ALEXANDER
Mara...?

MARA
No!

She turns and bolts, racing away from him.

ALEXANDER
Mara!?

He runs after her -- leaving the Time Machine behind --

ALEXANDER
Wait -- tell me -- !

Then a frenzy of movement draws his attention back to the
Time Machine for a moment --

He just sees the Time Machine as it is DRAGGED AWAY --
amazingly quickly -- something violently hauling it into the
darkness of the jungle in an instant -- the jungle swallowing
it up --

Alexander slams to a stop -- amazed -- and then turns to
follow Mara --

EXT. FOREST - SUNSET

Alexander and Mara race through the deep forest -- she is
running flat out -- he struggles to keep up --

ALEXANDER
Mara -- what -- ?!

MARA
Kalen -- we have to get Kalen -- !

A building thunder in the forest behind them --

Something approaching -- a crashing cacophony of something
thrashing quickly through the trees -- closer and closer --
the earth vibrating, something pounding after them --

Another horn call, closer --

Dark shapes sweeping through the forest behind them --

EXT. VALLEY - ELOI CREATIONS - SUNSET

Alexander and Mara speed into the valley from the darkness of the forest --

The Eloi ahead of them are just standing. Waiting. A terrible moment of stasis, terror in their eyes. The world coiled.

MARA
Kalen -- !

An EXPLOSION of horror as the MORLOCKS appear --

They erupt from the dark forest into the valley --

The Morlocks are horrible, muscular creatures with unnaturally long and distended jaws and ferocious, huge claws like those of a mole --

And they ride horribly mutated horses and let out ferocious, animal roars.

About twenty mounted Morlocks sweep into the valley -- the Eloi scatter in terror.

It is a hunt.

The Eloi race in panic, so utterly unlike the beatific calm of the rest of their lives -- and everywhere the Morlocks pursue -- weaving in and out of the Eloi towers and swinging heavy nets -- capturing Eloi and dragging them away --

The Eloi scramble desperately to protect their children -- the Morlocks are brutal -- great claws slamming Eloi aside or snatching them up -- nets swinging -- the Eloi never really resist -- once they are captured they allow the Morlocks to pull them away --

By now the sun is fully setting and it is an unearthly spectacle in the blood red dusk, made even more bizarre by the glowing red eyes of the Morlocks --

Mara and Alexander race through the mammoth constructions.

MARA
KALEN! -- KALEN!

Everywhere around them the Morlocks are netting Eloi and dragging them away --

But it is not random. The Morlocks seem to target particular Eloi.

A Morlock spins on his horse, his glowing red eyes fasten on Mara. He spurs his horse and gallops toward Mara and Alexander.

Alexander sees the Morlock pursuing --

ALEXANDER

This way!

He pulls Mara towards one of the towers --

The Morlock gallops toward them -- swinging his net -- the net traps Mara -- Alexander spins around and grabs the net -- he yanks at it violently and pulls the Morlock from his horse --

The Morlock slams to the ground -- the horse bolts off -- the Morlock snarls and slashes at Alexander quickly and then, to his absolute shock, the Morlock dives into the earth -- he tunnels away with his huge claws in a frenzy of movement -- disappearing into the ground --

Alexander pulls Mara from the net and hauls her up --

He pulls her to one of the towers and begins climbing, hauling her after him, away from the Morlocks --

Another Morlock fastens his crimson eyes on Mara, gallops toward them -- swings his net up -- can't reach them. He glares up at Alexander and Mara and then snaps open his huge jaws, screeching in frustration --

Then the Morlock below VAULTS from his horse and scales up the tower after Alexander and Mara -- he climbs very quickly, his great jaws snapping -- they scramble to keep above him, desperately climbing -- the Morlock is almost on them when --

They see Kalen -- lost amidst the panic below -- the Morlock horses pounding around him -- a frenzy of horror --

ALEXANDER

KALEN! --

(to Mara)

-- GO GET HIM -- !

Alexander instantly leaps down on the Morlock pursuing them -- allowing Mara to scale down after Kalen --

The Morlock grapples with Alexander briefly -- essentially tossing him aside -- Alexander falls and then lands hard on a scaffolding below --

As Mara leaps down and begins racing through the chaos for Kalen --

The Morlock on the tower spins around and scales down after her quickly --

But Alexander sees that Mara is almost to Kalen --

When SUDDENLY the ground ERUPTS directly before Mara -- a Morlock BURST up from the hole and LEAPS on Mara like a lion on a gazelle --

He grabs her with his great claws -- Alexander watches, impotent -- as the Morlock drags Mara down the hole, amazingly quickly --

Then from the forest -- another blast of the horn.

And everything abruptly stops. The Morlock instantly stop pursuing -- the Eloi stop running.

A frozen moment and then...

The horn call ends.

The Morlock spin their horses and gallop into the dark forest, disappearing with their prey.

The Eloi look around, slightly dazed, their panic ended as if someone flipped a switch.

Alexander sees Kalen's face. It is too painful. Alexander closes his eyes.

