

# THE THIRD OPTION

by

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INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

PETER ONE (30), deep blue eyes, shaven, suit, successful, sits at a table next to the window. He sips from his black coffee as he stares at the man in front of him.

Across him, PETER TWO (50), same deep blue eyes, unshaven, wears a stained gray jumpsuit. He sips from his black coffee. The resemblance is remarkable.

LOUISE, the waiter, taps PETER ONE's shoulder.

LOUISE  
Peter, honey, the kitchen is closing in five minutes, you want something else?

PETER ONE  
No, Louise, thank you.

LOUISE  
And your dad?

Peter One looks at Peter Two's eyes. So familiar.

PETER ONE  
He's not my dad.

He waves at Louise. She smiles and leaves.

PETER ONE (CONT'D)  
How did you know I lost my engagement ring this morning? I didn't tell anyone.

PETER TWO  
I told you, I come from --

PETER ONE  
-- the future, yes, you told me.

Peter Two waits for Peter One to say something but his mind is racing with a thousand thoughts.

PETER TWO  
Do you believe me now?

Peter One looks straight into his eyes, a hand over his mouth. He rattles his right foot on the floor.

PETER ONE  
Why are you here?

PETER TWO  
I came here to warn you.

PETER ONE  
To warn me? About what?

Peter Two looks sideways, searching the other clients' faces. He leans towards Peter One. Lowers his voice.

PETER TWO

In ten years, when you invent the time machine--

PETER ONE

I invent a time machine?

Peter Two stares at Peter One. This is important.

PETER TWO

When you invent the time machine, a man will betray you. He will use the machine at his convenience and put the entire city at risk. People will die.

Peter One exhales, overwhelmed, waves his hands in the air.

PETER ONE

What am I supposed to--

PETER TWO

The man you are meeting today, here. Don't sign the contract. Stay away from him.

Peter One was clearly meeting someone today.

PETER ONE

But-- but he's my investor. I can't launch my project without him.

PETER TWO

Then don't.

Peter Two is serious, he means it. Peter One sighs, defeated.

PETER ONE

All right, I will not--

PETER THREE (O.S.)

You have to sign that contract.

PETER THREE (50), same deep blue eyes, a big burn on his face, sits down in front of Peter One and Peter Two, who make a double take. Louise laughs to herself.

PETER ONE

Another one?

PETER TWO

What the hell is this?

PETER THREE  
(to Peter One)  
You probably won't believe this--  
(looks at Peter Two)  
Or maybe you will. I come from the  
future.

PETER TWO  
No, I come from the future.

PETER THREE  
I come from another future.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --