

Act 1:

Scene 1:

(Int. Adam's room, psychiatric ward. Adam stands at window, Kirsten sits on bed with a clipboard.)

Adam: Right there. You see it?

Kirsten: If we could-

Adam: There it is again. Can you see that?

Kirsten: We have to-

Adam: You're not seeing this?

Kirsten: What are we looking for?

Adam: It's we now? It's you and me?

Kirsten: I just meant-

Adam: There it goes again. See it?

(Kirsten stands and walks to the window.)

Kirsten: What am I looking for?

Adam: There's a flicker in the hologram. There's a glitch. It flickers. See it? Right there. There it goes.

See it?

Kirsten: What hologram?

Adam: Oh, that's classic. That's great.

Kirsten: Could you elaborate?

Adam: It seems to me that there's a difference in people. Those that will use a word like elaborate and those that will not. I might just use it.

Kirsten: Why do you think there's a hologram?

Adam: The lines are moving too.

Kirsten: What lines?

Adam: In the parking lot. The painted lines, they move. You ever sat and watched the sun set?

Kirsten: Yes.

Adam: Just like that. Just like that. You sit and stare and you won't see anything. But you look every ten minutes, you'll see it getting lower. Same thing with the lines in the parking lot. I know because I count to three hundred before I look back at them. And they've moved a few inches each time.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: All I see are a flock of crows.

Adam: A murder.

Kirsten: What?

Adam: A flock of crows is called a murder. A murder of crows.

(Kirsten walks over to the bed and sits down.)

Kirsten: I'm not a judge. I'm not here to judge you. I'm-

Adam: Why are you here?

Kirsten: Adam, please. If you would...

(Kirsten motions for him to sit down. Adam sits down on the floor by the window.)

Kirsten: I'm not here to judge you. There are no right or wrong answers to my questions.

Adam: Why am I here?

Kirsten: Do you remember waking up?

Adam: I remember waking up from a lot of nights. Is there one in particular?

(Kirsten begins writing on the clipboard.)

Adam: What are you writing?

(Kirsten continues writing.)

Adam: What are you writing? Hey, stop that. Tell me what you're writing.

(Kirsten looks up at him.)

Kirsten: Notes.

(Adam stares at her.)

Kirsten: You are a ward of the state of New York. Do you have health insurance coverage?

Adam: Not now.

Kirsten: You will be allowed to remain here even without insurance.

Adam: Allowed to remain? What's that mean? This is my choice?

Kirsten: It means that we won't throw you out for not being able to pay for treatment.

Adam: What treatment? What fucking treatment? Who are you?

Kirsten: I'm Dr. Williams and I will be your primary-

Adam: Dr. Williams? Is that an alias?

Kirsten: No.

Adam: Who are you?

Kirsten: I'm Dr. Williams. I will be your primary-

Adam: What's your first name?

(Kirsten looks down at the chart.)

Adam: Hey. Right here. What's your name?

Kirsten: I'm Dr. Williams.

Adam: You know my name, I just want to know yours.

(Kirsten begins writing on the clipboard.)

Adam: What are you doing? Stop that.

(Kirsten stops writing and looks at him.)

Adam: Hey, look. Just explain something to me. Can I leave? I need to get out of here. Can I leave?

Kirsten: We have a structured benefits program here for each stage of recovery you advance.

Adam: Is that the short answer?

(Pause.)

Adam: Can I get out in the hall? If there is a hall?

Kirsten: You're restricted to your room until you are no longer deemed a threat-

Adam: Deemed a threat to myself or others. Yeah, I heard this part in the hospital when the police handcuffed me to the bed. Is this the hospital?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Do you know your address?

Adam: I love on God's good grace.

Kirsten: Is that a no?

Adam: It's a joke. These things go right over your head, don't they?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Your address?

Adam: Yeah, right, my address. My address is...1234 Fake Street.

(Kirsten begins writing on clipboard.)

Adam: Hey, don't write that down.

(Kirsten continues writing.)

Adam: Don't write that down. That was a joke.

(Kirsten continues writing.)

Adam: I said stop. It's a joke. Don't write down my jokes.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Your attitude here is directly proportional to your chances of release.

Adam: Button down. Straighten up and fly right. Yeah, I got it.

Kirsten: Do you know your address?

(Pause.)

Adam: It doesn't exist yet.

(Kirsten writes on clipboard.)

Kirsten: Would you like to call anyone?

Adam: I need to call the voicemail system.

Kirsten: Do you know the number?

Adam: It's tattooed on my arm.

Kirsten: Would you like me to call them and tell them where you are?

Adam: Why can't I call them?

Kirsten: You're not allowed calls on this level.

(Pause.)

Adam: Can I just get out in the hall? If there is a hall?

Kirsten: You're restricted to your room pending doctor's approval.

Adam: And you're the doctor?

Kirsten: I'm the primary therapist, yes.

Adam: But there's other people?

Kirsten: There are many other people. I just report to them.

Adam: I deal just with you?

Kirsten: And I deal with them.

Adam: So I get out in the hallway, if there is a hallway, when you tell them I'm ready?

Kirsten: I could tell them to let you out and they may decide against it.

Adam: But you're the primary therapist?

Kirsten: I report to them with my opinion and they make the decision.

Adam: So why are you here? Why aren't they here?

Kirsten: I'm here to give my educated opinion to them. And to work on you with your therapy.

Adam: How long have I been here?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: You've been in the psychiatric ward for six days.

Adam: Six fucking days in one room.

Kirsten: Do you know what year it is?

Adam: 1994.

Kirsten: Are you sure?

Adam: To the best of my knowledge.

Kirsten: It's not 1994.

Adam: Isn't it?

Kirsten: It's 1999.

Adam: Oh, that's great. That's perfect. That's- I'm just kidding. It's all a joke. It's 1999. I know that.

Unless this is a trick. It's really 1994 isn't it?

Kirsten: No.

Adam: This is a trick. It's 94.

Kirsten: No, it's 1999.

Adam: I know that. I was just kidding. All one big joke. Just a joke. It's 1999, sure it is.

(Kirsten begins writing on the clipboard.)

Adam: Hey, now stop that. Don't write. Don't. Just don't.

(Kirsten continues writing.)

Adam: Hey, will you listen to me? This was all a joke. I know what year it is. Can you stop? Can you stop writing? Can you stop?

(Kirsten stops and looks up at him.)

Adam: That was all a joke. I was kidding about 1994. I know it's 99. I know what year it is. That was just a joke, you shouldn't write that down.

Kirsten: I don't believe you.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I think we should discuss what you would like to get out of your time here.

Adam: I don't want to get anything. I want to get out of here and go back to my life.

(Pause. Adam stands up and looks out the window again.)

Kirsten: I'd like to-

Adam: This isn't a good time.

Kirsten: Excuse me?

Adam: I don't want to discuss anything right now. You come back. Can you come back?

Kirsten: I can come back.

Adam: After lunch.

Kirsten: In the afternoon.

Adam: Yes, in the afternoon. Lunch is served at 12 isn't it?

Kirsten: Yes.

Adam: Then it would be after noon, as lunch is served at noon. Can you come back?

Kirsten: I'll come back.

Adam: Yeah, just come back later.

Kirsten: I'd like to discuss what you said when you came out of the coma.

Adam: Crows, parking lot lines. Flickering holograms. This is some production.

(Kirsten begins writing on clipboard.)

Adam: And stop writing. Just stop writing. I don't want anything written down. Get a tape recorder.

(Pause.)

Adam: I can just see the freeway from here. Just out of reach isn't it?

(Kirsten stands up.)

Kirsten: I'll be back after lunch.

(Kirsten walks to the door and holds a badge up to a sensor. The door buzzes and she exits.)

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 2:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam sits on the floor drawing on a large sheet of paper. Kirsten stands by the door.)

Adam: I was a painter.

Kirsten: It looks great.

(Adam looks up at her.)

Adam: I was shit at it. I never made a living off it.

Kirsten: Can we talk about your therapy now?

(Adam stands up and walks towards the window.)

Kirsten: Adam?

(Adam crouches down and prepares to pounce.)

Kirsten: Adam, please-

(Adam lunges at the wall.)

Kirsten: Adam.

(Adam backs up and lunges again.)

Adam: I was a defensive lineman in high school. You know that thing? You just join the team to be popular and then nobody even gives a shit about you anyway? What is that? I ask you, what is that other than a waste of time?

Kirsten: When you came out of the coma-

Adam: Why was I in a coma?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: You were found near the Canadian border. You were suffering from dehydration, malnutrition, and exposure.

Adam: So they put you in a...what is this place?

Kirsten: It's a-

Adam: A mental institution?

Kirsten: It's a psychiatric-

Adam: Same fucking thing.

(Pause.)

Adam: Okay, so I was found near the Canadian border. What next? What else?

Kirsten: You had a rifle with you.

Adam: A rifle?

Kirsten: You don't remember any of this?

(Pause.)

(Adam crouches again, prepared to pounce at the wall.)

Adam: 48, 48, cis boom bah.

Kirsten: Adam, please.

(Adam lunges at the wall.)

Adam: And a glorious tackle at the line of scrimmage! That's inborn talent, you can't teach that.

Kirsten: Adam...

Adam: So you found me out hunting? Is that what you're saying?

Kirsten: We don't believe you were hunting. What were you doing?

Adam: I remember...

Kirsten: Yes?

Adam: I've never owned a rifle. I can't stand guns. My father...he, uh...

(Lights dim on Adam's room and raise on side stage. Young Adam hides under a bed while mother and father argue silently.)

Adam: Where the fuck is the money going, you whore?!

(Father rears back to slap mother.)

Adam: Slap!

(Mother falls to a sitting position.)

Adam: Slap me.

(Mother pantomimes saying lines.)

Adam: Just slap me, you bastard. Prove what a big man you are. To call me a whore when you come home smelling of other women's perfume. Call me a whore, slap me. What a big man you are.

(Adam's father stalks off.)

Adam: I could have reached out and touched her. I could have reached out right there and grabbed her. I would have but I was sure it would frighten her.

(Adam's father returns with a handgun. He puts it up to mother's head and pulls the trigger.)

(Lights dim on side stage, rise on Adam's room.)

Adam: He went through the house, calling my name. He was looking for me. He kept saying, "Your mother's had an accident. Come out here and help me with her." I knew he was going to shoot me too.

Kirsten: That's awful.

Adam: But the gun was broken. It wouldn't fire again. I heard him try to shoot himself. Just clicked, no shots. He hanged himself.

Kirsten: When did you come out?

(Adam stands up and begins pacing.)

Adam: So you're my doctor? You have the power to do things around here?

Kirsten: There is a whole line of doctors each taking over a different stage of therapy. I am merely here to advise treatment and-

Adam: Well can you do something for me?

Kirsten: I can try.

Adam: Just say you'll do something for me.

Kirsten: I can't let you out of here. That's not in my hands.

Adam: I had a fifty dollar bill in my wallet.

Kirsten: I can't take money. I can't-

Adam: I want you to take that fifty.

Kirsten: I can't-

Adam: I want you to take it and buy me a pizza.

Kirsten: A pizza?

Adam: Hey, I've been here six days. I've had both kinds of food served here: unedible and vomitous.

Please, just get me a pizza. Do whatever you want with the rest of the money. But get me a pizza. Bring it in here for me.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I can discuss it with the administration and-

Adam: Come on. A simple little thing like this. Just bring me a pizza.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Okay. How about if you answer some of the questions I need to ask, maybe then I'll bring you in a pizza. How's that?

(Pause.)

(Adam sits and begins drawing again.)

Adam: So ask me.

(Kirsten consults her clipboard.)

Kirsten: Do you remember what you were doing before you went into the coma?

Adam: I was near the Canadian border with a rifle.

Kirsten: That's what I've told you. You tell me what you remember.

Adam: Have you ever felt like you're living two lives? Like there's another life in your head that's not really going on?

Kirsten: No.

Adam: That's never happened to you?

Kirsten: No.

Adam: Not even as a kid? You weren't a secret agent or a superhero in secret?

(Pause.)

Adam: Of course you weren't. You were...a princess?

Kirsten: I was president.

Adam: I should have guessed. A woman like you doesn't need a man to save them, even as a child.

Kirsten: Tell me about your other life?

Adam: You expect me to strip naked, squawk like a chicken, things of this sort? Is that the role you've pigeonholed me in?

Kirsten: Adam, I want you to understand that I am not judging you. I am merely-

Adam: You are judging me. Just by keeping me locked in here you've judged me as unfit to walk away.

That's a judgement, pure and simple. Oh, I could tell you what you want to hear. If I just knew what you wanted to hear. You understand me?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Are you asking me to give you prompts?

(Pause.)

Adam: Have you ever been in a situation where you knew you had to say the right thing and because of that you end up saying the exact wrong thing?

Kirsten: Are you talking about societal pressure?

Adam: I remember once I had a job interview. Very important job, big important guy in a suit interviewing me. And on his desk he's got a picture of his wife, really a beautiful woman, in a bathing suit and their son and they're all at the beach and I just know I have to say the right thing but the whole time I'm thinking

about his wife. And at the end, he asks me what I hope to be doing in five years. And my mind is shouting, "Don't say doing your wife! Don't say doing your wife!" So I know I have to say something and I open my mouth and out comes, "Doing your...son?"

(Kirsten stares at him.)

Adam: Fucking nothing. That was a Grade A joke right there. But I mean it. That's the exact situation I'm in. There's so much pressure on me to say the right thing so I can get out of here. And I know I'm going to say the wrong thing because of all the pressure. I just wish I knew what the right thing to say is.

Kirsten: The truth is always the right thing to say.

(Pause. Adam stares at her hands.)

Adam: No wedding ring.

(Kirsten looks down at her hand.)

Adam: Ever been married?

Kirsten: No, Adam. I've never been married. Have you?

Adam: I had a wife. I was married. I had everything, right? You find a girl, you say, "This is it. I'm complete now." You ever had that feeling?

(Kirsten stares at him.)

Adam: I'm not talking about after a full meal. I mean have you ever found a person that made you feel everything was perfect for the first time in history?

(Kirsten shakes her head.)

(Pause.)

Adam: Well that's a fucking shame. But you're young. How old are you?

Kirsten: What were you planning to do with the rifle?

Adam: I can't believe I had a rifle. I hate guns.

(Kirsten writes on the clipboard. She speaks without looking up.)

Kirsten: And the pictures of the Canadian Prime Minister?

Adam: You've got me at a disadvantage here. You know more about this stuff than I do.

Kirsten: I don't know anything. That's why I'm asking you.

(Pause.)

Adam: How close am I to getting out of here tomorrow?

Kirsten: I don't think tomorrow's your day.

Adam: You people are going to keep me here until I die, aren't you?

Kirsten: Of course not.

Adam: Because you'd just transfer me somewhere else to die.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Your chances of release are directly proportional to-

Adam: Yeah, I know. But can you do me a favor? The pizza?

Kirsten: That's a lovely drawing.

Adam: You want it?

Kirsten: You'll give it to me?

Adam: It's yours. Take it.

Kirsten: Thank you.

Adam: Don't go turning it over to the crack team of administrators to be poured over and analyzed and dissected and used against me. Take it home and put it on the wall.

(Kirsten picks up the drawing.)

Adam: You need help? Want me to put your badge up to the scanner?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I'll manage.

(Adam lays down on the bed. Kirsten exits.)

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 3:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam stands near window, staring at Kirsten. Kirsten sits on bed, writing on clipboard.)

Adam: Just stop it. Stop writing. Please, just stop.

(Kirsten stops and looks up at him.)

Adam: Okay, now you've stopped. So we can really talk.

Kirsten: They're just notes.

Adam: They're a catalog to be used against me.

Kirsten: Just notes. For myself.

Adam: Can I read them?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I don't think that would be a good idea.

(Pause.)

Adam: So when do I get out of here?

Kirsten: When you are no longer deemed a threat to-

Adam: Yeah. But when is that? Who decides?

Kirsten: The staff will-

Adam: Do you decide?

Kirsten: I make recommendations based on my experience.

Adam: But you don't make the decision?

Kirsten: I think we should talk about your treatment.

Adam: What treatment? What treatment? I don't belong in here.

Kirsten: Can we talk about what you said after the coma?

Adam: I was drugged. I was disoriented. None of it made sense because I didn't know what was going on.

Kirsten: You said...

Adam: I don't even know what I said.

Kirsten: I don't believe you.

Adam: So be it. So what, am I like trapped here for years?

Kirsten: This is a short term facility.

Adam: So I'll be out shortly?

Kirsten: If we find treatment is not progressing, we will release you to another institution that is better equipped to handle a long term treatment.

Adam: And who decides that?

Kirsten: The administrators.

Adam: Like a board room?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: If it helps you to think of it in those terms.

Adam: So why do you keep coming?

Kirsten: I'm the primary doctor.

Adam: But you don't have any power.

Kirsten: That didn't sound like a question.

Adam: Sickly surrender to colder remember machines.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: After the coma-

Adam: What's the right answer?

Kirsten: The truth.

Adam: I can't tell you the truth because you'll lock me in a room and throw away the room.

Kirsten: This is a process.

Adam: And what are the right answers? Give me a hint? Whisper them, mouth them. Give me a nod.

Kirsten: I can't-

Adam: Yeah, I know.

Kirsten: What would you like to tell me?

Adam: Oh, so we're skipping the question and answer portion of the show?

Kirsten: You just seem to have something to say.

Adam: Where are we?

Kirsten: We're at the Morning Brook Psychiatric Institute near Albany, New York.

Adam: And it's 1999?

Kirsten: Yes.

Adam: What month?

Kirsten: What month do you think it is?

Adam: That's not what I asked.

Kirsten: If you had to guess?

Adam: We're still here so it can't be after August.

Kirsten: What do you mean 'we're still here'?

Adam: An asteroid, a mile wide asteroid.

Kirsten: Where?

Adam: Is it June?

Kirsten: It's July 28th.

Adam: Six days.

Kirsten: Until what?

Adam: The asteroid. The impact. Loss of the northeast seaboard.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: And how do you know this?

(Adam is looking out the window.)

Adam: You've fixed the hologram.

Kirsten: Adam, I think this is important.

Adam: Not flickering anymore. You get technicians out there while I was asleep? You fixed it? Tell me that I didn't imagine the flickering.

Kirsten: Why do you feel an asteroid is going to hit here?

Adam: You want me to tell you the truth?

Kirsten: Of course.

(Pause.)

Adam: The truth is that you need to get out of here. That I need to leave. You understand? I'm here for a reason but they fucked it up. They sent me to the wrong year.

Kirsten: Who is they?

Adam: You notice the birds don't make any noise?

Kirsten: I'm sorry?

Adam: The birds. Outside. They never make a sound. That's a failing in your hologram recreation.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Were you sent back in time?

Adam: God damn! Fuck! You just- Were you sent back in time? Were you- Fuck! Do you know how out of your league you are here? These are serious fucking people.

Kirsten: Calm down, Adam.

Adam: I'm calm. I'm relaxed. Fine, you want to play this game, we'll do it. What chance do I have of getting out of here in the next six days?

Kirsten: Well as I said, that's not in my hands. I just make-

Adam: You make recommendations. And you wouldn't recommend it?

Kirsten: At this point I'm still determining how to begin therapy.

Adam: So we're in the diagnosis stage?

Kirsten: I think you should prepare yourself for the fact you're going to be here for quite a while.

Adam: I don't have the time. Do you understand this place will no longer exist next week?

Kirsten: And what makes you think that?

Adam: This is all ancient history. Not that it matters anyway. Poles shifting, tectonic plate movement.

