

TEASER

FADE IN:

**EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Muffled music plays over an establishing shot of a large, upper-class house.

**INT. HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT**

There's a party going on (music now sounding normal), and a group of teens are trying to dance. They quite clearly aren't succeeding.

As the song changes and the opening strains of I WANT IT ALL (by Queen) are heard, everybody suddenly stops even trying to give off the impression of dancing. A random guy in MC Hammer pants rushes to change the CD.

A different song replaces the sombre mood in the room, and people slowly resume... whatever it was they were doing.

LOWER-THIRD:

*Sunday, November 24th, 1991*

*Minneapolis, Minnesota*

*United States*

We careen through the slowly-reenergising crowd, coming to rest near a table laden with soft drink cans. KIRSTEN and HARMONY hover around with drinks, both in then-stylish dresses.

HARMONY

I can't believe *he* has it.

KIRSTEN

(thick Bavarian accent)

Huh?

Kirsten reaches for another can of Diet Coke.

HARMONY

Freddie Mercury. AIDS. Didn't you read the newspaper this morning?

KIRSTEN

Oh. Well. Not any more, he does.

HARMONY

What? They don't have a cure already. Don't be retarded.

Behind the girls, two fratty guys slam into each other. One falls to the ground, legs flying into the air. Guffaws are heard.

KIRSTEN

Uh, no. No cure. He's dead.  
(smirking)  
Did you not hear it on the news?

HARMONY

No! I was busy trying not to look like a tramp!

She begins to cry inconsolably, and runs off, pushing one guy out of her way and into a group of revellers. She jumps over a rope blocking entry to the staircase.

KIRSTEN

Harmony! I must stay with you!

Kirsten follows along the now-clear path, in exasperated earnest.

CUT TO:

**INT. HOUSE - LANDING - NEXT**

Harmony bounds up to the top of the stairs, running through a door on the other end of the hall. We hear her lock it behind her.

PAN back to the stairwell, where an out-of-breath Kirsten is just reaching the top.

KIRSTEN

(subtitled German)  
Must start riding a bicycle. Now,  
where is she?

She begins opening the doors along the hallway, one by one.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)

(still subtitled)  
No... no...

Opening the third door, she stops in her tracks. Why? Well, she's just barged in on two people having sex. Luckily for any censors, they're under the covers... for now.

Suddenly, the GIRL notices that they're being watched, and pushes her lover, CHAD (16, conventionally attractive) off of her, at which point he also notices. Her face expresses shock, his excitement.

GIRL

Chad, you told me you locked that door!

CHAD

I didn't think anyone would come up here!

GIRL

You're a freaking quarterback, your thoughts are mostly things like "What does the Sun eat for lunch?" and "I bet Superman stuffs a sock down there"! Next time, check!

The girl gets up, covering herself with the doona, and barges out of the room (bumping into a still-staring Kirsten in the process).

This leaves Chad fully exposed to the world. He angrily looks back at Kirsten, who is busy staring... elsewhere.

KIRSTEN

Have you--

CHAD

(gesturing to own eyes)  
Hey, I'm up here!

Chad grabs a pillow from behind himself and uses it to cover his crotch.

KIRSTEN

Sorry. Have you seen Harmony?

CHAD

Was that her I was just...?

KIRSTEN

No.

CHAD

Then no. Sorry.

Kirsten walks away, faster this time.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(yelling)  
Hey! Close the door!

FADE TO:

**EXT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

It's the same sort of high school you see on pretty much every other show - two storeys, large set of steps to the front door, that whole shebang. Students mill around.

A school bus pulls up, and, as luck would have it, Kirsten is the first one off.

In the front courtyard area, Chad is throwing a football with some friends, but looks away when he sees Kirsten walk up in a skirt. As a result, he gets hit in the face, dirt sticking to his cheeks.

When Kirsten walks up the front stairs with the crowd, he follows, leaving confused minions in his wake.

FADE TO:

**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - NEXT**

Kirsten walks to an alcove, turning left to enter the girls' room. Chad swaggers down the corridor behind her, as only a jock knows how.

CHAD

Time to return the favour.

Chad also enters the girls bathroom, closing the door tightly behind him. Walking over to the nearest sink, he wets his hand and wipes his face to remove the dirt.

It just smudges.

A toilet flushes, and a door opens behind Chad. Kirsten strolls out, stopping dead in her tracks when she notices Chad glaring in the mirror right in front of her.

KIRSTEN

What are you doing here? This room... *madchens* only.

CHAD

"Mad chins"? Listen, you, I don't know who you are or why you're everywhere all of a sudden, but if anyone else finds out about me and Julie last night, I will hunt you down, and you will *not* like what happens. Got it?

Kirsten looks both shaken and stirred.

KIRSTEN

Uh-huh.

Chad barges out of the room. Almost immediately afterwards, a second toilet flushes, and ANOTHER GIRL walks out.

GIRL #2

What was all that about?

Kirsten leans against the wall, in between two sinks. She slumps to the ground and begins to cry.

FADE TO:

**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MORNING**

The blandly-decorated classroom is almost full. Chad and his buddies from before fill up a cluster of seats in the far back corner.

A young but official-looking teacher, JILL DOYLE, leads a still shaken Kirsten into the room.

KIRSTEN'S POV as she scans the room, locking onto a smirking Chad.

KIRSTEN (V.O.)  
(subtitled German)  
My God! I've already seen too  
much of him, can't I just get  
some time away?  
(frantic)  
Please, God, help me!

JILL (O.S.)  
Class, this is...  
(checks notes)  
"Curse Ten Voggles". She's a  
foreign exchange student from...  
well, actually Cursed Hen, why  
don't you tell us yourself?

As Jill is speaking, a bright, green-tinged light fills and surrounds Kirsten's body and aura, eventually taking over the screen.

The light suddenly dissipates, to reveal... a BULKY MAN (late 20's/early 30's) in the same clothes Kirsten was wearing. Off his stunned face, zooming into his eyes...

FADE TO BLACK.

**END OF TEASER**

# LEAP

*Developed by David A. Bindley  
Based on "Quantum Leap", created by Donald P. Bellisario*

*1x01  
Exchange of Minds*

*Written by David A. Bindley*

*Starring:*

*James Van Der Beek  
Alexandre Despatie  
Nicholas Lea  
Noni Hazlehurst*

*With:*

*Sarah Barrable-Tishauer  
Thomas Dekker  
April Matson  
James Sorensen*

*Guest Starring:*

*Hannah Murray  
Nicholas Hoult  
Annabeth Gish  
Magda Apanowicz  
Stephen Tobolowsky*

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

**EXT. CITY - DAWN**

We're flying over an urban panorama. There's none of the ubiquitous highways of Los Angeles, none of the eternal tackiness of Vegas and none of the glitz of New York -- it's decidedly modest, and intent on staying that way. Zooming in...

**EXT. CITY - STREETS - MORNING**

...We come to rest on a pristine street, watching an intersection as a motorcycle's back tyre blows out. The rider careens unevenly, right into the side of a delivery van.

From the crash site, we PAN to an older-style apartment building (late 60's/early 70's). As we do so, a clock in the background chimes seven times.

LOWER-THIRD:

## *Exchange of Minds*

TILT UP to an open window on the third floor from the top, and ZOOM THROUGH into...

**INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

...A bathroom. The shower is running, and we can make out the silhouette of a PRESUMABLY NAKED MALE through the fogged glass.

The adjacent door opens, and a shirtless DANIEL LECUDENNEC (25, chiseled in a boy-band way) walks through.