EXT. ELOI VILLAGE - NIGHT

Alexander stands, frustrated, with Korus and a few Eloi. Braziers burn around the village.

ALEXANDER
Where do they take them?!

KORUS
We don't know.

ALEXANDER
We have to go after them, find where -- !

KORUS
Alexander, I know you're trying to help. But they don't come back.

ALEXANDER
What do you mean?!

KORUS
They've gone to a better place.

ALEXANDER
You know that's not true.

KORUS
We choose to believe it.

ALEXANDER
My God! How can you just do nothing!? They're your friends, your family. You all knew Mara. You ate with her and worked with her... Your work in the valley, what is that for if not to --

ELOI MAN
To find our place in the world and --

ALEXANDER

No -- it's more than that. When you create something you say to the world: I was here. I mean something. How can you just let that be taken away from you?!

KORUS

This is out life, Alexander. It's a hard life but it is how we have always lived.

ALEXANDER

Then it's time to change that --

KORUS

(firm)

We are what we are.

A tense beat.

ALEXANDER

You won't even try?

KORUS

We can't change the day and the night, Alexander. This is the world.

Alexander sees Kalen standing at the door to his house.

ALEXANDER

Why don't you try telling him that?

He strides off toward Kalen.

INT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alexander sits across from Kalen.

Silence.

Kalen goes to him. Sits next to him. Strangely comforting.

KALEN

This is how things happen. It happened to my father. My mother said if we remember him every day he'll always be here and we'll feel better.

A beat.

KALEN

I remember him before I go to sleep. We built a table once. I remember that.

He leans his head on Alexander's shoulder. Both remembering.

EXT. DREAMSCAPE - SUNSET

More of the shared Eloi dream we saw before...

We are moving through the desert... the sun is setting... the desert sand burns red in the sunset...

And then a shape appears in the distance -- we sweep forward -- it is hulking -- predatory -- sparkling red as if the setting sun is reflecting from shining metal --

Glowing red -- a great bird of prey -- blazing in the sunset now -- enormous coiled shoulders -- sharp talons -- strangely metallic --

Then the huge head lunges forward -- the curved beak snapping open -- devouring us --

INT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alexander bolts awake -- sweating -- terrified.

INT. MARA AND KALEN'S HOUSE - LATER

Alexander stands at the doorway, watching the Eloi troop off to work.

KALEN'S VOICE

You're thinking about her...

Alexander turns, Kalen is standing in the room.

ALEXANDER

Yes.

Kalen goes to him.

KALEN

She didn't want me to be a climber.
She wanted me to be a planner like
her.

ALEXANDER

I'm so sorry, Kalen.

They watch the Eloi troop off to work for a moment.

ALEXANDER

How can they just go back to work
as if nothing happened?

KALEN

What else can they do?

ALEXANDER

Kalen... Do you have any idea where
they take them?

KALEN

We're not supposed to think about
it. But I dream about it

sometimes...

Kalen is deep in thought. He finally comes out with it, hesitant.

KALEN
There's a place that might help...
we could try going there.

ALEXANDER
Where?

KALEN
The Hall of Books.

ALEXANDER
You have books?! Kalen, you've got
to take me there. There might be
history. Records. Something to
help us find where the Morlocks
took --

KALEN
I shouldn't have mentioned it. We
can't go there.

KALEN
Why?

Kalen looks at him. Deadly serious.

KALEN
Because it's haunted.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Alexander and Kalen are making their way through a dense
jungle path, long overgrown.

KALEN
No one ever comes here. My mother
told me stories about it late at
night. They tell all the children.

ALEXANDER
What kind of stories?

KALEN
About the voice in the darkness.
About the ghosts...

They push through some tangled vines. A gaping tunnel opens
into the earth ahead of them.

They stop. Kalen considers the dark opening. He bravely
steels himself.

KALEN
Climbers should go first.

Then he continues on, Alexander following. They begin to go

down into the tunnel, pushing aside overgrown vines and foliage. No one has been this way for a great many years.

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

They descend the dank tunnel. Here and there shafts of sunlight shoot down from holes above.

KALEN
I had a friend who came here once.
Sort of a dare.

ALEXANDER
What happened?

KALEN
He came back screaming... He never
talked about it after that. I
don't think he even got this far.

Not even noticing, they pass by an imposing figure buried deep in the sediment of the tunnel wall. A stone lion, its great head just protruding from the rock.

It is one of the lions from the entrance to the Fifth Avenue New York City Public Library.

INT. READING ROOM - DAY

Alexander and Kalen slowly walk into a cavernous chamber -- shrouded in dust, spiderwebs and cobwebs -- filthy, abandoned and echoing. Eerie.

Around the edges we can just glimpse a sense of something familiar, of our time. They are, in fact, standing in the sad remains of the reading room of the New York City Public Library. Massive walls of books.

A dazzling shaft of sunlight shoots straight down from a hole above, creating a pillar of light. Everything else is darkness.

Except for a tiny red glow in a far corner of the room.

Then a voice, echoing from the red glow:

VOICE
May I help you?

Alexander and Kalen stop.