Most of the east coast is under water anyway.

(Pause.)

Adam: I need to get out of here. You are going to kill me if you keep me in here.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I'm glad you're approaching what you said after the coma.

Adam: Yeah, sure. I'm sure this is just fucking peachy to you. I'm begging for my life here.

Kirsten: Don't you think the government would be aware of-

Adam: You know the government's budget for watching for stray meteors? This is 1999? The defense budget is 256 billion dollars a year. That's a fact, that's what you can find if you dig for it. And how much of that budget is spent on watching the skies? About one thousandth of one percent. That's a fact. So they didn't catch it. They didn't know until the last forty-five minutes when it showed up in the outer atmosphere.

Kirsten: How did you travel through time?

Adam: I don't know.

Kirsten: You don't know?

Adam: Can you explain how your car got you to work today? Can you give a breakdown of the internal combustion engine?

(Pause.)

Adam: They said something about wormholes. An Einstein-Rosen Bridge. It was all just science and progress.

Kirsten: I see.

Adam: You ever seen one of those chambers where they test G-forces through centrifugal force?

Kirsten: Sure.

Adam: Just like one of those. You sit in it, it spins. You fly, you land. I was about five feet off the ground when I landed. Three feet from the pod, another two feet from plate movement. The ground was two feet lower than it was when I left.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Adam, why did you travel through time?

Adam: Stock market crash. Biggest economic depression in the world's history. Hundreds of millions out of work. Third world nations making more than the western world. They sent me back to 1994 to play the stock market and win a reserve for the military. All cutting edge, big think tanks. They needed a secret new budget to maintain the new world order. Our army collapsing under the biggest budget cuts in history. Who can they defend against? We've got national guard units at the coasts. We've instituted a draft and there's still not enough guns for everyone. Black black budget. The last hope of the world.

(Pause.)

Adam: They're gonna come for me.

Kirsten: Who's going to come for you?

Adam: These are serious fucking people. They're going to come after me. I'm a liability. I could screw up space and time and everything. Make a new Hitler, accidentally kill someone important. Fucking crush a butterfly. Anything could happen. It's a calculated risk even sending someone and I guess you can tell how important it was because they went through with it. But I failed.

Kirsten: You failed?

Adam: Am I playing the stock market? Look in the paper, what's today? July something. Shit it's 1999. I don't know the stocks this far ahead. Science isn't an exact science with these assholes. 1999, my fucking Christ. What the fuck am I supposed to do? And now I've got less than a week. So I guess I don't have to worry about them coming for me.

(Pause.)

Adam: What's your name?

(Kirsten begins writing on clipboard.)

Adam: Stop writing. I didn't mean it like that. I know your name. I was asking your first name. You know mine, shouldn't I know yours?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: It's Kirsten.

Adam: Kirsten Williams.

Kirsten: Yeah.

Adam: God damn, that's beautiful.

Kirsten: If we could talk about-

Adam: Haven't I said enough? God damn, I just told you everything. Everything you need to keep me locked in here until I die. Which will be next week because of the asteroid. Shit, I'm fucking dead and I know it. But you got what you wanted. I told you everything.

Kirsten: Do you feel any better?

Adam: Shit. I feel like I just tattled on someone. This was all a bad idea. I don't know why in the hell I told you any of this stuff.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: We couldn't find your social security number in the national database.

Adam: That's because I'm not born yet. Five more years until that.

(Pause.)

Adam: Did you run my fingerprints?

Kirsten: Of course.

Adam: And there was nothing either, was there?

Kirsten: That just proves you've never been arrested for a felony.

Adam: That's right. You can just bargain everything away until I'm left in here just a crazy fucker. I realize I can never leave this place.

Kirsten: After a set period of time, if treatment has not progressed and we feel-

Adam: You don't understand. I've got a week. So do you. You should get out of the city. Leave this place. Go down south to Florida. Just get away from this part of the country. There's no hope for me, I know that. Hell, I think I just did my part to ensure that. Did I?

Kirsten: I think we've made definite progress. You're opening up to me.

Adam: But you're not going to let me out in a week.

Kirsten: I think a week is too soon for release. This will be an ongoing-

Adam: But would I have gotten out if I hadn't told you everything?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: No.

Adam: That's what I thought. I guess that's why I told you. The illusion of cracking.

Kirsten: The illusion of cracking?

Adam: Cracked eggs. The birds die from that. You ever let a bird die? You ever broken an egg? I saw a chicken farm on a field trip as a child. The kids would get to shake the eggs. I shook an egg. It's like a partial abortion. These birds are still developing in there. You shake the egg around a few times, birth

defects. Birds with legs on backwards, with one wing, just a beak with no eyes. And still they let us shake them because we thought it was cute.

(Pause.)

Adam: You ever think you're doing that in here? Shaking the egg before it hatches?

(Pause.)

(Kirsten begins writing on clipboard. Adam doesn't notice, he's staring out the window.)

Kirsten: I'd like to thank you for sharing with me today, Adam.

(Adam turns around and stares at her.)

Adam: You don't want to know about the future? You don't want to know if there are castles in space?

(Kirsten stares at him.)

Adam: Yeah, didn't think so. My delusion is more interesting than my recollections of the truth.

(Kirsten begins writing on clipboard.)

Adam: Do you wanna get out of here? Go out for a drink?

(Kirsten looks up at him.)

Adam: Didn't think so. Kirsten Williams. Christ, that's a pretty name.

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 4:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam lays on bed, one arm beneath him for support as he sits up, talking to Kirsten.

Kirsten sits in a chair by the bed.)

Adam: You ever looked the devil in the eye and known you can't win?

Kirsten: No.

Adam: You've never been there?

(Kirsten looks at her watch.)

Adam: Don't get antsy. I've got you for another hour.

Kirsten: I'm not going anywhere.

Adam: So how are they going to work this? They just going to leave me in my room when the meteor comes? Does the window face south? Will I be able to see it?

(Kirsten revolves in her chair, calculating direction.)

Kirsten: Your window faces west.

Adam: West. That's just great.

Kirsten: Can we talk about what you did when you got here?

Adam: Got here in the institute?

Kirsten: What year did you leave from?

Adam: 2036.

Kirsten: 2036?

Adam: Yes. Write that down. Write down that you indulged my delusion. I want a record of that. Go ahead, write it down.

(Pause.)

Adam: That is what you think, isn't it? That I'm delusional? Fuck, I'll bet you were told as much before you even met me. I'll bet that was at the top of my chart. Delusional, big red letters. Should've snuck a peek at that chart before you got in here. I mean, it's no big deal. You just kept me locked in a room for (raising voice towards the door) SIX DAYS STRAIGHT WITHOUT TALKING TO ME. (Lowering voice again) Shit, am I being juvenile? Does this go in my chart? Just tell me where the lines are.

Kirsten: The lines?

Adam: All principles flow according to the whims of the great magnet. You've never noticed the pull?

Kirsten: What do you mean?

(Pause. Adam lays down on the bed.)

Adam: So tell me I'm insane, tell me I've crossed a mythical boundary in my life that takes me from sane to insane. Is there a term for my condition?

Kirsten: I refuse to classify anything as a condition at this point.

Adam: Just let me check something, for my own peace of mind.

Kirsten: What?

Adam: VH1: Do they play Metallica?

Kirsten: Ha.

Adam: Whoa. Did you just laugh?

Kirsten: I said 'ha'.

Adam: That's all some people do. People with no sense of humor. That's you, isn't it? But I'll take that as a no. Metallica's not on VH1 yet.

(Pause.)

Adam: Let's see. What happened at Columbine High School?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Two students killed a bunch of classmates and a teacher.

Adam: Okay, that's one for you.

Kirsten: I'm glad I have your faith.

(Adam sits up and looks at her.)

Adam: Who invented the electronic heart?

Kirsten: Wenkel?

Adam: Can't see the forest for the...?

Kirsten: Trees.

Adam: Last US state?

Kirsten: Hawaii.

Adam: Not Alaska?

Kirsten: No, it's Hawaii. I'm pretty sure.

Adam: First man in space?

Kirsten: Gagarin.

Adam: First American?

Kirsten: John Glenn?

Adam: No points this round.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Do I pass your test?

(Adam stands up and walks over.)

Adam: (With sweeping motion over her head) I pardon you.

Kirsten: Why did you have a picture of the Canadian Prime Minister?

Adam: You hear that?

Kirsten: What?

Adam: You don't hear that?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: What?

Adam: Right there. That harmonica.

(Adam begins walking up to the wall.)

Kirsten: Adam, please-

Adam: (Pounding on wall) Hey, shut up in there! We're having a little date in here!

Kirsten: Adam, there's no music.

(Adam turns around and looks at her.)

Adam: You seriously don't hear that? It's taking over the fucking room.

Kirsten: Adam, sit down.

(Adam shakes his head and sits down.)

Kirsten: Adam.

Adam: Yeah?

Kirsten: Who sent you here?

Adam: Government. Big government. Shadow government. You know they've got two alternate governments set up to take over if anything happens to the real one? You know that?

Kirsten: It makes sense.

Adam: Makes sense? In a democracy? To create secret governments that are not elected, ready to take over if anything happens? That's democracy?

Kirsten: You have to be prepared for the worst.

Adam: We've got three days.

Kirsten: That's right.

Adam: And in three days this shadow government will take over when the asteroid hits. A clear line of ascendancy. Does that phrase mean anything to you?

Kirsten: I've never heard it before.

Adam: You'll hear it. If you get out of here. If you stay here, you're dead. Like I'm dead. I'm prepared for this. I wasn't expecting to live forever anyway. I knew what they'd do.

Kirsten: What will they do?

Adam: After the money has been made from the stock market, they'll send someone back to wipe me out. Someone trusted. Just so I don't screw up the future somehow.

Kirsten: And when would this happen?

Adam: There's an account that the stock money will be funneled into. It should start filling as soon as they send me, this being the past and all. High interest yield. I call the number on my arm if there's trouble. They send help. How about I get a phone call?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: You're not on a level to make a phone call yet.

Adam: Yeah, the whole graduated level system. I have to accomplish so much before I advance. It's all just what I'd expect to hear by now. I would just suggest that-

(Birds tweet outside the window.)

(Adam looks startled.)

Adam: You got the bird sounds already. That was fast. What is it, a tape loop? You gonna play them over and over?

(Pause.)

(Kirsten looks at her clipboard.)

Kirsten: You were found in a field near the border with a rifle.

Adam: So I'm told.

Kirsten: What did you do that day?

(Adam approaches Kirsten.)

Kirsten: Adam, please sit down.

Adam: You're a real pretty lady, you know that?

Kirsten: Adam, please.

(Kirsten puts her hand to her pocket.)

Kirsten: Shall I page the orderlies?

(Kirsten stands and takes a few steps back. Adam continues advancing.)

Adam: I guess that's your call.

(Kirsten backs up to the door.)

Adam: Pretty lady like you...

(The door buzzes and orderlies rush in and subdue Adam. Kirsten exits.)

Adam: (From bed) Thanks for playing! Tell her what she's won, Johnny!

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 5:

(Int. Kirsten's office. Kirsten sits in chair at desk, Caleb Jones stands by desk.)

Kirsten: I feel so bad for calling the orderlies in. It ruined the day's-

Caleb: I would rather you ere on the side of safety every time, Kirsten. Up and down the line.

Kirsten: I don't think he would have done anything.

Caleb: We're not paid to predict what they will do. They state has already done that, that is why they're here.

Kirsten: But it's our opinion of them that shapes our policy.

Caleb: Consider it the smart move. As close as you get, Kirsten, you never know what the other person's going to do. You understand me?

Kirsten: It's textbook. I'm pushing on a traumatic memory. Of course he's going to retaliate, try to intimidate. It's his one chance of regaining control of the situation.

Caleb: I expect a progress report about the therapy up to this point. And you will be in heap big trouble if you don't include today's events.

Kirsten: He was just-

Caleb: He was advancing to attack you. Possibly sexually.

Kirsten: I wouldn't characterize it as such, no.

Caleb: Well I would.

Kirsten: You're not in there with me.

Caleb: He was advancing on you. Enough said. Are we really gonna quibble over whether or not he was gonna hand you a flower when he got to you?

(Pause.)

(Kirsten seems lost in thought.)

Caleb: Kirsten!

Kirsten: Yeah. What?

Caleb: Just making sure I'm not talking to myself here. I expect a report about today's events. An overview of treatment up to this point. Has he been drawing?

Kirsten: I think he needs more supplies.

Caleb: We'll get him more. I'll have some sent to him immediately.

Kirsten: What do we do about his...

Caleb: Delusions?

Kirsten: I was going to say beliefs.

(Caleb sighs and shakes his head.)

Caleb: I'm afraid you're getting too close on this one, Kirsten. You know the routine. You should be sticking to it.

Kirsten: But this one's different.

Caleb: As I understand it, he believes the world will end in three days. Is this correct?

Kirsten: No, it's not.

Caleb: It's not?

Kirsten: He just thinks the northeast coast is going to be destroyed by an asteroid.

Caleb: What do we do with him when this doesn't happen? Do you have any ideas? As the primary, do you believe this will break his delusions?

Kirsten: It's hard to tell.

Caleb: Keep him drawing. Keep him calm.

Kirsten: He certainly seems resigned to his fate.

(Caleb pulls his pager out of his pocket.)

Kirsten: I can't say whether he'll break from the delusions or not. This may shatter them when it doesn't happen but he'll be even more vulnerable. But I would characterize his demeanor as calm, as accepting.

Caleb: No danger to anyone? Despite his actions today?

Kirsten: I would say it's safe. I just got scared. It was an intense situation. But I don't think he's anything less than completely accepting of his situation. It's surprising really.

Caleb: (Looking at pager) Funny you think so. Because he's just escaped.

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 6:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam stands at wall, pounding.)

Adam: Just shut up! Stop it! I can't sleep! Stop blowing that damn harmonica!

(The door buzzes and Kirsten enters.)

Adam: Wow. You came back.

Kirsten: You're my patient.

Adam: This is like the opposite of aversion therapy. You call in the orderlies on me and then show up the next day like nothing happened.

Kirsten: It's not the next day.

Adam: What?

Kirsten: You were sedated. It's been three days.

Adam: Three days?

Kirsten: That's right.

Adam: Is it 4:15 yet?

Kirsten: About ten till.

Adam: Well too late to get anywhere now. The end is nigh and so forth. You want me walking around with a big bell, telling everyone about the end of the world? Let me out in the hallway. Just give me that before I die.

Kirsten: We have some serious things to talk about.

Adam: Ten minutes won't be enough.

Kirsten: Do you remember escaping?

Adam: Oh, you mean when I slipped out ahead of the orderly?

Kirsten: You hit him in the back of the head.

Adam: Come on. Don't make a big deal out of it. I got to the elevator.

Kirsten: Your fatal mistake.

Adam: I couldn't very well take the stairs.

Kirsten: You should know that the elevator only goes down if you have a pass card.

Adam: So I made it to the elevators. You never brought me a pizza. Even?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: What are you going to do if an asteroid doesn't hit?

Adam: It will.

Kirsten: What if it doesn't?

(Pause.)

Adam: You ever been pregnant? You know, your boyfriend slips one past the goalie? You look like a back alley abortion kind of girl. Abortion's still legal right now, isn't it? Am I rambling? I'm running out of time. God damn it, would you STOP BLOWING THAT DAMN HARMONICA?!

Kirsten: Adam, calm down. Focus.

Adam: Get me to a room that faces south. I wanna see it come in.

Kirsten: You're restricted to your room until further notice.

Adam: Oh, big fucking change.

Kirsten: They're not happy when people try to escape.

Adam: How long now?

Kirsten: Five minutes.

Adam: So I tried to get out. Staying here is a death sentence. Too late now, but I took my shot and tried to do it. Is that really such a horrible thing? And what's it matter? We've got five minutes left.

(Kirsten pulls her pager out of her pocket.)

Adam: Here I am saying end of the world, end of the world. That old song. It's the end of the world and I feel fine. (Adam begins singing) It's the end of the world as we know it and I feel fiiiiiiiine. I- what?

(Kirsten looks up at him.)

Kirsten: I have to go.

Adam: What is it? Someone else escape?

Kirsten: Something's been sighted in the sky. Something's been...I have to go.

(Kirsten walks back to the door and lets herself out.)

Adam: PLAY THE HARMONICA NOW! ACCOMPANY ME! YOU KNOW THAT REM SONG?

LET'S GO OUT TOGETHER!

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

End Act 1.

Act 2

Scene 1:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam paces. The door buzzes and Kirsten enters.)

Adam: They did it. They fucking did it. You believe me now? You understand now?

(Kirsten lays down the briefcase she carries with her.)

Adam: What's in that? That the shot?

Kirsten: The shot?

Adam: It's all a mistake. They know where I am now, they've figured it out. Traced it back. There was an obituary or something, right? I die and my death shows up in the paper. Or it's government papers.

Medicare pays for my stay at this place, the next place. They trace it back to where I am now. They have to eliminate me.

Kirsten: Adam, nobody is trying to kill you.

Adam: Don't you see? They know where I am now. They're coming after me.

Kirsten: Would you like to talk about yesterday?

Adam: Okay, the asteroid. I know what happened. I get it, I understand. There was a missile, right?

Kirsten: Yes.

Adam: There was a missile and the government owned it. Is this a coincidence?

Kirsten: Adam, how did you know about the meteor?

Adam: What's in the briefcase? Seriously, what's in there? Is that the shot? Is there a gun in there?

Kirsten: Look for yourself.

Adam: Well it can't be a bomb because you'd be running now. They've sent at least one person back now, besides me. Probably claimed to be an amateur astronomer and saw the meteor approaching, alerted the government. They don't want people to panic so they keep it hushed up, am I off track yet? Is this what's in the papers? Can I see the paper? I wanna see the paper.

Kirsten: I happen to have brought one for you.

(She pulls a newspaper out of the briefcase and hands it to Adam.)

Adam: (While reading) You see that? You see?! Second paragraph, "The meteor, which posed a very deadly threat to the metropolitan area, was first reported by an amateur astronomer." An amateur astronomer, that's rich. So they did the deed. They figured, "Hey, why not just save New York and DC while we're at it?" Is that right? No, that can't be right. The order of things. DC wiped out by meteor, historic event, shadow government takes over. Unelected officials control the country and first act is to double the record budget of the military. Military's relying on that, they wouldn't kill the golden goose for such a simple reason as compassion.

Kirsten: Adam, you're rambling.

Adam: (Without acknowledging her interruption) I see what it is. They've set it up to make me look bad. To ruin my credibility. I'm no longer from the future. Hell, maybe this was even an attempt to save me. What can you do if you die before you were actually born? Does that screw up the whole world? Maybe this was a last ditch safety effort. The Stones, man, the fucking Stones! You hear that? He's playing the riff from Street Fighting Man over there. I hear it, you hear that?

(Kirsten looks uncomfortable.)

Adam: What the fuck, so the meteor didn't hit. I'm alive, for what it's worth. I'm gonna (Adam paces faster), I'm gonna, I'm gonna...

Kirsten: Adam, just calm down. Calm down.

Adam: Will you dance with me? How about that? Just a little dance? Celebrate the fact that we're both alive.

Kirsten: I believe that would be inappropriate.

Adam: I believe you still owe me a pizza. Come on, this is a breakthrough. I'm delusional. The future isn't a set thing. That's what the whole thing was about, right? Freedom of action. How quick are they going to kill me? Is this gonna be the end? This the goodbye speech? You got the shot with you in that briefcase?