LOWER-THIRD:

*Monday, April 10th, 2017*

*Montreal*

*Quebec*

Daniel walks over to the sink, brushes some steam off of the mirror above it with his forearm, and begins trying to simultaneously brush his teeth and shave. We watch the mirror as he unsurprisingly cuts himself, the subsequent pain causing him to jam his toothbrush into his gums.

DANIEL  
(muffled)  
Piece of...

At this point, the shower door slides open, and the figure walks out. JASON WILLIAMS (31, the Bulky Man from the teaser) covers up and walks over. He reaches for his own toothbrush, but not before pecking Daniel on the lips.

JASON  
Minty.  
(sly)  
Hey there, big boy.

DANIEL  
Morning.  
(beat)  
Wait. Is it morning?

Jason grabs Daniel's body and turns him to look out through the still-open window.

JASON  
Yeah. See the rising sun out there? That's how you tell it's morning. Unless this is like a really bad X-Files episode.

DANIEL  
Hon, that show finished fifteen years ago. It's not even close to relevant any more. And besides, you worked at the damned Bureau. How do you not know it was all a fake?

A moment of awkward silence.

JASON  
Just shut up and shower. You're going to make us late.

DANIEL  
Yeah, like I'm going to fire you. And we've got to wait for Drew to get here, anyway. Why don't you go make some pancakes?  
(beat)  
Just wait till you see your own little basement office.

Daniel enters the shower, removing his red plaid pyjama pants in the process, and turns the water back on.

FADE TO:

**INT/EXT. BASEMENT PARKING LOT/CAR - MORNING**

Both Jason and Daniel are now fully dressed -- Jason in a blue pinstripe suit that just screams "Suit!"; Daniel in a red "Smart Thoughts On A T-shirt? NEVER!" T-shirt, suit jacket, and jeans.

They walk through the underground parking lot together in silence until they reach a blue, two-door vehicle. Inside it, DREW LA MOTTA (40, visibly stressed, about to be even more so) reaches over to open the passenger door.

As he does so, a pancake slaps him in the face.

DREW  
(slightly muffled)  
Morning, Dan.

Daniel pushes the seat forward, the camera preceding him as he climbs into the back. He leaves the seat down, forcing Jason to lift it back up.

JASON  
How do I...?

Drew removes the pancake from his face, and reaches over to help Jason. They fiddle around for a moment, quickly getting the seat upright again.

DREW  
All done. 'Dja see the crash?

Drew pulls the car out of the car park.

DANIEL  
There was a crash? What happened?

JASON  
Well, see, when a mommy car and a daddy car like each other very much...

DREW  
(points)  
They do *that*.

The wreckage is now surrounded by gawking onlookers.

DANIEL  
Wow. That guy's gonna have a splitting headache.

DREW  
Could you at least try for subtle? I get enough annoying juvenile humour out of Alex.

DANIEL  
 What, and ruin my fun?  
 (beat, petulant)  
 Fine. And how are the evil  
 bastard munchkin monkeys, anyway?

DREW  
 Same old, same old.

Suddenly, a car swerves out in front of our trio. Drew slams on the brakes.

DREW (CONT'D)  
 Hey, watch where you're going!  
 Tool!

DANIEL  
 That bad, huh?

DREW  
 Yeah.

Drew pulls into a second parking lot, and parks the car.

Everybody gets out, with Jason leaving the seat up for Daniel to struggle with.

**EXT. CAR PARK - MORNING - CONTINUOUS**

DREW  
 And this is where you'll be  
 working, Jase. Well, kind of.

Jason looks up as we PAN OVER to an imposing skyscraper. Written on the facade are the words "QUEBEC INDEPENDENT RESEARCH ORGANIZATION".

JASON  
 Holy...

FADE TO:

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - MORNING**

The inside of an empty elevator. The door opens with a DING!, as our three men walk in.

DANIEL  
 ...Shit, Drew. That's *exactly* why  
 the Tickle-Me-Osama doll was  
 never popular.  
 (beat)  
 Well, that and the whole  
 "history's greatest monster"  
 thingy. Going down.

Daniel presses the button for the 39th floor, the highest number. As soon as they enter, Daniel begins checking himself out in the reflective walls.

DREW

What about Dubya? Or Seacrest?

JASON

Or the NorPor Alliance?

DREW

Germaine Greer?

DANIEL

Okay, I get it! People suck. Move on.

JASON

Really? You're telling us to be more mature? You?

The group stands in awkward silence for a couple of seconds, before the doors open to a windowless office, a vault-like steel door at the far end.

JASON (CONT'D)

This place is big. How doesn't anybody know about it?

DANIEL

Okay. Well. Basically, we're beneath the Underground City. There's stuff on top of us, so it doesn't show up on maps, and the only way in and out is through the QIRO, but since they've already got a separate lift into the City, nobody who knows about us up there seems to care. Now go wait down by that door while we try and find Tiffany.

DREW

Wouldn't it make more sense if all three of us looked for her?

DANIEL

Jase, honey, do you know what Tiffany looks like?

Jason shakes his head, with a matching "don't call me honey, honey" eyebrow raise, and Daniel uses the chance to raise his own and smirk to Drew.

DREW

Oh, for the love of criminy. Just look for a short woman with glasses and frizzy hair.

Jason scans over the top of the low-walled cubicles.

JASON

Is she black?

DREW

Huh?

JASON

Black! Is she black? If I was to put shoe polish on my face and start singing Can You Feel It, would she be offended?

DREW

*Everybody* would be offended. And I was trying to not draw attention to it, but yeah. She is. What's it to you?

JASON

(pointing)  
She's right there.

DREW

See, I knew there was a reason he hired you, aside from the whole "sleeping with the boss" thing.

Daniel puts on a face of mock innocence.

DANIEL

I'm not sleeping with the boss. I mean, I probably could if I wanted to, but...

JASON

Uh, where's that short chick gone?

Daniel and Drew, lost in conversation, look up to realise Tiffany has vanished.

DANIEL

And this is exactly why I hate foreign labour.

DREW

Toronto isn't foreign.

DANIEL  
 We're not in Canada any more,  
 Toto.

Behind Daniel, Drew, and Jason, two distracted workers walk into each other. Papers fly into the air.

DREW  
 If it wasn't for your "foreigner"  
 of a boyfriend, we'd still be  
 looking for--

DANIEL  
 --We are still looking!

DREW  
 And whose fault is that?

DANIEL  
 Yours! And Tiffany's!

TIFFANY (O.S.)  
 What's my fault this week, Dan?

TIFFANY DALTON (23, still short and black) peers up from the closest cubicle to the trio, where she's helping a random worker with a computer problem.

DANIEL  
 Relax. I'm not going to bite.

JASON  
 Much.

DANIEL  
 Oh, that reminds me. Smartass,  
 Tiffany; Tiffany, Smartass.

JASON  
 Sometimes, people call me Jason  
 too. Nice to meet you.

Jason and Tiffany shake hands over the cubicle wall. Tiffany raises an eyebrow.

TIFFANY  
 Are you sure you're a friend of  
 his?

JASON  
 Would it be easier to convince  
 you if we did it in your office?

TIFFANY  
 Yeah, you're totally with him.  
 (off his look)  
 Relax, dude.  
 (MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
I figured he likes you. Normally  
he goes with Dumbass.

JASON  
Yeah, I remember when he  
introduced me to Drew. Good  
times.  
(to Drew)  
Took me six weeks to get your  
real name out of him.

Daniel appears bored.

DANIEL  
Hate to break up the family  
reunion, but can you get his hull  
scans done?

TIFFANY  
I'm not a doctor. See the shiny  
"head of tech" badge? Right here?