VOICE
... It has been one thousand, three
hundred and seven years since I
have seen a living soul...

The glowing red light approaches, ominous...

VOICE
And you are alive. I can feel your
pulse from here...

The glowing red light approaches...

VOICE

If I had known you were coming...

The glowing red light stops just short of the ray of sunlight from above...

VOICE

I would have baked something.

And VOX steps into the pillar of light.

He is a truly horrifying sight. A human-shaped robot of sorts. A twisting, hideous collection of circuits and wires, pistons and metal. A gaping face-plate. Bits of ashen skin grafted uneasily to rubber and metal. And one very human eye peering from his wretched visage.

The glowing red light comes from deep within his incomplete chest cavity. A power source of some kind.

He has the same voice as the informational kiosk Alexander spoke to earlier.

Vox moves with the strange, jerky gait of a machine well past his prime. He lurches about, but with a bizarre sort of elegance.

VOX

My manners have become deplorable
through lack of use. The spiders
and the scorpions don't care much,
I'm afraid.

He smiles, a truly ghastly sight, and perambulates to a bookcase.

VOX

What can I get you, let's see...
(he flips through some
books)
... Henry James? No, too dreary...
Hemingway, perhaps? No, too
sweaty. Plato? Proust? Poe?
Pinter? Pound? No, something
else... ahhhh... I have it...
(he hold up a book)
... Jules Verne.

He turns to Alexander.

VOX

Right up your alley, I would think.
You are from the past, yes?

ALEXANDER

How did you know?!

VOX

I can smell carcinogens and
industrial pollutants on your skin
that have not been known here for --
 (he leans forward and
 smells Alexander)
-- 800,000 years perhaps. Don't
keep me in suspense. What year?

ALEXANDER
1899.

VOX
I must say, you look remarkably
good. You don't want a book then?

ALEXANDER
What are you?

VOX
I'm the librarian. I've always
been the librarian.

ALEXANDER
I know you -- you're an automaton
of some sort that --

VOX
An "automaton"?! Please! I'm a
biomechanical organism. Well,
what's left of one. What's left of
all of them, actually. I am the
last...
 (he sweeps his arms to
 take in the whole
 chamber)
... And "these fragments I have
shored against my ruins." T.S.
Eliot. You wouldn't know him yet
but you'll just love him, he's
divine, if a little dour. Very shy
though... hiding over here...

He jerks away toward another bookcase.

ALEXANDER
Sir... have you a name?

VOX
I am called Vox...
 (he jerks quickly to
 Kalen)
... Now you are Eloi.

KALEN
 (terrified)
Yes...

VOX
Don't be frightened, Vox is here to
help. To serve. How may I serve
you, child?

He leans very close to Kalen. Then quietly and rather cruelly baaa's like a sheep.

ALEXANDER
Please, we need your help. The
Morlocks have taken --

VOX
(jerking at the word)
Morlocks --

ALEXANDER
You know of them?

VOX
Who doesn't know the Morlocks?

ALEXANDER
Do you know where they live?

VOX
Oh yes... They found our knowledge
useful for a time. They used us
much as your people did. Then they
decided they had learned enough so
they tore us up for spare parts.

ALEXANDER
But you escaped.

VOX
I was lucky. The others weren't.

ALEXANDER
How have you survived so long?

Vox touches the red glow in his chest cavity:

VOX
Regenerating fission reactor, you
wouldn't understand. It's power is
well beyond your neanderthal
cranial capacity.

ALEXANDER
Can you show us where they live?

KALEN
Please... it's important.

VOX
An Eloi who would seek out the
Morlocks? Aren't you a plucky
little thing?

He stares at Kalen, gauging him. Kalen bravely returns his
stare.

ALEXANDER
We need your help.

VOX

(with rising passion)

Why should I help you? You
primates -- you great, lumbering,
hairy animals, drenched in blood
from the moment of your hideous
conception -- what have you ever
used knowledge for but destruction
and bloodshed! A little bit of
learning and you lay waste to the
world! You're no better than the
Morlocks!

KALEN

They took my mother!

VOX

THEY TOOK MY ENTIRE RACE!

His thundering words echo around the chamber.

A beat. Vox calms down. Takes in his massive walls of
books.

VOX

But all that's ancient history.
I'm safe here. Now I live in
serene contemplation. I commune
with the great minds of history.
Socrates, Aristotle, Shakespeare,
Martha Stewart. Why should I risk
all of that to help you?

A beat.

ALEXANDER

Because you'll never die.

VOX

Excuse me?

ALEXANDER

You'll live like this forever.
Alone. You were meant to help. To
be with people. Not like this.

A long beat.

VOX

(darkly)

So, Relic, you want to open
Pandora's box, do you? See all the
mysteries exposed?

ALEXANDER

Yes.

VOX

And if the truth is so horrible
that it will haunt your dreams for

all time?

ALEXANDER
I'm used to that.

Vox stares at Alexander for a long beat.

VOX
All right, Dorothy, let's go and
see the Wizard.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Alexander, Vox and Kalen are making their way down a forest
path. Kalen a bit ahead.

