

THE MECHANISM

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EXT. SOLOMON ESTATE - GUILDFORD, SURREY - MORNING

Fine, clean soil. A small trowel removes a scoop. Empties it into a flower bed and returns for more.

SUPER: OUTSIDE LONDON, PRESENT DAY

JEN SOLOMON, on her hands and knees with her back to us, works the flower bed on her estate.

Mid-50s, thin but not frail, a scarf is wrapped around her head.

EVE (O.S.)

Auntie...

Jen turns, the right side of her face hidden by her scarf.

EVE (O.S.) (cont'd)

How is your knee today?

JEN

I'd say close to one hundred percent.
Thank you for asking. All ready?

Over to EVE SOLOMON, mid-20s, clearly related to her aunt, vibrant, with BITS OF PURPLE dyed into her short, dark hair.

EVE

I believe so. Still need to load my gear. Tea tomorrow?

JEN

Yes, please. And Eve...

Jen stands up, dusting herself off. Light glints off an overly large LOCKET hanging about her neck.

JEN (cont'd)

Please be safe.

Jen pulls down her scarf. Her RIGHT CHEEK and EAR are BRUTALLY SCARRED. Burned, long ago. Eve gives no notice.

EVE

As always.

She moves in and the two embrace.

JEN

Always.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Eve makes her way down the hall. From a room ahead she hears heavy wooden drawers scrape open. Then shut. She stops.

Then tries a soft, quiet step forward. The floor under her CREAKS. The room ahead goes silent.

Eve races the last few steps into the room, her room--

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - EVE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nothing but her overstuffed hiking pack and a large, worn stuffed dog sitting on the bed.

Eve spots a scarf on the floor. Not a head scarf like Jen's but a cozy winter one.

It puzzles her as she picks it up. She pauses then jams it into her pack.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - JEN'S STUDY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jen looks out the window. Her scars are well lit and clearly seen.

The focus moves through the window to Eve in the driveway. She loads her pack into a Jaguar SUV, hops in, and pulls away.

EXT. CAMPSITE - SOUTH ENGLAND - NIGHT

Campfire spills onto Eve. The scarf she grabbed off the floor is wrapped around her neck. She sits by--

SYDNEY SHETTY, her bestie. Mid-20s, British Indian, Bohemian grad student vibe. The two sip on beers.

SYDNEY

Thank you Cambridge. That will be all.

Sip.

EVE

Anything lined up yet?

SYDNEY

A few interviews soon but all academic. Not too keen on teaching though. What about you?

EVE

I went to the Hillcrest Foundation this week.

SYDNEY

You interviewed?

Eve nods excitedly.

SYDNEY (cont'd)

Ohmygodohmygod. This is unbelievable. What did Jen say?

EVE

Not as excited as I thought she'd be. Still, fingers crossed.

The firelight fades into sunlight streaming into--

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - JEN'S STUDY - MORNING

Jen moves to a rug in the center of the room. The walls around her are lined with heavy, wooden bookshelves. Filled to the brim.

She stretches: Her neck. | Arms. | Legs. | Heavy focus on one of her knees.

Limbered, she paces, ramping herself up, adrenaline surging, like a fighter before the bell.

Jen stops in the middle of the room. She takes a large, calming breath, wraps her hand around her locket, and--

The doorknob grinds a little as it turns.

Jen looks to the door cracking open--

JEN

No!

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - FOYER - MID-MORNING.

Eve throws open the front door and tosses her pack aside.
Passes a large antique GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

EVE
Aunt Jen?

JEN'S STUDY-- Eve peaks in.

EVE (cont'd)
Auntie?

THE KITCHEN--

EVE (cont'd)
Hello? I'm back.

UPSTAIRS-- Eve walks down the hall yelling into rooms.

EVE (cont'd)
Aunt Jen? Auntie? Hello?

THE GARAGE--

EVE (cont'd)
Helloooooo?

All the cars are there.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Eve sets a sandwich-laden plate on a table that looks out onto the grounds. Mid-bite, she pulls out her cell phone and calls Aunt Jen.

BEEP.

EVE
(still chewing)
Hi Aunt Jen. Sorry, sandwich. I am
back from camping, safe and sound,
and thought you should know.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Eve is restless on the couch as she watches a movie. She hits pause, grabs her phone and calls Jen again.

EVE

Hello Auntie. Just wondering if you will indeed be home this evening. If not, I'll be forced to pub crawl through town all alone. Call me.

INT. JEN'S STUDY - LATER

Eve plops down at Jen's desk. She looks to her left and sees a CELL PHONE.

Eve turns it on and the lock page is filled with texts and missed calls from Eve.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Eve sits across from a POLICE INSPECTOR.

INSPECTOR

You say two days, maybe three?

EVE

Yes.

INSPECTOR

Any other friends or family you'd like us to contact?

EVE

The two of us are the only family. She mostly keeps to herself, I guess. But, in the last six months--

INT. JEN'S STUDY - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Eve wanders into the room, scrolling on her phone.

EVE

Hi Auntie. Do we have any--

Eve looks up. Jen sits at her desk icing a welt on the left side of her face.

EVE (cont'd)

What happened? Are you all right?

JEN

Fine dear. I'm fine. Clumsy moment in the garage, that's all.

BACK TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back to Eve and the Inspector.

EVE

A shoulder injury a while back and a few weeks ago she hurt her knee rock climbing.

INSPECTOR

Do you know if she went to a doctor for any of these incidents?

EVE

Yes, I believe so.

INSPECTOR

We'll contact them, make sure we haven't missed anything.

EVE

Thank you, Inspector.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - FOYER - AFTERNOON

The front door is ajar. A breeze carries leaves and dust into foyer.

Sydney opens the door all the way and lets herself in, taking note of the debris.

She moves through the house. It's a mess--

Days worth of takeout containers on the floor in a hallway. Dirty clothes in the kitchen. Empty beer bottles in every room. More on the stairs.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Syd pushes open Eve's door. A smell cringes her nose.

Eve looks at her from the bed, eyes red from crying. She is a disgusting wreck.

SYDNEY

Hey girl. Buy you pint?

Eve sits up, wiping her eyes, then tries to un-muss her hair.

EVE

Yes! Let me grab some--

SYDNEY

Hell no.

Syd crosses to Eve's bed and pulls her friend upright onto the floor.

SYDNEY (cont'd)

Shower.

EVE'S BATHROOM-- Sydney adjusts the temperature and helps her friend in.

A HALLWAY-- Syd picks up bottles as she moves down the hall.

THE KITCHEN-- Spoiled groceries are jammed into a trash bag.

THE FOYER-- A broom whisks dirt and leaves out the front door.

INT. JEN'S STUDY - EVENING

Sydney peeks into this room. It is still pristine. Eve shuffles up behind her, cleaned up, hair wet.

SYDNEY

You were lucky to have her. Look how great you turned out. Better than my old Gran, just a steady supply of linty pocket mints out of her.

EVE

And look how you turned out?

Syd chuckles and gives her a hug, smells her hair.

SYDNEY

Much better.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

ON: The same Inspector--

INSPECTOR

Since it has been a few weeks, we now forward the case to the Missing Persons Bureau.

OVER TO: Eve on the couch across from him. Sydney sits next to her.

EVE

And then?

INSPECTOR

They will contact you if they learn anything new. Presently, we have no new leads. I am very sorry, Miss Solomon.

He rises to leave. Sydney wraps an arm around Eve as she slumps onto Syd's lap.

INT. THE SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

A fire roars in the hearth. Eve and Sydney sit on a sofa, cups of tea in hand.

Eve's phone rings. She looks at it: **WILL TAN - HILLCREST FOUNDATION**. Eve hits mute and tosses it aside.

EVE

Sydney...

SYDNEY

I'm sorry I wasn't here earlier.

EVE

No, you're the best. Thank you.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MORNING

Syd, in her pajamas, pours a cup of coffee. Eve shuffles in, just awake.

SYDNEY (O.C.)

Sleep well?

EVE

Better, actually.

SYDNEY

Coffee?

EVE

Yes, please.

Syd pours a cup for Eve.

They sit at the table and dive into a nice spread Syd has laid out for them.

EVE (cont'd)

This all looks lovely. Thank you.

Eve's phone buzzes on the table. Another call from **WILL TAN - HILLCREST FOUNDATION**.

Sydney sees the caller ID.

SYDNEY

Hillcrest? Hillcrest?? Answer that.
Now, now.

The buzzing stops, MISSED CALL.

SYDNEY (cont'd)

What are you doing?

Syd grabs Eve's phone, punches in her code, and taps Call Back.

SYDNEY (cont'd)

Change your code and this won't happen.

Eve refuses the phone.

SYDNEY (cont'd)

Take it.

She jams the phone at Eve, who takes it. The call connects.

EVE

Yes, hi, this is Eve Solomon. I believe I just missed your call...
Yes. No, very sorry. Yes. Thank you.

She hangs up.

SYDNEY

Well?

EVE

Pass the bacon?
(beat)
I start next week.

INT. HILLCREST FOUNDATION - DAY

It's an old, brick-walled factory given a shiny, sleek overhaul. The corridors bustle as Eve walks alongside--

ANSON HILLCREST. She's in her mid-40s, glasses, a maverick tech magnate.

ANSON

Eve, I've put my whole life into developing new technologies but I think we should keep learning from the past.

EVE

I completely agree, Miss Hillcrest.

They pass doors to different RESEARCH LABS.

ANSON

Anson will do, Eve. And so I started this foundation in hopes that we could discover and replicate tech long thought lost to the world.

An ARCHIVE ROOM. A BARISTA STAND.

ANSON (cont'd)

You know, Will Tan raved about you after your interview.

EVE

Did he?

ANSON

Unparalleled expertise in Renaissance engineering, he said. And insisted that you would be a great fit on our new project.

INT. HILLCREST FOUNDATION - ARCHIVE ROOM - SAME

It's dim. A low light falls upon the pages of a large tome resting on a reading table.

WILL TAN, early-30s, British Chinese descent. Athletic but on the wiry side with perpetually tousled hair.

He turns a page in the book, stops abruptly, then looks at the time on his phone. Slaps the book shut: **La Bibliothèque à Alexandria.**

He hands it off to the LIBRARIAN on the way out.

WILL
Keep that one out for me?

LIBRARIAN
Yes, Dr. Tan.

INT. HILLCREST FOUNDATION, ANSON'S OFFICE - A MINUTE LATER

Anson laughs from behind her elegant modern desk as Eve sits across from her in mid-conversation--

EVE
No, no, my aunt was obsessed with Greek and forced me to a tutor. A very thorough but oddly eccentric woman. I think Theodora was her name. I don't quite remember--

KNOCK KNOCK-- followed by Will peeking into the office.

WILL
May I?

ANSON
Please, come in.

Will slides into the office. Eve rises to shake his hand.

WILL
Doctor Genevieve Solomon is in the house. Fantastic.

EVE
Will.

ANSON
Will. I'll let you take it from here.

INT. ANOTHER HALL - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Just outside a lab.

WILL
Again, very sorry about your Aunt.

EVE
Thank you.

WILL
But I am very glad you're here.
Ready?

In a grand gesture, Will swings open a door for Eve.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - CONTINUOUS

Brick walls, powder-coated windows. Modern updates like the rest of the building. A couch and sitting area to one side.

And alone on a table, encased in a clear, plexiglass housing, stands THE MECHANISM.

A worn, wooden frame the size of a small shoe box houses corroded bronze gears. Some markings in an ancient language peak through the patina.

WILL
Cozy enough space once you get used to it.

Eve moves right to The Mechanism.

EVE
May I, can we open it?

WILL
Yeah, yeah. Here--

Will unlatches the base of housing and gently lifts it aside.

EVE
What does it do?

WILL
I have some theories but let's see what you come up with.

EVE
Water damage. Corrosion. Unbelievable design though. Mid to late fourteen hundreds?

WILL
Guess again.

Eve leans in and with her, we slowly inspect all that remains of the gears.

EVE

Greek inscriptions! Hmm, Italian artisans trying to be witty? Early fifteen hundreds at the latest then.

WILL

Jars, plates, other expendables found in the shipwreck, are locked down at eighty-five or eighty-six B.C. Probably one of the Roman General Sulla's ships after he laid siege to Athens.

EVE

The Romans? There's no way.

WILL

Found by the Romans. But the device itself dates to even earlier, maybe one-twenty B.C.

EVE

But nothing was crafted like this until--

WILL

The Renaissance. Hence... you.

Eve is transfixed.

WILL (cont'd)

So, help me figure out what this little fella did. Then we'll make a replica for Anson's collection.