She points to the badge on her blouse.

DANIEL  
Doesn't matter. You've got the  
equipment.  
(beat)  
If you do it, you get to keep  
your job past this afternoon.

Tiffany thinks it over for a moment.

TIFFANY  
(to Jason)  
Follow me.  
(mouthing, to Daniel)  
Bastard!

Daniel smiles like a kid caught stealing cookies.

DANIEL  
(mouthing back)  
Fired!

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - TIFFANY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Tiffany's office is littered with the shells of several  
formerly-operational computers, some of those dinky noodle  
containers with the metal handles, and three seats. Both  
she and Jason plonk down.

TIFFANY  
Okay, so. Tell me. What's Dan  
like in the sack?

JASON

What? Why would I tell you that?  
I've known you for, what, six  
minutes and you're already asking  
me what sort of lover my  
boyfriend is? *Grow up.*

Tiffany picks up a hand-held scanner and begins scanning.

TIFFANY

Sorry, you just...

JASON

Yes?

TIFFANY

I don't know, you just seemed  
like the sort of guy who would  
kiss and tell.

She begins trying to remove Jason's shirt, without so much  
as a word of explanation. A button falls off in the  
process.

JASON

Kiss... what, exactly?

TIFFANY

Never mind. Tell me about...  
yourself, I guess, since I'm  
never going to get any dirt on  
Dan out of you. But first, I need  
to scan your belly button.

(off his look)

What? It's for security reasons.  
If I wanted to do this, I  
wouldn't be scanning your belly  
button.

Jason undoes the remaining buttons on his shirt, as she  
holds the scanner towards his pelvis.

JASON

So. The "Former FBI Agent" part  
or the "Obsessive Reality TV Fan"  
part? Or some other thing  
entirely?

TIFFANY

Well, now that you've told me  
both, I guess the answer is  
neither, isn't it?

(beat)

Push down on this.

Tiffany holds up some sophisticated gizmo with a foam pad on it, and uses it to gather Jason's fingerprints, without any ink necessary.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Okay, one last scan.

Tiffany picks up a metallic version of a Vietnamese-style cone hat, covered in LEDs.

Jason glares at it with a look you'd normally reserve for someone proudly eating their own vomit.

JASON

(redneck accent)

Should I start ranting about the aliens now, or later?

TIFFANY

Hmm, later. You gotta be completely still for this. But I should be able to rustle up some tin foil, if it'll help. And scanning... now.

As Jason stares forwards, Tiffany walks around behind him with the fingerprint scanner, ostensibly to return it to its drawer. She takes the chance to do the "devil horn" gesture behind Jason.

The scanner PINGS, and Jason immediately turns around.

JASON

You know I can see you through the glass there, right?

TIFFANY

Whatcha gonna do about it?

CUT TO:

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - TEAROOM - LATER**

JASON (O.S.)

Dan!

We see Daniel and Drew sitting at a picnic-bench-style table, each drinking a cup of coffee.

PAN OVER to the door of the tearoom, where Jason runs in, catching his breath.

DANIEL

What's up?

JASON

Remind me never to complain about  
your wandering hands again.

Drew and Daniel share a glance.

Tiffany.

DANIEL

Tiffany.

DREW

JASON (CONT'D)

You knew she was like this? Why'd  
you make me go with her?

DREW

You should see her when she's  
drunk. Flirts with anything with  
a pulse. And quite a few things  
that don't.

DANIEL

She's the only one with the  
scanners. Besides, who wouldn't  
want to grope you?

(beat)

Did we ever remember to burn that  
Zimmer frame?

Drew raises his hand and whistles as Jason and Drew lightly  
kiss.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Well, yes. The breeder.

DREW

Breeder?

DANIEL

Yes. But given the results, it  
might be time to put you out to  
stud, stud.

If looks could kill, Daniel would be doomed for this and  
his next six reincarnations. This time, it's just his  
outfit, as Drew splashes Daniel's face with the remainder  
of his coffee.

An awkward beat, during which time Tiffany walks into the  
room. She takes in the scene before her.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm... sorry?

(beat)

Wow, that doesn't sound like me  
at all. Huh.

TIFFANY

Awww, and me without a camera!

Tiffany grabs an apple from a fruitbowl on the table.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)  
So. What'd I miss?

ALL THREE  
Nothing.

DANIEL  
And you're really about to get in  
the way, so take your apple and  
go.

TIFFANY  
But--

JASON  
Tiffany, now's not really the  
time. Come back later.

Tiffany stomps her way back out of the room, slamming the  
door behind her.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Right, where were we?

DREW  
About to debrief you on the finer  
points of time travel.

JASON  
T-time travel?

Jason glances at Daniel, who slowly nods his head.

JASON (CONT'D)  
TIME TRAVEL?!

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - TEAROOM - LATER**

The same basic scene as before, but we pick up the action  
after the general rigmarole of his role has been explained  
to Jason.

JASON  
...So you...  
(pointing at Drew)  
get whatever you can out of the  
new me, I get whatever I can out  
of the people around the new  
whoever, you...  
(pointing at Daniel)  
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)  
 go all hologrammy to help me fix whatever the cock-up is, and this Naomi woman basically spends all day helping out wherever she can and reporting to the PM?

DANIEL  
 (to Drew)  
 See, he's not just a pretty face and a tight butt.

JASON  
 But if she's supposed to be reporting to him, shouldn't she, you know, be here?

DANIEL  
 ("hooray for sarcasm")  
 Go team rehab.

JASON  
 Ah.

DREW  
 Now, there's one thing you didn't get. Remember the head scan Tiffany did?

Jason mimes the shape of the hat, as Daniel rolls his eyes.

DREW (CONT'D)  
 That's so our technical equipment can get a lock on you and make sure we don't accidentally scare some people in, like, Uganda or somewhere. And it means that you're the only one who can see and hear our synaptic hologram. Usually.

DANIEL  
 And we can also see you and the new you for who you really are, even though everyone else can't.  
 (beat)  
 You got everything now, babe?

FADE TO:

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - LATER**

Jason slouches in the middle of a sparse room (the "Waiting Room"), now wearing a maroon tracksuit. Through a glass wall behind him, Daniel and Drew are visible in the "Control Room". A clock behind them shows the time -- 3:12pm.

DREW  
(slight distortion)  
You sure you're ready, Jason?

Jason crouches down in a runner's starting position, backside to the Control Room.

DANIEL  
Stand up.

As Jason stands up properly, Daniel begins pressing buttons.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
And leaping in five... four...  
three... two... one...

The same green light from the teaser envelopes Jason's still body. Suddenly, a blinding flash of white light fills the screen.

**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MORNING**

With the flash dissipating, it becomes obvious that the scene in front of us is that which ended the teaser. Obviously, Jason has just leapt in.

JILL  
Cursed Hen? Cursed Hen?

Jason's wide eyes begin to roll back in his head, as he sways ever-so-slightly. All of a sudden, his legs give out and he slumps to the floor, landing with a THUD.

Jill rushes over from her desk, as do a couple of the students in the front rows. Chad and his cronies sit back, sniggering.

JILL (CONT'D)  
(to a geeky-looking student)  
Can you go get the nurse?  
(hyperventilating)  
Oh, boy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

Two jocks in wrestling uniforms march down the corridor, carrying Jason's limp body. The school nurse watches on.

Passing assorted posters (one for class president, one for the Spring Fling, with the SPR covered over with THANKSGIV, and a couple of careers posters), they turn into the infirmary and dump his body onto a waiting bed, his head appearing to slice through an already-present Daniel's thighs.