(Kirsten bends down and opens the briefcase. Adam walks to the other side of the bed and crouches down for safety. Kirsten holds up a handful of pencils and a sketchbook.)

Adam: Oh, that's great. I do love drawing. It's the only thing that keeps me sane in here. See, that was another joke. You didn't laugh again, I didn't even get you to say "ha". I consider it a failure. I've failed

again. But now I'm not crazy, right? This delusion is manageable, yes? Can we talk about this? Talk meaning dance. I want a dance, you owe me one. Just to celebrate being alive.

(Pause.)

(Kirsten sighs.)

Kirsten: One quick one. Just for a little bit.

(Adam comes around the bed and takes Kirsten's hand. They begin swaying from side to side.)

Adam: Yeah, this is nice.

Kirsten: Just for a little bit. We're going to stop in a minute.

(A harmonica begins playing from the other side of the wall.)

(They dance for about thirty seconds.)

(Kirsten pulls away. The harmonica fades away.)

Kirsten: Adam, did you work for the government?

Adam: Of course I did. How do you think I got into the time travel program?

Kirsten: Do you have your ID card?

Adam: I'm in pajamas here. Where'd my clothes go?

Kirsten: I can get them for you if you'd like.

Adam: They took my shoes. Even my shoes.

Kirsten: I can get you your shoes but not the laces.

(Adam laughs. Adam starts laughing and just can't stop.)

Kirsten: Adam?

Adam: Just give me a minute. Let me digest (laughter) let me digest (laughter) let me absorb the idea that I'm so (laughter) crazy that I can't even have shoelaces. Am I crazy, Kirsten?

Kirsten: We don't use that word here.

Adam: I mean, I don't know. I could be (makes distorted faces) a fucking loon. But I've lost the ability to believe anything about myself. You've broken me, whatever that means. I can't decide if this is all one bad dream or what.

(Pause.)

Adam: But now I know they're after me. I know they've sent more people back and I'm in danger because of it. Tell me I'm crazy. Tell me this is all some crazy dream I've concocted.

Kirsten: How did you know there was a meteor coming?

Adam: You really want to know?

Kirsten: Yes.

Adam: I heard about it in my job. I work with the Department of Defense. Naturally this fell under our jurisdiction, we were charged with defending the country. I heard about it through my job.

Kirsten: Uh huh.

Adam: All that stuff about me being from the future, that was a delusional fixation caused by disorientation after the coma. I was frightened and disoriented and I latched onto a sick dream I had and thought that was the truth. Now I see things as they are. It's 1999 and I've never traveled in time. Okay? Can I get out now?

Kirsten: I don't believe you, Adam.

(Adam throws up his hands.)

Adam: I say the truth, you want lies. I tell you lies, you say you don't believe me. The bigger the lie, the more people will want to believe it.

Kirsten: Does quoting Hitler really make you think that you'll be mentally healthy in the eyes of others?

Adam: Wow. That was practically a joke. Done in a horrible way and drained of humor, as is your style. But even so, wow. That really got me, Kirsten.

Kirsten: Dr. Williams.

(Adam looks hurt.)

Adam: Just leave the sketchbook. Put it on the floor, leave it there. Then you can leave.

Kirsten: I have rounds to make. I just wanted to check in. We're worried about you.

Adam: I've got a sketchbook. I can keep occupied now. It was the lack of anything to do that was really driving me crazy.

Kirsten: We don't use that word here.

Adam: And yet I don't drop dead.

(Kirsten looks at him emotionlessly.)

(Kirsten walks to the door, puts her badge up to the sensor. Door buzzes and she exits. Adam walks over to the sketchbook and sits down. He begins drawing.)

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 2:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam lays on the floor, drawing. Kirsten sits on bed.)

Adam: The hologram's flickering again.

Kirsten: If we could just-

Adam: How am I to believe this is an actual place if the hologram flickers?

(Pause.)

Adam: You ever read any Kierkegaard? His effects on Heidegger? Concepts of shame and morality? Great thinker, fucking Copenhagen or wherever. Living or dead?

Kirsten: Dead.

Adam: Okay, that's one for you. Big gold star on your chart.

Kirsten: What were your plans?

Adam: I was planning on walking out of here a free man. I was planning on having a cheeseburger made with real meat, now that it's before the advent of the soy burger in fast food restaurants. You ever thought that would happen? Food poisoning worries and lawsuits over fatty foods, it all became soy products. No one wants to eat there anymore and there's a whole generation that's never had real meat. Fucking shame, isn't it? These conservationists, PETA, the animal people. Fucking hell. They said, you know, it takes 20,000 gallons of water to make one pound of beef, or whatever. Total conservationists, total...whatever. If they really want to reduce suffering, shouldn't they be planting and growing their own food?

Kirsten: Your plans for the Canadian Prime Minister is what I was talking about.

Adam: I had no plans. I think this may have all been a set up.

Kirsten: Were you planning to shoot him?

Adam: Why would I do that?

Kirsten: Answer the question.

Adam: How many questions are there?

Kirsten: We won't continue until you've answered this one.

Adam: What do you think has happened to me?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I think it's quite clear what's happened to you. I'm just trying to find out what you were doing before you were sent here.

Adam: You think I'm a tool of big government? You think I've traveled back in time?

Kirsten: I'm concerned with what brought you here.

Adam: But I'm not safe here anymore. Things have gone off the tracks. Maybe I have too. Maybe this is all a delusional episode brought on by bad egg salad.

Kirsten: I would like to try a radical approach in your therapy.

Adam: You're gonna put me to sleep? You got the shot with you?

Kirsten: There is no shot. We do not put people to sleep.

Adam: So what is this? A halfway house for crazy people?

Kirsten: We don't use that word-

Adam: I know. I do it to fluster you. I can't make you laugh and shocked, repressed outrage seems to be the only means of expression you have.

Kirsten: You still see us as adversaries, don't you?

(Pause.)

(Adam stands up.)

Adam: Take this drawing. Take it away and put it wherever they all go. You think I don't notice when the orderlies sneak in during the night and take away all my drawings? What are they afraid of? I'm gonna papercut myself to death? Is this the level we're working at?

Kirsten: I would like to know what you remember about-

Adam: Wait a second. Wait. Just wait. It's coming. The frog noise.

Kirsten: The frog noise?

Adam: The frog. They were trying to get the birds but there's a frog in there. It shows up every two hours or so. I can't measure time in here except by counting the seconds and my abilities may be less than spectacular. But I can feel when it's coming. You listening?

(Pause.)

(A frog croaks.)

Adam: You hear that? Did you hear it?

Kirsten: I did.

Adam: God damn, I love that frog.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: What's the last thing you remember before the hospital?

Adam: You know, I'm not getting any younger. How much of my life can be wasted in here? The whole thing? Is this the end of Mighty Mouse? You ever seen that show?

Kirsten: Yes, when I was young.

Adam: After the economy nosedived, they couldn't afford to make original entertainment anymore. All they showed on television was old stuff. Mighty Mouse was on. I watched that show all the time. Here he comes to save the day. You know what I think of when I hear that line?

Kirsten: What?

Adam: Bullshit. Fucking bullshit. Nobody's ever going to come along and save the world.

Kirsten: Isn't that what you were doing?

Adam: The American way of life is not the world.

(Pause.)

Adam: You remember the Red Scare?

Kirsten: I wasn't born yet.

Adam: But you know of it.

Kirsten: Sure. We studied it.

Adam: Does that whole thing make sense? Why was the government so afraid of people swinging to the far left? If the majority believes that way, does it not make it a reality in America? Right? You see what I'm saying?

Kirsten: I'm not sure I do.

Adam: This is a democracy. Majority rule. And if the majority decides that democracy isn't the right way, then they can try something else. That's the end result of democracy. Replacing it with something else when we have the chance.

Kirsten: Are you advocating an overthrow of the government?

(Pause.)

Adam: I'm saying that maybe we deserve that chance. Because I know what happens. I know that the shadow government is going to take over and start what can only be described as a fascist regime. With a parade of democracy to distract. What choice is there? There's two candidates that support the same things, you call that a choice?

Kirsten: Are you talking about now or in the future?

Adam: Maybe now is the future. Everything changes from this point onward. Because life has been altered. They sent someone else back and changed the biggest event of the new millenium.

(Pause.)

Adam: You know, nobody would go into the future. That was one of the things they wanted to try. But no one would go.

Kirsten: Why not?

Adam: You'd go, right?

Kirsten: I don't know.

Adam: You would go. You know already. I've told you what happens.

(Pause.)

Adam: Nobody would go because it's a death sentence with no clear conclusion. You can't get back to the present once you've travelled. And you never know what the future holds. Maybe there's a nuclear war and you end up as the only person still alive. Living in radioactive misery.

(Pause.)

Adam: When I came back to this time, the building that the time machine was in had not been built yet. I landed in an industrial park, in the middle of a field near a state route. What's the future hold? What if the building was destroyed and rebuilt? You flash into a block of concrete, smashed to pieces right there. You see what I'm saying?

Kirsten: The future is too dangerous?

Adam: The future is unknown. And that's what we're scared of.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: What were you drawing there?

Adam: I sketch geometric shapes in various positions, interlocking, intersecting, interacting. It calms me.

Kirsten: Have you done this your whole life?

Adam: Does it matter?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I have to go.

Adam: Can I go with you?

Kirsten: I have rounds to make.

Adam: I'm calm now, right? My delusion is breaking. I'm telling you what you want to hear. I'm answering your questions. Why can't I just get out in the hall?

Kirsten: I want you to be honest with me for once.

Adam: Right now? Before you go out on your rounds?

Kirsten: Yes. And at all times.

Adam: You want me to be honest? Well, fuck, that's...that's just...fuck. Would you- You tell me what to say. Okay? Can you do that? You tell me what you want to hear and I'll be out of your way and you can pat yourself on the back over a job well done. Another looney returned to the outside, sane as a marmoset. And don't bother saying it, I know you don't use those words here. But if it looks like it, smells like it, tastes like it, you call it what it is.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I can't tell you what to say because there is no right answer.

