

# TIMELESS LOVE

Written by  
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SUPERIMPOSE: "20 Years Later."

A dimly lit, cluttered with papers, blueprints, and various electronic components. On the desk, in the center of the chaos, sits an unfinished DEVICE—its wires exposed, a few components scattered around it.

**ETHAN**, early 40s, is focused, hunched over the device, typing rapidly on his laptop beside it. The screen is filled with lines of code and a progress bar reading "**PROGRAMMING SEQUENCE: 94% COMPLETE.**"

CLOSE ON:

His hands move with precision, connecting wires, tightening screws, assembling the last few pieces.

ETHAN  
Almost there...

The programming bar on the screen ticks up: **95%... 96%... 97%...**

A faint HUM begins to emanate from the device, its lights flickering on and off. Ethan's eyes dart between the device and his screen.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(muttering)  
Just hold together...

ON SCREEN: **98%... 99%...**

Suddenly, the device **SHUDDERS** violently. The lights intensify as if it's coming to life too soon.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(alarmed)  
Wait... no!

The device HUMS louder. Ethan reaches out to shut it down, but just before he can touch it—

The device BLINKS out of existence, vanishing with a faint **POP**.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(wide-eyed)  
What the—

He frantically types on his laptop, searching for any trace of where it could have gone. The screen flashes with error messages: ERROR: DEVICE LOCATION UNKNOWN. His screen displays a looping message: DEVICE NOT FOUND.

Ethan leans back in his chair, stunned and confused, staring at the now-empty spot on his desk.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Where did it go?

He stands up, pacing the room, searching for answers. He checks under the desk, the cables, and the surrounding area, as if the device could have just fallen or hidden itself. But it's nowhere to be found.

CLOSE ON:

The empty space where the device sat just moments ago, now completely vacant.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (frustrated)  
 It wasn't finished... how did it--?

He stares at his laptop, baffled. The device is gone, and he has no idea where it went or what triggered its disappearance.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT 2

SUPERIMPOSE: "20 Years Ago."

The night is still, the moon casting a gentle glow over the yard.

A small, **METALLIC DEVICE** suddenly materializes on the grass, accompanied by a soft **POP**. Its surface is sleek and adorned with blinking lights that cycle through various colors.

The device emits a faint, rhythmic **HUM**, its lights pulsating softly. The grass around it is illuminated by the device's glow, creating an ethereal ambiance.

CLOSE ON:

The device rests quietly on the grass, its lights casting fleeting reflections in the darkness. The hum resonates faintly through the night air.

3 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

**ETHAN**, in his early 20s, sleeps soundly in his bed. The room is dimly lit by the glow of a bedside lamp.

The rhythmic hum of the device is barely audible through the walls.

Ethan stirs slightly but remains asleep.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - YARD - NIGHT 4

The device continues to blink and hum softly, its presence of a mysterious anomaly in the quiet yard.

The surrounding environment remains undisturbed, with no sign of activity from inside the house.

BURN TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

5 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING 5

Morning light streams through the windows, bathing the modest kitchen in a warm glow. Ethan, cradling a steaming cup of coffee, steps outside to greet the day.

He notices a faint, blinking light in the grass of his yard. Curious, he sets his mug on the porch railing and moves toward the light.

ETHAN  
(quietly, to himself)  
What the hell is that?

As Ethan approaches, a **MAILMAN**, delivering newspapers, walks by.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Hey! You see this? Do you know anything about it?

The Mailman glances at the device with a puzzled look.

MAILMAN  
No idea. Just saw it this morning.  
Must've been here when I arrived.

Ethan nods, slightly disappointed, and kneels down to inspect the device. It's about the size of a phone, with metallic grooves and strange symbols etched into the surface. At its center, a large button glows faintly.

ETHAN  
(raising an eyebrow)  
What kind of gadget is this?

He picks up the device. His thumb hovers over the glowing button.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(smirking to himself)  
Well, only one way to find out.

He presses the button.

Nothing happens.

Ethan frowns, puzzled. He presses it again—still nothing. The wind around him begins to shift subtly, though everything else seems unchanged. He shakes the device slightly, trying to make sense of it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Weird.

He presses the button with more force. The wind picks up, swirling around him. Ethan's brow furrows as the air grows more *turbulent*.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(cautious now)  
Okay, maybe not a good idea...

He presses the button again, attempting to stop whatever's happening. Instead, the wind grows *stronger* and *faster*, the device humming and its symbols glowing *\*brighter\**. The wind whips his hair.

He steps back, holding the device out in front of him as if it might explode. He looks around, but the world starts to blur. The wind howls, bending the grass and trees around him, creating a whirlwind at his feet.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(alarmed)  
Oh, crap...

With a final, desperate press of the button, the device's light explodes outward, engulfing everything in a blinding white. The wind roars one last time before everything goes silent.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. WHEATFIELD - DAY - ANCIENT ROME

6

Ethan stands surrounded by endless rows of *golden wheat*, gently swaying in the breeze. The sky above is a clear expanse of *blue, vast* and *endless*.

He spins in a slow circle, he takes in the immensity of the field. There is no sign of civilization, no roads or buildings—just wheat, stretching to the *horizon*.

ETHAN  
(muttering, disoriented)  
Where the hell am I?

He cups his hands around his mouth and shouts, his voice cracking slightly.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Hello? Is anyone out there?

Only the soft rustling of wheat in the wind responds. His breathing grows shallow, the unfamiliar landscape making him feel small and lost. He grips the coffee mug in his hand tighter.

Ethan picks a direction and starts walking, using the sun's position as his guide. The wheat stalks brush against his arms, the dry leaves crackling with each movement. He looks over his shoulder every few steps, feeling uneasy, but there's nothing—only the golden sea of wheat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (quietly to himself)  
 There's gotta be someone out here...  
 right?

He keeps walking, his steps quickening as nervous energy builds. The heat of the sun bears down on him, and sweat begins to bead on his forehead. Every direction looks the same, the vastness making him feel even more isolated.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (half-laughing, nervously)  
 This is... fine. I'll just find a  
 farmhouse or something... no big  
 deal.

7 EXT. WHEATFIELD - DAY - ANCIENT ROME

7

Ethan spots the *farmhouse* in the distance. A wave of relief washes over him as he starts moving quickly through the field. His face lights up with a smile, and he waves eagerly in the air.

ETHAN  
 (half-laughing)  
 Finally! A human!

He picks up his pace, his body language relaxed, unaware of any potential threat.

8 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY - ANCIENT ROME

8

**ELENA**, early 20s, sees him approaching, her grip tightening on her staff. Her eyes narrow, watching his every move with caution. The closer he gets, the more tense she becomes.

Ethan continues walking, still smiling, his hand raised in a friendly wave.

ETHAN  
 (shouting)  
 Hey! I'm so glad to see you!

Without a moment's hesitation, Elena acts. She steps forward and strikes him on the shoulder with a swift swing of her staff. Ethan's grin disappears instantly as he stumbles, caught completely *off guard*.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (coughing, dazed)  
 What the—?

9 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY

9

A small, modest, reflecting the simple life of an ancient Roman farmer. The walls are made of rough stone, with wooden beams supporting a thatched roof. The floor is packed earth, worn smooth from years of use.

A wooden table, sturdy and roughly hewn, stands against one wall. On it, a clay oil lamp provides a flickering light. Nearby, a few earthenware jars and basic utensils are neatly arranged.

Ethan stirs, blinking rapidly as his eyes adjust to the dim light. He looks around, noting the simplicity of the room. His hands are bound tightly with rough rope to the arms of a wooden chair.

Across from him, Elena stands with her posture rigid. She grips a wooden staff, its surface worn from use. Her gaze is steady as she watches Ethan, tapping the staff against the floor rhythmically.

Ethan tests the ropes binding him, but they hold firm. He glances around the room, taking in the rustic details. His eyes settle on the table where Elena's interest focuses on his modern phone, an object completely out of place in this ancient setting.

Elena examines the phone with curiosity, her fingers brushing over its surface. Ethan's eyes widen as he sees her attention.

ETHAN  
 (alarmed)  
 Careful! That... that's important.

Elena raises an eyebrow, unimpressed. She sets the phone down with a deliberate thud. Silence fills the room as Ethan's shoulders tense.

Elena steps closer, her voice low and firm.

ELENA  
 How did you get here?

Ethan's gaze drifts to the small window, showing the fields of wheat stretching out under the sun. He recalls the surreal journey, struggling to explain.

ETHAN

(shaky)

It's... hard to explain. One second I was home, and the next... I'm just here.

Elena tightens her grip on her staff. She steps closer, her suspicion evident.

ELENA

That thing you were holding... does it have magic?

She points at the phone. Ethan laughs softly, shaking his head.

ETHAN

It's not magic. It's just a phone.

Elena remains unconvinced. She turns away, pacing slowly across the packed earth floor. The creaking of the wooden beams above echoes slightly. Ethan struggles against the ropes, frustration growing.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(pleading)

Come on, you have to untie me. I'm not dangerous.

Elena glances over her shoulder but continues her pacing. She moves toward a heavy wooden door, its iron hinges rusty but functional.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(desperate)

Wait! You can't just leave me like this—

Elena pauses, her hand resting on the door latch. Without looking back, she speaks coldly.

ELENA

You stay here. Don't test my patience.

She opens the door and exits, shutting it firmly behind her. Ethan watches the door close, his breath escaping in a frustrated sigh.

He slumps in the chair, the ropes digging into his wrists.

ETHAN

(muttering)

Perfect. Just perfect.



10 EXT. MARKET OF TRAJAN - DAY

10

A sprawling, multi-level stone market bustles with activity, nestled in the heart of Rome. Towering arches and marble columns rise above the wooden stalls, where traders sell goods ranging from fresh produce to fine Roman pottery. The air is filled with the sounds of bargaining and the chatter of traders and shoppers alike.

Elena weaves through the crowds, her simple linen dress standing out against the grandeur of the Roman architecture. The towering brick structure of the Market of Trajan looms above, casting long shadows over the stalls. Merchants shout their offers, enticing passersby with freshly baked bread, exotic spices, and handmade garments.

She approaches a fish stall, where an **OLD LADY**, her face weathered by years of work, arranges freshly caught fish on a stone slab. The silvery scales of the fish glisten under the sunlight streaming through the archways above.

Elena picks up one of the fish, turning it over in her hands, feeling its weight and testing its firmness. Satisfied, she reaches into a pouch at her waist and hands the old lady a few small silver coins. The old lady nods, a faint smile crossing her face.

OLD LADY  
(softly, with respect)  
Thank you, darling.

Elena places the fish into her woven basket, now brimming with vegetables, herbs, and bread, and turns to leave. She casts one last glance at the towering stone structure before making her way back through the bustling crowd, the grandeur of the market slowly fading behind her.

11 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - EVENING

11

The dying light of the setting sun filters through the small windows, casting elongated shadows across the stone walls. The hearth crackles softly as the fire's orange glow dances over the earthen floor. Ethan, his wrists still bound tightly with rough rope, sits uncomfortably in the wooden chair. His eyes dart toward the door every few moments, his patience fraying as the hours drag on.

The door swings open with a creak, and Elena steps inside, her basket now filled with the day's provisions. Her face is unreadable as she glances briefly at Ethan, her steps unhurried as she crosses the room to the hearth. She begins unpacking the vegetables and the fish, her movements purposeful and fluid, a woman accustomed to the rhythm of daily chores.

ETHAN  
 (pleading, voice hoarse)  
 Can you please untie me now? These  
 ropes are killing me.

Elena says nothing. She places the fish on a stone slab beside the fire and grabs a handful of herbs, sprinkling them into a small clay pot filled with water that simmers over the flames. The aroma of fresh herbs and cooking meat fills the air, but Elena remains focused on her task, her back turned to Ethan.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
 Great... just great.

The fire crackles louder, casting flickering shadows on the rough stone walls. Elena continues preparing the meal in silence, as if Ethan's presence is nothing more than a passing inconvenience.

12 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Elena ladles stew into two wooden bowls. She places them carefully on the wooden table, her expression calm and detached. Ethan, still bound, watches her with growing frustration, though his resolve falters as the smell of the meal reaches his nose.

Elena approaches him, her eyes cold and unreadable. With swift, deliberate movements, she loosens the ropes that bind him. Ethan groans in relief, rubbing his raw wrists and stretching his stiff limbs.

ETHAN  
 (breathing heavily)  
 Finally... thank you.

Elena says nothing as she gestures toward the table.

ELENA  
 (flatly)  
 Eat.

Still wary, Ethan stands slowly and makes his way to the table. The wooden bowls steam with the hearty stew, and despite his situation, hunger overtakes his caution. He sits opposite Elena, who eats quietly, her spoon scraping against the simple wooden bowl.

ETHAN  
 (half-smiling)  
 This... this smells amazing. I've got  
 to say, your cooking is impressive.

Elena remains silent, her attention focused on her meal. Ethan hesitates but finally takes a spoonful of the stew. The flavors surprise him—rich, hearty, and filled with the freshness of herbs.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(nods, grateful)  
Okay, I admit, it's really good.

Elena glances up briefly, her face still impassive.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(curious)  
Why do you live out here alone?  
Where's your family?

Elena stiffens at his question, her hand pausing mid-motion.

ELENA  
(sharply)  
They're gone. Stop asking.

The silence that follows is heavy. Ethan shifts awkwardly, realizing he's touched a nerve. He lowers his gaze, focusing on his bowl.

ETHAN  
(sincerely)  
I'm sorry.

Elena resumes eating, the fire crackling softly in the background. After a moment, Ethan ventures to speak again, his voice soft but hesitant.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
So... what now? What am I supposed to do?

Elena sets her spoon down and meets his gaze, her expression hard.

ELENA  
Once you've eaten, you can leave.

ETHAN  
(surprised)  
Leave? Where am I supposed to go? I don't even know where I am.

Elena remains silent, her face betraying no emotion as she rises from the table. Ethan watches her.

13 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

13

The sky above is dark, dotted with stars that shimmer against the velvet blackness. Ethan stands outside Elena's house, his breath visible in the cool night air. The door behind him is shut tight, her message clear. He looks around, the vast Roman countryside stretching into the distance, unfamiliar and daunting.

ETHAN

(to himself, muttering)

What the hell am I doing? How do I  
even survive here?

