

**SOUL TRAVELER**

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*Would you take a journey to find your soulmate -- no matter where  
it sent you -- before it was too late?*

**SOUL TRAVELER**

FADE IN:

**ON BLACK**

Like the deepest corner of space. While we HEAR Wetherly's voice, tiny, perfect dots of lights appear in random order.

WETHERLY (V.O.)

Everything in the universe is formed of quanta, the subatomic building blocks that are neither particles nor waves, but contain the essence of both.

As more random dots of light appear:

WETHERLY (V.O.)

They are the threads of this magic carpet we call reality -- a universe in which everything is infinitely interconnected. And truly understood only in the depths of the human heart.

The random dots of light are pixels, and an image forms, becoming the freaked-out face of EDDIE ROSS, seen in the rear view mirror of his BMW, captured as a frozen blur of motion.

WETHERLY (V.O.)

But as Einstein said: "*Nothing happens, 'til something moves.*"

The frozen pixels LEAP INTO MOTION as we REVEAL:

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Eddie's BMW convertible roars crazily through Malibu, driven by TWO androgenous ROCKERS singing along to Aerosmith's "*Dude Looks Like a Lady*" that blasts from the car stereo.

Petrified and freaked-out in the BACK SEAT is the car owner and current car-jacking victim -- EDDIE ROSS -- a thirtysomething Charlie Rose for the sun-drenched.

Currently clad in a tuxedo, he's an appealingly attractive everyman whose wit and intelligence mask the soul-gripping fear that he doesn't know shit about women.

**INT. EDDIE'S BMW - NIGHT**

The car swerves wildly through the curves, tossing Eddie from side-to-side in the back seat.

The Passenger Dude beats out the rhythm of the song on the dashboard -- with a PISTOL! He suddenly whips around and points the gun at Eddie!

PASSENGER DUDE

Sing!

Eddie weakly squeaks--

EDDIE

Dude looks like a lady.

PASSENGER DUDE

(waving gun)

Put your balls into it!

Eddie belts out the song--

EDDIE

(vein-popping yelp)

Dude looks like a lady!

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The car flies down the coast and --

**EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT**

-- roars up onto the pier past the lights and arcades.

**INT. EDDIE'S BMW - NIGHT**

As Eddie boldly blasts out the last line of the song, the Passenger Dude waves the gun --

PASSENGER DUDE

Stand Up!

EDDIE

What???

PASSENGER DUDE

Up, up!

Just as Eddie teeters to his feet, the song ends, and Driver Dude slaps the car into a hard 180 -- LAUNCHING Eddie OUT of the car -- over the railing -- down into the ocean! Gone!

**EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT**

Underwater, Eddie struggles up to the surface and *emerges* into fog-enshrouded waters. He can't see the shore. Disoriented from the impact of his fall, he panics and is succumbing to the pull of the ocean until--

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Find me. Find me.

He twists around in the water -- *not sure if he actually heard this* -- but just out of reach, **pixels of moonlight reflect off the fog** like the **outline of a woman's face**.

As he reaches out for the image, the fog shifts in the breeze and the **pixels of moonlight** float off as formless dots...

EDDIE  
Hello... Hello.

We hear NO voices, but Eddie twists around looking...

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

Suddenly, up ahead, a **revolving green fog light sweeps into view** and as it does, **green pixels of light glow in the fog** like the **curves of a woman's form...** but **vanish** into formless wisps when the light sweeps away.

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Don't leave.

There is clearly no one there. But now his sole intent, a desperation, is on finding this woman...

EDDIE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?!

He swims like a man possessed in the direction of the green fog light. When the light sweeps back into view, there is NO reflected form in the fog -- but within his grasp is the wooden ladder of the pier and he is now safe.

**EXT. PIER - NIGHT**

Eddie hauls himself up the pier ladder onto the deserted deck, lies there, spent.

He may have almost just been killed by a car-jacking and drowning, but that's not what grips him. **Something happened out there in the water. Who was it he heard? It unnerves him.**

He stares at the fog wafting past the lights overhead... and lets out a deep sigh of surrender...

EDDIE  
Oh God...

And at that moment, the ocean breeze kicks up--

lifting litter and debris off the wooden slats of the deck...scattering them this way and that...sending a *discarded business card* sliding over to where Eddie lies.

He picks up THE CARD--

It READS: "*Karma Bean - Good Coffee...Good Karma. 1170 Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica CA*".