Adam: No right answer. But a lot of wrong ones.

Kirsten: You shouldn't be thinking of things in terms of right and wrong.

Adam: I'm sorry, but isn't that how we're raised? That there are right things to say and wrong things? And you make a whole career out of saying the right things at the right times. In your teenage years they give you the room to say the wrong things, it's forgiven. It's...I'm rambling, aren't I? Does this go on the report?

Kirsten: Would you like it to?

(Pause.)

Adam: What's on that chart? What's it say about me? If I were to get ahold of your notes, what would they say about me?

Kirsten: I'm sure you understand that I can't tell you that.

Adam: God damn. Again with the fucking harmonica. What the fuck?!

(Harmonica begins playing behind the wall.)

Adam: Do you hear that?

Kirsten: Yes, I do.

Adam: Who is that over there? Who's in the room next to me?

Kirsten: A patient.

Adam: Is it fucking Bob Dylan?

Kirsten: No.

Adam: Who is it? Who is that?

Kirsten: I can't reveal any information about other patients here.

Adam: They're gonna come in here. They're gonna kill me. You know that don't you?

Kirsten: You're perfectly safe here.

Adam: Fuck yeah, I am. Sure. Can't even get my shoelaces back. That's how fucking safe I am. I'm in no danger because you won't let me be. I know exactly what you mean. But do you understand what I mean?

Kirsten: I'm afraid I don't.

Adam: I'm a liability now. I endanger things here. That's why you've got me locked up. You know that I'm trouble. That's why you've got me stuck in here, so I can't cause any damage. I understand everything.

(Kirsten pulls her pager out of her pocket and looks at it.)

Adam: What's this? You've gotta go?

Kirsten: I do. I'm sorry. It's an emergency.

(Pause.)

Adam: So fucking go. Get out. Leave me here alone with my drawings and my last gasping breath of sanity.

Kirsten: I will come back. I will come back immediately. I'd like to continue talking about this.

(Adam lays down on the bed with his back to Kirsten.)

(Kirsten stands and walks to door. She holds up ID badge to reader, door buzzes, she exits.)

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 3:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam stands at window.)

(Door buzzes and Kirsten enters.)

Adam: Took you long enough.

Kirsten: I'm sorry.

Adam: I was asking about you. I asked the good man in the white shirt where you were. You're tougher to get through to than the president.

Kirsten: As I said, I apologize.

Adam: Well yeah, but the least you could do is check in on me.

Kirsten: There was an emergency situation I had to deal with.

Adam: What happened? Someone get ahold of their shoelaces?

(Pause.)

(Adam turns around.)

Adam: What? What is it?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Nothing.

Adam: Doesn't look like nothing.

Kirsten: Can we continue our discussion.

Adam: Discussion. *Discussion*, do you? That's rich. That's- God damn, that's practically funny. What you really mean is will I dig my grave deeper while you write it all down. Right?

Kirsten: I wouldn't characterize it as-

Adam: Well I would. So please, for my own peace of mind, so I can chart my own progress, where do I stand? Can we just put it bluntly?

Kirsten: I'm not sure what you're asking.

Adam: There's these two worlds and I don't know what's real. I can't do much of anything from here. I feel like if I could get out of here and start living again, I might find the path. You ever lost your way?

Kirsten: Well sure, who hasn't?

Adam: A girl like you... You ever been married?

Kirsten: You've asked me this.

Adam: Has the answer changed?

Kirsten: No.

Adam: What was the answer?

(Pause.)

Adam: Well tell me this. Let me ask you this, you just tell me the truth. Am I going to get out of here?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: At this time I would recommend against release because you have yet to begin working with me in regards to your therapeutic needs.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Adam?

(Adam begins pacing.)

Adam: I ran out of paper. I can't draw anything.

Kirsten: Can we talk about these two lives you're living?

Adam: I'm trying to make sense of them because I think they may overlap.

Kirsten: In what way?

Adam: I know this is some sort of secret holding facility. That this is a government controlled compound and I've been tucked here to be kept out of the way. It all makes sense. From the time I left, time travel was possible. This goes both ways. It stands to reason that time travel was not possible before my time and was naturally possible after my time. I foresee things, I hear whispers behind cupped hands. So time travel becomes even more common after I left. People are sent back all the time. Everything is designed to culminate in better prospects for...whatever.

(Pause.)

Adam: I'm losing it. I'm, uh...you know? I can't explain all of it. I don't even know if you know. Surely you must know. This is all some sick process. You keep me locked in here because I know too much or whatever. They must have started this time travel program years ago to have the technology ready in 2036. Say it takes fifty years to crack the procedure. That means it started in the 80s. That means you people know everything about this stuff, you've prepared for the eventuality that someone will travel back in time.

(Pause.)

Adam: Why has no one ever heard of the facility that housed the machine? Because it's not built yet. But it's planned for. There's a big barbed wire fence around the site with armed guards, just waiting for someone from the future to travel back. And here I am, here I fell. And they put me in this institution to crack my brain and figure out what's coming. There was no amateur astronomer, that was me. I gave you enough details and the government springs into action. Missile goes up, a credit given to a non-existing person. Why would they send anyone else back? To make the money, to play the stock market like I was supposed to, but not to save the government. They're relying on that government to be destroyed so the shadow government can take over. They need this. And what am I? The liability that ruined that.

(Pause.)

Adam: That's one possibility. The most likely one. I'm giving the information while you carry on this charade. I don't believe for a second that this is a hospital. You know how I know?

Kirsten: How?

Adam: That harmonica.

Kirsten: What harmonica?

Adam: On the other side of the wall.

Kirsten: And what does that prove?

(Pause.)

Adam: Nothing that can make you feel that free would ever be allowed in a place like this.

(Pause.)

(Kirsten sits on bed and begins writing on clipboard.)

Adam: I'm not complaining. I'm not arguing with you about taking notes. I've given myself over to the blah blah blah and found acceptance. Let me kneel before Jesus and Mary and the Holy Ghost and forgive me for my sins and maybe, just maybe, I'll be let out of here when I'm old and have a couple marbles still rolling in my head. When it finally becomes my present and I'm no longer a danger to the world. That's the best case scenario.

(Pause.)

(Kirsten continues writing.)

Kirsten: And what's the other possibility?

Adam: What?

Kirsten: You said that was just one possibility. What is the other?

Adam: Oh god, let's see now. There's the possibility that I was a trained operative operating under hypnotic suggestion to eliminate a political rival. That's the idea that you're most likely looking at given what you've told me about how I was found. If I was found. All I remember is falling out of thin air onto the ground. You know why I fell from thin air?

Kirsten: Why?

Adam: Tectonic activity. Plates shifting. Sure, I would have fallen three feet anyway because of the height of the time travel machine. But there was an extra couple, three, feet that I fell because the ground was higher in my time. There's a fun little fact for you to wrap your head around. Shit, I need a smoke. I don't think I've ever so desperately needed a smoke like this in my entire life.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: These are interesting situations you've presented me with.

Adam: Oh yeah, I'm a superstar. Could write a novel.

Kirsten: What do you believe is the most likely scenario? Do you think we have recreated the outside world on a grand scale just to keep you locked away? Do you believe we play a tape of birds tweeting and there's a hologram outside the window? Why would we do that? What do we have to hide you from? Why wouldn't we let you see the real world?

(Pause.)

Adam: I don't think I like any of these questions. I don't like them one bit.

Kirsten: Make the leap. Make it, Adam. I see it in your eyes. I know you understand the truth.

Adam: I never...

Kirsten: You never...

Adam: I never traveled in time.

Kirsten: That's right.

(Pause.)

Adam: Fine, we'll play it your way. But I want you to explain something to me. I seriously want to know the answer to this.

Kirsten: Okay.

Adam: If I never traveled in time and I lived here in, what, 1999? If I lived here my whole life up to this point...why do I have memories of living after that? And not just isolated memories like childhood, but full memories from teenage onwards. How is that possible?

Kirsten: There is a notion in the scientific community, the psychiatric community. Much of the last two decades have been dedicated to the idea of memory. We've honed our skills on determining behavior, not

perfectly but in an effective manner, and now the focus is on memory. It is suggested that memories do not exist in a vacuum. They are continually disrupted by events we call disruptions. False memories can be implanted. Possibly through hypnosis.

Adam: So, just to be clear on this, you think that my memory's been tampered with?

Kirsten: I've never quite seen this level of false memory before. It makes me think that it was manufactured and instituted by very talented people. For a reason.

Adam: Oh great, the truth will finally come out. Tell me what your opinion is, Kirsten.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: I believe you were a government operative set up to assassinate a foreign leader for political purposes. These memories you have, this other life you say you've lived, was implanted in you to protect the government in case of capture or mission failure.

Adam: I'm a sacrificial lamb.

Kirsten: In telling you this, I hope you understand that I am reaching out and trying to assuage your fears that I consider you to be delusional.

Adam: Assuage. What a pretty word that is.

Kirsten: I'm trying to offer my opinion based on the evidence I've uncovered.

(Pause.)

Adam: So my whole life has been a lie?

Kirsten: This is a lot to take in, I know. We had a staff meeting today and I fought very vocally for release of this information to you. This is our concerted opinion on the matter.

Adam: So I'm not insane, I've been manipulated psychologically?

Kirsten: That is my suspicion.

Adam: Well shit. Let the healing begin. And I shall be set free and all that good nonsense. Let me out of here.

Kirsten: It's not that simple.

Adam: You're making me paranoid. I'm a tool of the government, beset by dark forces for a Manchurian Candidate assassination.

Kirsten: Would you like some time alone to think about this?

Adam: Yeah, I think I would.

Kirsten: I will leave you for a couple of hours. I have a meeting to attend anyway.

Adam: Shit, this is something else. I can't believe you revealed the diagnosis. Or that you seem to be on my side. Does a lot of good though, doesn't it? Still can't even get out in the hall.