He glances back at the house, hesitating for a moment, then sighs deeply.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - NIGHT

14

Ethan stumbles through the narrow, dimly lit streets of ancient Rome. The cobblestones beneath his feet are uneven, worn down by centuries of footsteps. Oil lamps, flickering in iron sconces, cast long shadows across the stone buildings, giving the deserted city an eerie stillness. Most of the inhabitants are locked inside their homes, thick wooden shutters closed tight against the night.

Ethan's face is etched with frustration and exhaustion. His clothes are dirty, and his steps grow heavier with each passing moment.

ETHAN

(under his breath)

Where am I supposed to go?

He stops for a moment, scanning the empty street, the grandeur of Rome's marble arches and towering columns fading into the shadows. His gaze drifts upward to the night sky, but no comfort comes from the stars above. Defeated, he sighs, lowering himself to the hard ground beside a stone building, his back against the cold wall.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)

I don't have a choice. Guess this is  
how it ends.

He lies down, using his arm as a makeshift pillow, his eyes heavy with fatigue. He stares at the distant stars visible through the cracks in the ancient rooftops.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(to himself, softly)

Goodnight... Please, let this not be  
real.

The faint sounds of distant horses and chariots clatter in the background as Ethan drifts into an uneasy sleep, his body tense, even in rest.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ROMAN CITY JAIL - DAY

15

Ethan jolts awake, the bright Roman sun beating down on his face. He blinks rapidly, disoriented, his hand instinctively shielding his eyes. His back aches from the hard surface beneath him. He sits up abruptly and finds himself behind thick iron bars. The stone walls of the Roman-style jail tower above him, casting a foreboding shadow over the small cell.

ETHAN

(surprised, panicking)

What the hell...? How did I get here?

He scrambles to his feet, gripping the iron bars. He peers through the bars, eyes wide with disbelief.

A *Roman* **GUARD**, clad in full armor with a plumed *helmet* and a stern expression, approaches with slow, deliberate steps. His sandals clap against the stone floor, his hand resting on the pommel of his short sword.

GUARD

(voice commanding)

Who are you? What were you doing on the streets in the middle of the night? You don't belong here. What are you?

Ethan's eyes dart between the guard and the surrounding ancient stone walls. The reality of his situation crashes down on him.

ETHAN

(whispering to himself)

Oh, fuck! How do I keep getting into these situations?

He presses his face against the cold iron bars, desperation clear in his voice.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Please! I'm stuck in this era! I need to get back home!

The guard stares at Ethan with a hardened expression, his brow furrowing in disbelief.

GUARD

Are you mad?

Ethan's hands tighten around the bars, his knuckles white with tension.

ETHAN

No! I swear, you've got to believe me!

The guard shakes his head, dismissing Ethan's plea with a wave of his hand. He turns, his cape sweeping the floor behind him as he begins to walk away.

GUARD

(sternly)

You'll stay there until further notice.

ETHAN

(panicking)

Oh, shit!

Ethan collapses back against the wall, his mind racing as the footsteps of the guard echo down the corridor. The weight of his predicament presses heavily on him as he glances once more at the Roman jail around him.

16 EXT. MARKET OF TRAJAN - DAY

16

Elena navigates the bustling market, selecting fresh produce with practiced efficiency. As she peruses the stalls, snippets of conversation catch her ear. Whispers about a mysterious man who has been jailed for his strange appearance ripple through the crowd.

ELENA

(whispering to herself)

That... man...

Her face tightens with concern. Without a second thought, she rushes towards the jail where Ethan is being held.

17 EXT. ROMAN CITY JAIL - DAY

17

Ethan sits slumped on the cold stone floor of his cell, his head resting in his hands. The thick iron bars cast long shadows over him, and the sounds of the bustling Roman market outside drift faintly through the cracks in the walls.

Suddenly, the heavy door of the jail creaks open, its iron hinges groaning under the weight. Ethan glances up, confused, blinking in the bright daylight that spills into the dim corridor.

Stepping into the light, Elena emerges, her figure silhouetted against the glare. She strides forward, her sandaled feet hitting the stone floor with purpose. The light glints off her bronze armband, her traditional Roman dress flowing behind her with each step. Her face is set with resolve, her jaw clenched as she locks eyes with Ethan through the bars.

Ethan stands, startled. He stumbles toward the cell door, grabbing the iron bars in disbelief.

ETHAN  
(softly)  
It's... her?

Elena's gaze never wavers. Her eyes, sharp and focused, search his face for a moment, then flick to the guard stationed nearby. Without hesitation, she produces a scroll, sealed with the insignia of a Roman magistrate. She thrusts it into the guard's hands with a swift, assertive motion.

The guard hesitates, glancing at the scroll, then back at Elena, his eyes wary. But Elena remains unmoving, her stance unyielding, her chin held high as if daring him to question her.

GUARD  
(suspiciously)  
What's this?

Elena crosses her arms, her posture rigid, her expression unflinching.

ELENA  
(sternly)  
A release order. By decree of the  
magistrate.

Her voice is calm but firm, carrying the weight of authority. The guard frowns but breaks the seal, unrolling the scroll with deliberate slowness. He scans its contents, his eyes narrowing as he reads. After a tense beat, he glances back at Ethan, then at Elena, clearly displeased but bound by the law.

With a grunt, the guard moves toward the cell door, keys jangling at his side. He unlocks the heavy iron lock, the sound echoing through the stone corridor. The door swings open with a rusty creak.

Ethan steps forward hesitantly, still trying to process what's happening. Elena, without a word, reaches out and grips his wrist, pulling him gently but firmly out of the cell.

Outside, the market noises grow louder, the world alive with the scent of baked bread, the clatter of hooves, and the distant hum of conversation. But within this moment, it is as though only the two of them exist.

Ethan stares at her, bewildered but grateful, his breath shallow. Elena, still holding his wrist, glances at him briefly, her eyes softer now, but her determination burns just as fiercely.

ETHAN  
(breathless)  
How... how did you—?

Elena silences him with a look, a subtle shake of her head. She releases his wrist but gestures for him to follow her.

ELENA  
(quietly)  
There's no time. We need to leave.

She turns, and without another word, leads him through the jail's iron gates and into the bustling streets of ancient Rome.

18 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - DAY

18

Elena and Ethan navigate through the bustling streets of Rome, the vibrant city life swirling around them.

ETHAN  
(calling out)  
Hey, could you tell me your name? I  
still don't know it.

Elena comes to a halt, turning to face Ethan with a look of reluctance.

ELENA  
(sighing)  
Elena.

ETHAN  
(murmuring to himself)  
Elena? That's a good name.

They continue walking, weaving through the throngs of people.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(curiously)  
Where are we going?

ELENA  
(coolly)  
Just follow me.



After a while, they arrive back at Elena's house. Ethan looks around, hopeful yet apprehensive.

ETHAN  
(uncertain)  
What? Are you gonna let me stay here  
for a bit?

Elena doesn't answer. She simply heads inside her home.

19 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY

19

Ethan stands near the table, glancing toward the open window where the distant fields stretch out under the bright afternoon sun. The faint clatter of carts and distant chatter from the market echoes in the background. Elena stands before him, her posture firm, wearing a simple tunic, the hem lightly dusted from the day's work.

ELENA  
I saved your life. Now, you owe me.

ETHAN  
Owe you? I don't have any money.

Elena steps closer, her sandals scraping softly against the stone floor. She tilts her head, her expression sharp.

ELENA  
This isn't about money. You'll work  
it off by helping me harvest wheat in  
the fields.

Ethan's confusion deepens. He looks out the window at the endless stretch of land.

ETHAN  
The fields? I don't know the first  
thing about farming.

Elena closes the distance between them, the determination in her eyes unyielding. She stands firm, the light from the window casting her shadow across Ethan.

ELENA  
Then you'll learn. You don't have a  
choice.

Ethan sighs, rubbing the back of his neck as he stares at the ground, clearly frustrated.

ETHAN  
(groaning)  
Great. Guess I'm a farmer now.

Elena turns, heading for the door, her hand brushing the worn wooden latch.

ELENA  
 Tomorrow, we start at dawn.

ETHAN  
 (panicked)  
 Wait—can't I do something else?  
 Anything?

She glances back over her shoulder, unimpressed.

ELENA  
 No.

Ethan mutters to himself, watching her as she walks out into the daylight.

ETHAN  
 (sarcastic)  
 Of course not. This is gonna be a  
 disaster...

He glances out the window, the vast wheat fields gently swaying in the breeze under the sun, a clear sign of what's to come.

CUT TO:

20 EXT. WHEATFIELD - DAY

20

The sun beats down harshly as Ethan stands in the middle of a sprawling wheat field, clearly uncomfortable. Elena approaches, holding a scythe and a wooden threshing flail. She hands them to him.

ELENA  
 (handing the tools to Ethan)  
 Here. These are your tools. We need  
 to finish harvesting before sundown.

ETHAN  
 (confused, staring at the scythe)  
 What am I supposed to do with this?

ELENA  
 (surprised, smirking)  
 You don't know how to use a scythe?  
 What do you do in your time?

ETHAN  
 (wincing)  
 Well... in my time, we use *machines*.  
Tractors, combine-big things that do  
the work for us.

ELENA  
 (raising an eyebrow, unimpressed)  
 Machines? How lazy. Here, we use our  
 hands and backs.

ETHAN  
 (sighing, accepting his fate)  
 Yeah... no combines here, I guess.

ELENA  
 (teasing, waving the scythe in  
 front of him)  
 Start working or... well, you won't  
 like what happens.

ETHAN  
 (holding his hands up in surrender)  
 Alright, alright! No need for  
 threats.

He begins awkwardly trying to cut the wheat with the scythe, fumbling at first. Elena watches him, shaking her head in disbelief.

ELENA  
 (smiling, teasing)  
 At this rate, we'll be here for days.  
 You sure you're not making things  
 worse?

ETHAN  
 (laughs nervously)  
 I'm trying, okay? No need to kill me  
 just yet.

Under her watchful eye, Ethan gradually starts to get the hang of it. Elena, arms crossed, is quietly amused by his struggle, but a small smile appears as he begins to manage.

ELENA  
 (grinning)  
 Not bad... for someone who's never  
 touched a tool before.

ETHAN  
 (sweating, but smiling)  
 Told you, I'm a fast learner. Just  
 don't kill me before I master it.

21 EXT. WHEATFIELD - LATER

21

Hours have passed, and Ethan is drenched in sweat, his shirt sticking to his skin. He tosses bundles of harvested wheat into a cart, his exhaustion clear. Elena continues working alongside him, much more efficient and steady.

ETHAN  
 (breathing heavily)  
 How in the world does someone like  
 you do this all alone?

ELENA  
 (laughing)  
 This is only my second time with  
 help. Usually, I'm by myself.

ETHAN  
 (chuckling tiredly)  
 Lucky me, then, huh?

ELENA  
 (pausing, voice soft)  
 Not so much luck. When my parents  
 died, I had to stop farming. Couldn't  
 do it on my own.

ETHAN  
 (slowing down, more serious)  
 What happened to them?

ELENA  
 (her tone darkens)  
 The Roman Empire accused them of  
 theft... punished them for it.

ETHAN  
 (shocked, sympathetic)  
 That's awful. So one mistake, and  
 everything's gone?

ELENA  
 (nods)  
 That's the way it is. Life here is  
 fragile. One misstep, and you're at  
 their mercy.

Ethan stops for a moment, leaning against the cart, visibly  
 drained. Elena continues working, barely showing signs of  
 fatigue.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
 (teasing)  
 What are you doing? We're not done  
 yet.

ETHAN  
 (groaning, rubbing his back)  
 I can't feel my back anymore. I'm  
 exhausted.

ELENA  
 (smiling playfully)  
 We had a deal. You're not quitting  
 until we finish.

ETHAN  
 (sighing)  
 Fine, fine. But after this, I expect  
 a feast.

ELENA  
 (grinning)  
 Deal. But you've got to earn it  
 first.

ETHAN  
 (looking at her curiously)  
 Aren't you afraid of me? A stranger  
 in your home?

ELENA  
 (shrugs)  
 No. I've seen enough to know a good  
 guy when I meet one.

ETHAN  
 (smirking, pushing himself back to  
 work)  
 Lucky for me, I guess.

22 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - DUSK

22

The Roman villa is bathed in the soft, fading light of the setting sun. Elena, dressed in a flowing tunic, and Ethan, walk side by side, carrying a bundle of freshly harvested wheat. The cobblestone path beneath them is still warm from the day.

ETHAN  
 (looking around in awe)  
 What will I be doing tomorrow?

ELENA  
 (glancing at him with a mischievous  
 grin)  
 The same as today.

ETHAN  
 (confused)  
 What do you mean?

ELENA  
 (teasingly)  
 I jest. We're going to the market.  
 You're coming with me.

ETHAN  
 (worriedly)  
 I hope it's not too difficult.

ELENA  
 (with a firm tone)  
 You will follow my instructions. Is  
 that understood?

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (nodding, still unsure)  
 Alright.

ELENA  
 (smirking)  
 Good. Let's keep moving.

They walk on, the distant sounds of the bustling market beginning to grow louder as the twilight deepens.

23 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

By the flickering light of an oil lamp, Elena sets a sturdy wooden table. She arranges a platter of freshly cooked vegetables—lettuce and cabbage—on the table. Ethan, weary from his long trek, eyes the food with anticipation.

ETHAN  
 (grinning with fatigue)  
 I'm eager to try this after such a long walk.

ELENA  
 (smiling confidently)  
 Trust in my cooking skills.

ETHAN  
 Yes, let's start before it cools.

Elena sits beside Ethan, and they begin their meal. Ethan takes a bite and his face lights up with genuine delight.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (enthusiastically)  
 This is wonderful! What do you call this dish?

ELENA  
 (proudly)  
 It's just lettuce and cabbage.

ETHAN  
 It's delicious.

ELENA  
 Do you not often eat vegetables?

ETHAN  
 (hesitating)  
 I'm used to different foods—things like burgers and pizzas.

ELENA  
 (curiously)  
 Burgers and pizzas? I've never heard of such things.

ETHAN  
 (trying to explain)  
 They're modern foods, prepared  
 quickly with various ingredients.

ELENA  
 (shaking her head slightly)  
 I don't know about these foods. For  
 now, let us enjoy this meal.

They continue eating, the quiet of the evening blending with their conversation.

CUT TO:

24 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

24

Elena leads Ethan through the dimly lit room, illuminated by the soft glow of an oil lamp. She gestures toward a simple, neatly arranged bed in the corner, its woolen blanket neatly folded.

ETHAN  
 (raising an eyebrow)  
 Here?

ELENA  
 (nodding)  
 Yes. Is there a problem?

ETHAN  
 (smiling)  
 No, it's perfect.

ELENA  
 Well, have a good night.

Elena gives a friendly nod and exits the room. Ethan watches her leave, his gaze lingering on the warm, welcoming space. He turns back to the bed, his lips curling into a contented smile.

ETHAN  
 (to himself)  
 Nice place.

25 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

25

Elena sits at the table, her gaze fixed on the flickering oil lamp. She absently traces patterns on the wooden surface.

ELENA (V.O.)  
 That man... he's kind, and there's  
 something about him I really like,  
 despite his mysterious appearance.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MARKET OF TRAJAN - DAY

26

Elena and Ethan navigate through the bustling market, weaving between vendors and shoppers. The air is filled with the vibrant sounds of haggling.

ETHAN

(smiling at the surroundings)  
This place is impressive and beautiful. It feels so ancient.

ELENA

(nodding)  
Yes, it's been standing for a long time, but it endures.

ETHAN

(looking around)  
I see.

ELENA

(cautioning)  
Watch your steps. The stones are wet.

ETHAN

(curiously)  
What are we doing here?

ELENA

(smiling)  
Shopping for food. It's a daily routine for me.

ETHAN

(hopefully)  
Do they have any burgers or shawarma? Something like that?

ELENA

(shaking her head)  
Modern foods like that haven't been invented yet.

ETHAN

(nodding)  
Alright. I'll take care of it myself when I return to my time. For now, can you get me some bread and meat?

ELENA

(frowning slightly)  
Where's your money?

ETHAN

(looking apologetic)  
I don't have any. But if I can get back to my time, I'll pay you.



ELENA  
 (chuckling)  
 Alright, I'll get you some.

27 INT. MARKET OF TRAJAN - DAY 27

Elena places freshly baked bread into her basket. Ethan watches in awe, taking in the vibrant sights and sounds of the ancient marketplace. They also pick up some meats and complete their shopping.

As they leave the market, a Roman guard notices Ethan. His gaze lingers, suspicion grows as he senses something unusual about Ethan's presence. The guard's eyes narrow, and he catches a whiff of something that makes him uneasy.

Without hesitation, the guard turns and hurries towards the temple, a sense of urgency driving his steps.

28 EXT. ROMAN EMPIRE - CITY - DAY 28

The city buzzes with life—merchants shouting, people haggling, and children darting through the streets. Suddenly, a Roman guard bolts through the crowd, his armor rattling with every swift step. He pushes past the palace guards and rushes through the grand gates, driven by a palpable sense of urgency.

29 INT. PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY 29

The king reclines on his ornate throne, surrounded by advisors in heated discussion. The doors burst open, and the guard storms in, breathless and flushed. He quickly kneels before the king.

THE KING  
 (serious)  
 What's the matter?

GUARD  
 (rising)  
 Your Majesty, I've received alarming reports from the marketplace. A man with a strange and unfamiliar appearance has been seen. The villagers are worried he might be a threat, possibly even a danger to the throne.

THE KING  
 (frowning)  
 And where did these reports come from?

GUARD

From the villagers, my lord. They've observed him closely and are deeply concerned.

The king's brow furrows, his gaze growing distant as he contemplates the gravity of the guard's report. His expression hardens with concern and resolve.

THE KING

(grim)

This situation requires immediate investigation.

The king's concern is evident as he absorbs the weight of the guard's words.

30 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - DAY

30

Elena and Ethan walk down the bustling streets, Ethan carrying a basket filled with their recent purchases. The lively atmosphere of the city surrounds them, with vendors calling out and citizens going about their day.

ETHAN

(looking around, puzzled)

So, you walk everywhere? Is there anything like cars, motorbikes, or e-bikes we could use?

ELENA

(smiling)

No modern technology here, remember?

ETHAN

(frustrated)

How am I supposed to get by?

ELENA

(supportive)

You'll adapt with practice. But be mindful—your appearance is different from ours. Guards might notice you and could take you to court as an alien or immigrant.

ETHAN

(sighing)

I don't have any clothes that match your style.

ELENA

(determined)

I'll help with that. I'll make you a suitable outfit.

ETHAN  
 (surprised)  
 A dress?

ELENA  
 (nodding)  
 Yes, I'll craft something for you.

They continue their walk, discussing the ins and outs of life in ancient Rome as they head home.

31 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - EVENING

31

Ethan lies on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. The room is dimly lit by a single candle flickering softly in the corner.

The door opens quietly, and Elena enters, holding a neatly folded dress. She's focused on her task, intent on helping Ethan with the clothes he needs.

ETHAN  
 (looking up)  
 Hey, what's up?

ELENA  
 (carrying the dress)  
 I brought you a change of clothes. We need to make sure you fit in better.

As Elena approaches the bed, Ethan shifts to sit up, ready to take the dress from her. However, she accidentally drops the dress onto the floor as she notices something unexpected.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
 (surprised)  
 Oh!

Ethan's gaze follows Elena's. He realizes she's not aware of how close she is to him, and his face flushes with embarrassment. Elena, now realizing the situation, quickly retrieves the dress from the floor and tries to maintain her composure.

ETHAN  
 (clearing his throat)  
 Thanks for the clothes. I wasn't expecting—

ELENA  
 (nodding, flustered)  
 Sorry for the mix-up. Let me know if you need any help.

Elena steps back slightly, allowing Ethan to get up and prepare to change, both of them awkwardly adjusting to the situation.

ETHAN

Nope.

Elena takes a final, lingering look at Ethan, her eyes softening. She then turns, her footsteps muffled as she makes her way to the door. As she opens it and steps out, the door closes gently behind her, leaving Ethan alone in the room.

32 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ETHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 32

Elena stands by the door, her gaze distant as she reflects on the earlier encounter. A faint smile tugs at her lips, but she quickly masks it, turning away to hide her reaction. She walks down the hallway with a measured step, her thoughts clearly preoccupied with the moments just passed.

33 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ETHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 33

Ethan sits on the bedside, his eyes fixed on a bracelet lying on the floor. He hesitates, his fingers lingering above it before he finally reaches down and picks it up. He examines it thoughtfully, turning it over in his hand.

After a moment of reflection, he stands and heads for the door, his grip tightening on the bracelet. He opens the door and hurries down the hallway.

34 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - NIGHT 34

Ethan arrives at Elena's room, his hand trembling slightly as he pushes the door open. He freezes, eyes widening in shock as he sees Elena in the midst of changing, preparing for bed.

Elena, equally startled, quickly covers herself with a nearby garment. Her face flushes with surprise and embarrassment.

ETHAN

(stammering)

Sorry... Sorry... I didn't mean to-  
You forgot this-

ELENA

(angrily)

Get out!

Ethan quickly retreats and exits the room, feeling disoriented and unsure of what to do next.

CUT TO:

35 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY

35

Ethan steps out of his room, scanning the hallway for any sign of Elena.

ETHAN  
(muttering)  
Where is she?

He glances toward Elena's door, hesitating before deciding against entering. Instead, he heads to the dining area and takes a seat, waiting patiently.

After a prolonged wait, Elena finally emerges from her room. She glances briefly at Ethan but quickly turns and heads out the door toward the market.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Good morning... I guess she's still  
upset. Yeah, she's definitely mad.

36 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY

36

Ethan steps outside and is struck by the sight of a vast field of wheat. His gaze shifts as he notices a group of Roman guards approaching the house.

ETHAN  
(panicking)  
What are they doing here? I need to  
hide!

He rushes back inside, scrambling to find something to block the door. He hurriedly tries to secure it as the guards arrive and start knocking.

GUARD 1  
(banging on the door)  
Open up!

Ethan remains silent, his heart racing.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)  
(firmly)  
Open this door now!

The guard forces the door, but Ethan, in a desperate move, opens it just in time.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)  
(pointing at Ethan)  
Seize this man!

The guards swiftly apprehend Ethan, who struggles to understand what's happening.

ETHAN  
 (begging)  
 Wait, where are you taking me? I'll  
 explain!

Despite Ethan's protests, the guards drag him away,  
 continuing with their duties.

37 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - DAY

37

A pair of Roman guards roughly drag Ethan through the  
 crowded streets, their grips unrelenting. Onlookers pause,  
 murmuring among themselves, curious about the spectacle of a  
 foreigner being hauled to the court.

ETHAN  
 (pleading)  
 Please! I haven't done anything  
 wrong! Let me go!

His cries fall on deaf ears as the guards continue their  
 march, their faces stern and focused.

38 EXT. ROMAN COURT OF JUSTICE - DAY

38

The grand columns of the Roman court loom overhead as they  
 arrive. Ethan is forced to kneel before a raised platform  
 where the *praetor*, acting as judge, sits in solemn  
 authority. The guards grip his arms behind him, holding him  
 in place.

ETHAN  
 (desperate)  
 What have I done wrong?

The *praetor* stares down at him, unimpressed.

PRAETOR  
 (coldly)  
 Who is this man?

GUARD 1  
 The magistrate ordered us to bring  
 him before you, praetor.

PRAETOR  
 For what offense?

GUARD 1  
 He has violated Roman law.

PRAETOR  
 (skeptical)  
 And what law has he broken?

GUARD 1

He is no citizen of Rome, and yet he  
walks among us as one of our own.

The *praetor* narrows his eyes, studying Ethan closely.

PRAETOR

(gesturing)

He is dressed in our fashion. How do  
you know he's not a Roman?

GUARD 1

His features, praetor. Look at him.  
He bears the appearance of a  
Westerner, a foreigner.

The *praetor* regards Ethan with disdain, clearly unimpressed  
by his foreign presence.

PRAETOR

(raising a hand)

It is enough. Take him to the prison.  
We will decide his fate.

Without another word, the guards roughly yank Ethan to his  
feet, dragging him away as the onlookers murmur among  
themselves, watching the foreigner disappear into the  
confines of Roman justice.

39 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY

39

Elena enters her home, her brows furrowed in confusion as  
she notices the door ajar. Her eyes quickly scan the room,  
sensing something is off.

ELENA

(under her breath)

Where is he? Ethan!

Her voice echoes through the quiet house as she frantically  
searches each room. The table remains untouched, the bed  
unmade, but there's no sign of Ethan. Her anxiety mounts as  
she rushes to the door, pushing it open with force.

40 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - DAY

40

Elena bursts outside, her eyes scanning the crowded street.  
She stops a passerby, her tone urgent.

ELENA

Have you seen a man dressed like us,  
but with a foreign look?

The person glances at her, confused, and moves on without a word. Frustration flashes across Elena's face, but she doesn't stop. She approaches others, desperately repeating her question.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Please, have you seen him? He's not  
from here!

No one seems to respond. Their silence presses down on her as she moves farther from her house, shouting into the growing noise of the city.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Ethan! Where did you go?

Her voice cracks with worry, echoing through the bustling streets. But the only response she hears is the distant hum of the crowd.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

41 INT. ROMAN CITY JAIL - DAY

41

Ethan leans against the rough stone wall of the dark, damp cell. His face, illuminated only by a thin beam of light creeping through the barred window, is hollowed by exhaustion. His fingers absently trace the outline of the bracelet in his hand, a fleeting reminder of Elena. He glances toward the heavy wooden door, his expression one of quiet despair, eyes filled with the weight of uncertainty. The distant clank of chains and muffled voices outside the cell are the only reminders that life exists beyond these stone walls.

He lowers his head, letting out a breath, heavy with hopelessness.

42 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - DAY

42

Elena weaves through the throngs of people, her eyes wide with worry. Her breath quickens with each step, her gaze scanning the faces in the bustling marketplace. The vibrant sounds of Roman life—a merchant's shout, the chatter of women carrying baskets, the clatter of hooves—fade into the background as her urgency rises. She pushes through, her heart pounding.

She stops a passing man, gripping his arm with desperate intensity.



Her mouth moves, forming the word "Ethan," but the man only shrugs and moves on. Elena's eyes dart around, her frustration mounting as the crowd becomes a blur of unhelpful faces. She moves faster, darting between stalls and scanning the streets ahead, her breath catching.

Her lips tremble as she cups her hands around her mouth, calling out into the noise.

ELENA

Ethan!

CUT TO:

43 EXT. ROMAN CITY JAIL - DAY

43

Ethan grips the cold, iron bars, his knuckles white as he peers through the narrow opening. His voice is hoarse, strained with desperation.

ETHAN

Let me go, please! I'm not a criminal. Hey! Please?!

His words echo into the still air, but the guard at the far end of the corridor barely glances his way, unmoved by the pleading. Ethan's heart races, frustration bubbling over.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Please!

The guard finally steps forward, his boots clanging against the stone floor. He stops just short of Ethan's reach, staring at him with a hardened expression.

GUARD

You'll stay here until further notice. Don't make any noise!

Ethan's hands drop from the bars, his shoulders slumping in defeat. He watches as the guard turns and walks away without a second glance. Slowly, he returns to the corner of the cell, his body folding as he sinks back into his earlier position, the cold stone beneath him a harsh reminder of his reality.

His gaze drops to the floor, the room quietly saves for his shallow breaths, helplessness settling over him like a heavy cloak.

SMASH CUT TO:

44 EXT. WHEATFIELD - DAY

44

The mysterious device, half-buried beneath the wheat stalks, hums to life. Its surface glows faintly, a red light blinking with increasing intensity—like the heartbeat of something alive, gearing up for a journey through time.

45 EXT. ROMAN CITY JAIL - DAY 45

Ethan sits slumped in his cell, hands cradling his head.

ETHAN

Damn it!

His eyes squeeze shut, jaw clenched, lost in despair.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. WHEATFIELD - DAY 46

The device's humming escalates into a rapid pulse, the red lights flashing in rhythm as the field around it seems to ripple with energy, vibrating through the air, hinting at the oncoming surge of power.

CUT TO:

47 EXT. ROMAN CITY JAIL - DAY 47

A faint glow begins to fill the cell, unnoticed at first. Ethan's eyes still close, his body tense—then, in an instant, he's gone. The air around his spot shimmers as if bending, a bright light briefly illuminating the jail.

The guard, startled, spins around just as the light begins to fade.

GUARD

What in the...?

He rushes toward the cell, eyes wide, but the space is empty. Ethan has vanished, the echoes of his disappearance lingering in the cold stone room.

CUT TO:

48 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY 48

Ethan stumbles back into his present, gasping for air. His heart pounds as he looks around, still disoriented by the shift in time. Everything feels too familiar, too real, yet Elena is nowhere to be found.

ETHAN

(breathing heavily)

The jail... Rome... Elena...

He looks around his room, but it all feels distant, like a memory that doesn't belong to him anymore.

49 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

49

**NICKOLAS**, early 20s, approaches the house, noticing the lights inside. He hesitates at the door before pushing it open.

NICKOLAS  
(shouting)  
Ethan! You in there?

50 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

50

Nickolas steps into the living room and sees Ethan sitting on the couch, pale and lost in thought. He's gripping the armrest, staring at the floor as if trying to make sense of everything.

NICKOLAS  
Where the hell have you been? You've  
been gone for a year!

Ethan doesn't respond right away. His eyes are still glazed over, replaying the events in his mind—the cold Roman jail, the guards, and Elena. His hands tremble slightly as he tries to focus.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
(concerned)  
Ethan? What happened to you?

Ethan finally looks up at Nickolas, his voice hoarse.

ETHAN  
I was... I was in ancient Rome. I  
need to go back.

Nickolas furrows his brow, confused by what Ethan's saying.

NICKOLAS  
(trying to understand)  
Ancient Rome? What are you talking  
about?

ETHAN  
(slowly)  
I was there, Nick... trapped. I  
remember the jail, the guards...  
Elena... I can't leave her there.

NICKOLAS  
(elbowing his way in)  
Wait, you're serious? You're telling  
me you were... in ancient Rome?

Ethan nods. He pushes past Nickolas, heading outside.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
Ethan, wait! Where are you going?

ETHAN  
I have to find the device. It's the only way back.

Nickolas watches Ethan rush outside, determined and frantic, unable to process what his friend just said. The urgency in Ethan's movements makes it clear—he's serious about going back.

NICKOLAS  
(muttering to himself)  
This is insane...

51 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

51

Ethan frantically digs through the grass and dirt, his hands trembling as he tears at the ground. Tears stream down his face, mixing with the soil on his hands. His breathing grows ragged, and his desperation intensifies.

ETHAN  
(crying out)  
No! Where is it?! No, please, no! Not now!

His fingers scrape against the earth, but the device is nowhere to be found. He collapses to his knees, defeated.

Nickolas, standing nearby, watches in disbelief. Slowly, he approaches Ethan, concerned but confused.

NICKOLAS  
(softly)  
Are you... crying, man? You're really serious about this? About going back in time? Who's this Elena you keep talking about?

Ethan stands, wiping the tears from his face with the back of his hand. His voice trembles as he tries to regain composure.

ETHAN  
(quietly)  
Can I borrow your phone?

NICKOLAS  
(skeptical)  
Why? Where's your phone?

ETHAN  
Just... just for a minute. I need to search for something.

Nickolas hesitates but hands over his phone. Ethan quickly opens the browser, typing furiously. His fingers fly over the screen as he searches for any trace of Elena, any mention of her existence in ancient Rome.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
 Elena... ancient Rome... mysterious  
 man... immigrant... anything.

Images and search results flash on the screen, but none of them match. His face falls as each page yields nothing. He scrolls through more results, his frustration growing with every failed attempt.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (voice cracking)  
 No... no... it's got to be here  
 somewhere.

Nickolas, sensing his friend's growing panic, pulls the phone from his hands.

NICKOLAS  
 That's enough, man. You're going to  
 drive yourself insane with this.

ETHAN  
 (desperate)  
 I have to find her! I need to know  
 how I can get back to her!

Nickolas shakes his head, exasperated.

NICKOLAS  
 I don't know what you're talking  
 about, Ethan. This... this is crazy.

Ethan's gaze drifts back to the yard, his heart heavy with longing. He stares at the patch of dirt where he was digging, still clinging to hope that he will somehow find the device.

ETHAN  
 (whispering to himself)  
 It has to be here... it has to be.

52 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

52

Ethan bursts into the house, his eyes scanning every corner, desperate. He darts from one room to another, pulling open drawers, lifting cushions, moving furniture, searching for any clue or trace of the device.

ETHAN  
 (whispering to himself)  
 Maybe... maybe it's still here...  
 (MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
somewhere...

His voice trembles with hope as he continues to frantically tear through the room, not caring about the mess he's making.

Nickolas stands in the doorway, watching his friend with growing concern. He follows Ethan, his curiosity now turning to confusion.

NICKOLAS  
(softly)  
You're still looking for that thing?  
Why do you need to go back? What's  
this all about, man?

Ethan stops, his hands gripping the edge of a table, his breath heavy. He turns slowly, facing Nickolas, his voice barely above a whisper.

ETHAN  
(sincerely)  
She's... the first woman I've ever  
loved.

Nickolas raises an eyebrow, puzzled.

NICKOLAS  
(surprised)  
Woman? You mean... Elena?

Ethan nods, his eyes distant, as though he's still lost somewhere in the past.

ETHAN  
Yes... Elena.

For a moment, there's silence. Ethan's gaze drifts away, while Nickolas processes the weight of his words.

CUT TO:

53 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - DAY

53

Elena moves through the bustling streets, her eyes scanning every face, searching for Ethan. Her expression is tense, determined. As she rounds a corner, something catches her eye—a small stall displaying various odd trinkets. Among them, she spots a strange device that looks eerily like Ethan's phone.

Intrigued, she steps closer, her heart racing. The vendor watches her curiously as she picks up the device, examining it closely. It's sleek, unfamiliar, far too modern for her world.

VENDOR  
 (smirking)  
 Strange little thing, isn't it? Found  
 it not long ago. Interested?

Elena nods, handing over a few coins without taking her eyes off the device. Once it's hers, she holds it in her hands, turning it over, puzzled by its smooth surface and lack of any obvious markings. Her fingers graze over the buttons, unaware of their function.

Suddenly, she presses a button.

A bright light flashes, enveloping her entirely. The noise of the market fades, the world around her blurs, and in an instant—

CUT TO:

54 EXT. NEW YORK CITY TOWER - DAY

54

Elena stands on the rooftop of a towering skyscraper, overwhelmed by the sights and sounds of the modern world. Her eyes widen in terror as the chaotic scene unfolds before her—flashing billboards, loud vehicles, and towering structures she's never seen. It all feels too fast, too loud, too alien.

ELENA'S POV

The futuristic machines, cars without horses, glowing screens displaying strange faces—it all blurs together in a dizzying whirlwind. She grips the cold metal railing of the rooftop, trying to steady herself, but the terror only grows.

Suddenly, she stumbles, feeling a strange sensation crawling over her skin. Her hand trembles as she holds up the device she found back in Rome. It's malfunctioning, flickering with sparks, as if rejecting her presence in this time.

ELENA  
 (whispers)  
 I... I don't belong here.

Her body begins to flicker, becoming translucent. Panicked, she tries to hold onto the railing, but her fingers slip through the metal as though she's fading from existence.

55 EXT. CITY STREETS BELOW - DAY

55

A growing crowd watches from the ground, pointing up at the strange woman atop the skyscraper. Emergency responders rush to the scene, paramedics and firefighters preparing for a rescue. Onlookers murmur in confusion and fascination, many filming her with their phones.

56 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

56

Ethan and Nickolas sit in front of the TV, the news broadcast showing the scene live. The camera zooms in on Elena, her ancient Roman clothes unmistakable.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)  
 ...an unidentified woman, seemingly dressed in ancient attire, has appeared on top of a Manhattan skyscraper. Authorities are unsure of how she got there.

Ethan jumps to his feet, his eyes locked on the screen.

ETHAN  
 Elena... oh my God.

Nickolas, equally stunned, turns to Ethan.

NICKOLAS  
 Wait, is that her? How did she-?

Ethan doesn't wait for answers. He scrambles for his jacket, grabbing the malfunctioning device.

ETHAN  
 I don't know, but she's in danger. I need to get to her.

NICKOLAS  
 How are you going to get from here to New York? This isn't a movie, man.

ETHAN  
 I have no choice! She doesn't belong in this time, and it's killing her!

57 EXT. NEW YORK CITY TOWER - DAY

57

Elena steps away from the edge of the rooftop, her body flickering more violently now. She feels herself growing weaker. The device is overheating in her hands, glowing unnaturally.

She gasps, looking down at herself. Her arms are almost entirely translucent, like a ghost slipping away from the world. Tears blur her vision as the reality sinks in—she's not just lost, she's being erased.

ELENA  
 (sobbing)  
 Ethan...



58 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS BELOW - DAY

58

A helicopter circles the tower as emergency responders shout instructions from below.

RESCUER

Ma'am! Stay where you are! We're sending someone to help you!

But Elena can barely hear them, the world around her fading into a blur. Her breath comes in shallow gasps as she stumbles, falling to her knees. The device sparks again, malfunctioning, refusing to let her remain in this era.

Suddenly, she disappears in a flash of light—gone without a trace.

The crowd gasps, stunned into silence.

59 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

59

Ethan and Nickolas burst through the crowd, just in time to see the light fade from the rooftop.

ETHAN

No! Elena!

He tries to push through the barricade, but Nickolas holds him back.

NICKOLAS

She's gone, man... she's gone.

ETHAN

(sobbing)

I should've been faster. I could've saved her.

Nickolas doesn't have the words to comfort his friend, staring up at the empty rooftop in disbelief.

60 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREETS - DAY

60

The crowd is slowly dispersing, the chaos subsiding. A RESCUER approaches Ethan and Nickolas, holding out the small, malfunctioning device in his hand.

RESCUER

I think you need this.

Ethan takes the device, his brow furrowed in confusion.

ETHAN

What?

RESCUER  
Her last words before she  
disappeared... they were "Ethan."  
Your name is Ethan, right?

ETHAN  
(stunned)  
Yes.

NICKOLAS  
Wait, that's the thing? The one that  
took her away?

Ethan stares at the device in his hands, torn between fear  
and hope.

ETHAN  
Yes...

NICKOLAS  
So, what are you gonna do now? Go  
back in time and save her?

ETHAN  
(sighing)  
I don't know. If I go back... will  
she even remember me? What if things  
have changed? What if she doesn't  
know who I am?

Nickolas looks at Ethan, determined.

NICKOLAS  
Let's find out.

Nickolas grabs the device from Ethan's hand and inspects it.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
Where's the location input?

ETHAN  
Location? Oh... Right, it should be  
set to where I found her. Rome. Set  
it to Rome.

Nickolas quickly navigates through the device, his fingers  
tapping the screen.

NICKOLAS  
Alright, got it. Rome. Now what?

Ethan takes the device back, determination in his eyes.

ETHAN  
Here's how it works.

With a deep breath, Ethan presses the button again. Instantly, the world around them begins to blur. A blinding white light engulfs them, as the sounds of the city vanish in a swirl of energy.

FADE TO WHITE.

61 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

61

Ethan sits at the kitchen table, sipping his coffee, his gaze lost in the distance as the morning light softly fills the room. His mind drifts back to Elena—her face, her voice, and the fleeting moments they share. He can't shake the feeling that something is wrong, that everything is slipping away from him.

Suddenly, he bolts upright, rushing outside to the yard where he first found the device. His eyes scan the area, his hands rummaging through leaves, dirt, and debris. But there's no sign of it.

ETHAN  
(agitated)  
It was right here... it has to be here!

He frantically searches every inch of the yard. Desperation builds. There's no device—no way to go back.

He runs back into the house, trying to hold onto anything that could prove she was real. Grabbing his phone, he searches through it, but he quickly realizes he never took a picture of Elena. There's nothing to look back on—no proof, no evidence of her presence in his life.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(voice trembling)  
She was here... I know she was here...

He slumps down onto the couch, his body weighed down by the crushing reality. There's no trace of her—only memories, fading fast. The quiet of the house feels unbearable now, each second stretching into an eternity.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
(softly)  
What now? What am I supposed to do?

He stares blankly at the phone, knowing that the only thing left is the aching memory of a woman he might never see again. Outside, life continues, but for Ethan, everything feels frozen, as if his world has ended while everyone else moves on.

62 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

62

Ethan, with a resolute look, loads his belongings into his car. He takes one last look at his house. The trunk closes with a final thud.

Ethan gets into the car, starts the engine, and drives off, leaving the driveway empty.

63 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

63

Nickolas arrives, pulling up to Ethan's house. He notices Ethan's car is gone. Concerned, he rushes up to the front door.

NICKOLAS

(Ethan's name echoes in the stillness)

Ethan! Are you here?

He quickly checks inside, moving through the rooms with mounting urgency. The house is in disarray, and Ethan's absence is palpable. The front door, left unlocked, creaks slightly.

Nickolas searches through the bedroom, the kitchen, and the living room, but finds no trace of Ethan.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)

(Frustrated and worried)

Damn it, Ethan! Where are you?

Nickolas steps outside, his gaze scanning the neighborhood. He approaches a neighbor, hoping for any clues about Ethan's whereabouts.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)

(Desperately)

Hey, have you seen Ethan? Do you know where he might have gone?

The neighbor shakes their head, and Nickolas's concern deepens. He begins to wonder where Ethan might have gone and why he left in such haste.

64 INT. ETHAN'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

64

Ethan drives through the scenic countryside, his gaze distant and reflective. The steady hum of the engine contrasts with the storm of emotions inside him.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. ANCIENT VILLAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

65

Ethan and Elena walk through a bustling ancient village. Elena, dressed in her time period's attire, looks around with wonder as Ethan shows her various items he's managed to create.

ETHAN

This is a small glimpse of what we have in the future.

ELENA

It's amazing. But... how does it all fit together?

ETHAN

You'd be surprised. It's like magic to you, but it's science to us.

They laugh together, their bond growing as they explore the village.

66 EXT. ANCIENT VILLAGE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

66

Ethan and Elena sit by a fire, the warmth of the flames reflecting in their faces. Elena looks up at Ethan.

ELENA

What will happen to us?

ETHAN

We'll find a way, Elena. I promise.

She reaches out and touches his hand, a moment of connection before the scene shifts.

CUT TO:

67 INT. ETHAN'S CAR - MOVING - PRESENT - DAY

67

Ethan's grip on the steering wheel tightens as he recalls their time together.

ETHAN

(to himself)

I thought we could make it... But you're lost in time...and I might never find you again.

He glances at the empty passenger seat beside him, a painful reminder of what he's lost. The landscape outside blurs as tears well up in his eyes. Despite his resolve, the reality that Elena may never return weighs heavily on him.

Ethan takes a deep breath, trying to steady himself as he drives forward, each mile a step further from the hope he once held.

68 EXT. ROME - DAY - MONTAGE

68

The sun rises over the ancient city, casting a golden hue on the timeless architecture. The Colosseum stands tall, a testament to centuries of history, its arches bathed in the morning light as tourists snap pictures and marvel at its grandeur.

CUT TO: The Roman Forum, where ruins of ancient temples and buildings tell stories of a long-lost civilization. Crowds gather, awestruck by the layers of history beneath their feet.

CUT TO: A narrow cobblestone street lined with quaint cafes, where the smell of fresh espresso lingers in the air. Locals and tourists alike stroll through, enjoying the beauty of the old world in the modern city.

CUT TO: The Trevino Fountain, its water glistening as people toss coins in, wishing for love, fortune, or perhaps a second chance. The fountain flows endlessly, a symbol of the passage of time.

Finally, we arrive at a grand old church, its facade intricately detailed with carvings and statues that have watched over Rome for centuries.

69 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

69

Ethan stands at the front of the church, taking it all in. His eyes scan the building, a mixture of hope and uncertainty in his expression. The world around him seems to move in slow motion, the hustle and bustle of Rome momentarily fading as he gathers his thoughts.

ETHAN (V.O.)

Here we go. I will find the truth.

He takes a deep breath, knowing that his search for Elena and the truth will begin here, in the heart of a city that has seen countless stories unfold.

Ethan turns away from the church, ready to embark on this new journey.

70 EXT. CAFE - DAY

70

Ethan walks into a cafe.

71 INT. CAFE - DAY

71

Ethan orders a coffee from the menu.

ETHAN  
One espresso, please.

Ethan takes his order and sits near the window. Taking his first sip. He stares in the air while sipping.

From the crowd, a woman like Elena passed by. Ethan shocks, but he thinks maybe it's her looks alike. After his coffee break, he leaves.

72 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

72

Ethan lies on the bed, exhausted from his long journey. His eyes remain fixed on the ceiling, his thoughts running deep, a subtle frown on his face.

ETHAN (V.O.)  
I don't know if you're real... or  
just a memory lost in time.

He closes his eyes.

73 EXT. HOTEL - ETHAN'S ROOM - DAY

73

A WIDE SHOT shows the exterior of an old Roman hotel. Ethan's room door, slightly ajar, overlooks a bustling piazza. The warm daylight casts soft shadows on the stone facade as faint city sounds rise from the street below.

FADE TO:

74 INT. MUSEUM - DAY

74

Ethan walks slowly through the museum, his eyes scanning the ancient artifacts and paintings. He's searching for any sign of Elena, even without the time-travel device, holding onto hope.

He stops in front of a large, detailed painting of a noblewoman, radiates beauty and grace. Her eyes are soft yet piercing, her lips curled into a slight, enigmatic smile. The intricate details of her elegant dress glisten under the light, emphasizing her regal presence. The serene expression on her face draws the viewer in, a timeless portrait frozen in art.

It's her. Elena.

ETHAN  
(whispers)  
Elena...

A voice from behind interrupts his thoughts.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
It's beautiful, isn't it?

Ethan turns around to see a woman standing next to him—she looks exactly like Elena, but dressed in modern clothes.

ETHAN  
...Elena?

The woman smiles.

WOMAN  
Yes, that's her name. Elena Ferrero,  
my ancestor.

Ethan stares, struggling to understand.

ETHAN  
Your ancestor?

WOMAN  
(smiling)  
I'm Elena too. Family resemblance, I  
guess.

Ethan's mind races, unsure if this is coincidence or fate. He glances at the painting, the resemblance still undeniable.

ETHAN  
Can you tell me more about her?

ELENA  
(surprised)  
Sure. Let's talk over coffee.

They leave the museum together, the mystery still lingering.

75 INT. MUSEUM - DAY

75

A CLOSE-UP of the painting. The noblewoman's serene expression and elegant attire are detailed, capturing her beauty and the striking resemblance to Elena.

CUT TO:

76 EXT. CAFE - DAY

76

The warm afternoon sun filters through the leaves, casting soft shadows on the cobblestone street. The sounds of Rome — distant laughter, clinking glasses, and a violinist playing nearby — fill the air. Ethan and Elena sit across from each other at a small table, the remnants of coffee cups between them.



Ethan leans forward slightly, his eyes fixed on Elena, still processing everything he's learned. Elena brushes a strand of hair behind her ear, a thoughtful look on her face.

ETHAN

(softly, almost to himself)

So... your great-grandmother... the woman in the painting.

Elena lifts her gaze to meet his, her lips curling into a gentle smile, as if the story is both familiar and distant.

ELENA

Great-great-great... something like that.

(she chuckles)

But yeah...

Ethan glances at the empty chair beside them. He grips his coffee cup a little tighter, a nervous energy building inside him.

ETHAN

But your mother never mentioned it? The history?

Elena shakes her head, taking a slow sip from her cup, as if trying to make sense of it herself.

ELENA

My mother didn't talk about it much. She passed away when I was young.

(she looks down)

But I always felt like there was more to our past.

Ethan's gaze softens. He watches as Elena absentmindedly traces the rim of her cup, her fingers delicate but steady. There's a weight in her words, a sense of something lost and unexplained.

ETHAN

And your name? Elena?

A smile flickers on her lips.

ELENA

It's a tradition. Every woman in our family gets the name. It's how we... keep our history alive.

(she glances up, catching his eye)

Even if we don't fully understand it.

Ethan shifts in his chair, the pieces of the puzzle swirling in his mind. He looks past Elena, toward the bustling street, but all he can think of is the device—the flashes of the past and the way Elena looked back then.

ETHAN  
 (starting out)  
 That painting... It was like looking  
 into a mirror. That man... he looked  
 like me.

Elena's eyes are narrow in curiosity. She tilts her head,  
 studying him more closely.

ELENA  
 (playfully)  
 Are you sure you haven't been here  
 before?

Ethan chuckles, though there's a nervous edge to it.

ETHAN  
 (inhales deeply)  
 Okay, this might sound crazy, but...  
 (he looks directly at her, lowering  
 his voice)  
 Have you ever heard of time travel?

Elena blinks, caught off guard by the sudden shift. She sets  
 her cup down, folding her hands on the table.

ELENA  
 (smiling, half-amused)  
 Not really... but I'm interested.

Ethan exhales, the weight of his secret pressing down on  
 him. He looks around as if expecting someone to overhear,  
 then leans closer.

ETHAN  
 I found a device. It... it took me to  
 the past. I don't know how or why,  
 but I ended up in another time. I met  
 someone—someone like you.  
 (he hesitates, his voice faltering)  
 And when I brought her back...  
 something went wrong. She... faded,  
 like she wasn't supposed to exist  
 here.

Elena's face remains calm, but her eyes flicker with  
 curiosity.

ELENA  
 Faded? Like... disappeared?

Ethan nods.

ETHAN  
 Yeah. Like a painting losing its  
 colors, slowly fading away. The  
 device—it reset everything. Now, I'm  
 here, and... she's gone.

There's a pause. Elena's expression softens as she looks down, her fingers absentmindedly tracing patterns on the table. She seems to be searching for something, a connection between Ethan's words and her own understanding of the world.

ELENA

(quietly)

My grandmother... she told me a story once. About a man who appeared out of nowhere, with something strange in his hands. He... changed everything, but he never stayed. She waited for him, but he never came back.

Ethan stares at her, wide-eyed, as the pieces begin to fall into place.

ELENA (CONT'D)

(smirking slightly)

Sounds like your device caused more trouble than it solved.

Ethan leans back, running a hand through his hair, overwhelmed by the enormity of it all.

ETHAN

(sighing)

Yeah... but I didn't expect the past to find me again.

Elena tilts her head, her eyes sparkling with intrigue.

ELENA

Maybe the past isn't done with you yet.

A moment of silence hangs between them, filled with the sounds of Rome in the background. Ethan looks into her eyes—so familiar, yet so different.

ETHAN

(softly)

Maybe not.

ELENA

(smirking)

Come on, let's take a walk. There's a library nearby. You wanted to learn about history, right?

Ethan smiles, standing up as Elena leads the way.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. ROME CITY STREETS - DAY

77

Ethan and Elena stroll through the bustling streets of Rome, surrounded by the hum of passing cars, tourists snapping photos. Historical architecture looms around them, a silent witness to centuries of stories.

ELENA  
(curiously)  
So, after all that? You never found  
the device again?

ETHAN  
(shaking his head, looking ahead  
thoughtfully)  
Nope. It vanished. I've searched  
everywhere since. Sometimes I wonder  
if it's lost forever.

Elena stops in front of a small shop window displaying Roman antiques, and they pause. The gleam of old relics catches her eye.

(ELENA  
(gesturing toward the artifacts)  
What if it's hidden among things like  
this? Lost in time, just like those  
artifacts in the museum?

ETHAN  
(smirking, but with a hint of  
doubt)  
That would be convenient, wouldn't  
it? But I don't think it's that  
simple.

They continue walking, the cobblestones beneath their feet uneven. Ethan looks up at the grand buildings. Elena watches him closely.

ELENA  
(smiling, trying to lighten the  
mood)  
Well, you never know. Rome is full of  
surprises. And if not, at least we'll  
get to see some incredible history  
along the way. Ready for more  
exploring?

ETHAN  
(laughing softly, relieved to have  
her company)  
Alright. Lead the way.

They turn a corner, the ancient city expanding before them.

78 INT. OLD LIBRARY - DAY

78

At the bookshelf, Ethan and Elena search for a book.

ELENA  
Did you find anything?

ETHAN  
Nope.

ELENA  
You seem to really like that woman,  
don't you?

ETHAN  
Really? Why?

ELENA  
Even though she's from the past,  
you're still searching for her in the  
present?

ETHAN  
Does it matter?

ELENA  
Look at me. Do you see anything?

ETHAN  
Yes... she looks like you, but...

ELENA  
Yes, I am.

Ethan glances from his book to Elena.

ETHAN  
I really like the woman I know from  
different times.

ELENA  
Is there a difference between me and  
her?

ETHAN  
I don't know, but I know... that  
woman is different.

79 EXT. OLD LIBRARY - DUSK

79

Ethan and Elena exit the library.

ELENA  
So, are you still trying to find a  
way back?

ETHAN  
As long as I find a way.

80 EXT. ROME CITY STREETS - DUSK 80

Ethan and Elena walk together until they reach the hotel where Ethan is staying.

ETHAN  
See you again, Elena.

ELENA  
Hope you find what you're looking for. Bye.

Elena walks away. Ethan watches her leave before entering the hotel.

81 INT. HOTEL - NIGHT 81

Ethan walks down the hallway, his footsteps echoing softly. He reaches his room, unlocks the door, and steps inside.

82 INT. HOTEL - ETHAN'S ROOM - NIGHT 82

Ethan lies on the bed, staring at the ceiling. The room is dimly lit by a bedside lamp, casting soft shadows across the walls.

ETHAN (V.O.)  
She looks like her. Maybe the man she was meant to be with wasn't me.

He turns his head, gazing out the window at the city lights below. The street outside is quiet, adding to the contemplative atmosphere.

ETHAN  
(speaking softly to himself)  
Someday, we'll meet again.

He closes his eyes as the scene fades to black.

CUT TO:

83 EXT. PARK - DAY 83

Ethan strolls through the park, his hands tucked into his pockets. His gaze is focused and contemplative. The park is bustling with people, each absorbed in their own activities.

Ethan's eyes catch sight of Elena standing with a friend, engaged in conversation. He pauses, weighing whether to approach her. With a deep breath, he steals himself and walks over, determination etched on his face.

ELENA

Hey! Glad to see you here!

ETHAN

Uh, me too... How's it going?

ELENA

Good! Have you learned much about the history now?

ETHAN

Not yet, but I've been searching online. I need to head back to the museum to dig deeper into that painting. There might be more to uncover.

ELENA

Sure, I can join you.

Ethan nods, relieved and hopeful.

ETHAN (V.O.)

This woman is different from the Elena I knew from the past.

ETHAN

Thanks. Let's head out.

ELENA

(to her friend)

See you later.

Elena and Ethan walk together toward the park's exit, a sense of purpose guiding their steps as the scene fades out.

CUT TO:

84 INT. MUSEUM - DAY

84

Ethan and Elena return to the museum, approaching the painting of the noblewoman.

ELENA

We're back.

ETHAN

Yes, this is the one.

They study the painting intently, looking for any changes.

ELENA

Do you notice anything different?

ETHAN

Different? I don't see any...

ELENA

Look more closely at the details. The colors seem... different.

ETHAN

Yeah, the colors do look a bit off.

ELENA

And the frame—it's slightly different from last time.

ETHAN

It is.

ELENA

Could this be a sign that our actions have altered something in the past?

ETHAN

Maybe. But without the device, we can't be sure.

They both continue to scrutinize the painting, each detail now appearing more significant as they ponder the mysteries it might hold.

CUT TO:

85 EXT. ROME CITY STREETS - DAY

85

Ethan and Elena walk side by side through the bustling streets of Rome. The sun casts a warm glow on the cobblestones, and the city hums with life. They walk in silence, their footsteps syncing as they pass by ancient buildings and modern shops.

Ethan's gaze flickers between the pedestrians and Elena. Elena steals a glance at him, sensing the weight on his mind.

They approach a small cafe tucked into the corner of the street. Without exchanging a word, they cross the pedestrian lane, their steps purposeful yet calm.

86 INT. CAFE - DAY

86

They sit across from each other at a small table by the window, the light filtering through the glass. The hum of the cafe surrounds them, but the air between them is thick with unspoken thoughts. Elena stirs her coffee slowly, while Ethan stares at the steam rising from his cup.

ELENA

(softly, breaking the silence)  
So, what now?