Vox talks quietly to Alexander:

VOX
When was his mother taken?

ALEXANDER
Last night.

VOX
Send him away.

ALEXANDER
What?

VOX
Send him home. You don't want him
to see it.

ALEXANDER
Kalen... hold on a minute.

Kalen stops. Alexander kneels by him.

ALEXANDER
I think we should go on by
ourselves.

KALEN
No...

ALEXANDER
Please, just listen to me... Your
mother would be very cross with me
if you got hurt. I'll find her.

KALEN
But you're only a mud carrier.

ALEXANDER
(smiles)
I'll be all right... You go back to
the village and light the fire. So
we can find our way home.

A beat.

KALEN
I'll wait for you.

He hugs Alexander, tightly. And then goes.

A beat.

Vox watches Alexander, actually moved.

ALEXANDER
Come on.

He rises and they continue down the path.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Alexander and Vox are staring up, gazing at something ahead of them. An odd shadow falling across them.

ALEXANDER
My God... I saw this.

VOX
It frightens you.

ALEXANDER
Yes...

VOX
It was meant to.

And then we see it... like a vision from the shared Eloi dream... a great metallic bird of prey... coiled muscles... shining red in the light.

It is, in fact, one of the gargoyles from the Chrysler Building. The top of the building towers up from the sand. Shattered and desolate, looming at an odd angle.

VOX
So, do we go on?

ALEXANDER
Yes.

VOX
Aren't you a plucky little -- ?

ALEXANDER
Oh, shut up.

He bravely moves past the top of the Chrysler Building, keeping an eye on the frozen gargoyle as he passes.

Vox smiles and follows.

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

Great cliffs soar up like dragon's teeth. Alexander and Vox approach the tallest, sharpest cliff. Like a knife cutting

into the sky.

VOX
... The Morlocks never bother me.
Why should they? I'm obsolete.
Where's the danger in a book no one
wants to read?

Vox notes one of the little squirrel-like creatures. He
calmly crushes it under his foot.

Alexander is surprised but says nothing.

Then Vox stops at the great cliff, gazing up, a complex
tornado of emotions flashing across his one human eye.

VOX
(quietly)
I have not seen this place for
120,000 years... Very well, Relic.
Here's the way in.

Alexander stares at the wall of impenetrable stone.

VOX
It's not what you think. Touch it.

Alexander slowly reaches forward -- his hand passes through
the stone.

VOX
It's what they want you to see.

ALEXANDER
This is the way in?

VOX
Yes... Are you sure you want to do
this?

ALEXANDER
Yes. But you've done enough.
Thank you for your help... I hope
someday people read your books
again.

And then Alexander takes a breath and... steps through the
wall. Disappearing.

Vox stands for a moment. Thinking. And follows Alexander
through the wall...

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - DAY

Alexander turns.

VOX
In for a penny, in for a pound. Do
you know that saying?

ALEXANDER

Yes... Thank you.

And they turn to face...

The lair of the Morlocks.

It is a serpentine network of tunnels that shoot off dramatically in all directions. Some of the tunnels are rough and natural, stalagmites and stalactites gaping like teeth. Others are smooth and architectural, seeming almost man-made.

In the rocks around them, we can just glimpse relics from the Old World -- buried under thousands of years of rock formation and evolution -- treasures deep in the sediment.

Bit of New York -- a building -- a car -- a soda machine -- twisting subway tracks arching into the darkness.

And in the background a steady inhalation and exhalation -- a constant rasping and hollow moaning -- as if the Earth itself was breathing.

And the low thrum of machinery.

ALEXANDER
Machines?

VOX
Yes.

ALEXANDER
Do you know which way?

Vox stands frozen... his nightmares coming back to haunt him.

ALEXANDER
Vox?

VOX
This way.

They begin to move through a tunnel...

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Although he doesn't know it -- and such a thing would be unknown to him anyway -- Alexander and Vox are traveling down the remains of a decaying New York City subway tunnel.

They pass bits of crumbling tile on the wall -- the letters "I.R.T." and "42nd Street" are just visible through years of grime and geological growth.

They move toward the next chamber, the source of the strange breathing and mechanical sounds seems to be coming from this new chamber...

They emerge on a ledge high above...

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - MACHINERY CAVERN - DAY

Alexander and Vox peer down, hidden.

If Alexander had the knowledge of its existence he would know he is above the sunken remains of Madison Square Garden. The whole Garden has fallen in on itself at some points, at others the cathedral of metal girders support the ceiling high above.

The air around them vibrates and whooshes, the breathing sound roaring. And at last Alexander can see the source...

Machines. Towering, sweating, industrial. A network of enormous pipes and electrical cables and air channels like the circulator system of a body that twist off in every direction. A sweatshop Hell. A mechanized Dante's Inferno of wood and leather and steel.

And the Morlocks are working. All the machines are powered by the brute strength of the Morlocks alone. They labor among the hellish machines -- slowly turning great wheels and pulling at enormous bellows and hauling ropes and grinding levers. They are nightmare figures of a Bosch painting.

Alexander looks down in amazement.