Everybody leaves, the nurse grabbing a pack of cigarettes on her way out.

DANIEL

(re: wrestlers)

They don't leave much to the imagination, do they?

JASON

I'm in a dress.

DANIEL

(disapproving)

We'll have to get you checked out when you make it back here.

JASON

Why? I'm perfectly fine.

He leaps to his feet.

JASON (CONT'D)

(off Daniel's look)

Drama club.

DANIEL

And the soccer team?

JASON

I was like that Zac Efron guy, but less annoying. Way less annoying.

(beat)

Where am I? *Who* am I? *When* am I?

DANIEL

Drew's interrogating... no, "interviewing" the girl you leapt into, so we don't know that yet, but it's November 25th, 1991, and you're in Milwaukee. Hey, back in the States! Feel weird?

JASON

A little. No cops running after me waving their batons around this time, so that's nice.

DANIEL

Shame, really.

Jason's head snaps around to glare at Daniel. Seeing Daniel's earnest grin, however, Jason slowly gets the joke, bursting into laughter a second later. A few seconds after that, Jason composes himself enough to ask...

JASON

They're not going to come and arrest me, are they? I mean, taking national secrets to another country is kind of frowned upon.

DANIEL

Well, since they can't see your real face, you won't match the file photo of yourself, and they'll just assume you're another drunken fool; plus, our government's too busy trying to distance itself from Canada to the rest of the world to organise trivial things like extradition treaties and whatnot; plus, there's no warrant for another quarter of a century. So... no.

JASON

Next question: If Drew's still interviewing that girl, how'd you know the date? And the Milwaukee thing?

DANIEL

Paper.

He points to copy of the Minnesota Star on a nearby counter, the headline "AIDS Kills Queen Frontman" prominently visible.

JASON

Who wants to live forever, anyway?

(beat)

Minnesota! Milwaukee's in Wisconsin! They make *cheese* there! God.

DANIEL

Yeah, the reception's a little grainy in here. Gotta get that fixed. I can barely make out your butt.

(beat)

Hey, least you'll know your way around here, eh?

A small metallic ZZZHT! noise is heard, as Drew walks through the wall cabinet on his way into the room.

JASON

I'd hope so. From what I could see, this looks like my old high school.

DREW

One... two... wow, three seconds without Dan making a detention joke. I'm impressed.

(beat)

And it is. You're Kirsten Vogels, a sixteen-year-old exchange student from Graz, Austria, and you're at Taft High School in Minneapolis. But you knew that last bit already.

JASON

So you could have sent me anywhere on Earth, anywhere in time, and you send me back to school? Thanks a lot. Bastards.

DREW

We don't have any control over where you go. Delta's a stubborn little bitch.

(to Daniel)

By the way, her power got drained by the leaping. We won't be able to get any info out of her until Tiffany can sort it out.

The holograms of Daniel and Drew flicker for a second, before returning slightly grainier than they were previously.

DREW (CONT'D)

But you're obviously here for some reason. Any idea why that could be?

JASON

'Cause this "Delta" thing thinks I need to go back to school?

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

(beat)

Uh... if that teacher who brought me in here is the one I'm thinking of, she dies in a... today's the 25th, right? She dies the day after tomorrow. They had some memorial award named after her when I used to come here. Was kind of a big deal.

DANIEL

So you're here to save her life? I didn't know you had it in you to be a hero.

JASON

Isn't it part of my job description now?

FADE TO:

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - TEAROOM - LATER**

Daniel and Drew enter the tearoom from the door marked "Imaging Chamber", and sit down at the table. The real Kirsten is busy pouring coffee.

DREW

*Danke schon.*

DANIEL

I didn't know you spoke German.

DREW

Yeah. Needed to learn it to understand Freud. Turns out he's as helpful as Hitler when it comes to understanding modern Psych. And I know Kirsten's supposed be cooped up in the Waiting Room until she leaps back, but there's literally nothing in there at the moment. I've already ordered a whole bunch of stuff so we don't have to keep doing this, and I can bring in the fold-up bed tomorrow until we can get a proper one set up in there, but we're still going to have to find somewhere for her tonight. Relax, she's more afraid of you than you are of her.

Trying to carry three mugs across the room, Kirsten drops her mug. It shatters against the tile floor.

KIRSTEN

Uh, is there a sweeper around anywhere here?

DREW

We'll clean it up, you just sit down and relax for a while.

(beat, to Daniel)

Can you believe people actually used to try and clean up after themselves? It's making me feel all warm and fuzzy inside. I mean, you *still* have coffee on your face.

DANIEL

I'm fairly certain that's just because you're in front of the heater.

DREW

What does me being in front of the heater have to do with the coffee on your face?

Daniel looks at the clock on the wall -- showing 5:13pm -- as a way to get out of this argument.

DANIEL

Boy, is that the time? We've gotta go... pick up... Naomi... the thing.

(to Kirsten)

C'mon, you can stay at my place tonight.

Daniel grabs a tea towel and begins wiping his face with it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CLINIQUE DU MORALI/CAR - DUSK**

It's a posh-looking rehab clinic. The sort of place someone with coffee on their face shouldn't be out of the norm, but somehow is.

Drew walks out from the front villa, accompanied by NAOMI BURTON (47, homely, yet still unnaturally well-kept for someone checking out of rehab).

Moving towards the camera in silence, Drew lugging Naomi's suitcase, we PAN AROUND to Drew's tiny, tiny car, where Daniel and Kirsten are now both in the back seat.

As Naomi gets in, Drew shoves her suitcase in the backseat, smooshing Daniel's face against the window in the process.

DREW

Right. Dinner. Pizza?

NAOMI

(Strine accent)

No, save the energy. I can get Hugh to make me something when we get back to the Embassy.

DREW

Just 'cause I'm Italian and all, doesn't mean I'm making the pizza myself.

Daniel, face still squashed by the suitcase, MUMBLES something almost inaudible at the same time as Drew talks.

NAOMI

I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch that. What?

Kirsten lifts the top of the suitcase a little bit, giving Daniel a bit of room. Not much, but enough to talk.

DANIEL

Wish it were that easy. Craig asked Drew to keep you at his place for the night. The Belgians were coming over or something.

NAOMI

God, Stijn irritates me. So gropey.

DANIEL

Try setting him up on a blind date with Tiffany in tech. She loves groping people.

NAOMI

Are you nuts? He's sixty-two!

Behind Drew's car, we hear a sickening CRASH. Through the back window, we can make out that a bus has just slammed into a motorcyclist and his bike.

Kirsten FLINCHES, causing her to drop the suitcase back onto Daniel's face. He GRUNTS slightly.

Meanwhile, Drew pulls up outside a pizzeria, The Slice.

DREW

Okay, who wants what?

FADE TO:

**INT. LA MOTTA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Daniel, Drew, Naomi, and Kirsten enter Drew's house with the pizzas. It's still fairly twilight-y outside, but the light disappears when Daniel (carrying the pizzas) closes the door with his backside.

Everyone moves into the adjacent living room, where ALEX LA MOTTA (17, geeky-hot) sits on a bean bag, trying to do some homework. A calculator and mathematics textbook lie nearby.

ALEX

When does anyone even use this BS anyway?

DANIEL

Here. Gimme a look.

Alex forks over the textbook, an exercise book and a pen.

ALEX

Question two.

Daniel takes one look at the thing, then begins scrawling. A few seconds later...

DANIEL

There you go, shortstuff.

He passes the book back.

ALEX

Huh? It's just gibberish.

DANIEL

Just check the answer, will ya?

Alex does. His jaw drops.