Ethan leans back in his chair, rubbing his forehead as if trying to ease the confusion that's been brewing in his mind.

ETHAN  
(low, almost to himself)  
I don't know. It's... stuck in my head.

Elena studies him for a moment, her fingers tracing the rim of her cup. She leans in slightly, her voice quiet but steady.

ELENA  
Maybe... you were him. In another life.

Ethan's hand stops mid-motion, his gaze finally lifting to meet hers. His lips part as if to argue, but the words don't come. Instead, he lets out a soft chuckle, shaking his head.

ETHAN  
(skeptical, but curious)  
Reincarnation?

Elena shrugs lightly, a small smile tugging at her lips.

ELENA  
Stranger things have happened. You seem to remember her... like it was real. Maybe it was.

Ethan presses his palms together, leaning forward as he tries to make sense of it all.

ETHAN  
(voice steadying)  
It felt real. I didn't imagine it. One morning... it just appeared, like a thought that wasn't mine.

Elena takes a sip of her coffee, her eyes never leaving his face, sensing the gravity of his words. She sets the cup down gently, leaning closer.

ELENA  
(curious, but gentle)  
And now?

Ethan exhales, shaking his head slowly.

ETHAN  
Now... I'm not sure what's real anymore.

Elena tilts her head, her expression softening.

ELENA

Maybe it's not about changing the past. Maybe it's about understanding it.

Ethan looks out the window, the city of Rome stretching before them, ancient and timeless.

ETHAN

(after a pause)

Yeah... maybe.

They sit in the quiet hum of the cafe, the city moving around them as they both contemplate the next step.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

87

The quiet, suburban yard of Ethan's house is bathed in golden afternoon light. The wind stirs the grass, causing the leaves to rustle softly. Suddenly, the air begins to shimmer, bending as though reality itself is being pulled apart. A soft whoosh follows, and Ethan from the future emerges—20 years older, looking weathered by time and experience.

He stumbles slightly, his eyes wide, scanning the familiar yard. His hair is now streaked with gray, and his face shows the lines of years passed, but his expression is sharp with purpose. Something falls from his grasp—the device—cultured softly as it disappears into the thick grass, unnoticed.

Ethan from the future looks around, his breathing heavy, his mind racing. His gaze lingers on the front door of his house, but something keeps him from approaching. Instead, he turns toward the gate, moving with urgency, eyes darting in every direction as if expecting to find someone—or something.

He stops near the edge of the driveway, looking out toward the street. His face, older and more lined, is filled with a sense of purpose. He's searching—for the Ethan of the present—to fix everything that went wrong.

With a determined stride, he hurries off down the street, leaving the device half-hidden in the grass behind him.

88 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - CITY STREETS - DAY

88

Ethan from the future walks with purpose through the bustling streets, dodging pedestrians. He looks out of place, his clothes a little worn, his eyes scanning the faces around him with a mix of hope and desperation. He knows he's not in the right time, but he's here for a reason—to find the present Ethan before it's too late.

89 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

89

Back at the house, the yard remains peaceful. The wind picks up, gently pushing the grass aside, momentarily revealing the device, still nestled and half-buried. It hums softly, a forgotten artifact of time travel, waiting to be rediscovered.

SMASH CUT TO:

90 EXT. ETHAN'S HOTEL - DAY

90

The warm sun casts a soft glow over the street outside the hotel. Ethan stands near the entrance, his bag slung over his shoulder, gazing down the road. Elena watches him from nearby, leaning casually against her car.

ELENA

(softly)

So, you're really leaving?

Ethan turns toward her, offering a faint smile.

ETHAN

Yeah. I need to go back... finish what I started.

Elena nods, not pushing further.

ELENA

Alright. Let's get you to the airport then.

They share a quiet moment. No more words are needed. Ethan gives her a look, silently thanking her for more than just the ride.

ETHAN

(sincerely)

Thank you, Elena... for everything.

ELENA

(soft smile)

That's what friends are for, right?

They exchange a lingering glance, one that suggests they've shared more than just friendship, but neither chooses to dive deeper into it now. Without another word, they both walk toward the car, Ethan loading his bag in the back.

91 INT. CAR - MOVING - DAY

91

The cityscape rushes by as Elena drives, the silence between them comfortable, yet filled with unspoken thoughts. Ethan stares out the window. His fingers absentmindedly trace the edge of his seat, reflecting on his next steps.

CUT TO:

92 INT. AIRPORT - DAY

92

Ethan steps out of the car, his grip on the door handle lingering as he takes in the sight of Elena standing beside him. The distant sound of announcements and the rush of travelers fill the air, but at this moment, it's just the two of them.

Ethan looks at Elena, the weight of everything unsaid hanging between them.

ETHAN

I guess this is it.

Elena nods, offering a gentle smile. There's a softness in her eyes, a quiet understanding.

ELENA

Are you sure you're ready to leave?

Ethan takes a deep breath, glancing toward the airport entrance, then back at Elena.

ETHAN

Yeah... I didn't find her. But maybe that's okay. I think... it's time I started over. A new beginning.

He pauses, the realization settling in.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Even if I couldn't find her, I have to move forward. I need to live my life.

Elena searches his face, then steps closer, giving him a reassuring nod.

ELENA

That's a brave choice.

ETHAN

Thanks... for everything. You've helped more than you know.

ELENA

That's what I'm here for.

With a final smile, Ethan turns toward the airport doors, the world around him loud and busy, yet everything feels distant. He glances back once more before walking through the automatic doors.

93 INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 93

Ethan stands at the gate, looking out the large windows. His reflection fades into the bustling scene of airplanes, people, and the vast horizon.

ETHAN (V.O.)  
I'm starting over... even though I  
didn't find you. Maybe some things  
are meant to stay in the past.

94 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY 94

Seated next to the window, Ethan watches as the plane lifts into the sky. Below, the city of Rome becomes a patchwork of history and modernity, a place where his journey began but no longer holds him captive.

He closes his eyes, finally letting go.

ETHAN (V.O.)  
It's time to find a new path.  
Wherever it leads, I'll be ready.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 95

The quiet suburban street is interrupted by the hum of a car pulling into the driveway. Ethan steps out, eyes lingering on the familiar sight of his house. There's a weariness in his posture as if the weight of the past year clings to him. He takes a deep breath and walks toward the front door.

Suddenly, a voice cuts through the silence.

NICKOLAS  
Ethan! Dude, where have you been?!

Nickolas jogs over from the street, out of breath, but grinning like he's just found a long-lost treasure. He pulls Ethan into a tight embrace.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
Man, I thought you vanished! It's  
been, like, forever!

ETHAN  
(grinning, pulling away)  
Okay, okay, Nick.

NICKOLAS  
Seriously, where the hell were you?

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (hesitating)  
 Rome. Took a... vacation.

NICKOLAS  
 (raising an eyebrow)  
 For a year?

Ethan chuckles nervously, deflecting the question.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
 Alright, come on. We need to catch  
 up. Let's go inside.

They head toward the front door.

96 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

96

The house is dimly lit, untouched since Ethan left. The air feels heavy as if the walls have been waiting for his return. As they step inside, a faint blinking light from the yard briefly reflects through the window, but neither of them notices.

NICKOLAS  
 You left your house unlocked, man.

ETHAN  
 (surprised)  
 What? For a year?

NICKOLAS  
 Nah, I swung by and locked it up for  
 you when you didn't come back. But  
 still, what the hell?

ETHAN  
 (sighing)  
 Thanks, Nick.

Ethan drops his bag on the couch and turns on the TV, hoping to shake off the strange tension settling in. The screen flickers to life, a NEWS REPORT flashing across it.

ON TV: Grainy CCTV footage shows a man materializing out of thin air, surrounded by a strange flash of light.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)  
 ...A mysterious man, who appears to  
 have materialized from nowhere, was  
 caught on security footage earlier  
 today. Experts are baffled by the  
 sudden appearance, which some  
 speculating could involve... time  
 travel.

Nickolas's eyes widen as he leans forward, transfixed.

NICKOLAS  
Whoa. Turn that up.

Ethan grabs the remote, raising the volume, his body stiffening as he watches the footage.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
You think it's real?

ETHAN  
(carefully)  
Could be. Maybe some sort of...  
device.

NICKOLAS  
(grinning)  
Man, imagine having something like  
that! I'd totally go back and fix my  
own screw-ups.

He laughs, but Ethan doesn't join in.

ETHAN  
(suddenly)  
You want an adventure?

NICKOLAS  
What are you talking about?

ETHAN  
I need to check something. Come on.

Without waiting for a response, Ethan rushes out the door, Nickolas closes behind, confusion etched on his face.

97 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

97

Ethan bursts into the yard, his eyes scanning the grass, searching.

His hands sift through the blades of grass until-

A faint, familiar blink of red catches his eye. It's the device. Still there. Still blinking.

ETHAN  
(whispering to himself)  
It's back...

Nickolas stands a few feet away, watching Ethan.

NICKOLAS  
Dude, what are you looking for?

Ethan turns, holding the device, the weight of it heavy in his palm.

ETHAN

I think I just found a way to fix everything.

NICKOLAS

(stunned)

What is that?

ETHAN

The start of something... insane.

Ethan holds the device up to the light.

Nickolas steps back, eyes wide.

NICKOLAS

Whoa... Whoa... Wait?

ETHAN

(grinning)

Come on, let's go back into the past.

Nickolas inches closer. He watches as Ethan's fingers hover over the button. Hesitation washes over Nickolas.

NICKOLAS

Are you sure this is safe?

ETHAN

Yeah... as far as I know.

Without giving it another thought, Ethan presses the button.

NICKOLAS

Wait-

Before Nickolas can finish, a sudden blinding white light explodes around them, swallowing them whole.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. WHEATFIELD FIELD - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

98

Nickolas looks around, disoriented by the tall wheat stalks swaying gently in the breeze.

NICKOLAS

Whoa... Where the hell are we?

Ethan takes a deep breath, scanning the horizon as if he's been there before.

ETHAN

Rome. Ancient Rome.

Nickolas stares at him, narrowing his eyes in suspicion.



NICKOLAS  
How do you know that? You've already  
been here, haven't you?

Ethan shrugs, keeping his face neutral.

ETHAN  
Nope. Never been.

NICKOLAS  
(raising an eyebrow)  
I don't believe you.

Ethan smirks, dodging the accusation.

ETHAN  
Let's go. There's a house nearby.

Nickolas pauses, still trying to process the impossible  
situation they've been thrown into.

NICKOLAS  
How do you know there's a house?  
(looking around, bewildered)  
What the hell, man?

Ethan quickens his pace, not looking back.

ETHAN  
Faster...

Nickolas follows, his curiosity gnawing at him.

99 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

99

Ethan and Nickolas cautiously step into the quiet house.  
Nickolas, still processing what just happened, glances  
around in disbelief.

NICKOLAS  
(agitated)  
What the hell, man? Where are we?

ETHAN  
(ignoring the panic)  
Come on, let's go inside.

They move deeper into the house. The place feels frozen in  
time, like a distant echo of life once lived. Dust particles  
dance in the sunlight streaming through the windows, but  
there's no sign of anyone.

NICKOLAS  
(looking around)  
Where's everyone? This place feels...  
off.

ETHAN  
 (slightly uneasy)  
 I don't know. It wasn't like this  
 before.

Nickolas gives him a sharp look.

NICKOLAS  
 Before? So, you have been here. I  
 knew it!

Ethan ignores Nickolas's remark and heads towards the back door, glancing outside.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
 (frustrated)  
 What are you even looking for?

ETHAN  
 A woman.

NICKOLAS  
 A woman? Who—?

Before Nickolas can finish, Ethan pushes open the door and steps outside, scanning the horizon. The world feels familiar yet distant.

ETHAN  
 We need to go to the city. She might  
 be there.

NICKOLAS  
 (stunned)  
 City? What city? What the hell is  
 going on, Ethan? You were here  
 before, weren't you? You're hiding  
 something.

Ethan's gaze hardens, and he starts walking away, leaving Nickolas scrambling to keep up. His mind is set on one thing: finding Elena.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)  
 (shouting after him)  
 Ethan! You can't just keep ignoring  
 me! Who is this woman? Why does this  
 feel like you know more than you're  
 telling me?

But Ethan doesn't answer. He's driven, focused, determined. Elena is somewhere out there, and nothing will stop him from finding her.

100 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

100

The door creaks open as Elena steps into the quiet house. Her gaze sweeps over the empty rooms.

ELENA  
(whispering to herself)  
Is someone here?

She notices the door left ajar and walks cautiously towards it. Her heart beats faster as she steps outside, scanning the area for any signs of movement.

Elena looks around the yard and the distant fields. The sun casts long shadows, and a gentle breeze rustles the wheat stalks. Her eyes settled on the horizon, where she had hoped to see a familiar face.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
(sighs softly)  
I wonder if today's the day.

She shifts her gaze from the empty fields to the city in the distance, the city where she had hoped to find the one she has been waiting for.

As she stands there, the distant rumble of Ethan and Nickolas's footsteps fades into the background. Elena waits, her heart silently yearning for the man who once touched her life.

ELENA (CONT'D)  
(to herself)  
Will you come back?

101 EXT. ROMAN CITY STREETS - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

101

Ethan and Nickolas push their way through the throngs of people, the ancient city alive with activity. Merchants barter loudly, and horses pull carts down the cobblestone streets. The warm sun casts long shadows as they move.

ETHAN  
(muttering, scanning the crowd)  
Where is she?

NICKOLAS  
(raising an eyebrow)  
Who exactly are you looking for? Who *is* she?

ETHAN  
(dodging the question)  
You'll know soon enough. I can't explain it right now.

NICKOLAS  
 (irritated)  
 You're still keeping secrets, huh?

Ethan doesn't respond, his pace quickening as they approach the imposing temple of the King.

102 INT. KING'S TEMPLE - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

102

The heavy stone doors groan as they swing open. Inside, the air is thick with incense and the walls are adorned with tapestries depicting the gods. The temple guard watches their every move, his eyes lingering on Ethan.

GUARD  
 (suspiciously)  
 You... You look familiar. Have you been here before?

ETHAN  
 (playing it off)  
 Must be mistaken.

Nickolas watches the exchange with growing curiosity.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 I need to see the King.

GUARD  
 (stern)  
 What business do you have with him?