ALEXANDER

What's it all for?

VOX

The air... the power.

ALEXANDER

Why did they built it?

VOX

The Morlocks didn't build this.

Alexander looks at him.

VOX

Alexander... Listen to me, it was wrong to bring you. You're not going to find what you're looking for.

ALEXANDER

What do you mean?

VOX

(grim)

Trust me... You don't want to see any more.

A beat.

ALEXANDER

Show me.

Vox looks at him for a moment. And leads him down another tunnel...

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - HALL OF BONES - DAY

The tunnel gradually opens out, getting wider and wider, opening to a vast chamber...

And as the tunnel opens out, they get a stunning perspective of the whole...

Bones. Skeletons. The entire chamber is a vast necropolis.

They are standing in an enormous hall entirely made up of Eloi bones and skulls and rib cages and complete skeletons. Some buried deep into the sediment -- some reaching out for them like grisly nightmare images -- an entire sweeping wall of skulls on one side. At other places the bones glisten wetly, fresh kill.

Here and there around the chamber holes drop away to blackness, gaping chasms.

A silent beat as they take in the horror everywhere around them.

VOX

The slaughterhouse.

Alexander looks around, shattered.

VOX

They raise them like cattle... Feed them until they're ready and then hunt them.

ALEXANDER

No...

VOX

(a whisper)

How are your dreams now?

His words hang in the air for a moment as Alexander takes in the gruesome chamber.

ALEXANDER

This has to end.

VOX

End...?

ALEXANDER

This has to end.

Vox looks at him.

VOX

May I help you?

Before Alexander can respond --

The ground beside them suddenly EXPLODES up -- bones fly --

Morlocks ERUPT up from the ground -- Alexander tries to resist -- but he is quickly overpowered --

A Morlock grabs Vox and BRUTALLY flings him aside -- Vox falls into a gaping hole -- sailing down -- SLAMMING against the sides of the abyss -- his body RECOILING grotesquely like a rag doll, shattered -- he CRASHES to the bottom of the chasm, lies still --

Above, a Morlock leans over the defeated Alexander, he opens his enormous jaws wide and screeches down at Alexander, inches away, Alexander can see into his throat.

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - EVOLVING TUNNEL - DAY

Two Morlocks are leading Alexander down a long, sloping tunnel, deeper and deeper and deeper. But this tunnel is different.

It evolves from the natural subterranean and bone caves of the Morlocks to rough walls and then walls with decaying frescos and tapestries. It is as if Alexander is walking through a microcosm of man's development.

A tall figure is waiting ahead of them in the deep darkness of the tunnel. The Morlocks stop, Alexander as well.

Alexander peers at the figure, trying to see. Too dark.

Then a voice. Surprisingly gentle.

GENTLE VOICE
I won't be what you expect...

A beat.

GENTLE VOICE
We're not really so different, you
and I.

Then a light. A pulsing bio-electric glow radiates from the figure, illuminating it from within, and Alexander sees...

The UBER-MORLOCK OVERLORD.

The Uber-Morlocks are strange creatures. The centuries of living deep underground without any physical activity have left them anemic and enervated. They are fragile, weak, elongated creatures. Their skin is almost translucent -- like bizarre mutations of a man and a silverfish.

A beat as Alexander takes in this eerie figure. The Overlord bears a disturbing resemblance to Dean Fulton.

OVERLORD
It's bio-electric illumination.
Like certain deep sea creatures
from your own time.

He moves to Alexander. The Uber-Morlocks move slowly, almost

having lost ambulatory power. The Overlord stops close.
Studies Alexander. Then smiles.

OVERLORD
Come... see your future.

He ushers Alexander into...

INT. UBER-MORLOCK CHAMBERS - DAY

A breathtaking cacophony of the past and the future.

A serpentine honeycomb of chambers that combine a Victorian Jules Verne sense of the "future" with artifacts from our world: obelisks of cars and computers; towers of scientific equipment alongside rotting advertising posters and preserved animals floating in huge tanks.

Mammoth columns of decaying books soaring up like monoliths.
Vast towers of enormous tomes of every description.

Here and there in the murky darkness of the network of rooms we see flickering lights -- decaying power cables -- the hum and sputter of some machinery in the shadows.

The Overlord slowly leads Alexander through the network of chambers, past the amazing artifacts.

OVERLORD
What's your name?

ALEXANDER
Alexander.

OVERLORD
Well, Alexander, as a fellow scientist I know you have a thousand questions --

ALEXANDER
You came underground when the world was ending above. And you evolved. Some into the Morlocks and others --

OVERLORD
No, we created the Morlocks.

ALEXANDER
Created?

OVERLORD
You wouldn't understand. We genetically engineered the Morlock class to serve our needs.

ALEXANDER
As slaves.

OVERLORD
To work the machines and build the tunnels. You can't imagine what it

was like when it all started. We survived for millennia, scraping the lichen and microscopic organisms from the rock with our teeth and digging for water with our nails. Endlessly. For generations. And we... became.

The Overlord continues to lead Alexander through the chambers, the two Morlocks following. Alexander can see that the Morlocks are clearly terrified by the Overlord.