He turns the card over. In bold type, it reads: "***Go back to go forward***".

Eddie glances up toward the street -- shining bravely through the fog, the neon-lit entrance to the Karma Bean...

**INT. KARMA BEAN - NIGHT**

Eddie sloshes in through the door in his soaking-wet tuxedo. The few late-night customers don't even give him a second glance -- at this hour, his condition's not an unusual sight. He walks up to the counter, gives the coffee menu a cursory glance, waves to the pretty young SERVER--

EDDIE

Good karma. Extra large.

He pulls a sodden bill out of his pocket to pay for the coffee. He squeezes the water out of it...

OVER IN THE CORNER

Eddie splashes into a stuffed leather chair. He lifts the cup of good karma to his lips, drowns in it, as briny seawater drips from his clothes, forming a puddle beneath his feet.

Eddie stares at the puddle, wallowing in it, and SEES--

IN THE WATER'S SURFACE

His BMW at the front of a valet line. The two Androgenous Rockers stand next to it -- their backs turned. With their long blonde hair, they could be two sexy girls. Eddie approaches to retrieve his car--

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Hey girls, want a ride?

Passenger Dude turns around and shoves a gun in his ribs!

PASSENGER DUDE

Yeah.

His tux drips onto the puddle and the IMAGE RIPPLES AWAY...

Eddie grimaces from the memory and looks up from the floor as an attractive woman, VANESSA, sits at his table opposite him. She sips from her karma coffee, then starts right in--

VANESSA

You're really a nice guy and kinda sexy when you wanna be. But I'm leaving you, Eddie, 'cause your work's more important than I am.

Vanessa takes another sip from her karma coffee and she suddenly fragments into pixels that separate and drift away as CLAIRE sits in the chair, sipping her own karma coffee.

CLAIRE

You're really smart, Eddie. But you never seem to know what I want. So this is never going to work.

Claire turns into pixels which are rudely swept aside by a karma coffee cup as HOLLY displaces her.

Eddie looks to SEE a LINE OF WOMEN ordering karma coffee.

HOLLY

You're really sweet, Eddie, but we've been dating for a year. Is this going anywhere?

ANNIE plows her head right through Holly's pixels--

ANNIE

It's never going to be perfect, so what're you waiting for?

Her pixels are blasted apart by GRETA'S wrecking ball purse--

GRETA

I want kids and I want them now. Do you even know what you want?

The women arrive fast and furious -- pixels exploding everywhere -- showering Eddie with pieces of *female light*.

FRANCINE

I'm breaking up with you because--

DEBBIE

I don't think you love me.

NADINE

I need a serious commitment.

PAULA

We have different dreams.

YVONNE

You never really listen to me.

Eddie's table is showered with *flying female pixel sparks*. Suddenly, a sweet, breathtakingly beautiful woman, MELISSA, emerges from the blur of swirling pixels...

MELISSA

Hi, Eddie. I'm Melissa. We haven't met yet, but I'm breaking up with you because I want a normal life.

The pixels of her body fall away... leaving only her head.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Sorry, Eddie.

The pixels of her head fall away... leaving only her mouth.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Bye-bye.

In frustration, Eddie blows at the floating mouth like a birthday candle -- and it shatters into tiny pieces of light.

Beyond frustration, it's the discouragement and disillusion with love and relationships that's crushing his soul, when--

Suddenly a voice - cultured, distinguished, English - intrudes on his painful reverie...

WETHERLY (O.S.)

*"For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction."*

Eddie blinks, looks over to see--

WETHERLY

Studying him from the next table. Late middle-aged, with the air of someone who carries a secret burden. He holds up his OWN Karma Bean business card.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)

They've been leaving them all over Santa Monica. Seems to be working.

Eddie turns his over.

EDDIE

*"Go back to go forward"*.

WETHERLY  
Ahhh, the karmic crossroads--

EDDIE  
Huh?

WETHERLY  
Very significant... I've had some  
experience with that.

EDDIE  
Un huh.

Wetherly extends his hand across the space between them.

WETHERLY  
Lloyd Wetherly.

EDDIE  
Eddie Ross.

WETHERLY  
I thought so. I saw your show the  
other night. You had Wilbur Rogers  
on. You know his premise on cause  
and effect was very limited...

EDDIE  
Limited?

WETHERLY  
It's more than simple Newtonian  
determinism. You should have  
questioned him further, probed the  
tertium quid of life, the something  
else.