ETHAN  
 I need to show him something. It's urgent.

The guard hesitates but steps aside, allowing them through.

103 INT. KING'S THRONE ROOM - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

103

The grand throne room is bathed in golden light. The King sits in the center, regal and commanding, his expression unreadable as Ethan and Nickolas approach.

THE KING  
 (coolly)  
 Speak. What brings you here?

Ethan pulls the Time Traveling Device from his pocket, holding it up for the King to see. The device hums faintly, glowing softly in the dim room.

ETHAN  
 This. It can change the future.

The King leans forward, intrigued but cautious.

THE KING

The future? How can you be so certain of that?

ETHAN

I'm searching for a woman. Her name is Elena.

The King's eyes narrow at the mention of her name.

THE KING

Elena? You mean that Elena?

Ethan nods, his face tense.

THE KING (CONT'D)

Last we heard, she returned home. We've been keeping an eye on her. There are... concerns. She's been seen with a mysterious man, working on some sort of weapon.

Ethan's heart sinks, his mind racing.

ETHAN

(under his breath)

Oh no... What have I done?

NICKOLAS

(frowning, confused)

What's going on, Ethan?

ETHAN

(grabbing Nickolas)

We need to leave. Now.

Ethan turns to the King, hastily bowing.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for the intrusion, Your Majesty. We have to go.

Without waiting for a response, Ethan pulls Nickolas by the arm, rushing out of the throne room as the King watches, intrigued but silent.

104 EXT. ROME CITY STREETS - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

104

Ethan and Nickolas weave through the bustling streets, the weight of their mission hanging over them. Nickolas, still puzzled, keeps glancing at Ethan, trying to make sense of it all.

NICKOLAS

(throwing his hands up)

I still don't get it. What exactly are we looking for?

(MORE)

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)

Why is this girl so important to you?

ETHAN

(sighing, soft)

She's the girl I met... and the one I love.

NICKOLAS

(grinning, teasing)

Ah, so it's about love! *Lover boy* on a mission, huh?

Ethan doesn't respond, his eyes scanning the streets ahead.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)

(looking around)

So, where's this great love of yours? Where do we even start?

ETHAN

She should be at her house. We left just as she came home.

NICKOLAS

(chuckling)

Oh, what a coincidence. Let's hope this love story doesn't turn into a tragedy.

Ethan's expression tightens, his determination clear as they push forward, heading toward Elena's home.

105 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

105

Ethan and Nickolas approach the familiar house, its quiet exterior a stark contrast to the urgency of their mission.

106 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

106

Inside, Elena is in the kitchen, busy preparing food. There's a knock at the door. She pauses, wipes her hands, and walks over.

When Elena opens the door, she gasps in surprise.

ELENA

(shocked)

Ethan!

Without a second thought, she jogs to him and wraps her arms around him in a tight embrace.

ELENA (CONT'D)

(slightly breathless)

Where have you been? I thought...

(MORE)

ELENA (CONT'D)  
I thought you left me.

NICKOLAS  
(amused)  
So, this is love.

Ethan pulls back slightly, his expression serious.

ETHAN  
There's no time to waste. The  
Empire... Is looking for me.

Elena's face tightens with concern.

ELENA  
What do we do now?

ETHAN  
I need to fix the time travel device.  
We'll use it to get back to the  
present, but I'll make sure it keeps  
you the same—so you'll come with me  
as you are.

They step inside. Ethan places the device on the table and carefully opens it up. His eyes scan the internal components, searching for the problem. After a moment, he notices the issue—the wire connecting to the monitor is out of place. He realigns it, but there's something else missing.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
There's a missing part. Where is it?

Ethan grabs his phone and removes the external memory card, placing it into the device's slot.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
This should do it.

NICKOLAS  
(doubtful)  
It'll work?

ETHAN  
We're about to find out. Hold on.

Ethan presses the button firmly, but nothing happens at first.

NICKOLAS  
(tapping his foot)  
Not working...

ETHAN  
Wait—

Before they can process it, a blinding white light envelops them, swallowing them whole.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. UNKNOWN ISLAND - PRESENT - DAY

107

Ethan, Elena, and Nickolas find themselves floating near the coastline of a remote island. The air is thick with the scent of saltwater, and waves gently lap at their legs. No sign of civilization is visible from where they stand.

NICKOLAS

(looking around, bewildered)

What the hell... where are we?

They swim toward the shore, their strokes steady against the ocean's current. Once they reach the coast, they pull themselves up onto the sandy beach. The three of them scan their surroundings cautiously.

ELENA

(softly, confused)

Where are we?

ETHAN

(squinting at the horizon)

I don't know.

NICKOLAS

Maybe we're in another era again?

ETHAN

(seriously)

I don't think so. This feels different. I think we're in our present, just... somewhere else.

As they continue to look around, Ethan notices something glinting in the distance. A beacon of light flashes rhythmically over the water.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(pointing)

See that? It's a sea guide light—used to guide vessels and boats. There's probably a city nearby on this island.

The group continues to search, scanning the distant hills and coastline. They eventually decide to move deeper inland, hoping to find some clues about where they are.

As they cross through a small forest and down a winding path, the vegetation thins, revealing a picturesque area. In the distance, they spot a large, modern restaurant and hotel—lavish and out of place among the otherwise wild island landscape.



NICKOLAS  
 (surprised)  
 This place is... rich. Fancy, even.

ETHAN  
 (relieved)  
 Well, at least we're not completely  
 lost.

They exchange glances, then start walking toward the luxurious establishment, hoping to find answers or, at the very least, a way back home.

108 EXT. LUXURY HOTEL - DAY

108

Ethan, Elena, and Nickolas stand at the edge of a pristine, manicured lawn, staring up at the gleaming facade of a luxury hotel. The building's polished marble walls shimmer in the sunlight, and crystal-clear windows reflect the surrounding palm trees swaying gently in the breeze.

ELENA  
 (awed, eyes wide as she scans the  
 towering structure)  
 It's... nothing like where I'm from.

Ethan pulls out the device, frowning as he inspects the settings. The screen shows "Location: Anywhere" flashing in dull red letters.

ETHAN  
 (half-smiling, a bit exasperated)  
 Well, that explains it. The damn  
 thing's set to 'Anywhere.' We  
 could've ended up anywhere on Earth.

NICKOLAS  
 (sarcastically)  
 Well, that's helpful.

Suddenly, two hotel guards, dressed in sharp black suits, step out from the side of the building. They look at Ethan and the others, their expressions immediately hardening.

GUARD 1  
 (gruff, stepping forward)  
 Hey! This is private property. You  
 three need to leave!

Ethan's eyes widen as he quickly glances around, realizing they've been spotted. Without hesitation, his thumb presses down hard on the button of the device.

NICKOLAS  
 (panicking, a step back)  
 Ethan—wait—

WHOOSH!

Before Nickolas can finish his sentence, a bright, blinding white light explodes outward, swallowing the trio. The air around them crackles, almost vibrating as the light consumes their forms.

The guards freeze in their tracks, their eyes wide in disbelief as the light dissipates, leaving nothing but the shimmering air where the three had been standing.

GUARD 2  
(stunned, mouth agape)  
What the hell...?

GUARD 1  
(breathing hard, shaking his head)  
They just—vanished.

The wind rustles through the palm trees as the guards stand frozen, staring at the empty space, speechless.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. UNKNOWN ERA - DAY

109

Thick fog blankets the land, swirling ominously around Ethan, Elena, and Nickolas. The landscape is barren, desolate, and eerie. In the distance, dark shadows loom, and the faint clang of metal echoes through the air. The ground beneath their feet feels cold, damp, and littered with remnants of past battles.

Suddenly, the unmistakable sound of men's fierce battle cries fills the silence, growing louder with each passing second—screams of rage and the clash of steel erupting from the mist on both sides.

NICKOLAS  
(panicked, eyes darting around)  
What... what is that sound?

ETHAN  
(grimly, eyes narrowing)  
A war.

ELENA  
(alarmed)  
A war?

NICKOLAS  
(urgently)  
Ethan, do something! Change the location—now!

Ethan fumbles with the device, his hands shaking slightly as the screams grow closer. The fog begins to shift, revealing the silhouettes of charging warriors—Vikings—axes raised, shields out, their battle cries deafening.

ETHAN  
 (struggling to focus, muttering to himself)  
 Come on... come on...

On the screen, a location blinks. Ethan's eyes widened in relief.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 San Francisco—back to San Francisco!

He slams his thumb down on the button just as the first Viking spear cuts through the fog, hurtling toward them.

WHOOSH!

A flash of white light swallows them whole, their figures disappearing just as the battle begins to explode around them. The Vikings roar, crashing into one another with a thunderous impact, their weapons clanging violently as the fog swallows the scene of chaos and war.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - PRESENT - DAY

110

CLONK! Ethan, Elena, and Nickolas materialize in front of Ethan's house in San Francisco. They look around, taking in the familiar surroundings.

ETHAN  
 (relieved)  
 We're back. Finally.

NICKOLAS  
 (eyeing the house skeptically)  
 Are we sure this time? No more jumping through time?

ETHAN  
 Yeah. No more surprises. We're safe now.

ELENA  
 (still a little shaken)  
 What happens next?

ETHAN  
 First, we figure out why this thing's glitching. Then, we make sure it doesn't happen again.

They head toward the house. Ethan carefully handles the device, intent on solving its malfunction.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. ROME CITY - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

111

Meanwhile, in an alternate timeline, another version of Ethan—Ethan (Alt)—is forcefully dragged through the crowded streets of ancient Rome. Confused, wide-eyed, and struggling, Ethan (Alt) is barely able to comprehend what's happening.

ETHAN (ALT)  
(struggling against the guards)  
What the hell is this? Why are you  
doing this?!

The Roman guards remain silent, gripping his arms tighter as they march him toward the King's palace. Ethan (Alt) glances around in panic, his mind racing. In the crowd, he spots Elena (Alt) and Nickolas (Alt) also being led by guards, their faces mirroring his confusion.

112 INT. KING'S THRONE ROOM - DAY

112

Ethan (Alt), Elena (Alt), and Nickolas (Alt) are brought before the King, who sits on his throne, eyes cold and suspicious. The King's gaze lingers on the strange device hanging from Ethan (Alt)'s side.

THE KING  
(sternly, eyes narrowing)  
You return... after all this time.  
Did you think we wouldn't notice your  
presence again?

ETHAN (ALT)  
(utterly confused)  
Again? I don't even know how I got  
here! What are you talking about?

THE KING  
You and your device—your "weapon"—  
disrupted our city before. We let you  
go once, and yet here you are. Do you  
think we are fools?

ETHAN (ALT)  
(desperate)  
No, no, you don't understand! I've  
never been here before! This isn't a  
weapon—it's... I don't even know how  
it works anymore. But I swear I'm not  
trying to harm anyone!

THE KING

(leaning forward, menacingly)  
You brought this infernal contraption  
before, and now you've returned to  
finish what you started. You will be  
judged for your actions.

NICKOLAS (ALT)

(whispering to Ethan (Alt))  
What the hell is he talking about?

ETHAN (ALT)

(helplessly)  
I don't know! I swear I've never seen  
this place in my life!

The King, unimpressed with Ethan (Alt)'s protests, signals  
to the guards.

THE KING

Take them to the dungeons. Their fate  
will be decided at the next council.

The guards drag Ethan (Alt), Elena (Alt), and Nickolas (Alt)  
away, despite their pleasure.

113 INT. DUNGEON - LATER

113

Ethan (Alt) and Nickolas (Alt) are thrown into a damp,  
stone-walled dungeon cell. The heavy door slams shut with a  
resounding clang.

NICKOLAS (ALT)

(groaning as he sits up)  
Well, that went downhill fast.

ETHAN (ALT)

(pacing, trying to make sense of  
things)  
This makes no sense. They're acting  
like I've been here before. But I  
haven't! At least... not me. It's  
almost like there's... another  
version of me out there.

NICKOLAS (ALT)

(scoffing)  
You're saying there's another you  
running around causing trouble?

ETHAN (ALT)

(stopping in his tracks)  
I don't know... but it's possible.  
This device—whatever it's doing—it's  
not just moving through time. It  
might be... creating other versions  
of us. In different places.

(MORE)

ETHAN (ALT) (CONT'D)  
At different times.

NICKOLAS (ALT)  
Great. Just what we needed—more of  
you.

ETHAN (ALT)  
(growing frustrated)  
I just need to figure out how to stop  
it. Before things get worse.

114 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

114

Back in the present timeline, Ethan, Elena, and Nickolas  
step into Ethan's house. Ethan opens the device, fiddling  
with the components inside.

ETHAN  
(talking to himself as he works)  
There's something seriously wrong  
with this thing. It shouldn't be  
malfunctioning like this.

NICKOLAS  
(watching, concerned)  
You think it's done jumping us  
around?

ETHAN  
I hope so. I just need to find out  
why it's not working like it should.

115 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY

115

The front door creaks open. A weary Ethan from the future,  
clad in a worn hoody and sporting greying hair, steps  
inside. His eyes narrow as he takes in the sight of his  
younger self, ELENA, and NICKOLAS in the living room.

ETHAN  
(eyes wide, voice trembling)  
Who are you?

ELENA  
(whispering, her gaze fixed)  
He looks... like Ethan.

Ethan from the future pulls back his hood, revealing a face  
lined with years of worry.

ETHAN  
You... You're me.

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE (CONT'D)  
(cutting to the heart of the matter)  
We have to stop this now. The timeline is collapsing, the multiverse is unraveling.

ETHAN  
(confused, holding up the device)  
What are you talking about?

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
(pointing to the device)  
I built that. It's malfunctioning.

ETHAN  
(realization dawning)  
So, you're the guy who got caught in the CCTV?

NICKOLAS  
(stepping forward)  
What's happening?

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
(glancing at the device)  
You found this in the yard, didn't you?

ETHAN  
(nodding)  
Yes...

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
(firmly)  
There are multiple versions of this device scattered across timelines. Each one is flawed.

ETHAN  
(alarmed)  
How do we fix it?

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
(serious)  
We need to reset the timeline.

ETHAN  
(desperate)  
Reset? That means everything—everyone, including Elena and the life we've started—would be erased.

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
(somber)  
It's the only solution.

ETHAN  
 (pleading)  
 There must be another way. I've been working on it. The device is missing a crucial part: a memory module.

