

Time Zone — Screenplay first scenes, rough

Outdoor — Evening — Lynnae House, London

A young couple sits at a wrought iron table in the corner of a lush London cottage garden. High rock walls and shrubbery shield them from the sights and sounds of the town. There is a pitcher of lemonade, a plate of small sandwiches, and hand-written pages on the table.

The woman wears a formal high-necked dress, and her hair is tied back in a bun. The man is wearing black jeans, black t-shirt, and black tennis shoes.

“But Zack”, says Lynnae Bayes. “The energy coefficient is multiplied by the square root of the probability of x over xy .”

Zack Madsen pauses, stares at the pages of formulae. “That still leaves a knot in the time threads. We still bang up against that same time distortion, it simply occurs five minutes later. We haven’t eliminated it.”

“Hmmm. Yes. What if . . . “

Indoor — Morning — Oval Office

The President looks out at the Rose Garden.

“I want him in this office in 15 minutes, Scott.”

“Yes, Madame President!” Simpson turns.

“No, wait,” says President Michaels, holding a finger up. She pauses. “Make it dinner. 7:30. The red room.”

Outdoor — Afternoon — Lynnae House

Lynnae leans forward, slides a different sheet to the top and points at a different formulae. “Maybe we’ve been looking at the wrong section,” -- The pages move in a sudden breeze. She puts her hand out to hold them down – “Perhaps the problem is in probability differentials, not energy coefficients.”

A faint whistling noise begins to build. Zack turns and looks up. “Shit!” He grabs at the papers, gathering them into a pile.

A hissing sound combines with the whistling.

Zack picks up a small electronic device from behind the pitcher as a large male hand appears in the air behind him.

Lynnae glances at the hand, sighs, leans back in her chair. An arm grows from the hand. Then a chest, neck, head, body. More legs and hands materialize. Finally, two men in black are standing next to them.

Zack is madly scribbling notes and equations on a piece of paper.

Agent Morgan puts his hand on Madsen's shoulder and squeezes.

"Shit," says Zack.

"Dr. Madsen," says Morgan. "The President requests your presence at dinner."

"Goddammit, Jimmy," Lynnae spits out. She faces the other man. "And you too, Dad. I thought we were going to have some time to work on this."

"It's good to see you too, Lynn," says Jimmy with a grin. His eyes linger on her.

She rolls her eyes and looks away.

"Time ran out," says her Dad. "Pun intended."

"Tell her I'm busy," Zack says. "Lynn and I are working."

"I'm sorry sir. This is not an invitation, it's an order."

Suddenly, Lynnae is alone in the garden. The breeze dies away. Several pages drift to the ground.