EDDIE  
Hey I'm stuck with a thirty minute  
slot. "Something else" gets our  
affiliates nervous.

Eddie stares into his coffee, hoping the other man gets the hint. But Wetherly takes in the emotional disarray etched on Eddie's face and speaks from a sense of empathy.

WETHERLY  
Something happened out there  
tonight. Didn't it?

EDDIE  
Yeah, I got wet.

WETHERLY

Right...

He stands up to leave, then turns back to Eddie.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)

In my line of work, subatomic particles under certain circumstances are able to instantaneously communicate with each other -- regardless of the distance separating them. I know why I'm here tonight at this hour. For things to be better, how far back before your tux was soaked do you need to go?

Wetherly simply takes his own coffee and leaves. Eddie's hand fingers the Karma Bean card that reads: *Go back to go forward* and he watches Wetherly disappear into the growing fog outside the store.

**INT. TV STUDIO - DAY**

We are TIGHT ON the Karma Bean CARD as Eddie's hand taps it against a mahogany coffee table and we HEAR:

SUSAN (O.S.)

We're up in five, four, three...

After two silent beats, Eddie's hand palms the card and we WHIP UP to his face --

EDDIE

Good evening, I'm Eddie Ross. Joining me tonight, bestselling novelist, David Baldacci, and actress Julia Louis-Dreyfus. Hope you'll join us for a good chat.

Eddie smiles for a beat, then --

SUSAN

And we're out.

He relaxes into his sectional couch as the MAKE-UP GIRL fusses around him. The set's reminiscent of a man's den -- a bit masculine, a bit playful. SUSAN MEYER, his 32-year-old producer and friend, steps into it, clutching her clipboard.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Not bad...Aquaman.

He shoots her a look -- don't even go there.

EDDIE  
Any news on my Beemer?

SUSAN  
Nope. But your tux is ready at the dry cleaners. And I Googled that name you gave me...

EDDIE  
Yeah?

She glances down at a print-out on her clipboard --

SUSAN  
Doctor Lloyd Wetherly. Physicist. Degrees from Oxford, M.I.T. Taught at Stanford. Used to be the go-to guy in quantum mechanics.

EDDIE  
So what happened?

SUSAN  
Credibility problems. He wrote a book - get this - "*The Hologram Web of Life, Space and Time - The Quantum Connection of Soul Travel*".

EDDIE  
Soul travel? So they think he's a loon.

SUSAN  
More or less. You want to book him?

EDDIE  
Maybe.

SUSAN  
The good news is he's local. Santa Monica. And we've got a phone number. That's about it...  
(flips print-out over)  
Oh yeah. Married his research assistant. Lara Sands. No kids. She died...eight years ago. April third...

EDDIE  
(realizing)  
Yesterday...

SUSAN  
He's been pretty much out of the  
public eye ever since.

The Make-up Girl finishes, gives her a thumbs-up.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Okay...

She adjusts Eddie's tie with a little more care than just  
professional attentiveness.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
You look good.

Eddie's off in thought.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Something else happened last night,  
didn't it? Not just the car-jacking  
and almost being killed, which  
would be enough, but something  
else.  
(with real concern)  
You wanna tell me about it?

EDDIE  
(honestly)  
I don't know that I can.

SUSAN  
Well I'm here.  
(touches his shoulder)  
You know that.

Eddie nods as the sexy make-up girl walks past.

BRAD (V.O.)  
Now that's a woman's ass.

**EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY**

A cute BLONDE with a tight ass carries her dry cleaning to  
her car as Eddie and his best friend, Brad, leave the dry  
cleaners with Eddie's tux and head for Brad's car. Brad's a  
trendy 35-year-old nightclub owner who knows all the angles.

EDDIE  
From the back, those two guys  
looked like hot chicks.

BRAD  
Listen to yourself -- "those two  
guys."

EDDIE  
You weren't there.

Eddie hangs his tux inside Brad's car, then spots something and moves off--

BRAD  
Where the hell're you goin'?

Eddie heads into a vintage bookstore -- The Novel Nook.

**INT. THE NOVEL NOOK - DAY**

This is a place that's collapsing under the weight of used and rare books -- a labyrinth created by a pack rat.

Eddie approaches the front counter where a person -- only partially seen -- rummages behind a stack of book boxes.

