

THE LAST JUMP

Written by

Gina Rose Drew

Based on the book "Time Traveler's Limbo" by C.H.
Lyn

INT. CAFE - CENTRAL SAN FRANCISCO - MORNING

Sunlight pours through tall, glass windows. It casts golden light across the warm wood floors and shines down on an OLDER WOMAN, sitting alone at a corner table.

Her skin is frail. Hands wrinkled, liver-spotted, and scarred, wrapped tightly around a ceramic mug.

LUCY (V.O.)
I picked today deliberately because
this was the beginning of the best
years of my life.

She inhales the steam rising from her cup and takes a long sip.

LUCY (V.O.)
I can only get flavor like this
here... in the past.
In my present, a good thirty years
from this moment, there is no good
coffee.
There's no bad coffee either.

ACROSS THE ROOM, the BARISTA—a young woman with flaming pink hair and a huge Star Wars tattoo along her shoulder—smiles and chats with a CUSTOMER.

LUCY (V.O.)
She was always nice. She's nice
now, taking Roger's order.

ROGER (30s), tall, dark-skinned, broad-shouldered, and impossibly warm, smiles at the barista. His eyes gleam gold in the morning light.

Roger takes his coffee and heads toward the door.

A DOOR SLAMS open from the back. A WOMAN stumbles out in ridiculous purple heels, crashing directly into him.

Roger turns his head—

SMACK.

She bumps into him.

He stumbles.

The drinks hit the floor.

The WOMAN regains her balance. They stand, stunned.

YOUNG LUCY
I knew these shoes were bad luck.

Roger blinks. Looks down at the shoes. Smiles.

Then he looks up—locks eyes with her. Green eyes.

ROGER

Seems like good luck for me,
though.

She blushes.

So does OLDER LUCY, watching from her seat, unseen.

LUCY (V.O.)

That's me, by the way.
The woman with box-blonde hair,
green eyes, and a cascade of
freckles across too-pale skin.

CLOSE ON: The YOUNG WOMAN—YOUNG LUCY.

CLOSE ON: The OLDER WOMAN—OLDER LUCY. Same freckles, buried
under time and scars.

ROGER

Roger.

He holds out his free hand, the other dripping with coffee.

YOUNG LUCY

Lucy.

She glances down at her stained shoes.

YOUNG LUCY (CONT'D)

Should we get some paper towels?

LUCY (V.O.)

My previous self and the love of my
life clean up the coffee.
She's going to buy him a new one.
Settle the two of them at a corner
table.
And talk his ear off.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - LUCY AND ROGER'S EARLY LOVE

- YOUNG LUCY talking animatedly, hands waving.
- ROGER laughing, leaning closer, listening.
- A candlelit dinner.
- A morning hike.
- A messy kitchen.

– YOUNG LUCY and ROGER moving boxes into a shared apartment.

LUCY (V.O.)
 They'll get dinner the next night.
 And the night after.
 It's like they have magnets on
 their souls, drawing them together.

EXT. APARTMENT - SIX WEEKS LATER - DAY

They carry the last box inside.

LUCY (V.O.)
 Only six weeks from today, they
 move in together.
 Their friends become friends.
 Their love for books, adventure,
 and everything in between becomes
 shared.
 They build a life together.

INT. CAFE - PRESENT MOMENT

OLDER LUCY's eyes shimmer with tears. Her hands tighten
 around the mug.

LUCY (V.O.)
 Let me back up. Or rather... jump
 forward.

SERIES OF IMAGES - THE FUTURE

- A LAB. People in suits huddle around glowing tech.
- A NEWS BROADCAST shows footage of people vanishing.
- WORLD LEADERS behind podiums.
- DESTRUCTION. Buildings crumble. Skies darken.

LUCY (V.O.)
 In three years, the first time-
 travelers will make their presence
 known to the United States
 Government.
 They will warn us, and we will not
 listen.
 In six years, their warnings
 manifest.
 In twelve, the face of the world is
 completely changed.
 In twenty, most of the human
 population is dead.
 In thirty... I'm the only one left.