With Eve, we circle the device, stopping on the front. The etchings on the gears coming sharply into focus.

WILL (cont'd)

It's called the Antikythera Mechanism.

EVE

It's wonderful.

WILL

Here's what we do know--

DISSOLVE TO:

A MAP of GREECE. And an arrow pointing to a tiny island labeled ANTIKYTHERA.

WILL (V.O.)
Near Antikythera Island, just north
of Crete...

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - DAY

Under water. An arm clad in the first canvas dive suit
plucks a sponge off the sea floor.

SUPER: MEDITERRANEAN SEA - 1900 A.D.

WILL (V.O.)
This sponge diver is doing his
thing...

He plucks another and we see his giant bronze helmet and the
air hose reaching up to the surface.

His hand pulls a bit of seaweed off a branch. Not a branch,
a woman's arm frozen in the water. He panics in his helmet.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
(as the Diver)
Oh shit. It's a person.

More seaweed torn away--

And he realizes the arm is marble. A life-size statue
sticking out of the muck.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Wait. My bad, just a statue. But...

The diver moves around a boulder--

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Oooooooooooh hell yeah.

And sees an ancient ship broken on the floor of the sea.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
The Greek government hops in...

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA - MORNING

A salvage operation. The deck of a Greek naval vessel. A
crane hoists the marble statue of the woman out of the
water. It moves toward the deck and we move away, down, into
the water...

On the sea floor, two divers, in similar period suits, secure ropes around the torso of another statue.

Nearby, a diver pulls a terracotta jar out of the muck and loads it into a metal basket.

CLOSE ON: The muck. Sticking out is The Mechanism. Sand pours away as a hand pulls it from the seabed. The battered wood frame. The gears corroded and filled with sediment.

WILL (V.O.)

This gem gets dredged up along with a bunch of other stuff.

It's placed in the basket. The diver gives a line a tug and the basket begins its rise to the surface.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF ATHENS - DAY

A cart moves down a hallway. The Mechanism pokes out of a crate on top.

WILL (V.O.)

No one has any idea what it does but it's not all artsy, like a statue...

We follow the cart. Out of the lab. Down a hallway. Into cage-door freight elevator.

INT. NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF ATHENS - LATER

A dimly lit basement full of shelves, full of crates. The Mechanism crate slides onto a shelf.

WILL (V.O.)

So the museum curators in Athens shelve it. And it sits and sits.

Dust floats down onto the device. Layers settle upon layers.

EXT. ATHENS, GREECE - 1941 - DAY

German troops march into the city. Panzer tanks spit thick clouds of diesel exhaust as they rumble behind the column.

WILL (V.O.)

But those pesky world wars kept breaking out...

INT. NATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL MUSEUM OF ATHENS - CONTINUOUS

Chaos and panic. Employees dig holes in the basement. Artifacts are lifted down. Sand and earth are shoveled in to cover the precious items.

A Loading Dock. Crates of artifacts are shoved into the back of a cargo truck. Crammed in a box with other items, is The Mechanism.

A hand smacks the tailgate and the truck chugs away.

INT. A CAVE IN THE NEARBY HILLS - LATER

TWO WOMEN unload the truck, one is slightly older. The younger carries the Mechanism crate deep into the bowels of the cave and stacks it along side many other crates.

WILL (V.O.)
 (as younger woman)
 Now?

The Older Woman plops down on a rock. She pulls out a hard cheese and a bottle of wine from a nearby crate.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
 (as older woman)
 We wait.

BACK TO:

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - PRESENT

Will leans against the work table. Eve is energized.

WILL
 I don't know about the whole wine and cheese part.

EVE
 So these amazing women look after it through the wars. Then...

WILL
 The museum guys jam it back on a shelf and it sits for decades. Until... a bunch of stuff from that wreck is auctioned off a few months ago. Who can afford the coolest bits? Anson. And now we have jobs.

EVE

Documents?

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Will and Eve stand before rows of sliding book shelves.

He presses a button and the stacks slide along tracks to one side opening a new aisle for them.

WILL

Here is all the research Anson has collected on the Mechanism.

Moving down the new aisle, Will stops in front of a section of boxes and books. The shelves are all labeled: **Antikythera Mechanism**

WILL (cont'd)

Basically anything in the world Anson has found so far will be here.

EVE

I don't even know where to start.

Will whirls to leave the aisle. Eve breaks her moment of focus to catch up with him.

WILL

There are detailed catalogs in our project database. Search for topics in there to direct you to the correct book or subject in this section.

As they move toward the front desk, Eve sees a separate wing with a large sign: **The Tan Collection**

EVE

Hold on. The Tans?

WILL

Ah...

EVE

I've read about your family's collection for years.

WILL

They did love their books. Manic professors, the lot of them.

(MORE)

WILL (cont'd)
Corporate law was my father's thing
so he sent the whole dusty bunch
here.

Will and Eve wander around the edges of the room, Eve taking
in the books.

WILL (cont'd)
Anson built this wing for them. I
learned more from them than anything
at Oxford and truth be told, I kinda
missed them.

INT. A PUB - EVENING

Two frothy pints CLANK together. Eve and Sydney take long
pulls off their beers at a table.

SYDNEY
I am teaching undergrad medieval
history, but, they threw in a
research grant.

EVE
Fantastic. Look at you adulating all
over the academic scene.

SYDNEY
You didn't see it coming did you?

EVE
Honestly? Yes! You are brilliant and
I couldn't be happier about it.

SYDNEY
What's your project all about?

EVE
Hillcrest has us replicating this
really complex clockwork thing found
in a Roman shipwreck.

SYDNEY
Oooh. Very exciting. And Will?

EVE
Fascinating. He's a Tan, like one of
the Tans. Maybe the greatest family
of historians in the last century.
Way less academic but I expect
brilliant in his own way.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - MORNING

Eve and Will are deep into work. Projected above their worktable is a 3D EXPLODED VIEW hologram of The Mechanism.

The hologram is incomplete. Some gears are missing or only partially constructed.

Eve adamantly points at two gears driven by three smaller farther down in the mix--

EVE

This tracks the sun, this one the moon and these three balance them out. Two inputs, one output. These are differential gears--

WILL

(getting heated)

There is no way whoever built this would've known about that design.

EVE

Well I know about it and it's right in front of us. Astronomical clocks in the Renaissance used them all the time.

WILL

Six hundred years later than our device. Even the earliest Chinese examples of that system don't show up until after two hundred A.D.

EVE

(exasperated)

Where did they learn it then?

WILL

They didn't. Those gears don't do what you think they do.

ON: Eve. Frustrated, knowing she's right.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - EVENING

Eve stares into the 3D hologram of the exploded Mechanism. It's more filled in, less missing parts now but still not a clean, complete version.

Will loads up his backpack.

WILL
Dinner?

EVE
Can't.

WILL
Plans?

EVE
This.

WILL
Eve, go home.

EVE
(without looking up)
There's nothing at home.

WILL
Hit up a market on the way.

EVE
(looking at him)
There is nothing *for me* at home. This
is what I need to focus on. I...
right now, this work is good for me.

Will puts a gentle hand on her shoulder.

WILL
I get it. At least have something
delivered then?

Eve gives his hand a little rub.

EVE
I will. Thanks.

He takes off and on the way out--

WILL
And I better not see you in the same
clothes tomorrow.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - FOYER - NIGHT

The laptop bag drops. A heavy winter coat right behind it.

We watch the clock strike 12 and begin to chime as Eve walks
past.

IN THE KITCHEN-- She rummages through the fridge.
Mechanically tosses some takeout into the microwave.

Plops herself down at the table and dully eats her leftover Thai food.

THE LIVING ROOM-- Eve lays on a sofa and stares up at the ceiling. Her mind won't stop. She hops up and--

JEN'S STUDY-- Curls into a chair and cracks open a book, *Decoding the Heavens* by Jo Marchant.

She can't focus and drops it on the floor.

EVE'S ROOM-- Eve tosses and turns under her covers. She grabs her giant stuffed dog to snuggle.

Sleep will not come. Fuck it. She tears off the duvet, moves to her dresser, and pulls out fresh clothes.

EXT. SOLOMON ESTATE - NIGHT

The moon is high as Eve, bundled in her coat, treads through a dusting of snow to her Jag. She slings her laptop bag in first and climbs on in.

The SUV pulls down the drive and away down the road.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - LATE NIGHT

Assorted prints, scans, and sketches lay on the table.

Eve rubs her eyes, her tired body betraying her busy brain. She rolls out her neck and--

A print off to one side catches her eye. She snatches it up and we move in on the image--

It's a grainy shot of the back of the main gear. Engravings covered in silt and corrosion.

A FEW MINUTES LATER-- Eve has the original Mechanism laid out before her.

A set of small flat-head screwdrivers and what looks like a mini pry bar are spread on a cloth by the device.

She holds a screwdriver close to her chest.

EVE

Sorry, sorry, sorry.

She slides it under the main gear, trying to pop it off like a stuck paint can lid.

It budes. A little.

Mini pry bar in hand. *Be gentle, be gentle.* And she goes at it again.

CLICK. The gear pops free. Eve sighs relief.

INT. KITCHEN AREA IN THE FOUNDATION - A MINUTE LATER

Eve hurries in. Opens the refrigerator, pokes around for-- baking soda. Grabs it.

Lemons on a fruit rack. She stuffs three, no, four of them into her arms.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - SOON AFTER

Lemons squeezed into a clear dish. Baking soda added. Stir, stir, stir.

The Mechanism's main gear is gently slid into the solution. It clouds as the mixture begins to work.

Now a toothbrush gently scrubs the back of the gear. Rinsed occasionally in the nearby solution.

The corrosion falls away from the newly discovered markings.

She grabs a pen and scrawls Greek onto a yellow pad.

HALLWAY - Eve barrels down the empty corridor, her pad and pen in hand.

Her access card SWIPES through ARCHIVE ROOM door lock.

ARCHIVE ROOM - The low lights hum to life as Eve steps in.

She presses the button and the shelves creak along the tracks opening a new row for her.

Eve moves straight down the row to the ANTIKYTHERA SECTION.

A MINUTE LATER-- Eve's hand turns a page in a Ancient Greek-to-English dictionary. Her finger glides over lines of Ancient Greek.

She plops onto the floor, leans back on the bookshelf, then pulls her yellow pad to her lap. Pen in hand.

We move in on her writing: *The one who holds the Astrolabe of Rhodes shall--*

And Eve crosses out: ~~*Seek fortunes.*~~

And she writes underneath it: *Change Fortunes.*

EVE
Change fortunes?

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - MORNING

Will strolls in sipping a tea and reading on a tablet. Eve is pouring over some hand-sketched blue prints.

WILL
When did you get in?

EVE
Seven-thirty.

WILL
And let's be honest.

EVE
Quarter past four.

WILL
Jesus, Eve. Scanning team sent an update. The high res tomography revealed thirty-seven total gears. You were right, they follow the sun, moon, eclipses, zodiac. These two little ones go to... buttons maybe? I don't know.

EVE
Well now we've only got thirty-six. I, um, popped off the main gear.

WILL
You dismantled a two thousand year old artifact?

EVE
Come look.

She waves the scan of the main gear that caught her eye.

EVE (cont'd)
There is an engraving we missed on the back.

She hands it to Will and hurries over to the counter with the cleaned gear.

Will can't look at it with a tablet and coffee in his hands. He follows behind her and unloads the lot on the counter.

WILL
Changes fortunes?

EVE
Yeah, no idea what that means yet.
You want to tell Anson?

WILL
Ehhhhhh... no. Let's wait on that.
Take. A. Break.

Eve spins in place and marches toward the door.

WILL (cont'd)
Cheese danish, please.

INT. HILLCREST FOUNDATION, ANSON'S OFFICE - LATER

We're on Anson, behind her desk.

ANSON
Five months in. Where are we at?

And over to Will.

WILL
The housing itself should be easy enough. Reconstruction of the gearing is underway.

ANSON
Do you need an additional team member?

WILL
We're good.

ANSON
A different team member?

WILL
No. Eve is making strides I never considered and it's maddeningly frustrating.

ANSON
I wasn't referring to Eve.

WILL
Oh, I...

ANSON
What's your best guess?

WILL
An astrolabe, for navigation.
Basically, you use the sun and
certain stars and their distance from
the horizon to calculate your
position. But this one also
incorporates a calendar for tracking
the stars--

Back on Anson, who's fighting an eye roll--

ANSON
I do not need an explanation of
astrolabes. What I do need is you to
unlock this project sooner rather
than later.