EDDIE  
Excuse me, do you have anything on quantum physics?

From behind the boxes, we HEAR:

JESSIE (O.S.)  
Well, we have a science shelf.

JESSIE GRANT, a sexy, sultry, confident 50, steps from behind the boxes just as Brad walks in --

BRAD  
Whoa...

Brad's immediately taken by her natural, unforced sensuality, while Eddie's more on a mission.

EDDIE  
And that would be... where?

The labyrinth's a bit daunting. Jessie steps easily from behind the counter next to Eddie -- almost touching him...

JESSIE  
I can show you...  
(engaging smile)  
...but if you're adventurous... go three stacks down, take a right, it's on the far wall.

EDDIE  
Thanks.

He heads off with Brad right on his tail.

OFF IN THE STACKS

BRAD  
That's worth checking out.

EDDIE  
Huh?

BRAD  
Her -- didn't you pick up on that?  
Eddie's already scanning the science shelf.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I'm tellin' ya...

Eddie's surprised -- he's found it -- Wetherly's book -- ***The Hologram Web of Life, Space and Time -- The Quantum Connection of Soul Travel.*** Brad looks at the title:

BRAD (CONT'D)  
You're kiddin' me, right?

AT THE COUNTER

Eddie places the book down to buy. Jessie sees the title.

JESSIE  
Are you a science teacher?

BRAD  
(interjecting)  
No -- he's got his own television  
show -- Eddie Ross.

JESSIE  
Oh. I don't watch much TV.

EDDIE  
That's smart.

BRAD  
(emphasizing)  
PBS -- Wednesday nights.

Eddie hangs his head, self-conscious... Jessie hands Eddie the book, with his receipt and a bookmark.

JESSIE  
Let me know if it's worth reading.

**EXT. DRY CLEANERS - DAY**

Brad and Eddie approach the car and get in...

BRAD  
Buddy, that was an invitation.

EDDIE  
Did you notice her age?

BRAD  
Did you notice she's a woman?

**INT. EDDIE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT**

Manhattan Beach -- overlooking the bike path and beach. The interior design is modern, but austere -- stylish, but without the personal touch. Decorator driven, not yet a home.

We HEAR the front door open. Keys are tossed in a ceramic bowl on a foyer table.

**INT. EDDIE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The stainless steel subzero refrigerator door opens and Eddie pulls out the ingredients for a sandwich.

Red wine sloshes into a long stem glass.

**EXT. EDDIE'S SUNDECK - NIGHT**

The glass door slides open and Eddie steps out from the living room, sandwich and wine in hand, Wetherly's book tucked under his arm. He eases into a favorite lounge chair.

OUT ON THE BEACH

A group of young men and women hang out around a small bonfire. Laughter wafts toward him...

ON THE SUNDECK

Eddie sips his wine and cracks open Wetherly's *soul travel* book. His eyes flick across the words -- at first skimming --

ON THE PAGE

**Particles** -- whips over to -- **interconnected** -- jumps to -- **consciousness** -- slides on to -- **holographic model** -- then the BLUR OF WORDS is HEARD as Wetherly's voice:

WETHERLY (V.O.)  
...stretching the mind, bending the  
perception of reality.

Eddie looks up from the book and out to the bonfire on the beach. As a SHOWER OF SPARKS surge up into the dark sky and splinter into tiny bursts of floating energy we HEAR:

WETHERLY (V.O.)

Quantum physics is a leap of faith  
into a strange and startling world  
where matter breaks into smaller  
and smaller pieces until it  
literally possesses no dimension.

The sparks fade into oblivion, leaving only the deep black.

WETHERLY (V.O.)

So where and what then are we?

Agitated, Eddie suddenly stands up and walks back INSIDE.

**INT. SHOWER - NIGHT**

Waves of steam flow over and around Eddie as he watches the shower spray splatter into water particles against his hand.

WETHERLY (V.O.)

We now know that subatomic  
particles are "something" that are  
always both waves and particles,  
not just one or the other. This  
"something" we call quanta. And  
quanta is the "something" from  
which the universe is made.

**INT. EDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Wrapped in a towel, Eddie walks past his television as his own face appears -- from his show -- questioning a guest. But we do NOT hear the TV sound, we HEAR:

WETHERLY (V.O.)

Yet the strangest phenomenon is  
that the only time quanta take the  
form of particles is when we look  
at them.

The flickering light of the television plays across Eddie's face as he lies in bed staring at the TV set.

WETHERLY (V.O.)

This opens the door to an  
intriguing concept... that the  
substance of the universe is  
consciousness.

Eddie stares vacantly at the TV, his thought wrapped around Wetherly's words... He CLICKS the remote, turning OFF the TV and plunging the room INTO DARKNESS.

WETHERLY (V.O.)

If everything is interconnected,  
how then do we reach something that  
we are separated from?

CLICK -- Eddie turns ON the bedside light -- he reaches for Wetherly's book -- opens it to the dedication page:

The page has only two words: *For Lara.*

Eddie stares at the words. All this science now has a human dimension... and a mysterious story that eats at him.

**INT. WETHERLY'S ATRIUM HALLWAY - DAY**

Spanish hacienda-style, the atrium open to the second floor. Nestled into a nook at the far end of the hallway is a book shelf with a series of First Edition Nancy Drew mysteries.

Against a copy of *The Hidden Staircase* rests a framed PHOTOGRAPH of Wetherly and his wife, LARA, at a table outside Les Deux Magots cafe in Paris.

We HEAR the door chime, then the deep-throated BARK of a large dog... then the photograph suddenly moves as the entire shelf SLIDES to the left -- and RISING out of the darkness that drops off below the shelf is Wetherly climbing stairs.

**INT. WETHERLY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Wetherly pours Eddie a glass of wine as OSCAR, an enormous fawn-colored Great Dane, plops onto the couch next to Eddie.

EDDIE

I was a little messed up the last time you saw me. But a couple of things you said intrigued me. I found your book... and, there's something about it.

WETHERLY

It's been largely dismissed.

EDDIE

Which wouldn't bother you, I think. You didn't write it for "them."

Wetherly quietly studies Eddie...

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You wrote it for her, didn't you?

WETHERLY

I dedicated it to my wife, yes.

EDDIE

No, it reads like you wrote it to her, like you're--

WETHERLY

Trying to contact her -- connect somehow with the dead?

EDDIE

Would you talk about that? On the show?

WETHERLY

Is your audience really that interested in the theoretical musing of a discredited scientist?

EDDIE

There's a good story here.

WETHERLY

Yes, there is... but you didn't come here just to ask me to be on your show, did you?

This unnerves Eddie and he's suddenly on the defensive.

EDDIE

The night we met, I'd just been car-jacked. I could've been killed. It just got me thinking, that's all.

WETHERLY

About what? Your own mortality? What comes next?

(stares at Eddie)

I haven't reached her. All these years, I haven't even come close.

EDDIE

Someone tried to reach me.  
(the memory still rattles)  
In that water, I heard... or felt someone reach out to me. I can't explain it and I can't let go of it. It was someone I knew, that I had a connection with, someone I loved -- more than anyone I've ever loved! But I don't know who she is!

WETHERLY

You were under a lot of stress.

EDDIE  
No, I know what I felt!

WETHERLY  
I still don't know how I can help.

EDDIE  
She said: "Find me."

An eerie tension hangs in the air. Wetherly studies Eddie... and he realizes, this may be who he's been looking for.

WETHERLY  
Let me show you something.

**INT. WETHERLY'S ATRIUM HALLWAY - DAY**

Wetherly strides right toward the closed bookshelves...

WETHERLY  
Oscar, door.

Oscar places a paw precisely on a decorative brass plate on the wall next to the bookshelf -- the wall slides open --

Wetherly descends into the darkness, followed by Oscar... leaving Eddie, hesitant, peering down into the dark abyss.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)  
Mr. Ross, it's just a wine cellar.

**INT. WETHERLY'S WINE CELLAR - DAY**

With trepidation, Eddie descends the last few steps into the scientist's lair... He SEES --

**A WINE CELLAR**

Dimly lit with racks of dusty wine bottles, a large, circular dog bed with a rubber kong, chew rope and nylabone, stacks of old scientific journals and a simple angled console desk with a keyboard, a yellow legal pad and a number 2 pencil.

EDDIE  
(thoroughly disappointed)  
This is it?

WETHERLY  
I told you it was a wine cellar.

Wetherly pulls a chair up to the console and HITS a MASTER SWITCH -- pools of overhead light illuminate the console, the dog bed as Oscar gets comfortable, and a few feet away from the console--

A CLEAR CYLINDRICAL TUBE

seven feet tall and four-foot in diameter stands vertically.

EDDIE  
Okay... what's that?

WETHERLY  
It's a quantum generator.

EDDIE  
Of course...

WETHERLY  
Check it out.

EDDIE  
It's a glass tube.

WETHERLY  
Actually, it's a polymer resin  
compound.

Eddie touches it and discovers that the surface of the cylinder is perforated with thousands of tiny pinholes.

EDDIE  
What's with the holes?

WETHERLY  
Conductor ports. Let me get a  
reading on you.

Wetherly fingers some keys on the console keyboard and suddenly the cylindrical tube HINGES OPEN into two halves.

EDDIE  
In there?

WETHERLY  
It's kind of like an MRI.  
(grins)  
I haven't lost anyone yet.

Eddie shrugs and steps inside... Wetherly strikes a key and the two cylindrical halves swing closed.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)  
Relax, it'll just take a moment.

EDDIE  
Should I just stand still?

WETHERLY

Do whatever you want.

Wetherly's fingers fly over the keyboard -- on the wall in front of the console, a giant, flat-panel plasma screen lights up and immediately fills with EKG and ECG wave lines, systolic and diastolic readings, and digital data.

Eddie looks around since nothing's happening to him.

EDDIE

So when does it start?

WETHERLY

It's done. You're in pretty good health. Blood pressure's fine. Cholesterol's a bit high. Hormone balance is good. You've had your tonsils out and there's signs of an old break in the left tibia. ECG and EKG are normal. Ever had any sleep disorders?

EDDIE

No.

WETHERLY

Okay then. Do you know what a hologram is?

EDDIE

I should, I spent most of last night reading your book.

WETHERLY

Excellent.

Wetherly works the keyboard and suddenly the tiny pinhole conductor ports emit thin lines of blue light which form a grid pattern all over Eddie's body.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)

Then you'll remember that this three-dimensional holographic form, simply put, is an energy picture. Eddie, meet your virtual self.

Wetherly strikes a single key and suddenly --

A HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE

Of Eddie forms outside the tube hovering several inches above the floor. It's an exact duplicate of Eddie as he appears in the tube -- only it's carved from light.

Eddie stares dumbfounded at his virtual self. As he moves, so does the hologram. Oscar watches the hologram, then returns to his nylabone.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)

Let's call him Eddie-2. Identical in almost every aspect to yourself.

Eddie waves at Eddie-2, who waves back.

EDDIE

It's like looking in a mirror.

WETHERLY

Except Eddie-2 isn't limited by the physicality of the human body.

EDDIE

Because he's made of light.

WETHERLY

Right. In quantum physics we've reduced matter until it has no dimension, no form, just energy.

EDDIE

That's kind of cool, but--

WETHERLY

So the physical universe -- what you might call "reality" -- is really nothing more than a giant energy picture, a hologram like Eddie-2.

Eddie stares at his holographic self as Wetherly launches into an excited verbal blitzkrieg of theoretical postulates while he circles the cylindrical tube and Eddie.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)

The beauty of the holographic structure is that the tiniest part contains all the information of the whole hologram -- everything is interconnected as one. Within this structure, time collapses. Past, present and future all exist within the same moment. But how do you access that moment, how do you experience it, appreciate it--

EDDIE

Time travel?

WETHERLY

No -- you said you read the book!  
Soul travel! The interface of human  
consciousness with the holographic  
universe. When your consciousness  
connects with Eddie-2, you should  
be able to access the quantum  
universe. Do you want to try it?

EDDIE

Have you done this before?

WETHERLY

I've tested 72 subjects, mostly  
students. There were no side  
effects except a mild headache in  
some cases. A few described the  
experience as mildly hallucinatory,  
two claimed OBEs -- out-of-body  
experience -- but most had no  
recollection of anything, including  
me.

EDDIE

Well if all I gotta do is just  
stand here...

WETHERLY

(sotto voce)  
Well, sort of...

EDDIE

...then fuck it, let's do it.

WETHERLY

Okay. Here we go.

Wetherly works the console keyboard and the plasma screen  
fills with side-by-side body figures labeled E-1 and E-2.  
Lighted grid lines cover each figure. Then he hits "ENTER."

OUT ON THE FLOOR

The polymer resin tube revolves as Eddie remains stationary.

EDDIE

Ah, the tube's spinning.

WETHERLY

That's okay.