ALEX

Dude. How'd you do that?

DREW

Alex, quit cheating. You gotta learn to do this before your exam. Even if you'll never use it again. Dan, you quit helping him cheat.

The front door opens, and two people walk through -- KARA LA MOTTA (18, redefining "whore" with every step) and RYAN LETHBORG (20-ish, possibly Scandinavian, definitely attractive). They share a kiss as they walk into the living room.

KARA  
 No, you're sweeter.  
 (beat, to everyone else)  
 Pizza? Really?

DREW  
 Welcome to Flavor Country.  
 (off her look)  
 There's a whole bunch of carrots  
 and other non-meaty stuff in the  
 fridge for you.

DANIEL  
 But some poor defenceless bunny  
 rabbit is going to starve to  
 death because of it, dear.

ALEX  
 Won't someone please think of the  
 bunnies?!

Alex grabs a slice of Daniel's chicken pizza and takes a bite. He suddenly notices the ham on Kirsten's pizza.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Bacon? I thought you were a Jew.

DREW  
 (with mouth full)  
 Don't talk with your mouth full.  
 I'll explain later.

ALEX  
 Says you, dude.

DREW  
 What am I, perfect?

NAOMI  
 So, anyway! How's Jason going?

CUT TO:

**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON**

Jason saunters down an empty stretch of corridor, showing no signs of having fainted.

CHAD (O.S.)  
 Remind me to faint next time I  
 want to get out of work.

Jason turns around to see Chad ambling up behind him, looking slightly menacing.

JASON  
 Do I... know you?

CHAD

You don't *know me* know me, but  
you should be able to remember  
*this*.

Chad reaches for Jason's wrist, grabs it, and moves it  
towards his crotch. Jason manages to slip his hand free  
before it makes contact.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Last night, you couldn't stop  
staring at it. Now you don't want  
anything to do with it? What  
gives?

JASON

Yeah, I'm still a little out of  
it from the whole fainting  
dealie. Did we...?

CHAD

No! What am I, a slut? Because of  
you, I didn't end up getting *any*.

The pair reach Chad's locker, and he stops to open it.  
There's one RANDOM GUY standing a couple of lockers away,  
and a smattering of others throughout the corridor.

JASON

Wasn't my fault, C-Chad.

Jason waves over his shoulder and continues walking on.

CHAD

(to Random Guy)  
Uh, how'd she know my name?

Random Guy shrugs.

RANDOM GUY

Someone probably told her. What  
am I, some kind of a Jesus?

CUT TO:

**INT. WILLIAMS/LECUDENNEC APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The front door opens, and Daniel and Kirsten stroll  
through. He moves to the centre of the living room.

DANIEL

(pointing)  
Kitchen's there, but you probably  
won't need it, bathroom's there,  
if the door's locked don't bust  
it down, and your bedroom's  
right--

Daniel pushes open the ajar door closest to him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
--Here. Enjoy!

Daniel walks into the room he just pointed out as the bathroom, leaving Kirsten staring slack-jawed in awe at the futuristic (to her, at least) apartment. Off her face:

FADE TO:

**MONTAGE**

CUE MUSIC: "THE SHOW MUST GO ON", by QUEEN

**INT. LA MOTTA RESIDENCE - NIGHT**

Alex tiptoes into a bedroom, where Naomi waits sullenly on the bed, contemplating. He holds out a largish, half-empty bottle of what is clearly an alcoholic beverage. Her face shows a look of contempt, followed soon after by a look of desire.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
WHATEVER HAPPENS, I LEAVE IT ALL  
TO CHANCE...

**INT. LA MOTTA RESIDENCE - DREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Lying in bed in a singlet, Drew stares at a photo of a blonde woman about his age, maybe a little younger. He kisses the photo softly, shedding a tear in the process.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
ANOTHER HEARTACHE...

**INT. WILLIAMS/LECUDENNEC APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Daniel enters the kitchen wearing only blue flannel pyjama pants. He pours himself a glass of water, and turns to find a stack of pancakes. Quietly, he picks one up with his fingers and begins nibbling on it.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
ANOTHER FAILED ROMANCE...

**INT. WILLIAMS/LECUDENNEC APARTMENT - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

In bed, Kirsten stares at the ceiling. She's not even blinking.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
ON AND ON, DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHAT  
WE ARE LIVING FOR?

**INT. LA MOTTA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Alex returns to his beanbag and grabs his workbooks again. We watch for a couple of seconds as he tries to make sense of what Daniel showed him, soon making a grin in realisation. He begins writing quickly.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
I GUESS I'M LEARNING, I MUST BE  
WARMER NOW...

**EXT. LA MOTTA RESIDENCE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT**

In her bedroom, Naomi glares at the bottle. She gets up from where she's sitting, and takes it out of the room with her.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
I'LL SOON BE TURNING, ROUND THE  
CORNER NOW...

**INT. LA MOTTA RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SUNRISE**

Through the living room window, we see Kara and Ryan sneak out past the threshold. As they kiss, PULL FOCUS to show a bleary-eyed Alex's unplaceable reaction.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
OUTSIDE THE DAWN IS BREAKING, BUT  
INSIDE IN THE DARK I'M ACHING TO  
BE FREE...

**EXT. MINNEAPOLIS STREETS - MORNING**

Jason walks down a street, ostensibly towards the school, looking pleased with himself. Breath glistening in the cold November air, he appears to not notice (though a well-timed sting in the song does) that Chad, flanked by A GROUP OF HIS BUDDIES, is rapidly approaching behind him.

MUSIC (V.O.)  
(trailing off)  
THE SHOW MUST GO ON... THE SHOW  
MUST GO ON...

**END MONTAGE.**

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. MINNEAPOLIS STREETS - MORNING**

We pick up where we left off, with Jason blissfully unaware of what's about to happen.

Or so Chad thinks.

Because just before he gets within striking distance, Jason glances at the mirror in an open-top convertible parked on the roadside.

As soon as Chad gets close enough, Jason raises his left arm with breakneck speed, hitting Chad in the face before... well, before he knows what's hit him.

Turning around, Jason gets another hit in, this time with his right hand, simultaneously blocking Chad's comeback with his left.

Grasping the attacking arm tightly, he twists it so far that Chad has no choice but to fall to the ground.

Where Jason uses the chance to kick him in the nuts.

Hard.

Jason surveys the damage briefly, before addressing Chad's cronies:

JASON

Right. Who's next?

They all stare in shock for a second, before heading back the way they came.

JOCK

Can't believe he got beaten up by a girl. Wimp.

Jason turns back around and continues walking in the same direction he was heading, leaving Chad in agony on the footpath.

JASON

(to self)  
Have I changed the damned world yet?

CUT TO:

**INT. WILLIAMS/LECUDENNEC APARTMENT - MORNING**

A half-asleep Daniel enters the living room, sans pants.

KIRSTEN (O.S.)  
Do they use 'bratwurst' as a  
euphemism in... this here?

Following Daniel's eyeline, PAN AROUND to reveal that Kirsten's standing in front of the frypan, making even more pancakes.

Still naked, Daniel dives for the sofa, landing behind it with a THUD.

Beat.

His arm reaches over the couch, fumbling for a pillow.

When he eventually grabs one, he pulls it behind the couch, and walks out a second later with the pillow covering his crotch.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)  
Wow. In three days, twice now.  
(beat)  
So in what time arrive your  
friend?

DANIEL  
Oh, it's our turn to drive him  
today. We carpool. It's like...  
actually, you're not American,  
you should learn about it in a  
couple of years or so once you  
get back.