A few other Uber-Morlocks lurk in the darkness of the corners and high walls of the chambers.

OVERLORD

And centuries later when we tried to emerge into the sun again, we couldn't. Our adaptation was too successful. We survived... we endured... for this.

ALEXANDER

How do you control the Morlocks?

OVERLORD

We make them see what we wish.

ALEXANDER

How?

OVERLORD

As our bodies atrophied our minds... compensated.

The two Morlocks following suddenly stop -- mind control from the Overlord freezing them in their tracks.

The Overlord continues to walk with Alexander.

ALEXANDER

And what of the Eloi?

OVERLORD

They survived above. Became what they are.

ALEXANDER

No... they didn't survive only to be your food. You did that.

OVERLORD

I'm afraid your indignation is lost here. I have no more "human" response to the Eloi then you would have to a carrot. It's just how we live now.

ALEXANDER

But this is barbaric! Have you completely lost all sense of --

OVERLORD

(stops, calm)

And who are you, Alexander? Who are you to question thousands of years of evolution? This is the world now. I am fact.

ALEXANDER

It can't all be like this...

They continue walking.

OVERLORD

Underground and above. Light and dark. Predator and prey. There is nothing else. There is not even a desire for anything else. We have finally arrived at... stasis. Which brings us to the problem of you... You can see that you have no place here. Your blood, your offspring, your ideas just don't belong anymore. So...

They round a corner to another chamber.

And the Time Machine is sitting before them.

OVERLORD

... You're free to go.

A stunning bell tower looms through the sediment just above the Time Machine. It is a huge clock face from the front of some long lost building. The huge bell silent. The hands still for generations.

ALEXANDER

What?

OVERLORD

Go back to where you came from. Or die here.

ALEXANDER

Why would you let me go back?

OVERLORD

Because the past is immutable. Frozen. Dead... And you are the past.

A beat as the Overlord gazed at Alexander dispassionately.

ALEXANDER

Say I just come back again?

OVERLORD

Alexander, yours is a world of brocade and velvet, not tooth and claw. Why would you come back to

this? To save a few cattle? No.

ALEXANDER
I could tell them. Warm them of
what's to come.

The Overlord gazed at him deeply. Then with strange
poignancy.

OVERLORD
Please, warn them. No one will
ever believe... we have come to
this.

Then a weak voice, echoing from the darkness down the
corridor...

MARA'S VOICE
Alexander...

Alexander spins around -- races across the chamber -- the
Overlord slowly follows --

And Alexander discovers Mara, almost lost in the incredibly
Baroque chaos of the chamber. She is hanging on a wall,
leather straps holding her in place. Filthy plastic IV tubes
connect her to some chugging medical equipment.

Alexander reaches up to grasp her hand, can just reach her.

ALEXANDER
Mara...

Mara weakly raises her head -- a shocking sight -- already
her skin is becoming strangely translucent, her veins
beginning to show through.

ALEXANDER
No...

Mara tries to speak, cannot. Alexander stands for a beat,
holding her hand. Then, without turning:

ALEXANDER
Why?

OVERLORD
We have lost the capacity to
reproduce. But the species must
continue.

ALEXANDER
So you take their best...

OVERLORD
When a creature shows too much
independent thought we remove them
from the gene pool. We're breeding
them for submission. Soon they
will be fully domesticated.

ALEXANDER
(quietly)
You took her because she helped me.

OVERLORD
Yes. Initiative and daring are not desirable traits in the Eloï. But you should be happy for her. She won't remember the creature she was. She will... become.

A beat. Alexander looks up at Mara deeply.

OVERLORD
She won't remember you. None of them will. You will be forgotten. That is how history works.

ALEXANDER
A man can change his history.

OVERLORD
After all you've seen... after man's entire journey... you still believe that?

Alexander slowly turns to the Overlord, his eyes burning, his fury mounting.

OVERLORD
Now will you go?

ALEXANDER
No...

Alexander steps towards the Overlord, threatening.

ALEXANDER
This has to end.

The Overlord steps back. A frail creature, he is no match for Alexander.

He has no defense. But for one.

OVERLORD
Her name... was Emma.

Alexander stops.

OVERLORD
If I can only find the right door... the lady or the tiger...

ALEXANDER
No...

OVERLORD
It's always the tiger for you, Alexander, haven't you learned that by now?...

He glances to Mara, strapped to the wall, her head hanging limp.

OVERLORD
... It wasn't possible then and it
isn't possible now...

The Overlord slowly moves to Alexander, his eyes burning into Alexander's, his voice low and steady, hypnotic.

OVERLORD
Past... present... future... it's
all the same ribbon. You can't
change a thing. Not a moment. Not
a molecule... You never could.

The Overlord is very close. A whisper:

OVERLORD
You came 800,000 years not to
re-live it. But you are reliving
it. How can you watch it again?

Alexander looks at him, pain in his eyes.

OVERLORD
Go... before it's too late...
Accept what is destined to be. Go
back to your own time. The
future's finished for you...