FROM OUTSIDE THE TUBE

We SEE the pinholes glow with multi-colored lights spanning the surface of the spinning tube like the aurora borealis.

FROM INSIDE THE TUBE

Eddie SEES the pinholes throw off tiny pinpricks of light that float in front of him like stars against a black sky.

EDDIE

Ah, something's happening.

The lighted dots quickly multiply -- they're really pixels -- forming an image...

FROM OUTSIDE THE TUBE

We SEE the lights on the spinning tube suddenly coalesce into an intense burst and explode from Eddie's eyes. A blinding beam of light leaps across to Eddie-2 and connects with the hologram's eyes -- forming a LIGHT BRIDGE.

FROM INSIDE THE TUBE

Eddie SEES the pixels leap together in a blinding flash and form an image -- *the very first one we saw* -- of the freaked-out face of EDDIE ROSS, seen in the rear view mirror of his BMW, captured as a frozen blur of motion --

Suddenly, some of the individual pixels vibrate, then more, in random sequence -- the image is vibrating apart, the center can't hold and the pixels suddenly spin off leaving only BLACKNESS -- but just for a split second, because --

RAPIDLY CHANGING IMAGES

Fill the screen. At first, recent memories -- images of Susan at the TV studio -- Jessie at The Novel Nook -- Wetherly at the Karma Bean -- hurtling off the pier into the ocean -- Passenger Dude jamming a gun at him -- all SEEN AS A SERIES OF FLUID AND FROZEN MOMENTS -- like particles and waves -- each one BURSTING FORTH from the previous.

Then older images -- a teenage kiss -- playing in a sandbox -- sitting in a playpen -- coming through the birth canal --

Then suddenly a rushing cavalcade of assaulting images from the bedrooms and battlefields of his past lives -- ripped bodices to gleaming sabers -- through the centuries -- different continents -- many cultures -- like flipping through a randomly ordered photo album -- faster and faster until it's little more than a blur...

WETHERLY (O.S.)  
Eddie, Eddie!

WETHERLY'S FACE

Fills the screen as he looks at Eddie.

WETHERLY (CONT'D)  
It's okay, you're back.

THE CYLINDRICAL TUBE

Is hinged open and Wetherly grasps Eddie by the shoulders. Eddie's eyes try to focus, then he jolts back to his senses:

EDDIE  
What the living fuck did you do to me?!

He's totally freaked out -- shoves past Wetherly -- stumbles around Oscar -- and staggers up the wine cellar stairs in a headlong dash to get the hell out of there!!

**INT. TV STUDIO - DAY**

Susan leads today's guest, AMY TEDARIS, 32, an attractive corporate type onto the set. As Susan settles her on the sofa, checking her mic and placing a copy of her book "*Good to Go*" on the coffee table, Eddie races into place, with his wardrobe supervisor exchanging his sport coat on the fly--

EDDIE  
Sorry guys. Traffic--  
(shakes Amy's hand)  
Amy, thanks so much for coming. I loved your book.

AMY  
Thanks. Thanks for having me.

Eddie finds his ass-groove on the couch, shoots Susan a look.

EDDIE  
So are we ready to roll?

Susan gives him the evil eye as she retreats to the control room. Cameras glide into place. UP ON Eddie as--

FLOOR DIRECTOR (O.S.)  
Quiet on the set!

EDDIE

Good evening. I'm Eddie Ross and with me tonight, Amy Tedaris, author of the bestselling book "*Good to Go*," a guide to launching women entrepreneurs into the marketplace. Nice to have you with us, Amy.

AMY

Thanks, Eddie. It's great to be here.

EDDIE

So Amy, is it still a man's world out there?

AMY

Absolutely. But there's hope. More and more women are taking a chance, following their dreams, establishing small businesses. It's all about taking a risk.

EDDIE

And what led you to compile these stories?

EDDIE'S POV OF AMY

AMY

Fear. Fear of being stuck forever in a dead-end corporate job. I realized that I had to do something to get out of that rut. I mean, if I didn't take the initiative, who would? I had to approach it thinking...well, more like a man.

With a flash of light, Eddie's hit with a *PAST LIFE BURST!*

**INT. 18TH CENTURY BED CHAMBER - NIGHT**

EDDIE'S POV -- a sultry English bar wench (BESS) gives him a seductive eye as she unlaces her peasant blouse. The thin fabric falls open, revealing her bare breasts underneath as--

**INT. TV STUDIO CONTROL ROOM - DAY**

EDDIE ON THE MONITOR

He reacts to the *past life burst* and blurts out--

EDDIE  
 (half under his breath)  
 Whoa--

Susan glances over at the Technical Director.