Kirsten: Adam, just calm down.

(Adam punches the wall.)

Adam: Motherfucker! Let me out! Let me out of here!

Kirsten: Adam-

Adam: Motherfucker! Motherfuckers! Hey, let me out!

(The door buzzes and two orderlies enter. Adam turns and faces them.)

Adam: Everything's fine, fellas. Everything's fine. Just working out some kinks.

(Kirsten waves them away and they begin to exit.)

Adam: Just testing the integrity of the walls, guys. No worries, looks like I'm as stuck as I ever was.

Kirsten: I'm going to go, Adam. I want you to think about what we've discussed.

(Kirsten leaves.)

(Adam stares at the tattoo on his forearm.)

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 4:

(Int. meeting room. Kirsten, Caleb, Dr. Mulinix, and two gentlemen (Dennis Clark and Jeff Clarkson) in suits sit around table.)

Dennis: Okay, if we could, I'd like to talk about developments since our last meeting.

Caleb: The patient's motor skills and-

Jeff: What are his cognitive faculties like? Is he aware of...you know?

Kirsten: Adam is still delusional in terms of relative-

Jeff: And who are you?

Caleb: I'm sorry, this is Kirsten Williams. She's the primary.

Jeff: Oh, very well. Let's ask some questions here. Does he know his delusions have been indulged? And do we continue?

Kirsten: I think this whole process has been one of indulging delusions. We have presented him with new avenues in an attempt to-

Jeff: Oh, fine fine. That's fine.

Caleb: Kirsten, I'd like to know if you feel these delusions have broken or mutated.

Kirsten: Well we keep mutating things. We have to react to his delusions. We have to feed them and offer alternatives.

Dennis: I think we should be pulling this in at this point. In light of the events of the last forty-eight hours, this has to be pulled in. Something has to be done.

Caleb: We're not thinking of plan b are we?

Dennis: I think that's exactly what we're talking about here.

Kirsten: It's too soon to tell anything. For god's sake, he's missed one. One! Just one. One is so insignificant that-

Jeff: Missed one that ended up killing almost 100,000 people. Can you imagine if this had been New York City? With five million casualties? How many excuses do you plan on making for this guy?

Kirsten: I'm not saying that this was not important. I'm saying in the larger scheme of things-

Jeff: I'm still waiting to hear something useful from you, Dr. Williams.

Kirsten: We're talking about plan b after one miss? This is what I'm arguing against.

Dr. Mulinix: If I could just interrupt here, I'd like to say that Kirsten has obviously gotten too close to this patient and can not-

Kirsten: The hell I have!

Mulinix: Doctor, please. I listened to you.

(Pause.)

Mulnix: As I was saying, I think it would be best if treatment was reassigned to another primary. I would be happy to take on the responsibility. As for plan b...

Caleb: We're not making any judgements, Kirsten.

Kirsten: You're talking about plan b after he missed one. Just one. You ever taken a test? You get 100% every time?

Jeff: Dr. Williams, this is not a test. This is the supreme struggle of good over evil and it should not be considered a test.

Kirsten: It was an analogy, possibly a bad one. I'm just saying that maybe he needs to understand what's going on rather than being lied to.

Jeff: Oh, that's fine, that's fine. To be clear, we are talking about plan b here as the last alternative. This man obviously has some frightening powers.

Kirsten: And he is severely confused, caused in large part by the work we've done.

Caleb: I wouldn't characterize it as such, Kirsten, no. He was delusional before he was brought to this facility.

Kirsten: And we've indulged those delusions callously to get what we want. Is that not true?

Jeff: Dr. Williams, you haven't said one thing that I can agree with during this meeting.

Kirsten: If we're going to kill him, why are we still going to lie to him?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Do you realize he expects to be killed? He's waiting for it. Because of what we've done here. And now we're going to kill him?! For a reason he doesn't understand?

Caleb: I reject your conclusion that we will be killing him. He will be-

Kirsten: Pick a euphemism, it doesn't matter. The end result is that he will die.

Jeff: Dr. Williams, I think you know full well that his skills are too valuable to fall into the wrong hands.

He's pinpointed as many of our targets as others. That means, well what if the terrorists got ahold of him?

What if they learned the technique to decipher and were able to strike us where we are weak because of him? What good would that do anyone?

(Pause.)

Jeff: I think we need to seriously consider plan b as the only option left at this point.

Kirsten: Give him another chance. That's all I'm asking.

Caleb: Kirsten, we've given him multiple chances since the incident. He's led to nothing now. Not one usable target. Out of how many? 60, 70 drawings? How many chances does he get? Up and down the line, it's American, American, American. Nuclear power plants that have lax security, you want the terrorists to learn that information? What airports can't detect the new form of Symtex?

Kirsten: I never said we had to let him out. But why kill him?

Jeff: It's what he knows, Dr. Williams.

Kirsten: What does he know? What does he know other than what we've fed him?

Dennis: (Looking at paper) And I quote: Adam no longer believes this is a hospital facility. He is under the impression that it is a government facility blanketed in a hologram exterior and pre-manufactured bird sounds.

Kirsten: And what does that prove?

Dennis: That he's figuring it out, Dr. Williams. If he's discovered this much, despite our best efforts, who knows how far his memory and applied intelligence will extend? He's making leaps of intuition or whatever. Make no mistake, this guy is...

Jeff: He's right, you know. This guy has special gifts and the whole operation would be seriously threatened if he continues to make these cognitive leaps. What if he quits drawing at all? Just refuses to do it? Is that any different than giving us this crap? This garbage? Is it?

(Pause.)

Kirsten: So we're going to continue lying to him and then just kill him?

Jeff: I still take exception with the use of that word. We would eliminate the threat, yes. We haven't even touched on his psychic abilities. What was it Princeton said, Dennis?

Dennis: The most amazing pre-cognitive and extra sensory abilities ever recorded by any institution.

Jeff: You see? How long before he discovers this himself? How long before he sends word out?

Kirsten: He thinks this is 1999. He doesn't have anyone to send word to.

Jeff: But who's to say that will stop him? The Princeton people said that he's essentially unable to control his abilities. They happen by instinct and he operates in such a manner. He has the ability to get the word out about this facility, this project. And how would you feel standing before the press saying that we let 100,000 people die despite our secret project to prevent such a travesty? Who's gonna take that responsibility? You, Dr. Williams?

(Pause.)

Jeff: No, we have to think about plan b. For our own protection. This project dies with him.

Kirsten: You can't give him one more chance to turn it around?

Jeff: I'm really getting sick of your attitude, Dr. Williams. We're talking about the welfare of 325 million people. There are other pre-cogs available. We have been using them for over eighteen years. And when they reach the end of the road, they are disposed of in the interests of national security.

Kirsten: But he's the last. He's the last, am I right?

(Pause.)

Caleb: He may be the last but that doesn't mean he will continue. How long do we wait?

Jeff: That's right. That's just right. How long do we wait? Long enough for him to figure it out and use his powers against us? We're not even sure if he has mind control.

Kirsten: He hasn't attempted to harm anyone or himself.

Caleb: I remember not too long ago you had to retreat with the help of the orderlies as he was advancing on you. And you still say that he hasn't tried to-

Kirsten: I just got scared. I have no doubt that I was safe the entire time.

(Pause.)

Jeff: Dr. Williams, your objections have been noted. And I'd like to thank you for coming in and offering your opinions. Now if you, and Dr. Mulinix, will excuse us, we have other things to discuss in private.

(Pause.)

(Kirsten stands up angrily and storms out.)

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

Scene 5:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam lays on floor, drawing. Door buzzes and Caleb enters.)

Caleb: Hello, Adam.

Adam: Where's Kirsten?

Caleb: You will respond only to the content of my statements, understand?

Adam: Sure. Who are you?

(Pause.)

Caleb: My name is Caleb Jones and I am the chief administrator of this facility.

Adam: You're the voice that goes boom.

Caleb: I am primarily in charge of-

Adam: Where's Kirsten? What is this?

(Door buzzes and Kirsten enters.)

Kirsten: Adam-

Caleb: Doctor, please.

Kirsten: Sorry.

Caleb: It is my duty to inform you that you are a ward of the United States government under provisions laid out by National Security Memorandum 18336. This is classified under U.S. law. I can provide you with a copy of the memorandum if-

Adam: Kirsten, what is this?

Kirsten: (To Caleb) He's not ready yet.

Caleb: We're running out of time.

(Pause.)

Caleb: Adam Thompson, we are offering you this one last chance to be a useful member of your country.

Adam: If I don't start getting some answers-

Caleb: You'll what? Escape down the elevator shaft again?

Kirsten: Adam, none of this is my idea.

Adam: Who's idea is it?

Caleb: We don't need to bring in a video camera to tape this do we? You plan on cooperating don't you, Adam?

Adam: Cooperating with what? What is going on here?

Caleb: Adam Thompson, you are right in assuming this is not a hospital. It has been a hospital but it is no longer used as such. This is a government institution dedicated to the housing of special government agents.

Adam: I'm a government agent? Kirsten? I was hypnotized and brainwashed to assassinate someone?

Caleb: You have never been an active member of the defense department in the field. You work behind the scenes. You do this work unbeknownst to yourself.

Adam: Kirsten?

Caleb: Eyes on me, Adam. I'm trying to explain things to you.

(Pause.)

Caleb: You are what we call a pre-cog. That is a pre-cognitive individual. Do you remember the diagram games?

Adam: What is this?

Caleb: There were daily diagram games in the newspaper. You were to draw diagrams that linked key areas through non-conventional techniques. I can't imagine a better way to describe it because it was quite a complex operation. But that was the starting point, that was how we identified and recruited pre-cogs. Those with pre-cognitive abilities are able to quite effortlessly pinpoint radical and unique rhythms within the numbers.

Adam: And what was I used for?

Caleb: Please, let me explain.