Alexander looks at Mara. Then he slowly turns his back on her and steps to the Time Machine.

OVERLORD
That's right... go back... Tell
them of your journey. Of your
destiny. This was all... meant to
be.

Alexander stands at the Time Machine.

Then he reaches forward and gently throws the Time Machine's control lever --

The Overlord is stunned --

Alexander withdraws his hand and turns to the Overlord.

ALEXANDER
Not this time.

A high-pitched whine -- building -- the world undulates around the Time Machine --

And then it is gone.

The Overlord gapes at Alexander.

OVERLORD

That was a foolish thing to do.

ALEXANDER
I'm a foolish man.

Alexander begins to circle the Overlord.

OVERLORD
I could have a hundred Morlocks
here in thirty seconds.

ALEXANDER
I know.

OVERLORD
Does this prove something to you?
Have you made some great stand of
which I'm unaware?

Alexander continues to circle, the Overlord matching him.

ALEXANDER
I'm tired of running.

OVERLORD
Oh, you won't be running for
long...

Alexander stops. The Overlord stops as well. The Overlord
is now standing where the Time Machine was. A tense stand
off.

OVERLORD
But you've earned a reward for your
valor. I think you should become.
You'll like it here. Once you get
used to the darkness.

ALEXANDER
I don't think that's going to
happen.

OVERLORD
And why not?

ALEXANDER
Because...

He smiles.

ALEXANDER
Time's up.

Before the Overlord can react -- a buzzing sound -- the world
undulating around him -- his eyes shoot wide with
realization --

And the Time Machine reappears -- appearing through the
Overlord -- the Overlord is torn apart -- the Time Machine
forcing it's way through his body --

Splat.

The spacial and auditory vibration caused by the reappearance of the Time Machine cascades through the chamber -- and the great clock face above suddenly shifts -- its bell tolling loudly -- the bell swaying back and forth unsteadily --

Alexander races to Mara -- urgently tearing her from the wall -- she collapses down into his arms --

As the huge clock begins to crumble from the wall --

Alexander turns to see --

The great clock face finally falling --

On top of the Time Machine. Smashing it to pieces.

Alexander gathers Mara up and begins racing out of the chamber.

Another Uber-Morlock reaches for them from the shadows -- Alexander easily knocks the anemic creature aside and continues on.

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - HALL OF BONES - DAY

Alexander is carrying Mara quickly through the grisly Hall of Bones, trying to remember his way out --

Then a hulking figure appears ahead of him. And another. Two Morlocks. Alexander quickly sets Mara down and snatches up a bone to use as a weapon.

The two Morlocks circle him, almost toying with him -- then they attack -- Alexander fights them but is almost immediately overpowered -- they roughly shove him to his knees, preparing to dispatch him when --

A voice, Vox:

VOX
That's quite enough of that, you
great bloated ticks.

The Morlocks spin to Vox, surprised -- he stands proudly a few feet away -- Alexander instantly drives up and SLAMS into one of the Morlocks --

The other springs for Vox -- jaws snapping -- Vox thrusts up an arm -- the Morlock crashes into him -- clamping his jaws down on Vox's forearms -- they fall to the ground --

Alexander fights with his Morlock as best he can -- but he is woefully overpowered -- the Morlock slashes at him --

The other Morlock continues to bite down on Vox's forearm -- Vox smiles --

VOX
That's titanium, you idiot.

He powers forward with his other hand and grabs the Morlock's throat, squeezing the life out of him as the Morlock slashes at him brutally --

Meanwhile, Alexander is having a bad time of it -- the Morlock springs away from him into the darkness of the chamber -- clinging to the walls and scaling along them quickly like a spider -- and then vaults back and slashes at Alexander -- Alexander spins -- wounded -- falls.

The Morlock hunches, coiling for the kill --

Alexander rolls over, pulling something from his vest -- a box of matches -- the Morlock races forward to destroy him --

Alexander desperately strikes a match -- a sudden phosphorescent flare from the match -- the Morlock stops, stunned, blinded for a moment --

And then the Morlock jerks, stiffens -- amazed -- as Vox's titanium arm shoots through him from behind -- Vox's fist explodes through the Morlock's chest.

Vox jerks his hand free as the Morlock falls.

Then a look of surprise passes across Vox's face... he sinks to his knees.

ALEXANDER

Vox --

VOX

Imagine that... seems that little devil got my power relays...

Viscous fluid begins to trickle down his face plate.

VOX

(smiles)

Takes a licking but keeps on ticking...

(his head jerks oddly)

... For a while anyway.

ALEXANDER

What can I do? Tell me what to do.

VOX

Nothing to do, I'm afraid. I'm just a librarian after all. Wasn't exactly made for all this swashbuckling. Very Byronic end, though. I appreciate that. Do you know Byron?

ALEXANDER

Vox...

VOX

I'm babbling. Good to have someone

to talk to for a change... But you
need to go. Take her out of
here...

(he jerks again, in pain)
... I don't have long.

ALEXANDER
I won't leave you like this.

VOX
Go back to the light. You weren't
made for this. I was... I was made
for this moment.