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
 (sighing)  
 I considered that, but each time the device is used, it spawns alternate versions of us, each with its own problems.

ETHAN  
 (eyes widening in realization)  
 I've used it several times. That's why things are so messed up.

The gravity of their situation sinks in. Ethan, Elena, and Nickolas brace themselves, knowing they must act swiftly to mend the fractured multiverse before it's too late.

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
 You need to restart everything, Ethan.

ETHAN  
 I can't.

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
 It's the only way to fix what we've done. It's the solution for all of us.

ETHAN  
 (voice trembling)  
 What about Elena? If I do this, I'll never see her again.

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE  
 You will understand once it's done. The device has a backup feature to preserve the most important memories of you and Elena.

Ethan's hands shake as he navigates the device's menu, selecting the backup feature.

A prompt appears: *"Choose which memory to save."*

Names flicker on the screen:

- *Ethan Parker*
- *Nickolas Knives*
- *Elena Ferrero*

Ethan hesitates but selects Elena's name. Another prompt pops up: *"Do you want to backup Elena's memory?"*



Ethan presses "Yes." The next prompt appears: *"This will erase your memory from Elena's perspective. Proceed?"*

Ethan's eyes widened in disbelief.

ETHAN

What is this? It says our memories together will be erased.

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE

Elena will remain in the present, but she won't remember you. She'll be a different person, from a different perspective.

ETHAN

Is there really no other way?

ETHAN FROM THE FUTURE

(time running out)

We're out of time, Ethan.

Ethan's gaze lingers on Elena. He takes a deep breath and presses the button.

The world around them begins to distort. The room warps and shakes as reality itself starts to unravel. Ethan looks one last time at Elena, the love of his life, his eyes filled with sorrow.

A blinding white light envelops them. As the light intensifies, their figures start to fade away, the final moments of their existence slipping through his fingers.

The light swallows them completely, and everything goes white.

BURN TO WHITE.

ETHAN (V.O.)

After that decision, everything—including my friends, the ones I loved—was gone. I mean, all the memories we shared were erased, but they still remain in my mind.

FADE IN:

116 INT. ROME - MUSEUM - DAY

116

Ethan stands in front of a painting of a woman. A woman beside him, casually admiring the painting, catches his eye.

WOMAN

She's beautiful, isn't she?

Ethan glances at her, taken aback by the familiarity.

ETHAN  
Yes, she is.

The woman, Elena, but from a different reality, turns to Ethan with a smile.

ELENA  
Have you seen her before?

ETHAN  
A few times...

Elena's eyes search his face, curious.

ELENA  
I think I might have known her. She's my ancestor, many generations back.

Ethan's expression flickers with a mixture of sadness and nostalgia.

ETHAN  
Yes, I know. I... knew her.

ELENA  
Really? Do you think we've met before?

ETHAN  
No, we haven't. But there's something about you that feels familiar.

Elena's smile fades slightly, replaced by a contemplative look.

ELENA  
Maybe it's just a feeling. I'm here a lot, thinking about my family.

ETHAN  
Would you like to grab some coffee? I'd love to hear more about her.

ELENA  
That sounds nice. Let's go.

As they walk away from the painting, Ethan glances back one last time, his face a mask of bittersweet memories. The museum's echo of their footsteps fades as they leave, hinting at the new connection being forged.

117 EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

117

As Ethan and Elena exit the museum, Ethan's phone buzzes. He checks the screen - it's Nickolas. He answers.

ETHAN  
 (into the phone)  
 Hey, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

118 INT. NICKOLAS'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

118

Nickolas is sprawled on the bed, phone pressed to his ear.

NICKOLAS  
 Where are you?

ETHAN (V.O.)  
 At the museum. Why?

Nickolas sits up, glancing out the window toward the museum nearby.

NICKOLAS  
 Stay there. I'll meet you in a  
 minute.

He quickly throws his things into a bag and heads out the door.

119 EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

119

Ethan hangs up and looks at Elena, who's curiously watching him.

ELENA  
 Everything okay?

ETHAN  
 Yeah, just a friend. He's meeting us  
 here.

Elena smiles, brushing her hair back as they wait.

ELENA  
 So, does this mean our coffee date's  
 still on?

ETHAN  
 Of course. Just one quick detour.

Moments later, Nickolas arrives, slightly out of breath. He spots Ethan with Elena and stops in his tracks, eyes wide.

NICKOLAS  
 (half-joking)  
 Who's this?

Ethan gives Nickolas a look but says nothing.

ELENA  
 (smiling)  
 Hi! I'm Elena.

She extends her hand, and Nickolas shakes it, though still a bit confused.

NICKOLAS  
 (slowly)  
 Nice to meet you... Elena?

ETHAN  
 Let's go. I know a place nearby.

NICKOLAS  
 I didn't realize you had someone special in your life. She's lovely.

ETHAN  
 Yeah, let's just keep it quiet for now.

NICKOLAS  
 Understood.

As they walk, Nickolas keeps glancing between Ethan and Elena, silently processing.

120 EXT. ROME CITY STREETS - DAY

120

Ethan, Elena, and Nickolas walk through the bustling streets. The crowd moves around them, but they seem focused on their own conversation.

ETHAN  
 (to Elena)  
 Where are your parents?

ELENA  
 My parents? I live with my grandma.

ETHAN  
 Your grandma... Can we meet her?

ELENA  
 Sure, after this. She'd love to meet you.

NICKOLAS  
 Mee too. I'll be so happy to see your family.

ETHAN  
 Just keep quiet, Nick.

121 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - DAY

121

Elena unlocks the door to her quaint, historical home. Ethan and Nickolas follow her inside.

ETHAN

This place is amazing.

ELENA

It's been in my family for generations. Lots of history here.

122 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - DAY

122

They step inside to find **ELENA'S GRANDMOTHER**, already waiting in the living room. Her eyes widen the moment she sees Ethan.

ELENA'S GRANDMA

(whispering)

Ethan...

Ethan freezes, taken aback.

ETHAN

Wait, me?

ELENA

(startled)

Grandma, you know him?

The grandmother nods slowly, her gaze never leaving Ethan.

ELENA'S GRANDMA

You... You're the one from the legend, passed down through our family. I have a painting of you... and your ancestor, Elena.

Ethan's face pales.

NICKOLAS

Wait, what? What legend? How is that even possible?

The grandmother shuffles to a large, dusty painting hanging on the wall. In it, Ethan stands alongside a woman who looks exactly like Elena—dressed in the armor of ancient Rome.

NICKOLAS (CONT'D)

That's... insane. How could I be there?

ETHAN

(quickly)

It's not me...

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Must be someone who looks like me.

But the doubt in his voice betrays him. Elena squints at the painting, disbelief and confusion growing.

ELENA  
Grandma, you're mistaken... right? It can't be...

ETHAN  
(softly)  
No, she's not wrong.

Ethan's heart races as the weight of his secret begins to spill out.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Your grandmother is right. You... you are Elena. The Elena I once knew. But time separated us.

Elena stares at him, completely lost.

ELENA  
Ethan, what are you saying?

Nickolas looks between them, just as confused.

NICKOLAS  
Yeah, man, what's going on?

Ethan takes a deep breath, his hands trembling.

ETHAN  
We were together, long ago. I've traveled through time... and the memories of us, they've been lost. Erased. But I remember.

Elena steps back, shaking her head.

ELENA  
This doesn't make any sense.

Ethan reaches into his sling bag, pulling out the blinking device. He taps on the screen, navigating through its options.

NICKOLAS  
What the hell is that?

ETHAN  
The only way to make this right.

The screen lights up with two options:

- *Backup*
- *Restore*

Ethan hesitates, his finger hovering over "Restore."

ELENA  
Ethan, what are you doing?

He swallows hard, tapping "Restore." A new message pops up:

- *Select data to restore*
- *Import data from file*

Ethan chooses Select data to restore, and only one name appears:

- *Elena Ferrero*

His hand shakes as he taps on the name. Another message pops up:

- *Restore "Elena Ferrero" data?*

Without hesitation, Ethan selects Yes. The device hums to life, lights flashing brighter.

NICKOLAS  
You sure about this?

ETHAN  
It's the only way.

Suddenly, the room begins to tremble. The walls ripple, warping and bending as the air around them distorts. The colors of the room blur, everything spinning wildly as the environment morphs.

ELENA  
(screaming)  
Ethan! Stop it!

But it's too late. Ethan presses the final button, and the world around them collapses into a swirl of light and shadow. Images flash before their eyes— ancient Rome, battles, victories, and the love between a man and a woman, mirroring Ethan and Elena.

Then, the entire world shifts.

CUT TO:

123 EXT. WHEATFIELD - ANCIENT ROME - SUNSET

123

Ethan opens his eyes, blinking against the amber sunlight. The world around him is both familiar and strange—he's back in ancient Rome. The vast wheatfield stretches before him, the same one from their very first meeting.

He stands in the middle of the field, taking a deep breath as the ancient world surrounds him.

In the distance, Elena approaches. She walks slowly, her expression calm but curious.

A **CLOSE-UP ON ETHAN'S FACE** as he watches her.

ETHAN  
(softly to himself)  
It's you. It's always been you.

A **WIDE SHOT OF ETHAN AND ELENA IN THE WHEATFIELD** as Elena stops a few feet away from him, her brow furrowed slightly, as though trying to recognize him from a distant memory. She's alone, living a quiet life. But there's something about Ethan that feels familiar, almost comforting.

ELENA  
(slowly)  
Do I know you?

Ethan smiles, feeling a bittersweet rush of emotion. This is their second chance—untouched by time, unburdened by the past.

ETHAN  
(sincerely)  
In another time... maybe.

Elena smiles softly, though still puzzled. She brushes a strand of hair behind her ear, her gaze lingering on him.

ELENA  
I live nearby. You're welcome to stay... if you want.

Ethan hesitates, knowing this time around there's no need for secrets, no need to rush or explain. This is their moment, a fresh beginning.

ETHAN  
(softly)  
I'd like that.

124 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - DUSK

124

Elena leads Ethan to a simple, modest house at the edge of the village. It's quiet and isolated, with the soft glow of the sunset casting long shadows over the landscape. The home is small but welcoming, a reflection of her solitary life in this ancient world.

Elena opens the door, inviting Ethan inside.



125 INT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - NIGHT

125

A sparsely decorated, with only the essentials. A simple table, a fireplace, and a few personal belongings scattered around. Ethan takes it all in, the silence between them is comfortable.

Elena pours water from a jug and hands Ethan a cup, watching him with quiet curiosity.

ELENA  
(sitting down)  
You seem like you've traveled a long way.

Ethan takes a sip, nodding. He sits across from her, the firelight flickering between them.

ETHAN  
You could say that.

There's a pause as Elena studies him, sensing there's more to his story, but not pressing for details. She's used to being alone and doesn't often invite strangers in. But something about Ethan feels different—like he belongs here.

ELENA  
(lightly)  
Do you plan on staying?

Ethan looks around, then back at her, his eyes soft with emotion.

ETHAN  
I don't know. Maybe... for a while.

126 EXT. ELENA'S HOUSE - ANCIENT ROME - NIGHT

126

Later, Ethan steps outside, looking up at the vast, starry sky. The constellations twinkle above, as ancient and unchanging as the world he now finds himself in. He breathes deeply, feeling a sense of peace wash over him.

A **CLOSE-UP** of Elena stands in the doorway, watching him silently.

ELENA  
(softly)  
Are you alright?

Ethan turns to her, smiling gently.

ETHAN  
Yeah... I think I am.

Elena steps forward, joining him as they both look up at the night sky.

A **WIDE SHOT** of Elena and Ethan standing side by side under the ancient stars. The world is quiet and still, a perfect reflection of their fresh beginning.

FADE TO:

127 INT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - PRESENT - NIGHT

127

SUPERIMPOSE: "20 Years Later."

A baby girl lies in a crib, her face mirroring her mother's beauty. Elena approaches with a smile. She turns to reveal her identity: she is Elena.

The door creaks open as Ethan enters, returning from work in a suit.

ELENA

How's work?

ETHAN

Same as usual.

ELENA

What food do you want?

ETHAN

Just my favorite—vegetables.

They share a light laugh.

ELENA

You still like the same things I remember.

ETHAN

After that, come to our room. I'll show you something.

128 EXT. ETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

128

The **CAMERA PULLS AWAY** from Ethan's house to reveal the Time Traveling device, half-buried in the grass of the yard.

A **MYSTERIOUS MAN** appears, drawn by the device's glowing light. He crouches down. His fingers trace the strange symbols on its surface.

Without hesitation, he picks up the device, quickly slipping it into his pocket. He glances around, then walks away with a purposeful stride, disappearing into the distance.

SMASH CUT TO:

OVER BLACK.

SPLASHING CREDITS

CUT TO:

129 EXT. ANCIENT ROME - DAY

129

Nickolas interacts with a woman in ancient Rome, holding the Time Traveling device that Ethan used to travel back in time. Nickolas looks directly at the camera before speaking.

NICKOLAS  
See me in history.

SMASH CUT TO:

ROLL CREDITS

FADE TO:

OVER BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE THE LEGEND: "200 Million Years Ago."

CUT TO:

130 EXT. JURASSIC ERA - DAY

130

Nickolas runs frantically, a massive dinosaur in hot pursuit.

NICKOLAS  
(screaming)  
That was not what I meant for!

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: "Love endures, even when time tries to tear it apart."

THE END.

**NOTE: Historical Basis**

This screenplay was informed by historical research on Ancient Rome, particularly drawing from the following sources:

- **Daily Life in Ancient Greece** by K.L Woida from Crunch Learning
- **Women in Ancient Greece** by Mark Cartwright from WorldHistory.org (2016)
- **Shopping and Markets in Ancient Rome** by History Crunch
- **The Food of Ancient Rome** by Cyrstalking.com
- **Ancient Greek Farming Lesson for Kids** by Kathryn Miedema Dominguez from Study.com
- **Roman Law & the Pax Romana** by Avi Israel, Max Pfingsten, Lesley Chapel from Study.com

**NOTE: Disclaimer**

The characters and events depicted in this screenplay are entirely fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, *living or dead*, or *real events* is purely coincidental. The historical elements within the *story* have been adapted for dramatic purposes and are not intended to reflect *real individuals* or specific *historical events*.