

LOVE TAKES TIME

Story by Carl D. Lord
Screenplay by Carl D. Lord & Vin Morreale,

Carl D. Lord
14403 Signature Point Drive
Louisville, Kentucky 40299
(502) 777-1453
mail@carllord.com
www.carllord.com

FADE IN:

EXT. HILLS - NIGHT

Rolling hills silhouetted against a steel grey sky.

SUPER: "SCOTLAND - 1143 AD"

Settle on a campfire in the center of a small circle of tents.

Suddenly, a SCOTTISH WARRIOR bursts into the clearing waving a two-handed sword.

SCOTTISH WARRIOR
He's back! The demon thief is back!

Panic, as FRIGHTENED CLANSPEOPLE spill out of the tents. Men grab weapons and dash about. Women hug trembling children. Terror in their eyes.

WARRIOR TWO
Did he steal your soul?

SCOTTISH WARRIOR
Nae. Me whiskey. An' me shoe!

He holds up one bare foot. An INHUMAN CACKLE snaps their heads up.

WARRIOR TWO
Thar be the demon!

He points to the edge of the encampment. A HUNCHED, DARK FIGURE scuttles into the darkness.

All the men give chase.

FRIGHTENED CHILD
Is it the English?

FRIGHTENED MOTHER
Nae. That hairy demon is not of
this world...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHADOW ROOM - NIGHT

Strange shapes stagger across the walls, which seem to melt in the eerie darkness.

A BODY pressed to the floor. BLAINE PRESCOTT, 38. Eyes closed. Motionless.

A HAND reaches out. Soft and delicate. Fingers tease the curls of his neck.

RED LIPS tickle his ear with a whisper.

WOMAN'S VOICE

I will always be yours...

Blaine smiles at the words. His eyes flutter open. But the figure is already retreating into the shadows. He can only make out her long dark hair. The curves of her back.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Come find me...

Her soft words echo as she is swallowed by the darkness.

SHOCK CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Blaine wakes with a start. His head pressed against a keyboard.

DIFFERENT VOICE (O.S.)

It's about time.

A coffee cup slams down beside his head. He sits up, wiping sleep from his face.

BLAINE

(yawning)

How long..?

SAMANTHA 'SAM' DELUCCI, 32, pretty, purple hair and Goth attitude, smirks at him.

SAM

Don't ask me. I only work with you.

(smirks)

But the way you were smiling, it musta been some dream.

BLAINE

Uh, sorry. Long days, you know?

SAM

Preaching to the choir, bossman. My blood type is Red Bull Positive these days.

Blaine stretches. Scans the imposing wall of monitors lining his control panel.

BLAINE

So...where are we?

SAM
Somewhere in Glasgow. Eleven-forty-three. I keep losing time lock.

BLAINE
And Oscar Wild?

SAM
Still trying.

BLAINE
We have to bring him back.

SAM
I'm on it.

Her fingers fly over the bank of touch screens.

SAM (CONT'D)
No!

BLAINE
What's wrong?

SAM
See for yourself.

She swipes at her screen, and the data slides to his monitors.

BLAINE
No!

SAM
That's what I said.

He snaps into hyper-concentration mode. Head scanning from screen to screen. Fingers flying across the keyboard.

BLAINE
This could be him. Quantum phase disruption on fourteen-C.

SAM
Sweet. That's why you're the boss.

Although their workstations are five feet apart, the two scientists attack their computers in unison. Keyboards clatter. Dials turn. Screens flicker. A symphony of unspoken compatibility. Until...

BLAINE
Got him! Oscar, you're coming home.

SAM
(grimly)
My lucky day...

INT. QUANTUM PHASE MODULE - CONTINUOUS

Separated from the Control Room by a glass wall, the huge translucent tube erupts in SPARKS and LIGHTS.

The outline of a body struggles to emerge. Not quite there.

Not quite human...

BLAINE
We're losing him! Increase photon
flow twenty-six percent!

SAM
Increasing photon flow.
(muttering)
C'mon, you hairy...

BLAINE
Phasing in now...

A CRACKLE of simulated LIGHTNING, and OSCAR WILD materializes. Not the famed playwright, but a CHIMPANZEE with a satchel strung across his stooped shoulder.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
Welcome back!

The small ape STAGGERS, then FALLS OVER backwards.

Blaine and Sam run to the sprawled and steaming chimp.

BLAINE (CONT'D)
He's smoking!

SAM
(sniffs)
He's drunk. Again.

The chimp takes a swig of whiskey, then reaches up and grabs Sam's butt. She slaps his paw away.

SAM (CONT'D)
How does he always manage to find
booze wherever we send him?

BLAINE
Chimp's got mad skills. Let's see
what else he brought us.

Sam rifles through the satchel. Pulls out...

SAM

One worn leather sandal... A few old coins... clay bowl... Nothing that proves he was in Twelfth Century Scotland.

BLAINE

(examines the coins)

Nothing you couldn't pick up at a Highlander cosplay convention. And since he brought them straight back, even carbon dating won't register their age.

The chimp wobbles to a seated position.

BLAINE (CONT'D)

Better run him through the CT Scan and DNA analysis. Just to make sure there's no damage at the cellular level.

SAM

(to Oscar)

Nice job, fur man. The least you could've done is brought back some nine hundred year-old Scotch.

INT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Exhausted, but elated, Blaine stumbles into his kitchen. Grabs a beer from the fridge. Raises the bottle.