INT. HILLCREST FOUNDATION, THE FOUNDRY - EVENING

Heat pours off molten bronze bubbling in a small stone
cauldron.

We are in a modernized version of the original building's
foundry.

Eve and Will are decked out in goggles and protective gear.
Empty molds of the gearing lay before them.

Together they lift the cauldron and gently pour the liquid
bronze into the molds.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - LUNCH TIME

A new day and more progress. Tiny polished bronze gears
shine in the light. Eve and Will, polishing cloths in hand,
each lay down one last gear.

Eve is excited and pulls Will into a hug. He's surprised but
returns the embrace.

Will's phone RINGS in his pocket. He pulls away from Eve and
digs it out of his pocket.

WILL
Hey, sorry, gotta take this.

He hits ANSWER, grabs his coat, and heads for the door--

WILL (cont'd)
Will Tan here.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE LAB - CONTINUOUS

We stay put as Will moves away down the hall.

WILL
Yes, yes. I'm still very interested
in the book.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - AFTERNOON

Eve's hand etches Ancient Greek markings into the front of the small gear. It's slow, meticulous, and beautiful work.

Will bursts in, bundled up.

WILL
Too cold to work. Let's discuss the Landrus theory that da Vinci didn't paint Salvator Mundi and one of his assistants did. And, let's do it over pints.

She looks at him, shakes her head no, and resumes her work.

WILL (cont'd)
Yes, yes. Compromise then. I will be working at a pub this afternoon. I'll advise you to do the same. Please do enjoy your weekend.

He grabs his pack and makes his getaway.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - NIGHT

The halls are quiet. Eve etches in solitude.

She sets another freshly etched gear aside onto the cloth to her right. More to be etched, including the larger main gear on her left.

Eve etches the back of the main gear--

EVE
The one who holds the astrolabe of
Rhodes shall change...

Finishing the last symbol.

EVE (cont'd)
Fortunes.

She gives it a quick polish and inspects her work.

EVE (cont'd)
(contemplating)
Change. Fortunes.

She's focused and hurried now as she fits the tiny wheels together.

EVE (cont'd)
So those two buttons... yes, yes.

After each gear, she makes notes on her pad.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - LATE NIGHT

Eve sits at the work table. Her hands cover her mouth in disbelief as she stares down at--

The newly finished replica of The Mechanism. Like an idol on a pedestal, light bounces off the polished bronze gears.

The Greek engravings are gorgeously done. All housed in a stained oak frame the size of a small shoe box.

A sound like a sneaker SQUEAK on tile pulls Eve from her reverence. She looks behind her for the source. Nothing, just the couch.

She shakes off the willies and slides the Mechanism toward her.

EVE
Okay, okay so--

She pulls her yellow pad close. It's filled with her instructions, laid out in a sequence.

EVE (cont'd)
Something small to start.

Eve moves a few dials while referencing her notes.

As she does, we notice a button sticking out of the side and one on the back near a small dial. She adjusts the small dial and lets out an excited breath.

Eve pops up out of her chair and paces the room, device in hand. She stops near the couch.

EVE (cont'd)

Why not?

She places a finger on each of the two buttons, takes a deep breath, holds it and presses the side button--

As if she had blinked, Eve is now BACK IN TIME several minutes. Her past self, sits in front of her, facing away, gazing at the newly finished device.

We jump to the other side of the room to see Present Eve, dancing silently, excitedly, in place behind Past Eve.

Her sneaker SQUEAKS on the floor. She panics and we jump in close to see her finger push the button on the back of the device. BLINK. She's gone.

But we stay with Past Eve who turns to find herself alone.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - PRESENT, LATE AT NIGHT

Present Eve blinks back into her time in front of the couch.

EVE

Holyshitholyshitholyshit. Not a calendar at all.

Eve dashes back to the work table and scribbles down a few details.

EVE (cont'd)

So then...

Eve opens the compass app on her phone. Her exact GPS location is showing.

Phone in hand, she races out of the lab, down the empty, nearly dark hall. Into the lobby and out the door into the winter night.

EXT. LONDON - LATE NIGHT

Still in a run--

EVE

Brr brrr brrrrr.

Down the block, round a corner and into an all night Pharmacy.

INT. PHARMACY - LATE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Harsh white light. Soft elevator music. A lone CLERK in front reads a trashy pop culture magazine and gives no shits as Eve speeds past him to the back of the store.

She's locked into the map on her phone as she grinds to halt. Eve looks up and realizes she's in the birth control section. She spies a box of condoms--

When was the last time I needed those? Eve ponders for a second then starts counting on her fingers...

EVE

February, maybe? March. April.
May, June, July, August, September,
OctoberNovemberDecember. Ugh.

Refocusing, she drops a pin on the map and screen shots the GPS reading.

Eve bolts out past the unflinching clerk.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Eve pops open her laptop, rubs her arms for warmth, then loads a map application. She inputs her current GPS location then opens her phone and pulls up the Pharmacy screen grab.

Types it into the app and gets a distance. She scribbles on her notepad--

EVE

Three hundred seventy meters which in
Greek will be--

She moves to a shelf and pulls down a book, flips through it. It's written in Greek. Eve stops on a page of Greek measurements of distance.

EVE (cont'd)

So that equals... two stadia.

She trades the book for the Mechanism and fine tunes a new dial. Looks at the compass directions on the map one more time and moves a different dial.

EVE (cont'd)

Don't end up in a wall, don't end up
in a wall.

She presses the jump button--

INT. PHARMACY - LATE NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The aisle with the beer refrigerators. BLINK. Eve pops in holding the Mechanism. She's startled. *Not where I thought I'd land. But--*

EVE

This, I can use.

She pulls a beer out of the fridge and victoriously saunters up to the front counter.

She slaps a few one pound coins on the counter, pops the top and heads to the back, taking a big pull on her beer.

CLERK

Hey. You can't drink that in here.

The Clerk slides out from behind his counter--

CLERK (cont'd)

Miss, you have to take that outside.
Miss? I could lose this job.

Eve turns the corner and hits the Return button. Blink. The Clerk reaches the back corner, confused-- she's gone.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - CONTINUOUS

Eve is back in the lab. She sets the device down and moves to the sofa. She plops down, slams a triumphant fist into the air, and takes another sip.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - SATURDAY - MID-MORNING

Eve wakes on the couch. The mechanism and her empty beer next to her.

She picks up her phone and makes a call. Ring, Ring--

EVE
Syd, you awake? I'm coming over.

INT. SYDNEY'S FLAT - SAME

It still has a poor college kid decor. Syd, in her pajamas, holds her phone to her ear with a shoulder as she scrolls through a Netflix menu.

SYDNEY
Can't. Big plans today.

INTERCUT.

EVE
Do you?

SYDNEY
(sigh)
No.

EVE
Come on, I have something amazing to show you.

SYDNEY
Will it exceed the Chilling Adventures of Sabrina.

EVE
One hundred percent. Be there soon.

Eve looks at her phone: **10:55AM, Saturday, December 12.**

INT. SYDNEY'S FLAT - A FEW SECONDS LATER

Eve blinks into Syd's living room, the new Mechanism in hand.

SYDNEY
What the? What? How did you do that?

EVE
Told you it was big.

Eve pulls out her phone. **10:55AM.**

INT. SYDNEY'S KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The Mechanism sits on her table. Syd stares at it.

SYDNEY

So it does what?

EVE

I'm still figuring it out but basically I can jump back in time. And at the same time, jump geographically if I want. Or, if I set the jump back time to the moment I leave, I can move somewhere and stay in our time.

SYDNEY

This is...

EVE

I know. Hey, follow me.

Eve grabs the device and heads down the hall toward Syd's bathroom.

INT. SYD'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Syd leans against the sink counter. Eve sets her phone on the counter, **11:11AM**, then moves dials on the Mechanism.

EVE

Eleven, eleven. Make a wish.

She reaches out and takes Syd's hand. Eve presses the jump button. Blink.

Eve looks at her phone on the counter, **10:55AM**.

EVE (cont'd)

Great.

SYDNEY

Nothing happened.

EVE

It did.

Eve cracks open the bathroom door and peaks her head out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eve and Sydney's heads peak out of the bathroom door and we hear--

PAST SYDNEY (O.S.)
 What the? What? How did you do that?

PAST EVE (O.S.)
 Told you it was big.

Back in the bathroom-- Eve clamps Syd's mouth and pushes her back into the bathroom. Syd screams excitement through her friend's hand.

EVE
 (softly)
 Shhh. Shhhhhh. Let's get back before they come back here.

Syd nods, Eve releases her clamp and the two jump up and down in a silent celebration.

INT. A BRUNCH SPOT - LATER

Eve and Syd work through their brunch.

SYDNEY
 Does Will know?

EVE
 Just you so far. Syd, I want to go see Jen.

Beat.

SYDNEY
 You can't bring her back, Eve.

EVE
 Why not? I need to find her.
 Everything I have, everything I am, I owe to Jen. I've wanted for nothing because of her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHILDREN'S HOME, LONDON, 1997. - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Eve is FOUR YEARS OLD. She colors a book in a small shared bedroom. Her lone, worn doll sits on the floor next to her.

HOME DIRECTOR (O.C.)
 Look at me Eve.

She looks up at her, a kind-eyed woman in her late-40s.

HOME DIRECTOR

Do you understand? You have family, a home now. Would you like to meet her?

Eve shrugs an okay.

Jen eases into the room. She is in her mid-30s here. A scarf hides her facial burns and her locket hangs around her neck.

She kneels to greet the girl.

JEN

Eve, my name is Jen.

Eve is wary.

JEN (cont'd)

It is very nice to meet you.

Eve peers into the scarf. She reaches her tiny hand in and moves the scarf enough for the light to hit Jen's scars.

It STARTLES the girl. She RECOILS. Jen pulls the scarf back into place.

HOME DIRECTOR

No, Eve, it's okay. She's your aunt.

Eve hides her face.

HOME DIRECTOR (cont'd)

Eve, come on now--

JEN

No, I understand. It'll take time.

EXT. SOLOMON ESTATE - DAY [SAME FLASHBACK]

Jen holds little Eve's hand as they walk toward the door. In the other she carries the girl's small suitcase.

Eve looks up, awed by the size of the main house.

Jen opens the front door and Eve dashes in and away as fast as she can.

JEN

Eve? Eve, come back here, please.

BACK TO:

INT. A BRUNCH SPOT - SAME

A SERVER refills their drinks. Their meal, nearly finished.

SERVER
Anything else?

EVE
No, thank you.

SYDNEY
No thanks.

The server moves away.

SYDNEY (cont'd)
I know you have a big hole in there.
If you do this, don't make it any
deeper.

ON: Eve. She's working up a rebuttal but Syd cuts her off--

SYDNEY (cont'd)
No need to argue. Just think about it
first. Please? It's, you're not going
to, are you?

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

The next day. Eve drops her coat and cracks open her laptop as she moves to the work table.

ON: A map open on Eve's laptop. The Solomon estate is zoomed in on. Eve "drops" a pin on part of the house and GPS coordinates pop up on the screen.

Control C. New tab opened. Control V. She pastes them into a page that calculates distance between two GPS points.

EVE
Four four six nine zero point... two
one meters equals...

She references her Greek measurement book again then makes a conversion on her phone calculator--

EVE (cont'd)
Two four one point five six eight
stadium so then...

She grabs her Mechanism and moves some dials.

EVE (cont'd)
And I'll go at the same time.

Her phone shows **2:32PM, Sunday, December 13.**

Eve slides it into her back pocket and hits the jump button.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - JEN'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Eve appears in the room out of nowhere. She checks her phone: **2:32pm, Sunday, December 13.**

EVE

I'm never driving anywhere again.

She sets the Mechanism on Jen's desk.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE, 1997 - NIGHT - [FLASHBACK]

It's dark. The sound of a light switch CLICKING ON. A warm glow creeps under a door in front of us. We are with little Eve in a small closet.

The door opens and she looks up at Jen, still wearing a head scarf.

JEN

Well, hello there.

Eve stares up at her.

JEN (cont'd)

Is it the house? The house is scary?

Beat.

JEN (cont'd)

Or, is it me?

Another stare from Eve.

JEN (cont'd)

Both? Me and the house?

The little girl finally nods.

JEN (cont'd)

Aw, I see.

Jen kneels down to Eve. We can see the walls of books behind her now. This closet is in her study.

INT. JEN'S STUDY - A BIT LATER - [SAME FLASHBACK]

Little Eve, wrapped in a blanket, munches cookies and milk on a rug in the middle of the room. Jen sits close by.