CUT TO:

**INT. LA MOTTA RESIDENCE - MORNING**

Alex is lying asleep on the couch, books still scattered around him. He's still in the same clothes from the previous night -- but just barely.

Drew walks into the room.

DREW  
This is going in the photo album.

Alex rolls over, slowly opening his eyes to find Drew staring at him, with a professional-looking camera.

Thought he's still tired, Alex's eyes open wide.

ALEX  
Whuh? Where'd you find that  
thing?

DREW

Dan gave it to me a while back.  
Said he found it in his closet.  
Kept meaning to use it, but...  
yeah.

ALEX

What, did he grab it on his way  
out?

Drew ignores him. Out the window, we can see Daniel's car --  
a sleek and shiny silver Audi -- pull up the driveway. The  
car horn HONKS impatiently.

DREW

(under breath)  
Oh, thank God.

ALEX

What?

DREW

Never mind. Just pass the test,  
okay? Then you can have the  
camera.

ALEX

Right. No pressure. None at all.

FADE TO:

**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING**

Jason walks through the school's front door. Passing by  
even more posters, he stops at a locker, unlocking it to  
find...

Daniel's disembodied head staring back at him.

DANIEL

Boo...?

Jason looks unimpressed.

JASON

Not funny. Why are you here?

CHAD (O.S.)

Because apparently my locker is  
next to yours. See, that's the  
thing about lockers. They like  
getting together and scheming  
against us all. Why else would I  
be here?

Chad limps past Jason to the next locker along, unlocking  
it quickly.

Inside Kirsten's locker, Daniel raises one eyebrow.

DANIEL  
Your fault?

Unsure how to react with Chad around, Jason gives a slight nod.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
We need to have a talk.

JASON  
(worried)  
Why?

CHAD  
Why what?

DANIEL  
(pointed)  
He can't hear me, remember?  
(beat)  
Grab your stuff. I'll meet you  
out on the field.

Daniel fades out, the same ZZZHT noise from earlier accompanying him.

CHAD  
(pointed)  
Why what?

DANIEL (PRELAP)  
Why the hell did you do that?

CUT TO:

**EXT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - LA CROSSE PITCH - MORNING**

Jason sits on one of the bottom rows of bleachers, while Daniel paces in front of him, yelling. For the first time we clearly see that Daniel's shirt of the day (green) reads "It's Raining Men! Can I Take Your Order?".

JASON  
Why would I do what?

DANIEL  
Whatever you did to that guy  
inside!

JASON  
He tried to attack me!

Daniel raises an eyebrow impatiently.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Aren't I here to change something?

DANIEL  
Like his ability to walk?  
(beat)  
I thought we agreed you were going to try and stop that crash. Have you done anything to stop that?

JASON  
Aside from punching Chad?

Daniel nods. In response, Jason shakes his head.

DANIEL  
(terse)  
Get on it.  
(beat, pleading)  
If you don't fix it, I can't let you keep your job. I have to answer to people too. It's not just you, hon.

JASON  
I know, I just... I don't know what to do. It's like dropping a thirty-one-year-old baby into the world and telling them, 'just go', you know? 'The world's about to fuck itself over, and you have to fix it.' Where do I begin?  
(beat)  
We're not even sure if this car crash is why I'm here.

As Daniel stops pacing, a shot from the edge of the bleachers depicts Chad scurrying beneath them in an attempt to hear better.

DANIEL  
What else could it *possibly* be?

JASON  
I don't know. But it's not like I can do anything yet. I would have b--

DANIEL  
You can try and get whatever her name is to not drive to school tomorrow.

Daniel squats down to meet Jason's natural eye level.

JASON

She doesn't drive, though, and that's the problem. She gets killed while riding a bike to school.

(beat)

Besides, why would she listen to an exchange student who only started here today?

DANIEL

A *bike*? In *November*? In *Minneapolis*?! Lady's got balls, I'll give her that. But you've still got to do something.

JASON

I'd try convincing her to drive instead of riding tomorrow, but there's no chance she'll even listen to me.

Beat.

DANIEL

Then you have to make her take notice.

Once again, Daniel fades out. ZZZHT! As he does...

CLUNK.

CHAD

(muffled)

Ouch.

Jason, previously lost in thought, jumps up in surprise, walks over to the edge of the bleachers, and sees that Chad has bumped his head on one of the steel support braces on his way out.

JASON

What are *you* doing down there?

CHAD

I could ask you the same thing. A 31-year-old baby? A car crash? And you care about whether someone's riding a bike because...?

Jason appears momentarily lost for words.

JASON

Uh... I act in my spare time...?

CHAD

You just turned up here in the last week. No way you've got an acting job. Why do you really care?

JASON

...Fine. I'm really a time-travelling former FBI agent from the year 2017, sent back to help a woman from dying in a car crash.

CHAD

Now you're just being an idiot.

JASON

I was! I was talking to a hologram!

CHAD

Whatever. Loser.

Chad storms off, angry and confused, and not at all in the direction of the school building. In the background, the school bell rings.

JASON

(to self)  
Crap.

FADE TO:

**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON**

Jason walks down the now empty corridors, a man on a mission. Rounding a corner, he careens straight into...

JILL

Don't you have a class you should be in right now?

JASON

Just the person I was looking for.

(beat)

God, I hope I'm the only person who runs into you.

ZZZHT!

JILL

I'll ask you again: Why are you out here? You really should be in class right now. Especially after what happened yesterday.

JASON  
 (weakly)  
 Study hall?

Jill frowns.

JILL  
 Then you should actually be, you  
 know, studying. It might help.

She walks past him.

Stops.

Turns around. As she does, a shot from over-the-shoulder  
 shot shows Drew standing just behind Jason, sort of...  
 watching.

JILL (CONT'D)  
 Uh... what did you mean, "the  
 only person"? Is someone else  
 planning on running into me?

DREW  
 You can't tell her.

JASON  
 You never know what people are  
 planning.

JILL  
 Do you?

JASON  
 I... from time to time, I can  
 sort of... tell what's going to  
 happen.

She seems slightly intrigued. Off her look, Jason thinks  
 for a second. He's just figured out how to convince her.

JASON (CONT'D)  
 When I collapsed yesterday, it  
 was because I saw something.  
 (beat, willing tears to  
 form)  
 I saw a crash. A few days from  
 now, you're on your bike and a  
 truck runs into you. You don't  
 even survive long enough for the  
 ambulance to get to you.

Behind him, Drew looks angry that he would give up  
 information like this -- flawed information, but  
 information nonetheless.

JILL  
Why would I believe you?

Jason tries to hide looking to Drew for assistance. He grabs an iPhone-sized gadget out of his pocket and begins swiping his finger around the screen.

Meanwhile, Jason closes his eyes and prepares for a "vision".

DREW  
Okay, here's what we've got on her. Birthday's September 17th, parents' names are Geoffrey and Debra...

Jason's eyes flare open and stare directly at Jill, as though he was looking straight through her soul.

JASON  
Your parents are Geoffrey and Debra. You were born on the 17th of September.

JILL  
What year?

DREW  
Sixty four.

JASON  
1964.

DREW  
First day of school, she wrote a letter to her teacher saying "Sorry, but I want to go home." Debra used it as a bargaining chip for the rest of her childhood.

JASON  
When you started school, that first day, you got bored and wrote about going home.

Jill is desperately trying to refrain from bursting into tears in the hallway.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(sincere)  
Is that enough to convince you, or do you want me to go on?

Jill waves one hand, dismissive, and walks away.