(Pause.)

Caleb: In the course of your diagram entries, all subtly coerced by promise of big cash payoffs, we found the unique patterns inherent to pre-cogs. These patterns can be applied to world maps, intersecting points

and blank spaces precursing terrorist activity in latitude and longitude. Even among the pre-cogs, you were unique. You were able to not only identify points of upcoming attacks, you were able to pinpoint locations that terrorists were training at and planning and various things. This is an unholy power you have and science, even at this late date-

Adam: What year is it?

Kirsten: Adam, it's-

Caleb: Doctor, please. You may attend but not participate.

(Pause.)

Caleb: It is 2036.

Adam: The time I left?

Caleb: You never left anything, Adam. There was no time travel.

Adam: There was. I know there was.

Caleb: A tragic flaw of all pre-cogs. We are unable to understand even their powers, let alone their mentality. But it is accepted fact that pre-cogs are short-lived and destined for madness. There seems to be something about the, previously untapped, ability of premonition that leads to mental illness. We near worked to death the first 200 when the program started in the mid-70s.

Adam: Mid-70s. You've been doing this over 50 years?

Caleb: With increasing efficiency.

Kirsten: Adam, you don't have to be scared. This is-

Caleb: Dr. Williams, please. Now, Adam-

Adam: Who the fuck are you? What are you doing here?

Caleb: You were noticed quite quickly with your abilities. We extracted you and-

Adam: What's that mean? What's extracted? How'd you extract me?

Kirsten: You were removed from your environment and all ties to your life were cut.

Adam: You told everyone I died?

Caleb: The life you knew was over. In every way, you were dead.

(Pause.)

Caleb: But with your exceptional gifts, you were even more prone to psychosis. It quickly became apparent that you were sliding into an episode. To the best of our knowledge, you believed you were involved in a government experiment involving time travel.

Adam: 1994. 1994.

Caleb: Our records showed 1999. We had to maintain this illusion based on our records. We were worried your delusion would collapse if we had changed our answer. So we were forced to restructure the environment to reflect 1999 once you were informed that was the date.

(Pause.)

Caleb: Obviously our intelligence was flawed. And it led to problems in the course of...

Kirsten: Treatment?

Adam: I don't think there was ever treatment.

Caleb: That's correct. As you've surmised by now, the hospital and treatment were fabricated to keep you occupied while we gauged your mental state.

Adam: And how's the noggin? Any major problems in there?

Caleb: We've broken the delusion of time travel, I believe.

Adam: Only after you told me this.

Caleb: We are concerned about your abilities.

(Pause.)

Adam: What's the concern?

Caleb: Your recent work has been irrelevant. You have not produced a viable tip in a week. And there was a major terrorist attack that had a high death toll.

Adam: And you're not coming here to pat me on the back for my past work.

Caleb: We are here to offer you one more chance and the truth. We feel your delusions are at a point to be broken. You've shown as much by your unraveling of the production here.

Adam: What happens to a pre-cog after they've gone insane?

Caleb: You are the first to be awarded this much attention. I have to admit, your abilities are beyond anything we've ever experienced before. Normally we just...

Adam: You just...

Caleb: We move on to other prospects.

Adam: You dispose of the problem.

Caleb: Yes.

Adam: But you gave me a little extra attention.

Kirsten: Adam, you are the last pre-cog. There's no explanation for it. Maybe it was a genetic thing that's been weeded out over the course of the new millenium.

Caleb: It's irrelevant. We are running out of options here.

Adam: Kirsten-

Caleb: Talk to me, not Dr. Williams.

Adam: Kirsten-

Caleb: To me or I'll have her leave. You understand?

Adam: So, what? I'm gonna be killed? I've lost whatever magic I had and now I'm gonna get killed because of it?

Caleb: Your continued residency in this facility is dependent on-

Adam: You're gonna kill me. Kirsten-

Caleb: Dr. Williams, please leave the room.

Adam: Kirsten-

Kirsten: Adam-

Caleb: Now, Dr. Williams.

(Kirsten exits.)

Caleb: Now that you are no longer distracted-

(Adam stands and begins pacing.)

Caleb: Adam, do you understand the lay of the land now?

Adam: Yeah, I got it. I get one chance-

Caleb: 48 hours.

Adam: I get 48 hours to produce another lead for you. And if I can't do it, then you'll kill me.

Caleb: That's about the short and long of it. But I want you to know that we are not intent on killing you. We would be very happy if you continued providing us with the information we need. But we have contingency plans. You are to be a test subject. We will map your genome and see if there is any genetic make up to your pre-cognitive abilities.

(Caleb opens a folder and gives it to Adam.)

Caleb: Here is the release form to turn your body over to our scientific research. I'll need you to sign this.

Adam: And what if I don't? Is there some kind of law preventing you from doing this? If I don't sign it?

Caleb: Of course there is.

Adam: Really?

Caleb: And concurrent to National Security Memorandum 18336, that law has been waived in this case.

Adam: Shit.

Caleb: If you would just sign it right there. Middle of the page and at the bottom. Initial at the top.

(Adam signs and hands it to Caleb.)

Caleb: Mighty Mouse?

Adam: You want a signature, bring back Kirsten. I'm through talking to you.

(Adam lays down on the bed with his back to Caleb. Caleb walks to door and knocks on it. Door buzzes and Caleb exits.)

Scene 6:

(Int. Adam's room. Adam lays on bed. Door buzzes and Kirsten enters.)

Kirsten: Adam, can we talk?

Adam: I'm getting better. I knew you were coming in five minutes before you came.

(Kirsten stares.)

Adam: Still humorless. I saw that coming too.

(Pause.)

Adam: So is this the truth? They really going to kill me?

Kirsten: I'm here to ask you if you have a preference for your last meal.

Adam: So that's that? It's settled?

Kirsten: I want you to know that this is out of my hands. You understand that don't you?

Adam: They turned off the bird tape. There are no birds anymore.

Kirsten: Birds were wiped out by a plague that spread from Asia.

Adam: So that's it? No more birds, no more Adam? Time to go?

(Kirsten does not answer.)

Adam: Over fifty diagram drawings the last two days. Fifty. Not one was usable?

Kirsten: It actually made things worse.

Adam: How's that?

Kirsten: We had special forces invade a small village in the Middle East. Attempting to crack down on possible terrorist activity based on your diagram. A child was shot in the melee. Public relations nightmare.

(Pause.)

Adam: Fuck. I knew this kind of thing was coming. I thought I was dead. 1994, 1999, 2036, whatever. The time had come. And I was prepared. But now I know it's coming, for real coming, and...

(Kirsten stares at him from across the room. She holds up a small box.)

Adam: What's that? Is that the shot?

Kirsten: It's a sedative. To ease you into things.

Adam: They're gonna kill me here? What method?

Kirsten: Injection.

Adam: But that's not the shot.

Kirsten: This is just a sedative. To quell your fear.

(Pause.)

Kirsten: Do you have a preference for a last meal?

Adam: I've never been less hungry in my life.

(Kirsten removes a needle from the box and approaches him.)

Adam: Do it quick. While I'm not looking.

(Kirsten jabs the needle in his shoulder while his head is turned.)

Adam: Not bad.

Kirsten: Needles are less dull than they were just 20 years ago.

(Adam stands up and starts swaying.)

Adam: Dance with me again. Dance with me like when we thought the world was going to end.

Kirsten: I never thought the world was going to end.

(Adam reaches out and grabs her hand. They begin dancing.)

Adam: You're gonna be the last girl I ever see, aren't you?

Kirsten: Yeah, I guess I am.

Adam: Thank god for how you smell. The way you smell, that makes everything worth it.

(Adam falls to the ground.)

Adam: Mom?

Kirsten: Yes, dear?

Adam: Don't let them kill me, mom. Don't let them... Where do the birds go to die?

Kirsten: Excuse me?

Adam: The birds. They go somewhere else to die. Remember the dog we had? Remember Roxie? She crawled under the porch to die. Everyone dies alone.

Kirsten: Oh, Adam.

Adam: But where do the birds go?

Kirsten: I don't know, Adam.

(Adam closes his eyes and lays his head back. He snaps it back up after a few seconds.)

Adam: Kirsten.

Kirsten: Yes, Adam?

Adam: Don't kill me. Don't let them kill me.

(Kirsten squats down and begins lifting him up.)

Kirsten: Let's just get you off the floor here.

Adam: You seem so calm about it. Have you ever killed someone before?

Kirsten: I've seen it done.

Adam: This is going to be behind everything you ever do from this point onward. How can you look so calm about it?

(Kirsten checks her pager.)

Kirsten: It's time.

Adam: It's time?

Kirsten: They're coming for you now.

(The door buzzes and two orderlies enter.)

Adam: Hey, what's up, white shirts?

(The orderlies cross the room and begin lifting Adam off the floor.)

Adam: Hold up, just a minute. Give me just a minute.

(The orderlies look to Kirsten, she nods and they let go.)

Adam: Would you have let me out of here if you could?

Kirsten: Sure.

Adam: You mean that?

Kirsten: I thought about doing it anyway.

Adam: How bad is this terrorist problem?

Kirsten: Before the pre-cog program got the funding it now commands, there was almost a million casualties in ten years.

(Adam stands and then sits on the bed.)

Adam: Why don't I remember any of that?

Kirsten: You were selected as a pre-cog before the numbers got that big. Then you were removed from your environment. You built up a wall of protection, false memories to protect yourself from the ugly truth.

You were isolated. You were-

(The door buzzes and Caleb enters.)

Caleb: We're behind schedule here, Dr. Williams.

(The orderlies grab Adam and usher him out the door as he sings *Amazing Grace* softly, staring at Kirsten the whole time. Kirsten stares at the floor with her arms crossed.)

(Silence for quite some time. Kirsten walks to the bed and sits on it. A bird tweets somewhere outside the window. Kirsten looks up at the window. More birds join in.)

(Lights dim and curtains close.)

End.