JEN

Probably can't do cookies every night, little one.

(beat)

I'm sorry my face scared you. Everyone has a different one but this is mine. It really is something I wish I could change.

EVE

I'm sorry.

JEN

Oh no, no, nothing to be sorry about. Now, tomorrow I'll show you the whole house and you'll see it's not so bad. But, if ever you feel scared or lonely, come to this room. The books will keep you company. It is my very favorite place.

BACK TO:

INT. JEN'S STUDY - PRESENT

Eve wraps her arms around herself and thinks for a moment. Sniffs herself. Ewww.

INT. EVE'S BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Eve showers. | Flosses. | Brushes her teeth. | Her hair.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Eve pulls on a t-shirt and looks to her bed. The Mechanism sits next to her big, old, stuffed dog.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - [FLASHBACK]

Jen has little Eve tucked into a big, comfy bed. Her worn doll next to her and a new, big, stuffed dog.

JEN
I had a feeling you and Dolly might
like a big, fluffy pup to sleep with.
Was I right?

The girl nods happily.

JEN (cont'd)
I'll take care of you, Eve. I
promise. Okay?

EVE
Okay.

Jen leans in to hug the girl and her locket hangs near Eve's
face. She entranced.

EVE (cont'd)
What's that?

JEN
It's a locket.

EVE
Where did you get your locket?

Jen holds and looks down at the piece.

JEN
I made it.

EVE
You did?

JEN
I did.

EVE
It's very pretty.

JEN
Perhaps someday it will be yours.

EVE
I'd like that very much.

BACK TO:

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - PRESENT

Eve picks up the Mechanism and hits the return button.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - CONTINUOUS

Blink. Right where and when she left.

A MINUTE LATER-- A marker squeaks on a big white board.

May 9th - May 10th

She sits down and fidgets with dials on the Mechanism, formulating a plan, glancing at the dates on the board.

Eve shivers in the cold lab.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - A BLINK LATER

It seems brighter, warmer in this room as Eve blinks in.

The dresser drawer groans as Eve opens it. She pulls on a sweater, pulls out a scarf and slides the drawer shut.

She looks to her bed, on it-- her stuffed dog AND her loaded backpack for her camping trip. In the hall outside the room she hears a FLOOR BOARD CREAK.

She grabs the Mechanism and hurries for the closet. Her scarf falls to the floor.

Just as she's out of sight, she hits the return button--

Past Eve, who is about to leave on her camping trip, races in searching for who made the noise.

She spots the scarf on the floor, picks it up, confused and wraps it around her neck.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

Eve blinks into the lab from the closet. She dashes to the white board and hurriedly scrawls--

Avoid past self!!!

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - LATER

The marker streaks across the white board. Eve is making a grid. Across the top--

EVE

I left about eight thirty A M.

The marker squeaks out: 9AM by Saturday.

10AM, 11AM, 12PM, 1PM, 2PM, through the cycle.

EVE (cont'd)

And back from camping on Sunday, late morning.

Finally stopping at 10AM on Sunday.

She stands back and looks at the board. 26 SQUARES to check off.

EVE (cont'd)

So, I don't know. How about starting...

And she taps the 10AM Saturday square.

EVE (cont'd)

here.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Eve blinks into the room, sets the device on the bed and peels off her sweater.

The house is quiet. But her room has that warm, sunny feel to it again.

She leaves her room and moves down the hall to--

INT. JEN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's a large suite. The bed is empty and made.

Eve peeks into the bathroom.

Empty.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - MORNING

A heavy silence greets Eve as she searches through the--

THE GARAGE - No Jen.

THE KITCHEN - No Jen.

THE SITTING ROOM - No Jen.

THE LIVING ROOM - No Jen.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Eve, Mechanism in hand. Blink.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - 2:32PM

Eve checks off Sunday morning 10AM on her white board. She turns to the nearby Mechanism and adjusts a dial.

EVE
Let's try nine.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Eve BLINKS into her bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Eve moves down a hall towards Jen's study. The door is closed. Eve turns the knob.

INT. JEN'S STUDY - SAME

Jen is in the study! Like we last saw her before her disappearance. In the middle of the room, her hand on her locket.

The doorknob CREAKS and she turns to see it opening--

JEN (O.C.)
No!

Eve pushes it open, barging in and sees--

BLINK! Jen vanishes.

Eve is floored. She turns and bolts out of the study--

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - A MINUTE LATER

Eve skids to a halt, grabs her Mechanism and--

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

BLINKS IN and paces around, her Mechanism cradled in her arms. She's not sad. She's thinking, hard.

She stops in front of her white board, staring at it, rocking side to side on her feet. Processing the discovery.

Marker in hand now, she makes a huge, sweeping X through her grid. Throws the marker aside.

EVE

Let's try this again.

INT. JEN'S STUDY - A MINUTE LATER - [IN THE PAST]

Jen moves to a rug in the center of the room as Eve's Jag pulls down the drive out the window.

Jen is bathed in sunlight from the window, and begins to stretch.

She's in downward dog as our Eve bursts into the room.

EVE

We have to talk.

Jen calmly stands up from her pose.

JEN

You aren't supposed to be here.

EVE

How do you have a Mechanism?

JEN

Eve, I have to go.

EVE

Why? Stay. Tell me what's going on.

JEN

Please. I need to do this. And in the mean time you learn as much as you can about the Mechanism. It is vitally important.

EVE

No. Don't go. You--

JEN

And don't tell anyone.

EVE
I told Sydney.

JEN
That's no surprise. Anyone else yet?

EVE
No.

Jen wraps her hand around her locket.

JEN
Learn everything--

EVE
You don't come back.

JEN
(matter of fact)
Then I'll be extra careful. Now, keep
it a secret and I'll see you soon. Be
safe.

EVE
But--

JEN
Eve, stop. Listen. You must learn
everything you can about the
mechanism in case this doesn't work--

EVE
What doesn't--

JEN
Eve. Learn everything you can. Stay
focused. And be safe.

EVE
Always.

JEN
As always. Love you, little one.

Jen CLICKS a BUTTON ON HER LOCKET and VANISHES. Eve stands
alone. Dumbstruck.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

Eve BLINKS IN with her Mechanism. Flustered, becoming angry.

EVE
I don't think so.

She takes a step toward the work table.

EVE (cont'd)
Let's try this one more--

Her foot hits the marker she threw earlier. She slips, stumbles and SMACKS the Mechanism on the floor.

EVE (cont'd)
Oof! Are you serious--

As she watches the marker roll across the floor.

Eve pops up and looks the device over. The MAIN FRONT DIAL IS CRACKED.

EVE (cont'd)
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

She's frustrated beyond belief, on the verge of tears.

She grits her teeth and buries her face in her hands for a moment then sits and begins taking the Mechanism apart.

INT. HILLCREST FOUNDATION, THE FOUNDRY - EVENING

Eve is suited up in a heavy leather apron, goggles, thick gloves. Molten metal bubbles out of a mold as she pours from the mini stone cauldron.

She cools the mold in water. Breaks it apart.

At a workbench now. Filing the rough bits off the new dial.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - NIGHT

Her hands polish the new piece. The fresh engravings shine as she lays it on the table next to all the other pieces.

Exhausted, she slumps on the couch.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - MORNING

A hand gently rubs Eve's shoulder. She stirs. Her eyes open. It's Will.

WILL

So how was the weekend?

He walks around the lab. To the worktable. Eve's Mechanism is spread in pieces about the table. To the white board.

He points at it and looks quizzically to Eve. She sits up on the couch. Rested but emotionally drained.

EVE

I'm sorry. Wait, why are you here?

Will moves over and sits down with her.

WILL

It's Monday. And, why are you sorry?

Eve looks to the Mechanism, in pieces, scattered on the worktable.

EVE

I've got to get it assembled.

She pushes past, sits, and grabs a gear to begin reassembly.

WILL

Whoa, hold on there.

She pushes on, manic in her work.

WILL (cont'd)

Eve, stop, stop.

He crosses to her and gently puts his hands on her hands, stopping the work. She looks up at him.

WILL (cont'd)

Were you here all weekend again?

She nods but doesn't stand up.

WILL (cont'd)

Eve?

Still not moving.

WILL (cont'd)

Okay, then. Let's say you take today off. Go home and we'll dig in tomorrow.

He offers his hands to her. She flops hers into his and he pulls her up.

WILL (cont'd)
 Good start. Now--

Her tears start to fall.

WILL (cont'd)
 Oh no no no. Oh boy.

He leans and gives her a hug. She sniffles on his shirt.

WILL (cont'd)
 That's it. This lab is closed for the
 day. Anson will have to understand.
 You've taken zero days off in months.
 Now, how about I drive you home?

INT./EXT. WILL'S CAR ON THE A3 TO GUILDFORD - LATER

They putter down the road through the gray of winter.

EVE
 I'm sorry.

WILL
 No need.

EVE
 I'm really sorry.

WILL
 Still no need.

EVE
 You shouldn't have to take care of a
 coworker during an emotional
 breakdown. Absolutely not in the job
 description.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - LATE MORNING

Eve pushes open the front door with Will in tow.

WILL
 This, all of this, is yours?

EVE
 Yes, yes. Get it out. Fell into my
 lap. That's all.

WILL
 What do you need? Food, rest, shower?

Eve nods.

WILL (cont'd)
Point me to the kitchen.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A BIT LATER

A plate laden with cooked eggs, fruit, toast moves down the hall in Will's hand.

WILL
Eve? Hello?

EVE (O.S.)
You're almost there.

He knocks on her open doorway.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

EVE
Come in.

Cleaned, in her bathrobe. Hair still wet. Will slides on in with the food.

EVE (cont'd)
That looks delightful.

WILL
You dig in and I'll be right back with coffee. Tea? Coffee?

EVE
Coffee.

WILL
(triumphant)
Yes.

Eve lays into her meal as Will takes off. She's relaxed and smiles as she chews.

A few minutes later... Will comes in with two steaming mugs. Eve rises to meet him and takes one.

WILL (cont'd)
Gourmet brunch made by a personal chef. No one else at the foundation gets this kind of treatment.

EVE

Will, thank you for this. It's a very nice treat.

WILL

Least I can do. You've been a maniac since you started. Bound to lose your shit sometime.

Eve sets down her mug on her dresser.

EVE

I mean it. Thank you.

She takes his mug and sets it aside. Turns back, slides her arms around him and leans in for a kiss. He pulls back for a second then meets her halfway.

Eve pulls off his shirt. He unties her robe. She pulls him onto her bed. It's slow, intense.

INT. EVE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

They both lie naked on the bed.

EVE

This has turned out to be a good day.

WILL

Let's see if this also helps, Hillcrest approved a getaway for us.

EVE

Oh, did she?

WILL

Well, we can make it one but it's actually a research trip to Rhodes.

EVE

No.

WILL

Yup. She's looking for some papers on Hipparchus of Nicea. Looks like he may have--

EVE

Made the Mechanism. Is there proof?

WILL
We'll see. If we're right, those
papers may fill in all the blanks for
our device.

EVE
Can we go right now?

WILL
Tomorrow soon enough?

INT. HOTEL, RHODES (CITY), GREECE - DAY

The Mediterranean laps warm sand on the beach through the large window in Eve's room. She unpacks her suitcase onto her bed. KNOCK KNOCK.

She crosses and opens the door. It's Will.

WILL
Oh, much better than my view.

Eve curls her arms around him and greets him with a kiss.

EVE
You plan on spending much time over
there?

WILL
Depends on how much I can convince
you to relax on this trip.

EVE
Maybe after we hit up the palace
archive.

WILL
There is a perfectly good beach right
there and it's screaming your name.

EVE
Meet downstairs in ten and we can
head over to the old town?

WILL
Relentless. Yes. Then the beach?

EVE
We'll see.

EXT. OLD TOWN, RHODES - DAY

Small shops and cafes edge this narrow street. A river of modern activity flowing over this Medieval town.

Eve and Will work their way through the throng. She pulls him into a shop full of trinkets.

EVE

Souvenirs. For Sydney.

EXT. OLD TOWN, RHODES - DAY

Eve, bag of souvenirs in hand, and Will continue down the crowded street.

WILL

The Byzantines built it in the late six hundreds but the Knights of the Order of St. John took it over until the Ottomans threw them out in the fifteen hundreds.

EVE

I went to Greece loads as a kid but it was nothing like this. Always a remote, scenic sort of trip.

WILL

This should be fun then.

They round a corner and halt in front of the colossal stone edifice of the Medieval Palace.

Eve marvels at the ancient structure.