DREW

You really shouldn't play with people's emotions like that. And you're not supposed to tell every person you meet that you're from the future. And some other stuff Daniel probably wants me to whine about so he doesn't have to.

JASON

Yeah, I know. But I've got a class to pretend to care about, so can we have the Let's All Order Jason Around party later? Besides, Kirsten and whoever else I'm going to leap into is going to know about the future thing, so they're going to have someone who will know about--

DREW

--Getting the people you leap into to deal with being leapt into is my job, okay? You just do what you need to do here.

JASON

And sometimes, like just then, there could be a chance I won't be able to get what I need to get done done without telling someone.

Suddenly realising he's not even trying to get to a class, Jason begins walking, Drew following him.

DREW

It's like... imagine you're planning a surprise party for Daniel, a--

JASON

--He told me not to do that after last year. How was I supposed to know he was in the same third-grade class as the stripper?

DREW

I... don't even want to know. Just work with me here. Let's say he doesn't care about it. Now, for every person you tell, it's more likely he's going to find out and ruin the 'surprise!' part of the surprise party, right?

JASON

I guess.

DREW

Okay, this time the secret is you being from the future. You've already seen that that lady wanted a psychic reading or whatever. Now imagine that you keep telling people, and they all want to know their future, and because you're busy telling them that their cousin is going to have twins or whatever, you miss what you're supposed to do and get stuck here. That's bad enough, but what if you tell someone, they don't believe you, and you get institutionalised? Then even if you do get home somehow, the person you've leaped into is stuck there for the rest of their life. How would you feel about that?

**EXT. CAR - AFTERNOON**

A CAR comes down the road. Like many people his age, Chad is driving too fast for his own good. One look at his eyes betrays the mix of confusion and anger inside.

JASON (V.O.)

Wow, you've really thought about this, haven't you?

DREW (V.O.)

I have to.

(beat)

Well, I don't. But that doesn't mean I didn't.

**INT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON**

Back on the scene.

JASON

(smirking)

Clearly.

DREW

So, where are you really supposed to be?

JASON

Gym. Running around, catching balls, eventually smelling like teen spirit. Or sweat, one of the two.

The pair of them head out a side door and begin walking to the gym, across a frosty field.

DREW

Look at you, making with the t--

Suddenly, there's a large GRINDING noise offscreen.

Both Drew and Jason immediately cotton on to what it means, though apparently neither can see.

Jason tries to look around him to see which direction the noise came from. Meanwhile, Drew takes out the iPhone-y thing and once again begins fiddling with it.

DREW (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Over there!

Seeing Drew's finger, Jason begins sprinting as fast as his legs will allow. Drew fades out. ZZZHT!

CUT TO:

**EXT. INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON**

ZZZHT! Drew slides back in. We don't yet see what he does, but his jaw drops.

Behind him, Jason runs up.

DREW

Normally when people fall off a bike, they don't end up on the opposite side of the intersection.

CRANE SHOT showing the scene. The bicycle, a mangled wreck, is about six feet away from Drew and Jason, while Jill is contorted in an impossible position on the far side of the intersection.

There's no car in sight.

JASON

Oh, fuuuuuuuu...

Jason runs to Jill and tries to get her body straightened out.

After a little bit of struggling trying to pick her prone body from the ground, he eventually does, and starts looking for a pulse.

JASON (CONT'D)  
It's faint. Very faint.

He flinches for a second, then begins administering CPR, starting with some mouth-to-mouth.

Drew watches on with bated breath.

DREW  
Don't die on us now.

Off the scene playing out in front of us...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON**

As before. Jason is still trying to get Jill to recover.

Another teacher (40's, balding, let's call him MR. VOSS) arrives on the scene.

VOSS  
Get away from her!

Jason moves away from her mouth and begins chest compressions.

JASON  
She's going to die unless I help her! Now, you...

Back to her mouth. Back to chest compressions.

JASON (CONT'D)  
...You can either stand here and argue until...

And again.

JASON (CONT'D)  
...Til she's good and dead, or you can...

One more time. It's clear that nothing -- nothing -- will stop Jason from trying to save her at this point.

JASON (CONT'D)  
...You can go call an ambulance.

CRACK!

VOSS  
Did you just... *break* something?

At this point, a small crowd is beginning to form. Jason just glowers at him. His glare could stop traffic at this point.

JASON  
I've been trained. I could do this in my sleep. Now GO.

Voss walks off amidst murmurs from the crowd, who all seem to have realised that it's better to not get involved with this.

Drew takes one last look, visibly crosses his fingers, presses a few buttons on the gadget with his free hand, and fades out. ZZZHT!

CUT TO:

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - TEAROOM**

Drew walks out from the Imaging Chamber. Daniel and Naomi are both sitting there, talking to Kirsten.

DREW  
You found yourself a real live one, Dan.

DANIEL  
He's no Muppet, that's for sure.  
(beat)  
Wait. Why?

Drew turns the coffeemaker on.

DREW  
Remember how he was supposed to save that teacher from that crash? He wasn't able to, so now he's busy trying to resuscitate her.

DANIEL  
I thought the crash wasn't supposed to be until tomorrow?

DREW  
It wasn't. So something he did must have brought the date forward.

DANIEL  
That does it. When he gets home, we are having a Talk. The four of us.

NAOMI  
Can it wait till tomorrow? I have a function to attend tonight.

A bird smashes into the window.

DANIEL  
Only if he takes until tomorrow to get home. *If* he gets home, after what happened.

KIRSTEN

So I might be caught in this body? I'll never go return to Minneapolis?

NAOMI

We can spring for a plane ticket, if getting back there is that important to you.

(off her look)

Not like that. Got it.

DREW

Just outta curiosity, why is going back to Minneapolis is so important to you? Everything Jason's been able to figure out suggests it was as bad for you as it was for him.

KIRSTEN

It has bright sides.

DANIEL

Like that guy you saw naked?

Naomi and Drew both raise their eyebrows, trying to silently ask each other whether they knew about this. From their expressions, it seems they didn't.

KIRSTEN

I thought a bright side it was, but then after this morning...

She looks at Daniel, the meaning not lost on him.

Or on Drew.

DREW

What on *Earth* did you *do*?

DANIEL

I slept naked. Then I woke up.

(off his look,

defensive)

I covered up as soon as I realised!

Uncomfortable beat.

NAOMI

So, lunch?

DREW

There's this little Sri Lankan place down the road I've been meaning to try. Want me to bring something back?

NAOMI

Do they deliver?

DREW

Don't have their phone number. Shouldn't be too long. Have fun.

Drew makes no attempt to pretend not to be rushing out of the room in an attempt to not have to look at Daniel for a little while. Behind him, a clock shows 3:26pm.

Unfortunately for him, he left his cell phone behind. Shortly after he leaves, it breaks an AWKWARD SILENCE by RINGING.

Daniel lunges for it. STAGE COUGHS. Answers.

DANIEL

(jovial Southern accent)  
Mr. Pecker's rooster farm, home of the biggest cocks in town! How can I help you?

ALEX

Daniel, put Dad on.

DANIEL

How'd you know?

ALEX

It's always you.

DANIEL

He's just gone out. Can I take a message?

ALEX

Just... tell him I passed, okay?

DANIEL

You passed? That's great! Remind me to get you a six-pack on the way home.

Naomi glares at Daniel silently.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

(unconvincing)  
...But you should probably wait until you're older. Or something.

Naomi's look now says just one thing: "That's BETTER."

FADE TO:

**INT. QUANTUM QUEBEC - TEAROOM - LATER**

As before, but Drew's now back, with a couple of bags of food. The words "Galle Stoves" are printed on the bags.