SUSAN  
 What'd he say?

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR  
 He said "whoa".

**INT. TV STUDIO - DAY**

Eddie tries to recover.

EDDIE  
 And...Amy...when you say thinking  
 more like...you know, a man.

AMY  
 I mean more aggressively. More  
 empowered. More unburdened by  
 sexual politics...

Eddie grimaces as another flash of light brings on a *PAST LIFE BURST!*

**INT. 18TH CENTURY BED CHAMBER - NIGHT**

EDDIE'S POV -- Bess, stark naked, glistening wet, lifts herself up from an old cast iron tub...

**INT. TV STUDIO - DAY**

Eddie tries to shake the image out of his head, tries to get a grip. He's rattled. He's also aroused. He has to adjust his pants. *What the hell's happening to him?*

EDDIE  
 Sexual...politics?

Amy leans in, excitedly--

AMY  
 The repressed sexuality of the  
 workplace where for the most part  
 men have been the dominant players.  
 Frankly, it's time for women to be  
 on top--

Eddie winces -- another flash -- another *PAST LIFE BURST!*

**INT. 18TH CENTURY BED CHAMBER - NIGHT**

EDDIE'S POV -- Bess approaches him, naked, dripping with suds, holding a thick wash cloth at her side. She drops the cloth. There's a knife in her hand. She WHIPS it toward him, the blade a silvery blur in the dim light of the room as--

**INT. TV STUDIO - DAY**

Eddie jumps back in his seat!

EDDIE

Fuck!!!

Amy GASPS -- startled and embarrassed!

**INT. EDDIE'S OFFICE - DAY**

Susan stands with her arms folded as--

EDDIE (O.S.)

So we edit...

(paces around the room)

...or we bleep it out. Or...I don't know. What happened to the time delay?

SUSAN

We've never needed one before.

EDDIE

Well I say we should have one.

SUSAN

Eddie, it wasn't just saying "fuck". Our guest was talking about female empowerment and you're rearranging your crotch!

EDDIE

And how's that my fault? What about wardrobe?

SUSAN

Eddie! What's going on here? Do you need help? Is this some sort of post-traumatic stress syndrome?

EDDIE

Okay...okay. Here it is. I went to that Wetherly guy's house.

SUSAN

That soul travel nut case?!

EDDIE

This could be Einstein before the theory of relativity. This could be like hanging with Watson and Crick before the double helix...

SUSAN

Or Dr. Strangelove before he built the doomsday machine.

EDDIE

Actually Wetherly's got a quantum generator. I spent the morning in a quantum generator.

SUSAN

A quantum generator?

EDDIE

It's like this glass tube thing Wetherly keeps in his wine cellar.

SUSAN

Not a decanter?

EDDIE

No. Not a "decanter". And ever since, I've been having these...I don't know...flashbacks. Of this woman. And she's...well, she's naked.

Susan's heard enough -- gives him the finger and walks away!

**INT. WETHERLY'S WINE CELLAR - DAY**

Oscar bounds down the stairs ahead of Wetherly and Eddie.

WETHERLY

I'm glad you came back.

EDDIE

I had to come back, you totally screwed me up. I'm getting stuck in the 18th century.

Wetherly gathers some papers off his console.

WETHERLY

No, this is not time travel, you were traveling in the experience of your soul, which only has karmic repercussions.

(MORE)

WETHERLY (CONT'D)

The hologram of Eddie-2 contains all the karmic information of everything you've ever done and everyone you've ever been. It's the complete journey of your soul.

EDDIE

So who's this woman? Did I know her?

WETHERLY

I don't know. Is it the woman who called to you?

EDDIE

This one had a knife.

WETHERLY

But these past life flashes were always of her, always from the same time period?

EDDIE

Yeah.

WETHERLY

Interesting. Would you recognize this woman from the water?

EDDIE

I don't know.

Wetherly points to the pages of print out that have graphs of wave lines -- indecipherable to Eddie.

WETHERLY

This wave pattern shows that the program couldn't lock in -- it's like the connection kept skipping.

EDDIE

So?

WETHERLY

So we should try it again and see what happens.

EDDIE

What if it screws me up totally? You really don't know what's going on here, do you?!