EXT. PALACE OF THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES - DAY

Eve soaks in the architecture as she and Will weave their way through the crowded stone-lined courtyard.

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM IN THE PALACE - LATER

Muted lighting, low ceiling. Deep below the main level of the palace. It's a small, ancient-looking antechamber.

PELLO joyously waves them into the room. The old Greek's bright demeanor is undimmed by his age.

PELLO

Friends, my friends, I am Pello. Come in. It's very nice to meet you.

He warmly shakes their hands.

PELLO (cont'd)

Anson has told me all about your project. How very exciting. Such treasures to be found in this world. Come, come, follow me.

He leads them through a small door into a larger chamber.

Surprisingly high-tech with soft lighting. He stops at a table with a long glass rectangle on top. Inside, protected from the air, are ancient scrolls laid side by side.

Eve looks through the glass--

PELLO (O.C.)

When the Ottomans took back the palace from the Knights of St. John they turned it into a prison and ammunition depot...

Each scroll worn around the edges but beautifully preserved. Ancient Greek writing fills the pages.

PELLO

A powder keg blew, igniting a monstrous explosion. They say pieces of the palace landed in the sea. It buried much of the lower vaults the knights had used for preserving artifacts.

Eve moves a finger across the glass above one of the scrolls.

WILL (O.C.)

Didn't the Italians renovate when they took control?

PELLO

Superficial things but when the Germans arrived, baaaaagh. Greece finally got it back and recently, we unearthed a cavern sealed by the explosion and inside, these scrolls!

EVE

It almost looks like someone was taking down his biography.

PELLO

We think Hipparchus died here on the island.

WILL

Does it mention the Mechanism?

EVE

I don't know. This will take me days to work through, at the least.

PELLO

We were able to scan each of them and save them onto this--

He holds up a thumb drive.

PELLO (cont'd)

For you, at Anson's request.

EVE

This is unbelievable. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Pello groans as Eve hugs him a little too tightly.

PELLO

(gesturing around)

Please tell Anson we very much appreciate her donation to the archive center here at the palace.

INT. HOTEL, RHODES (CITY) - AFTERNOON

Eve charges into her hotel room, hops onto her bed and jabs the thumb drive into her laptop.

Will stands in the doorway.

WILL

So, no beach.

Eve looks at him-- *Are you kidding me with this beach stuff?*

WILL (cont'd)

All right. Move over.

INT. HOTEL, RHODES (CITY) - NIGHT

Eve sits cross-legged on the bed with Will next to her.

EVE
Aaaaaaagh. That's it.

WILL
What?

EVE
My brain is full.

She slaps her laptop shut.

EVE (cont'd)
It's unreal. Virtually none of his
work survived but these scrolls
confirm loads of the stuff attributed
to him.

WILL
But nothing on our wind up toy?

EVE
His astronomy ideas line up exactly
with the mechanism so...

He reaches over and takes her hand.

EVE (cont'd)
(trailing off)
...it's hard to imagine he didn't
make it.

WILL
What if I order some wine.

EVE
No, I just need a break. Then I can
get back to--

WILL
Eve, Eve. This is still a partially
mandated vacation for you. So...

EVE
Maybe order a couple bottles?

INT. HOTEL, RHODES (CITY) - MORNING

Clothes strewn everywhere. A lamp overturned. The sheets, a twisted knot somewhat covering Eve and Will as they awake.

Their eyes crack open and they survey the room. Eve throws up a high five for Will.

EVE

Nicely done.

SLAP. His hand meets hers in agreement.

WILL

Think I might wander through town a little. Find you on the beach later?

EVE

After I work through--

WILL

Beach. Get to it. Let that brain of yours untwist.

EXT. OLD TOWN, RHODES - MORNING

Will moves down another antique road lined with small shops.

He steps into a tattered looking bookstore.

INT. BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

The **Vivliopoleio di Vincenzo**. The opposite of Barnes and Noble. Nothing but antiques and rare manuscripts.

VINCENZO, an oily, middle-aged man pulls a box off a shelf. He shuffles back to counter and a waiting Will.

VINCENZO

I believe your family are quite the collectors, no?

Will's anticipation cannot be contained.

WILL

They are indeed. But they don't have this one.

Vincenzo pulls a smallish book, vacuum-sealed in plastic, out of the box.

WILL (cont'd)
May I open it?

VINCENZO
The question is, can you pay for it?

WILL
Absolutely.

He pulls a card from his wallet and hands it to Vincenzo. An Amex: William Tan. Hillcrest Foundation.

VINCENZO
(looking at the card)
Very good. Ah, Hillcrest. Well, that explains it. Then yes, you may open it.

Will eases the volume out of the plastic. The book is hundreds of years old, in French, titled: **Sulla à Athènes.**

WILL
Christ, Vincenzo. This is unbelievable.

VINCENZO
The Knights of St. John's were scholars as much as warrior priests. This book of theirs was found and smuggled out during the German occupation.

WILL
And right to your little shop.

VINCENZO
Better they were lost to the world?

He hands Will the receipt to sign.

VINCENZO (cont'd)
And please let me know if Ms. Hillcrest has any other very specific literary needs.

INT. HOTEL, RHODES (CITY), WILL'S ROOM - LATER

Will has the book back in plastic and sticks it deep into his suitcase, under all the other clothes.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The waves calmly wash into the shore.

Will, in his swimsuit, slumps down next to Eve as she sunbathes on a towel.

EVE
See anything good?

WILL
Indeed I did.

He leans in and kisses her. Then holds up a pastry bag. Eve pulls out a gorgeous filo dough pastry.

WILL (cont'd)
Blueberry ricotta.

Eve takes a slow, deliberate bite.

EVE
Dear god. Maybe we should stay another week.

WILL
Soak it in Solomon. It'll be freezing in London by the time we get home.

EXT. SOLOMON ESTATE - DAY

Dreary and freezing. An Uber pulls into Eve's drive way.

She and Will climb out as the driver unloads her bags.

EVE
Sure you won't stay?

WILL
Temptress! No. Enjoy tomorrow off and I'll see you first thing Monday.

EVE
Alright then.

She leans in and kisses him goodbye. Will slides back into the car and it pulls away.

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Eve's laptop screen glows. Wrapped in a blanket, she's still scouring the files Pello gave her.

Her phone rings next to her. It's Sydney. She answers.

INT. SYDNEY'S FLAT - SAME

Syd rummages through her bare cupboards as she talks.

SYDNEY

Are you back?

INTERCUT

EVE

Yes, settled in a few hours ago.

SYDNEY

Great. Look, there's no easy way to say this... are you sitting?

EVE

Uh... yes.

SYDNEY

I have no food. We have to go out.

EVE

(laughing)

Meet you in an hour.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

It's their usual pub. Eve and Syd have a small table to themselves. Beers and food in hand.

SYDNEY

You had sex, lots of sex, with your coworker.

EVE

I think I like him.

SYDNEY

I think you're a daft shit for it and shagging a coworker could ruin your career. But, I do like seeing you happy.

EVE

Thank you for that.

(beat)

Syd, I found her.

SYDNEY

Where? Is she okay?

EVE

I don't know and don't understand yet but I think maybe. She has this, you know the locket she always wears?

SYDNEY

The chunky one?

EVE

Yeah. I think it's a small version of the mechanism. I found her in the study. She knew right away I was from now, and then grabbed her locket and disappeared.

SYDNEY

Just like we did?

EVE

Exactly. I don't know where she went. She told me to keep it a secret though.

SYDNEY

Except for me.

EVE

Yeah. And she knew that I'd tell you. I'm dying to know where she went but it's put me at peace a little. Like I'll see her again.

SYDNEY

Did she say anything else?

EVE

She was adamant I learn everything I can about the mechanism. Really adamant.

SYDNEY

So the trip was perfect then.

EVE

I don't know. Some? But I think there's more.

SYDNEY

Have you kept it from Will?

EVE

So far. I think I have to.

INT. WILL'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

Sleek and modern like it's trying to prove something.

Will sits on a stool at his high top bar in the kitchen. His purchased book from Rhodes rests in front of him.

He gently cracks it open and begins to read.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - MORNING

ANGLE ON: The gears of the Mechanism being sorted on the table. Eve's hand palms a very small gear--

And pockets it. She tears her Mechanism instructions off the yellow pad and heads to a corner trash bin.

She shreds them. Tiny little bits floating into the trash.

Will strolls in. *Eve thought she had more time alone.*

EVE

You're here early.

A quick, discreet peck on his cheek. Then back to her table.

WILL

Vacation is officially over. Lots to do. Anson is already breathing down my neck over our Rhodes findings.

Will wanders over to the white board. Eve's X-ed out, manic spreadsheet is still scrawled all over it.

WILL

What is all of this?

He points to the *Avoid past self!!!*

WILL (cont'd)

Some sort of self growth thing here?

Eve hurries over and begins erasing the board.

EVE

Somewhat of a long story. Over that weekend, I broke a gear during assembly. Super frustrating. I needed a break before I recast it but sometimes I get a little obsessed with my aunt's disappearance. Big rabbit hole there.

WILL

This was the weekend she disappeared.

EVE

Yeah, like I said, just nonsense.

Eve erases and Will moves to his laptop. He opens it and pecks around on the keys.

WILL

Hm.

EVE

What?

WILL

Uh, nothing. Email. It never stops.

He closes up his laptop.

WILL (cont'd)

Any more progress on those scrolls?

EVE

All done with them and it all feels like Hipparchus could have made the device but there is nothing on those scrolls that fills in the gap. It just doesn't give us proof.

WILL

So we tell Anson?

EVE

Dead end but we worked in some lovely pastries and beach time.

INT. WILL'S TOWNHOME - EVENING

Will reclines in a living room chair. He pulls up security footage of the lab on his laptop.

ON THE SCREEN: Will is waking Eve on the couch.

The time code races backward from Monday to Sunday. He stops at the moment Eve plops onto the couch and passes out.

Will zips farther back in the footage. In it, Eve works at the table, finishing the new gear she made. He moves farther back.

IN THIS FOOTAGE: Eve stands at the worktable holding the Mechanism. He scrolls back a little further, she's still at the table holding the Mechanism but something catches his eye.

CLOSE ON: The white board in the video. One second it's blank and the next it's covered in Eve's chart and scrawl.

WILL

Hold on.

He toggles back and forth. Blank. Chart. Blank. Chart.

He quickly saves that clip and opens it in a different program. He slows that second of footage down into frames.

WILL (O.S.)

Fuck me. She did it.

On the screen, as he moves frame by frame, we see Eve blinking in and out, in super speed.

INT. HILLCREST FOUNDATION, HALLWAY - MORNING

Anson only moves with a purpose and Will tries to keep up as she navigates the busy hall.

ANSON

So I fund a whole new document preservation lab for them and you're telling me we get nothing out of it?

WILL

The scrolls are a treasure. It's an unprecedented find on Hipparchus.

ANSON

The exhibit for the Antikythera Wreck starts in January. I need the original mechanism and the replica there. And proof of who made it would certainly be useful.

WILL

We just don't have it, sorry.

ANSON

Come on, Will. The other exhibits are nearly finished. The world thinks I'm a tech billionaire asshole. This is one of the ways I want to "give back." Why is that so hard? Don't...
(*answer that*) Where are you guys at?

WILL

We'll have it assembled soon but we're pretty sure it's just his version of google maps.

INT. WILL'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

Eve and Will lay naked head to foot on his bed. He massages her feet.

EVE

Harder please.

He digs in more.

EVE (cont'd)

Harder.

WILL

This is freakishly sexual.

EVE

It's much better. Tell me a story, manservant.

WILL

Manservant? Hmm, okay... so we all know that the Library of Alexandria was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

He sits up and continues rubbing her feet.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MAP of the Mediterranean and a GIANT ARROW points to Alexandria, Egypt.

WILL (V.O.)

Everybody thinks the library--

INT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA - ROUGHLY 200 B.C. - DAY

Terrified SCHOLARS in robes run panicked toward the exit as FLAMES engulf the shelves and the hundreds of thousands of scrolls.

WILL (V.O.)
 --burned down and everything in it
 was destroyed. But that's crap.

The scene, scholars, flames, falling debris, ALL FREEZE.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
 There was a fire much later but no
 one gave a shit then as most of the
 good stuff was gone. Because--

INSERT SHOT: Ptolemy VIII, a potbellied pharaoh-looking guy.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
 --in one forty-five B.C, Ptolemy the
 Eighth, who the people nicknamed
 Ptolemy the fat, had all the artists,
 philosophers and other smart folk
 kicked out of the city.