ALEXANDER
I don't understand.

VOX
I'm going to end it, Alexander. As
we discussed...

He touches the red glow of the reactor in his chest.

VOX
... It'll only take a moment. One
interrupted circuit, a few atoms
smashing together and this will all
be history. I'll give you as much
time as I can... help me up.

Alexander helps Vox to his feet.

VOX
Now get out of my sight, you
hideous primate.

ALEXANDER
I'll never forget this.

VOX
I should hope not...
(he jerks again in pain)
... Alexander... Make them read my
books. Tell them who they are.
Who they could be.

ALEXANDER
I will...

A difficult beat.

VOX
Tick-tick-tick -- better scamper
along now.

Alexander picks up Mara and sprints off.

Vox slowly turns toward the Machinery Cavern.

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Alexander makes his way with Mara up the decaying subway tunnel.

Meanwhile --

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - MACHINERY CAVERN - DAY

The Morlocks are absorbed in their mindless toil, as they have been for generations. Slaving and sweating at the great machines.

Vox slowly limps into the chamber. He is near the end, fluid flowing down his face, moving with difficulty.

The Morlocks notices him, surprised. Vox just continues to limp into the center of the cavern.

The Morlocks begin to surround him, circling him, predatory.

Vox looks at the Morlocks surrounding him. He smiles.

VOX
May I help you?

Then he reaches deep into his gaping chest cavity --

And the world explodes --

A terrific reaction -- a cascading shock wave that tears through the chamber -- the entire cavern begins to implode from the violent percussions --

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - HALL OF BONES - DAY

The shock wave from the explosion rips through the slaughterhouse -- destroying everything --

INT. UBER-MORLOCK CHAMBERS - DAY

The shock wave tears through the chambers. The entire Uber Morlock world crumbles, burying the artifacts of man's past in an avalanche of rock.

INT. MORLOCK CAVES - SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

Alexander hears the shock wave nearing -- the world dissolving as the caverns collapse behind him -- he sprints forward with Mara -- the subway tunnels twist and writhe and implode behind him --

Alexander sees sunlight ahead -- the way out -- he speeds toward the light --

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

Alexander races with Mara into the blinding sunlight -- emerging from the gaping tunnel leading to the Morlock's caves --

Just as the final tunnels collapse behind them.

Alexander sinks to his knees and looks back.

Dust and boulders and earth. Vox has done it. The Morlock world is no more.

EXT. ELOI VILLAGE - NIGHT

Fires burn through the night.

The Eloi are standing, amazed, not believing what they see...

Alexander and Mara. Alive.

They walk through the stunned Eloi without a word. Kalen emerges from his house and runs to them.

Slow fade to...

INT./ EXT. FIELD/ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

Alexander walks with Mara and Kalen across a green, grassy field.

ALEXANDER
... Well, you wanted to see it.

KALEN
This is it?

ALEXANDER
Around here.

He stops.

ALEXANDER
(smiles)
Yes. Just about here.

KALEN
But there's nothing here.

MARA
It was different then.

ALEXANDER
My laboratory was about... here.
And the kitchen was over there,
where that tree is. Mrs. Watchit
wouldn't allow me in much... but,
yes, this is about the kitchen.

They continue to move around the world that was Alexander's house as we become aware of something else...

Almost like ghosts at first. Philby and Mrs. Watchit. Moving around Alexander's house in 1899. Then we see the house and the field simultaneously. The same space, centuries apart.

MRS. WATCHIT
I don't know what to tell you, sir.

He's been gone this whole week.

PHILBY
And you've no idea where he went?

MRS. WATCHIT
No, sir.

Philby smiles. They move into the study...

ALEXANDER
And this would be my study. There was an elm tree outside the window then.

PHILBY
I'm glad.

MRS. WATCHIT
Sir?

PHILBY
I'm glad he's gone. Maybe he's finally found a place where he can be happy.

ALEXANDER
This... was my home.

PHILBY
His home.

Alexander puts an arm around Mara. At peace with his past. And his future.

ALEXANDER
Long ago.

Alexander, Mara and Kalen and their time slowly disappear as we fully come to...

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mrs. Watchit leads Philby to the front door.

PHILBY
You know, Molly and I were talking about engaging a nanny for Jamie. Someone to live with us and take care of the boy. Would you be interested?

They stop at the front door. Mrs. Watchit looks back at the empty house for a moment. Then turns to Philby.

MRS. WATCHIT
I think I might be. But there'll be some changes made. I run a tight house.

PHILBY

(smiles)
I have no doubt of that. I'll come
by in the morning and we'll arrange
it. Goodnight, Mrs. Watchit.

MRS. WATCHIT
Goodnight, Mr. Philby.

He goes.

Mrs. Watchit gently closes the door and turns back to the
empty house. She stands for a moment and then, quietly:

MRS. WATCHIT
Godspeed, my fine lad, Godspeed...

EXT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Philby walks away from the house, stops, takes one look back.

And he looks up at the moon for a moment.

Then he takes his bowler hat off and flings it away.

He smiles.

And continues away.

FADE OUT.