DREW

So, what are we going to do about this whole situation? If Jase isn't there to stop the crash, why is he there?

Beat.

NAOMI

Okay, follow me on this, 'kay? What if Jason was there to do something far more mundane? Something less actiony? More... personal? I'm only going by what you guys have told me but if he keeps running into this Chad guy, could he be there to sort something out for him?

KIRSTEN

Then why would he be in me?

NAOMI

That, I haven't figured out.

She (and the others) ponder for a moment.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

What if he's there...

DREW

...to sort out something for both of them?

NAOMI

...to fix something for Chad and Kirsten?

KIRSTEN

...for the both two of us?

DANIEL

(realising)  
He has to get him to hook up with her.

KIRSTEN

What?

NAOMI

He has to get you and Chad to be friendly with each other.

(MORE)

NAOMI (CONT'D)  
 (pointed, but sincere)  
 You don't necessarily have to  
 "hook up" with him at all.

KIRSTEN  
 Good. I never really liked pirate  
 stories.

DANIEL  
 Wait. There's a way to "be  
 friendly" with someone without  
 hooking up? Who the hell lied to  
 me?

DREW  
 Your mother. Now go tell Jason.  
 We'll get Kirsten ready to go  
 back.

DANIEL  
 Fine.

CUT TO:

**EXT. INTERSECTION - AFTERNOON**

The crowd has now thinned out, as Jason watches a couple of  
 PARAMEDICS load a stretcher with Jill's body on it into the  
 back of an ambulance.

JASON  
 Is there... you know, anything I  
 can do?

PARAMEDIC #2  
 Let us work?

ZZZHT!

JASON  
 Sure thing, dude.

Jason stealthily, deliberately moves himself away from the  
 crowd.

DANIEL  
 You got yourself a date.

JASON  
 What? With who?

DANIEL  
 Chad. Naomi and Drew are fairly  
 certain that you're supposed to  
 at least get Chad and Kirsten to  
 act civilly around each other.  
 Probably more.

JASON  
Got it. That all?

DANIEL  
Yeah, pretty much.  
(beat)  
Good luck, babe.

JASON  
Aww, thanks. Could be a couple of  
hours, though. Haven't seen him  
since the last time I talked to  
you. He was angry.  
(beat)  
Right before the crash.  
(beat)  
He ran over her.

Off their faces of realisation...

FADE TO:

**EXT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - DUSK**

Jason sits in a tree overhead, backside balanced on the cleft between two thick branches, overlooking the intersection. There's nobody else around, and not even any real sign of a crash.

Shivering and struggling just to stay awake, Jason perks up when he sees Chad sullenly walking down the street, a simple bouquet of flowers in his right hand.

Jason sits mutely, watching as Chad lowers his head, soundlessly laying the flowers on the roadside near where he crashed into her.

As Chad turns to walk away...

JASON  
Real tragedy, huh?

CHAD  
(suspicious)  
What do you want?

JASON  
The truth.

Jason jumps down from the tree. It's only about four feet, but it still looks like a pretty uncomfortable landing.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(off his look)  
Remember how I said I was an FBI  
agent? That wasn't a lie. I got  
sent back here to help you.  
(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

If you don't tell me the truth, I can't get the guys I work with to sort out an alibi, and you'll do time for attempted murder at the very least. A lot of time. But if you tell me, I can try and see if they'll get Kirsten -- the real one, I mean -- to say you were with her when the crash happened.

They begin walking along the road, away from the intersection.

CHAD

(nervous)

I was still angry after that argument with you, or the other you, or whatever, so I went for a quick drive 'round the block to try and clear my head. I was just about to drive back into the parking lot when she rode right in front of me.

JASON

Oh, great. This is my fault.

(smiling)

This is my fault!

CHAD

How is that a good thing? We might have killed someone.

JASON

No. If you were just pulling back into the school, you wouldn't have been going fast enough to kill her. There'll still be some serious injuries, it might take her a while to get back on her feet, but she's not going to die.

CHAD

Really? Oh my God, I could kiss you.

(beat)

You are a girl, right?

JASON

Uhh... no. And I usually go for guys who're a little bit older than you are. No offence.

CHAD

Well, at least that explains why you weren't interested.

JASON

Well, that, and every other reason. Plus, having to wear this dress thingy really saps away any desire I have to be interested in anyone.

They laugh. Jason extends his hand to shake.

JASON (CONT'D)

Jason Williams, Taft High School class of 2011, nice to meet you.

Chad reaches out to shake his hand, but pulls him in for a hug. A big, strong, manly, not-at-all homoerotic hug. Like brothers at a family reunion, before a fight breaks out over who was supposed to bring the sandwiches.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh! I've got one more thing I need to get you to do, but just let me sort out your alibi first, before I lose my chance to.

CHAD

Yeah, bro.

FADE TO:

**EXT. TAFT HIGH SCHOOL - DUSK**

It's a little bit later now. Chad leans against the fencing, while Jason is a short distance away, apparently talking to himself.

Jason walks back to Chad.

JASON

Okay, it's all sorted out. Kirsten's going to lie for you and say you were cutting class with her, walking around the neighbourhood until you heard the crash. You ran off to find help while she went straight to try and keep her alive in the meantime. Got it?

CHAD

Yeah. She'd be prepared to do that for me? Wow.

(beat)

What's this extra thing I've gotta do?

JASON

You need to take her to the Thanksgiving Fling. Just go, have a good time, and try not to kill each other. You don't have to have your own private afterparty or anything, but I've been told that she was...

(struggling for right word)

...impressed.

CHAD

I can do that. I can definitely do that.

JASON

Well, I... guess this is it. Whatever it is. Nice doing business with you.

Chad pulls a lighter and a box of cigarettes out of his pocket.

CHAD

(lighting up)

Yeah. Smoke?

The bright green light fills the screen once more, engulfing Jason in its warming glow, and soon leaving Kirsten in his place.

She wraps an arm around him and squeezes tightly. A stunned second later, Chad also wraps his arm around her. They begin walking down the street, back past the intersection.

Kirsten picks up the bouquet. Sniffs them. Leaves them be.

CUT TO:

**INT. WILLIAMS/LECUDENNEC APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jason unlocks the door, and he and Daniel walk in, deliriously happy. Drunk on their own self-satisfaction, even.

JASON

So, they should be fine now, right?

Daniel turns on the TV. It looks like there's a news report on. Carnage everywhere.

DANIEL

Well, Delta's still down, so we can't be for sure until tomorrow at the earliest, but...

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

yeah, I'd say so. You were amazing, babe.

(beat)

Just one thing, though. Wouldn't it have been easier and quicker to get him to confess running her over to the cops? Especially since she didn't die?

JASON

Doing the right thing isn't always the right thing to do, hon. Hell, we're still together, aren't we?

DANIEL

Yeah. Last time I checked.

(beat)

So. Sex?

Jason moves over to the doorway into what we now know is their bedroom.

JASON

(smirking)

Not tonight, hon. Headache. You know how these things are.

Jason remains in the doorway as Daniel walks past, quickly and not-at-all subtly squeezing Daniel's rear as he walks past, then following him in, closing the door with his foot. We're shut out. Probably a good thing, really.

All we can hear is the noise from the TV, which Daniel left on in his hurry.

FEMALE REPORTER

...In Christchurch, Joyce Ng, QBC News.

MALE ANCHOR

News out of Austria today, where three scientists have developed what they believe to be a vaccine for the AIDS virus...

PAN OVER to the TV, where the images show two men we've never seen before, flanked by their wives -- and Kirsten and Chad.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF SHOW