Ptolemy, on a balcony shakes his fist angrily above a crowd of Egyptian peasants.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Let's keep those commoners ill-
 informed, right? But the head
 librarian fled--

The HEAD LIBRARIAN, on the deck of ship headed out to sea. He's giving the finger to us on the shore.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
 --and smuggled out as many scrolls as
 he could take with him.

Other SCHOLARS, in the library, pack scrolls into crates. | Hiding them in their robes. | Sneak out of the city at night with the goods.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
 A bunch of the other guys followed--

A whole pack of Scholars in robes on the deck of a ship giving us the finger as they sail away.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
--and eventually the scrolls were
quietly collected in Crete.

The MAP again. An arrow slams onto the isle of CRETE. And
just above it to the left is ANTIKYTHERA ISLAND.

WILL (V.O.) (cont'd)
Now hop ahead sixty years or so and
the Roman General Sulla is kicking
the shit out of Athens because King
Mithridates was trying to move in on
Rome's territories.

EXT. ATHENS, 87B.C. - NIGHT

Roman legions pour through a gaping hole in the city's wall
reining death and destruction.

INT. WILL'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

Will is still rubbing Eve's feet.

EVE
Oooh, we like Sulla.

WILL
Yeah, we do. Now, after he crushes
Asia minor, the first place Sulla
stops on the way back to Rome is
Crete.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, 86B.C. - DAY

Sulla's conquering fleet sails into port in Crete.

WILL (V.O.)
What's he looking for?

EVE (V.O.)
The scrolls from Alexandria.

INT. WILL'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

Will stops his foot rub and sits next to Eve on the bed.

WILL

I think the Mechanism was part of the haul he grabbed in Crete along with the lost scrolls from the great library.

EVE

What did he want with the scrolls?

Will reaches over to his night stand and grabs his book, Sulla à Athènes.

WILL

The appendices in here detail Sulla's trip back to Rome. Somewhere along the way he learned about the scrolls and why they were smuggled out and hidden.

(beat)

They're powerful, Eve.

EVE

Like knowledge is power, so let's all read more?

WILL

No. I'm talking about magic. And not lead into gold shit. I mean magic used to extend life, maybe even immortality. Better humanity. But they might be dangerous and that's why they were kept secret.

EVE

That stuff isn't real, Will. Just legends and myths.

WILL

You didn't think time travel was real, did you?

Shit. He knows.

WILL (cont'd)

Every Monday, as part of my report to Anson, I have to check the weekend security log for the lab. I saw the footage.

INSERT: Wide shot of the video footage of Eve, in the lab. The white board snaps from blank to covered in marker.

BACK TO WILL'S TOWNHOME--

EVE

You never mentioned that before.

WILL

Because nothing ever happens. Ever.
Except when you discover time travel!

EVE

It's, uh...

WILL

It's okay. Remember when you came on
board I told you I had my own
thoughts on what the Mechanism did?

EVE

You thought it was for time travel?

WILL

There were a lot of things in my
family's library that, separate,
didn't add up. But when all these
clues fell together, oh man, this is
great. Wanna show me?

EVE

You can't tell anyone. This is crazy
stuff.

WILL

Just our secret or does anyone else
know?

EVE

Sydney, but she won't say anything.

WILL

I knew it. I knew you'd do it.

He pulls Eve in, kissing her.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - AFTERNOON

Eve and Will sit next to each other at the worktable. The
Mechanism is almost reassembled.

EVE

Wait, one more thing.

She hops up and moves to her bag and pulls out a tiny gear.

WILL
I see what you did there.

EVE
What if we give it to Hillcrest and she accidentally sets it off? Or some poor museum guy?

She pops the tiny gear into place on the device.

WILL
Where to?

Eve adjusts a few dials.

EVE
What time is it?

Will checks his phone.

WILL
One o three.

EVE
Hold my hand.

She hits the jump button--

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - FOYER - MORNING

Morning sun peaks into the room. They blink into the room standing in front of the grandfather clock. A little after 7AM.

WILL
Yes, yes, hell yes. But what day?
What year?

EVE
Same day just earlier and clearly with a geographic move to, well, you know.

WILL
Now what? Can we go super far back?
How far forward?

EVE
Easy there. I can't make it go past my current present and I haven't really gone back more than seven or eight months. But watch this.

She grabs his hand and hits the return button. Blink--

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - AFTERNOON

They're right where they left the lab. Eve pulls out her phone and shows it to him.

EVE

Preset return button. Look--

1:03PM.

EVE (cont'd)

Just when we left.

WILL

More. More. More. Let's do it.

EVE

Will, we can't jump around and muck things up. Plus, we're due to turn this in to Hillcrest. She can't know what it does. No one can.

Eve is already opening the back of the device.

WILL

Yeah, yeah. Moral stuff. Wrong hands, all that business.

She pops the same little gear out and POKETS IT.

WILL (cont'd)

Eve, we can't let this go to waste. Can we do just one small thing first?

Eve crosses to him and takes his hands.

EVE

You want to go back in time, invest some money, come back here and then we're super rich.

WILL

Don't you already live in a mansion?

EVE

Touche.

WILL

I'm serious.

Will digs his Sulla à Athènes book out his bag.

WILL (cont'd)
I'm serious. Come with me.

INT. THE ARCHIVE ROOM, TAN WING - A COUPLE MINUTES LATER

Will quickly pulls books off the shelves. One here. Another from there. And another. And... one more. Four plus his Sulla book, stacked in his arms.

CLOSE ON: A heavy oaken table. An open book is placed before us. Will's finger points to a passage.

WILL (O.C.)
Here we learn for sure that the Head Librarian settled in Crete after Ptolemy kicked them out.

He flips open another book, in Danish, and lays it down--

WILL (O.C.) (cont'd)
Everyone thinks this Danish guy's theory is bananas but he was convinced the scrolls were considered mystical or powerful in some way.

A third book, in French--

WILL (O.C.) (cont'd)
Solidified by this little known translation of a Roman text which references the Library holding the power of the gods.

On Will now, holding aloft the fourth book. He's animated, moving back and forth as he talks to Eve.

WILL
Sulla had a historian travel with him and document his victories so the whole Empire would know his might. But, this guy wrote something later about his travels. The biggest tidbit: Sulla mentioned the scrolls could solidify his power in the empire.

Will switches hands and holds up his Sulla book.

WILL (cont'd)
 And with this, we know he stops in
 Crete. It's all right here, Eve.

ON: Eve. She knows where he's headed with this.

EVE
 No. Nononononono.

Will rounds the table and takes her hands.

WILL
 Yes, yes. Let's do it. We hit up
 Crete. Lock down when Sulla's ships
 were heading out. Grab the scrolls
 and bounce.

EVE
 No, because if you're correct, maybe
 those things were hidden for a
 reason.

Eve drops his hands and sinks into a nearby chair.

EVE (cont'd)
 Maybe they shouldn't be found.

WILL
 We're talking about actual documents
 from the Library of Alexandria.

Eve pulls the small gear out of her pocket and rubs it
 between her fingers.

WILL (O.C.)
 All those books in my family's
 collection, the stuff we learned in
 Rhodes, none of it compares to the
 first hand knowledge we get from
 those scrolls. And the mechanism had
 to be part of that haul.

Eve stares at the gear. She's silent.

WILL
 Ugh, Solomon, you're killing me.

We HEAR Jen's command creep into Eve's head: *Learn
 everything you can.*

EVE
 Can I think about it?

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Eve lounges on her sofa, scrolling through her phone.

Over her shoulder: on the screen is a photo of her and Aunt Jen. A happy, sunny afternoon in their garden.

Swipe. A selfie of the two on a ski trip. Swipe. An embrace at a party in a restaurant. Swipe. An old one of Jen with Eve as a toddler on her lap.

Eve opens a new text message to Will and types: **I'm in.**

She hit send.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - MORNING

Will drags a chair over to the corner, hops up on it and unplugs the security camera.

WILL

We can do this.

Eve, across the room at the worktable--

EVE

We *can* do this.

He saunters back to the table and pulls his Sulla book out of his bag.

WILL

We are looking at August, maybe September. He was trying to get back to Rome before Winter set in.

Eve is patting her hands on her legs as she paces the room--

EVE

Okay, okay, okay. Crete. Eighty-six B.C. August-ish.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - LATER

Eve's laptop is open. A map of Crete is pulled up. Will points to--

WILL

Heraklion. It's the capital and was the main port.

EXT. GEORGIADIS PARK, HERAKLIOS, CRETE - DAY

Blink! Eve and Will arrive in this modern day park. Trees, paved walkways, a playground. The sounds of cars and motorcycles drift in the distance.

A toddler looks up at them, startled, and bolts off to his nearby inattentive mother.

Eve sits on a bench. Will sits right next to her as she adjusts the dials on the device.

WILL
Eve, this is, this all I've dreamed
about for so long. The scrolls are...

EVE
Easy there. So far, I'm just glad we
made it to Crete.

She grabs his hand.

EVE (cont'd)
Ready?

EXT. HERAKLIOS, CRETE, 86B.C. - DAY

Eve and Will BLINK IN as if they're still sitting on the bench. There's no bench here and they thump to the ground in a large, grassy meadow.

WILL
Oof.

EVE
Sorry.

It's dead silent.

EVE (cont'd)
So same spot but this should be
eighty-six B.C.

A stunned SHEPHERD stands a dozen yards away. A sheep bleats.

EVE (cont'd)
Hold this.

She hands him the Mechanism.

WILL
He must think we're gods.

Eve heads for the Shepherd. Will follows behind. As they get close--

The Shepherd panics and falls down as he tries to back away. Eve rushes to his side and kneels to help him up.

EVE
(in Greek)
No, no, it's okay. Please, we're friends.

The Shepherd springs up and takes off running.

EVE (cont'd)
(in English)
Shit.

She looks back to Will, who's examining the Mechanism.

WILL
(not looking at her)
How'd that work out for us?

EVE
Fantastically.

WILL
Maybe we get some period clothing and try again?

EXT. HERAKLIOS, CRETE, 86B.C. - LATER

Eve and Will peek out from behind a grove of trees at a cluster of houses on the edge of this Ancient city.

They sneak up to the edge of a HOUSE. It's quiet.

WILL
Right, here I go.

He psychs himself up as Eve cradles the Mechanism.

EVE
Will, don't hurt anyone.

WILL
I won't, if they won't.

He charges into the house as--

EVE

No, no, no.

INT. HERAKLIOS HOUSE - A FEW SECONDS LATER.

Will stands in the main room ready to brawl. Eve hurries in behind him, relieved. They are the only ones there.

EVE

Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up.

She follows Will upstairs to a sleeping chamber. He tears through the room looking for clothes.

Will throws her a light weight set of women's robes.

WILL

Easy peasie.

He digs out what look like men's clothes as well.

EXT. HERAKLIOS HOUSE - A MINUTE LATER

Behind the house-- Eve and Will cinch up their period garb.

WILL

Does yours smell like peasant?

EVE

Much more than I'd like.

EXT. HERAKLIOS, CRETE - AFTERNOON - STILL IN 86B.C.

Eve and Will make their way through the crowded streets in this vibrant port city. An AGING STREET VENDOR hustles them over to his cart--

STREET VENDOR

(in Greek)

What do we need? Apricots, figs?
Perhaps some grapes.

EVE

(Greek)

Have the Romans arrived?

STREET VENDOR

Romans? No. If the Romans show up, we
will all know.

EXT. THE MEADOW, 86 B.C. - DAY

They pop into the meadow and again, set off for town.

Blink. They pop in again. | And again. | And again. | And again, faster and faster.

EXT. HERAKLIOS, CRETE - LATER

Eve and Will at the STREET VENDOR'S fruit cart--

EVE
(Greek)
Have the Romans arrived?

STREET VENDOR
Romans? No. If the Romans show up...

STREET VENDOR	EVE & WILL
We will all know.	We will all know.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

Blink. Eve and Will pop in.

WILL
I can't jump into that field again.

EVE
We're still not even sure if this is the right year.

WILL
Okay, I lied. Let's go.

EVE
It's not a race. Let's take a break and--

WILL
No, I said let's go. I'm ready.

EXT. THE MEADOW, 86 B.C. - DAY

Eve and Will BLINK into the middle of a Roman army encampment.

It's massive. Tents, cooking fires, troops everywhere. A CENTURION--

EXT. HERAKLIOS, CRETE, 86B.C. - NIGHT

Eve and Will slosh onto shore--

WILL
What the hell, Eve?

EVE
I was aiming for the shore. This thing isn't like an iPhone so sorry about... Look.

The bay is filled with Sulla's fleet. But docked close by is a ship that is far more ornate.