BLAINE

(sighs)

...good day...

TAZ

Turning Australian, mate?

Blaine whips around to see a heavy-set, bearded man in a "KILL ALL CUPCAKES" T-Shirt.

BLAINE

What are you doing here?

TAZ

Checking on your progress...

TAZ, 35, plops down at the table.

TAZ (CONT'D)

Making sure you're eating right and have no spontaneous deformities. No third arms or webbed feet from all of that science-y crap you do every day.

BLAINE

Mom kicked you out again, huh?

TAZ

(shaking his head)

You'd think she'd learn I keep coming back home? Beer cold?

BLAINE

Not this one. I'm guessing you drank all the others?

TAZ

That's what brothers are for.

BLAINE

I should'a been an only child...

TAZ

I'll drink to that.

(raising his beer)

You got mail by the way.

He pulls a few crumpled letters from his back pocket.

BLAINE

Any you haven't opened?

TAZ

You think I don't respect your privacy?

BLAINE

You're here, aren't you?

TAZ

Point taken.

(carefully)

You may want to finish that beer before you read the one from Tricia...

At the mention of her name, Blaine leafs through the letters quickly. Tosses the bills and finds a postcard. He reads the message on the back and his face falls.

BLAINE

She broke up with me...by postcard?

TAZ

Coulda been worse. She could've dumped you by email, like Janet... Or voice mail, like Cathy... Or texted you from her new boyfriend's apartment, like Monica.

(shudders)

That was cold even by my standards... But look at the bright side! At least your 'Dear Blaine' letter didn't come with postage due...like Eleanor. Or was that Pam?

Blaine says nothing. He rises slowly and takes the postcard into...

INT. BLAINE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pulls a photo of him and TRICIA from a frame on his dresser. Grabs a pair of scissors he keeps on hand for just this type of occasion, and cuts himself from the photo. Opens the top drawer and drops the 'him' half of the photo into a pile of other 'him-halves.'

Then he takes the half with Tiffany's face and pins it, along with the postcard, to his Misery Board. On the board are half-photos and breakup notes and letters from nine different women.

TAZ

(entering)

Aw, man. She made the Misery Board. And I had such hope for this one.

BLAINE

Me, too.

TAZ

Love sucks.

BLAINE

Love doesn't suck...

Blaine looks at the board. All those beautiful smiles. All those doomed relationships.

TAZ

You want to tell me.

BLAINE

Remember, Emily?

TAZ

Henderson? Brunette, buxom...every guy on campus wanted her.

BLAINE
 Things were starting to get serious.
 (beat)
 Her parents didn't think I was right
 for their daughter.

TAZ
 Is that why you moped around half
 your senior year?

Blaine walks back into the kitchen.

BLAINE
 She was beautiful, strong-minded,
 and wasn't afraid to break a nail.
 (beat)
 I knew she was the one.

TAZ
 So you're trying to find another
 Emily.

BLAINE
 Evidently she doesn't exist.

TAZ
 Bro... You'll find the right one
 someday.

BLAINE
 Not in this lifetime, Taz... Not in
 this lifetime...

CUT TO:

INT. BLAINE'S LABORATORY - DAY

Blaine and Sam scouring the data.

BLAINE
 This can't be right...

SAM
 I've usually found that when people
 say things can't be right, they're
 usually wrong about that.

BLAINE
 I'm detecting an anomaly in Oscar's
 DNA.

SAM
 That pickpocketing primate is an
 anomaly all by himself.

BLAINE

According to this data, Oscar's mitochondria function is off the charts, and telomeres are lengthening.

SAM

Uh, I speak tech, not bio. What's all that mean for the fur guy?

INT. BLAINE'S HOUSE - DAY

Taz on the phone. In a restaurant T-shirt that reads: "I DON'T GIVE A FORK."

TAZ

(stunned)

He's getting younger?

Intercut phone call with Blaine in the Laboratory.

BLAINE

(into phone)

I kid you not. I ran the tests four times just to be sure. Sending Oscar back in time appears to reverse the aging process by a small, but quantifiable degree.

TAZ

(into phone)

That's just so you...

BLAINE

(into phone)

Huh?

TAZ

(into phone)

Always have to be the over-achiever, don't you? You couldn't be satisfied building the first workable time machine. You had to go and discover the fountain of youth too!

BLAINE

(into phone)

I didn't mean to, Taz. Besides, you're the biologist in the family. I'll need you to confirm the results. And check for any side effects we may be missing.

TAZ
 (into phone)
 So...I get my name on the Nobel Prize
 too?

BLAINE
 (into phone)
 The Prescott Brothers. "The past is
 our present to you."

TAZ
 (into phone)
 How long you been waiting to use
 that one?

BLAINE
 (into phone)
 ...a month or two...

INT. LABORATORY CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

Blaine leads Taz in. Sam sits at her control panel.

BLAINE
 You remember my lab partner, Dr.
 Delucci?

TAZ
 Who could forget the amazing Sam
 Delucci? Princess of Particle
 Physics. Queen of Quantum Mechanics.
 Tigress of Time Travel.

SAM
 Nothing like an intro from the
 infantile brother. How ya been, Taz?

TAZ
 It's Dr. Taz now. Got my PhD in
 Biology since last we met.

SAM
 Guess they give those out to anyone
 these days.

BLAINE
 Enough flirting, you two. We've got
 work to do.
 (to Taz)
 And remember, this is all totally
 top secret, off the grid, right?