WILL
That's gotta be it.

Will heads off toward the dock. Eve hurries to catch up.

EVE
We can just walk on board.

WILL
Why not? It's night, no one is around.

EVE
Except--

Will is almost at the dock and makes a quick change of direction away from his target.

WILL
Except for those guys.

ON THE DOCK: A handful of ROMAN TROOPS stand guard by the ship's on-ramp.

ON EVE AND WILL, as they hustle farther away from the ship--

EVE
Let's jump on board.

They crowd up and crouch down next to a building.

WILL
Can we even do that?

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

A large printed MAP is unrolled on the worktable: Heraklios.

Eve's hair is still wet but she's back in her clothes and focused on the task.

She marks a spot on the map near the shore.

EVE

How far to the inside from here?

WILL

Maybe a pitch, hundred meters or so?
The or so part worries me.

Eve is already marking and measuring lines with a metal ruler.

EVE

Hand me that book.

WILL

Yeah, yeah. I see where you're headed.

Will grabs the nearby volume and Eve cracks it open to her Ancient Greek measurement chart.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - AFTERNOON

Eve and Will stand together, in their robes, ready to make the jump.

WILL

Worst case we end up in the water again.

EVE

That's not the worst case. Worst case is we end up speared by Centurions and die two thousand one hundred and six years from home.

INT. SULLA'S SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. Will hits the flashlight button on his phone.

WILL

Yeah girl, nice work.

Eve lets out a huge sigh of relief.

The light beams around the vast... and empty cargo hold.

He moves to a wall and fires up an oil lamp. The two walk around the hold.

EVE
Once this is filled--

WILL
We'll find them.

INT. SULLA'S SHIP - NIGHT

Blink. Will has the lamp in hand already. The hold is still empty.

WILL
It's got to be sometime later. Let's go again.

The two blink out-- and back. The lamplight seeps onto--

CARGO. The hold is full, immensely full. Neatly stacked terracotta amphora (giant clay jars) take up most of the space. Mixed in are stacks and stacks of wooden crates and boxes.

WILL (cont'd)
This is what I'm talking about.

The ship groans and rocks a little.

EVE
We're moving.

Will is already digging through a box. It's packed with ornate plates.

WILL
It's leaving port. We'll feel the storm when it hits though. Let's dig until we can't.

LATER... Eve and Will are in the midst of open crates. No scrolls found. A large wave hits the ships and jostles them.

EVE
Time to go.

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

An X squeaks onto the white board marking out a section of a hand drawn cargo hold.

INT. SULLA'S SHIP - NIGHT

Eve and Will move crates and boxes in a different part of the hold.

A chest is opened. Gold coins lots of them. Eve grabs a handful out and shouts to Will--

EVE

Look at what we've got here.

WILL

Nope. Eye on the prize.

The first big wave slams again.

WILL (cont'd)

(frustrated)

Grrrrrr. Already?

INT. THE MECHANISM LAB - DAY

Another X is squeaked onto the white board. Will is laser-focused on it.

EVE (O.C.)

Something to drink? Soft drink?
Coffee?

Will doesn't hear her.

EVE

Will? Hey, William?

Eve is close now and puts a hand on his shoulder. Without looking, he SHOVES her a little.

WILL

Stop.

EVE

Jesus, Will.

He turns to her.

WILL

Let me think.

EVE

What's wrong with you?

WILL
I'm sorry. Please, just, really, I am
sorry. Give me a minute.

EVE
Fine. But that cannot happen again.
Are we clear?

WILL
I'm good. Sorry.

INT. SULLA'S SHIP - NIGHT

Eve and Will are mid-search in another part of the hold.
The Mechanism sits on the floor, near a stack of goods.
The first big wave hits again.

EVE
Ready?

WILL
No, we've got a little more time.

Will is tearing through a crate with no luck.

EVE
Will, we've gotta--

Another wave crashes, throwing them to the floor. Will's
lamp slides out of his hand but stays lit.

Urns shatter, a wash of oil splashes across the floor.

CLOSE ON: Oil droplets fly through the flame of Will's lamp,
changing mid-air from liquid to fire.

They land and creep-- then sprint as the flames gather fuel.

As Eve scrambles up as another wave hits, burying her in
cargo.

Will makes it upright, trying to steady his footing.

Eve tries to pull herself out. A stack of huge clay jars
tumble. They shatter in front of her. She shields her face
from the terracotta shrapnel.

EVE (cont'd)
Will! Grab the Mechanism. We have to
go. Now!

He looks around for it-- Across the hold, it slides along the floor with other debris.

Will scrabbles, away from Eve, through the mess to the device, scoops it up, and--

Spies, close to him, a large wooden chest. Cracked open on the side. Many, many scrolls are peeking out.

WILL

Eve. It's here. They're here.

Another jar crashes down near Eve.

EVE

William!

She can't free one of her legs.

Will looks at Eve then looks at the scrolls. Then to the Mechanism in hand.

He makes the choice. And turns to--

The scrolls.

WILL

Sorry, Eve.

He reaches down for a handle on the wooden chest--

FLASH TO:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MEDELLIN, COLUMBIA - NEAR FUTURE - DAY

The mountains. An open-air, small-time cocaine operation, little more than a makeshift camp.

Moving along a path past tarp-covered work stations, we pass rotting, dying men mixed in with the already dead-- an unchecked Ebola virus.

WILL WALKS SLOWLY out of the camp. He's at least a decade OLDER, A BEARD with bits of grey creeping in, weary eyes. THE MECHANISM in one hand, a SCROLL in the other.

He reads from it, almost chanting, in ancient Sumerian and more men fall sick before him as he speaks.

EXT. A SLUM IN BOGATA, COLUMBIA - SAME - DAY

From above: The once crowded streets now lined with Ebola victims waiting for the end.

In a plaza. Piles of bodies being set ablaze by survivors in hope of stopping the spread.

BACK TO:

INT. ROMAN CARGO SHIP, 86B.C. - NIGHT

Will's hand is about to grasp the chest of scrolls. But something crushes him from behind.

He turns to see what hit him. Nothing there. A second later--

JEN POPS IN--

And slams a fist into Will's jaw. And whoosh, she blinks out again.

Will pushes himself upright--

Into another fist. Jen GRABS HER LOCKET and flashes out. Just a blur of her burned face as she blinks away.

Who's this burned freak?

Pop in, attack, pop out. Repeat. Jen is a menacing whir as she blinks in and out.

Eve is confused, overwhelmed.

Will manages to get himself up as fast as he can.

Jen blinks in again. Will lands a fist on her jaw and turns again toward the scrolls.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MOSCOW, RUSSIA - NEAR FUTURE - DAY

A bright and cloudless day in the middle of RED SQUARE.

The OLDER, BEARDED WILL looks to the Kremlin, his arms outstretched. He throws his hands up, then down, like a violent orchestra conductor--

Slowly at first, FIRE sprinkles down upon the Kremlin. It speeds into a monsoon of flames pouring down on the capitol.

Will watches, unharmed.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - SAME - DAY

The White House is engulfed in the same relentless downpour of fire. Will walks down the lawn, away from the inferno.

BACK TO:

INT. ROMAN CARGO SHIP, 86B.C. - NIGHT

Will's fist on Jen's chin. She drops to the ground and sees him turn to the scrolls. She grabs her locket, hits the button and blinks away, forward in time to--

INT. SOLOMON ESTATE - JEN'S STUDY - MODERN TIMES - DAY

Jen crawls up off the rug in her study. Shakes herself off.

A BATHROOM - Jen tilts her head to the light, inspecting the left side of her face. Obvious pain as she gently touches the area.

THE KITCHEN - Jen's hand pulls an ice pack out of the freezer.

JEN'S STUDY - Close on Jen's face as the ice pack comes to gently rest upon it.

EVE (O.S.)

Hi Auntie. Unexpected weekend home.
Do we have any--

Jen looks to the doorway and sees Eve staring at her phone as she strolls into the room. It's the same moment Eve told the Inspector about in her interview--

Eve looks up.

EVE

What happened? Are you all right?

JEN

Fine dear. I'm fine. Clumsy moment in the garage, that's all.

INT. ROMAN CARGO SHIP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Will's foe is gone. His hand reaches for the chest of scrolls as--

Jen pops in and sweeps his legs.

ON EVE--

EVE

Jen! I'm stuck.

Before he hits the ground, Jen powers her over the debris toward Eve--

Who looks up from her pinned position-- She can't believe Jen is here now.

Jen dives to her niece, one hand reaching for her locket as the other latches onto Eve. Jen's thumb clicks a button on the locket-- BLINK!

INT. JEN'S PARIS FLAT - DAY

Not an overly large place but cozy and tastefully decorated.

Jen and Eve appear out of no where and collapse together in the center of the living room.

EVE

(through tears)

You're here. You're here. I knew I'd see you again. I can't believe it though.

She throws her arms around her aunt.

JEN

Eve, I'm okay, I'm okay.

EVE

(racing)

But I didn't know and you could've told me in the study and you left and before that I thought--

JEN

Slow down. Hold on. I'll explain.

Jen helps Eve up off the ground. Eve realizes they aren't at home.

EVE
The Paris flat?

JEN
I hadn't been in a while. I thought
I'd wrap things up on the ship and
spend some time here. We haven't been
in far too long.

EVE
You were on the ship. With me.

JEN
I know dear. Tea?

INT. THE KITCHEN - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The kettle blows. Jen pours the boiling water into a tea
pot.

EVE
Auntie, why didn't you tell me?

Jen whisks the cups and pot to the table where Eve sits,
still amazed.

EVE (cont'd)
You vanished. I thought you were
dead. The police couldn't find you.
We had a lovely service.

JEN
When?

EVE
About a week after they declared you
dead, I suppose.

JEN
No, when do I disappear?

EVE
When are we?

JEN
May. Your camping weekend.

EVE
Soon then. I catch, caught, you in
the study. You told me to learn
everything I could about--

JEN

Yes, yes. That was this morning for me.

EVE

You never come back.

JEN

Well, let's try to avoid that, shall we?

She jingles her locket a bit.

EVE

Right, about that...

JEN

I told you, I made it.

EVE

Yes, but not what it did! May I?

JEN

Of course.

And she hands her locket to Eve. Eve gently pries open the face of the locket--

INSIDE: Shiny little gears are marked with small Ancient Greek letters. It is a mini version of Eve's Mechanism.

EVE

Can we maybe back up a little and you explain how we got from my device to this?

JEN

You have nearly made contact with yourself at other moments in time, correct?

EVE

Yes, but I didn't want my bumbling to wreck the time line. Even I know that and I hate sci-fi.

JEN

What if interacting with yourself could lead to a better future? A better you?

EVE

Seems terrifically unlikely.

JEN
Eve, I have known about Will's choice
on the ship for a long while.

EVE
You could have told me.

JEN
I wanted to spare you if I could,
since I wasn't.

EVE
What do you mean?

JEN
Eve, the woman who raised me also
knew Will and so did the one before
her.

EVE
I thought you and I were the only
family.

JEN
Not a family, little one.

How will she take this?

JEN (cont'd)
Take away my scars.

Eve looks hard at her "aunt."

JEN (cont'd)
We are both Genevieve Solomon.

Beat.

JEN (cont'd)
You can see it.

And the truth seeps in.

EVE
How?

JEN
I had a Jen that raised me and so did
she. We all start as Eve, Evey, or
maybe an Eva, some variation. It's a
loop. And we're stuck in it.

EVE

Because of the Mechanism.

JEN

Not because of it but with it. I have no idea, for sure, how many times we've been through it. But Will has always beaten us and escaped with the scrolls and the Mechanism.

EVE

Will is the key?

JEN

He is. Eve, he chooses the scrolls over us and we end up stuck on the ship--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SULLA'S SHIP - NIGHT

Fire rages in the cargo hold. Our Jen is mid-20s here. No purple in this one's hair, it's long and pulled back. She is pinned under a pile of crates.

JEN (V.O.)

He killed my Jen, like all the others who came back to stop him.

The woman's body lays close by. Will tears the locket from her neck and stomps on it.

JEN (V.O.) (cont'd)

And once he destroyed her locket--

Will crosses to the crate with the scrolls. He drags it across the hold and, out of a rubble pile, picks up the Mechanism. BLINK. He's gone.

JEN (V.O.) (cont'd)

I was trapped.

Flaming debris falls. Jen tries to block it but it hits her face. She unleashes a painful scream.

BACK TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME

Jen sits calmly across from Eve. She points to her scars.

JEN

The fire left me with this as the ship tore apart. I washed ashore and Theodora saved me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANTIKYTHERA ISLAND, 86B.C. - MORNING

Jen and a 6 year old Eve walk a worn dirt path toward a small house built of rocks and thatch.

On the way, Jen's hand gently rubs a LARGE STONE with DOZENS OF VERTICAL SCRATCHES etched into it.

Out of the house comes THEODORA, mid-30s, jet-black hair, in a robe. She races to embrace Jen.

Jen and Theodora only converse in Ancient Greek.

THEODORA

How are you, my old friend?

JEN

Wonderful. Theodora, this is Eve.

Theodora kneels down to the girl.

THEODORA

Welcome to my home, Eve.

Eve stares back at Theodora.

JEN

Eve would like help with her Greek.

THEODORA

Ah, yes, yes. Please, come inside.

BACK TO:

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME

EVE

My Greek tutor was an Ancient Greek?

JEN

It was the best way to get you caught up. And you were young enough I didn't think you'd remember how we went to see her.

EVE

I didn't.

JEN

Theodora has no memory of it but she has rescued the Eve version of us many times. I lived with her for several years while I scrounged enough materials to make the locket.

INT. A SMALL RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

The two dine and continue their conversation.

JEN

The surest starting point for the loop is adopting you. You were an adorable little girl. I sent you to a different school than I attended, different university. But you still met Sydney and Will and ended up at Hillcrest. Even our house is different.

EVE

Where did you grow up?

JEN

It was basically a shack. My Jen had different views on things. But I was determined to try a different slant so I went back--

EVE

And set up accounts in the past. Brilliant.

JEN

Easy solution to make things a little better for us.

EVE

You know, this, this is all I've wanted for months now. Just a chance to talk to you. Catch up, enjoy a meal together. I've missed you.

JEN

I understand. I really do.

INT. JEN'S PARIS FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On a sofa, Eve cradles a glass of wine close to her. Jen fills her glass from a nearby bottle.

EVE

If this is a loop, why do we each add
a mark on the rock?

A FLASH of the LARGE STONE Jen rubs her hand on outside
Theodora's house. The vertical scratches more in focus here.

EVE (cont'd)

Why doesn't it reset as well?

JEN

None of us know.

EVE

And why didn't you warn me about
Will?

JEN

I wanted to spare you as much as I
could.

(beat)

He was right about the scrolls. They
were from the Library at Alexandria.

EVE

Great, let him have 'em.

JEN

He cannot. He tried to use them to
help mankind, fix things, but when it
wasn't to his liking... Plagues that
spread unchecked over entire
continents. And worse.

FLASH TO:

EXT. VATICAN CITY, ST. PETER'S SQUARE - SAME - DAWN

A standoff in this holy gathering place. The OLDER WILL,
slowly pushed backward by the literal power of--

A horde of priests on the other side of the square. Each
with a cross held high, chanting, en masse, a spell in
Latin.

Will's feet forcefully sliding on the stone pavers. A slight
chuckle and he begins his own incantation.

A wind whirls over and through them, picking up speed and strength. Dust violently pelts the men, some trading their chant for cries of pain.

Their clothes and flesh begin to tear from their bodies.

The wind and dust are so strong we can't see the priests any more. But their collective screams pierce the storm.

Then it stops. Abruptly. And the priests are gone. Small bits of robes flit through the air.

Will nods, appreciating his work. He lets out a bored sigh then throws his arms up, then down, and FIRE spatters from the sky onto the Vatican itself.

BACK TO:

INT. JEN'S PARIS FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eve and Jen are still on the sofa.

EVE

We're talking about Will here.

JEN

Yes, we are. He grows to think of himself as the guardian of humanity. No one he thought corrupt was spared.

QUICK SHOTS of the burning capitols in the U.S. and Russia.

Jen reaches out and takes Eve's hands.

JEN (cont'd)

Believe me, please, he must go down on that ship. And then...

EVE

We live happily ever after?

JEN

That is my hope.

INT. PARIS FLAT - MORNING

Living Room. Eve and Jen stand in the middle of the room.

EVE

What if I can grab the scrolls? We can be their protectors, keep them hidden.

JEN

First Will, then let's talk about the scrolls. Ready?

Eve nervously nods yes.

INT. ROMAN CARGO SHIP, 86B.C. - NIGHT

It's seconds BEFORE Jen jumps back to her flat with Eve.

Will watches from his backside as Jen slides over to Eve, latches onto her arm and pops out of the ship.

WILL

(screams in rage)

He pulls his battered self off the floor. The ship is pounded by the sea. And the fire in the hold begins to rage.

He looks around. The Mechanism is lodged under some cargo on the far side of the hold. Will takes a step toward it and--

Jen and Eve blink in behind him, having just left her flat.

The ship slams into the rocks. Jen, Eve, and Will are all thrown to one side. They land hard as more cargo is tossed about in this giant hold.

EXT. ROMAN CARGO SHIP - CONTINUOUS

The impact slams sailors, slaves, and soldiers onto the deck. Men scream as they are thrown into the churning sea.

INT. ROMAN CARGO SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Will scrambles to free himself from under a pile of cargo and makes a move for the Mechanism.

Jen intercepts him and drags him back to the ground. She lands a blow to his body. Then another.

Eve runs/crawls past them toward the device but another wave hits and she's slammed back to the floor.

Will shoves Jen aside and regains his feet.

As Jen gets up, Will lands a crushing blow to her knee. She SCREAMS in pain and she POPS AWAY out of the ship.

WILL

Enough.

With another wave, the Mechanism skitters across the floor.

Eve is blocked from Will. She's pushes through waste deep cargo debris. Struggling to free herself. Behind her-- the fire.

EVE

You can't use it.

WILL

I know enough to get off this boat and back to the lab. The rest I'll learn at home.

Beat.

EVE

Shit.

And the Mechanism-- is on Will's side.

He charges toward it. Jen blinks in between him and the device.

She shoves him back and rushes in, landing a blow to his face. Will is dropped down to one knee.

Jen moves in fast on Will. *Don't lose the advantage.*

Eve is almost free, desperate to help Jen.

Will's hand wraps around something as he kneels. Jen reaches him-- he rockets up from the ground and pulls her into a one-armed bear hug.

Jen GROANS, then lurches up as Will shoves a HUGE SHARD OF POTTERY harder up into her abdomen. Jen yells out in pain.

Eve sees-- Will bash his forehead into Jen's face then tear the locket from her body.

He slams Jen to the ground and CRUSHES HER LOCKET under foot.

Will looks at the bloodied face.

WILL

Eve, is that you? You're so old.

He grabs Jen by the hair and raises her head. Eve grabs the broken arm of a statue. She can't let this happen.

Eve does her best to churn through the rubble.

JEN

Eve, get out. Get back home.

Eve isn't fast enough. Will slams Jen's head into the floor.

EVE

NO!

He turns in time to throw up an arm to block Eve's attack. Her blow splinters his forearm.

Eve doesn't let up. Another blow into his back.

EVE (cont'd)

No. No.

Will tries to stand and turns his head in time to see the marble arm catch him in the temple.

EVE (cont'd)

No!

He crumples. Dead and going down with this ship.

Without hesitation-- Eve grabs Jen's arms and drags the only relative she's known across the floor to the Mechanism.

EVE (cont'd)

Come on, I've got you.

JEN

Get back to the house.

EVE

That's the plan.

JEN

Stop.

EVE

We can talk at home.

JEN

Please, please listen.

Eve stops pulling and kneels down to her "aunt."

JEN (cont'd)
He's gone. You stopped him.

EVE
Great, we'll have a pint and
celebrate.

JEN
I love you.

EVE
No no no. We're not doing that.

JEN
Shhh. I love you. Be safe.

EVE
Please, Jen, c'mon.

JEN
Eve.

EVE
As always.

JEN
Always.

The ship takes another huge blow from the sea. Beams CRACK like a wooden sonic boom.

Eve is thrown away from Jen's still body. She struggles to crawl back but the body is cut off by fire and falling debris. Eve SCREAMS in frustration.

She half pulls, half climbs toward the scrolls.

The fire licks closely. She pulls at the chest. It won't budge. Jen's voice seeps into Eve's head--

JEN (V.O.)
Perhaps they are meant to be lost.

EVE
No. I can do this.

Eve desperately tries to unlatch it. She can't. She beats it with the side of her hand. No luck. She kicks at it.

The ship BREAKS.

It's deafening as wood shatters and sea water rushes in.

A corner of the Mechanism is close, almost within her grasp. The sea surges around her. She can grab the chest or the Mechanism. Not both.

Water pulls at her as she reaches for the Mechanism. Her hand snags onto it as she's swept out of the wreckage.

EXT. THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA - CONTINUOUS

UNDER WATER. Eve fights through water and sinking wreckage to break the surface, the Mechanism in one hand.

ON THE SURFACE. Waves pound the Romans and their captives. They drown amid the remains of the ship. Half of it is still afloat.

Eve wraps an arm around piece of driftwood. She hangs on with what's left of her strength.

The fire has spread upwards in what remains of the ship. A huge wave lifts it up and over. It splits apart spewing splinters into the air, a fiery wood storm aimed at Eve.

She kicks and kicks but can't swim fast enough. A piece of burning hull glances off her head. It jars her off the driftwood--

She loses her grip on The Mechanism.

EVE
(violent despair)
Nooooooooo--

She struggles to retrieve it.

The Mechanism bobs for a moment then begins to sink. We follow it as it descends with other treasures from the ship.

Until it settles, peacefully, on the floor of the sea.

EXT. ANTIKYTHERA ISLAND - DAWN

The shore is littered with debris from the shipwreck. The storm has passed. Morning sun creeps over the horizon.

CLOSE ON: Sandal-clad feet moving toward the wreckage. We focus past and see clearly now, Eve, face down in the sand.

INT. A SMALL STONE HOUSE - DAY

Eve sleeps on a straw pallet against the wall. Her forehead is bandaged. She begins to stir.

A WOMAN (O.S.)
(Ancient Greek)
Do not move. You are safe.

The same sandals from the beach come into view. We don't see their face yet as they kneel down to reassure Eve.

Eve cracks an eye. She's groggy, confused.

EVE
(in English)
Where am I?

THEODORA
(in Ancient Greek)
I do not understand you.

Eve's vision clears and she takes in THEODORA'S FACE.

EVE
Theodora?

Both IN GREEK now.

THEODORA
Do I know you? What is your name?

EVE
Eve, Genevieve. My name is Genevieve.

Eve feels the bandages on her face and realizes her situation.

THEODORA
I cleaned and bandaged it as best as I could.

EXT. A SMALL STONE HOUSE - DAYS LATER - MORNING

A breeze blows the fading purple strands of Eve's hair. Still bandaged, she sits on the grass and looks to the sea.

LATER THAT DAY... The large stone. A new vertical scratch is being etched into it by Eve next to the dozens of others.

INT. A SMALL STONE HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Eve sits at a rustic table. Theodora removes her bandages.

She unwinds them and reveals a small, fresh scar on Eve's temple. No burns. And certainly not as vast as her "Aunt" Jen.

THEODORA

Not so bad. A reminder of that day.

INT. A SMALL STONE HOUSE - DAY

A hand sketches on parchment. Primitive blue prints for miniature mechanism... in the shape of a locket.

EXT. THE SMALL STONE HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight brightens the seaside house.

Theodora sleeps on a pallet as Eve gently closes the thatch door.

Eve's hair is long now. The purple long gone. She wears a newly made LOCKET around her neck.

Eve looks out to the sea.

ANGLE ON: the stone with markings left by each Genevieve. Eve's fresh etching stands out.

We move up from the stone and see Eve in the distance.

ON EVE: She takes a calming breath and wraps her hand around the locket.

BACK TO THE STONE: And from here we see Eve BLINK OUT of sight. And the etchings on the stone fade to nothing.

FADE TO BLACK

The CREDITS ROLL then...

INT. SYDNEY'S FLAT - DAY

Sydney sits on her sofa working through another episode of The Chilling Adventures of Sabrina.

Eve blinks in, locket in hand, and startles the crap out of Sydney.

SYDNEY

You have got to call or text before
you do that.

Eve has just left Theodora's. Her hair is long. The scar has
faded to a dull hue. And she's still in her robes.

She slumps onto the sofa next to her friend, leans over and
playfully nuzzles Sydney's shoulder.

SYDNEY (cont'd)

So...

EVE

Where to start? Uh, Will and I are
finished.

SYDNEY

Is that so? You don't smell very
good.

EVE

Yes. And, yes.

SYDNEY

Tell me all about it.

FADE OUT