

(Shift: by the river. Night. LILAH and MILLIE rush in, out of breath, laughing – out of nervousness mostly. MILLIE carries a cookie jar)

LILAH:  
Sh. Sh.

(Goes to the edge of the stage and listens)

MILLIE:  
They're not coming.

LILAH:  
You can hear?

MILLIE (nods):  
We lost 'em. Look inside the jar.

(Holds it out. LILAH goes to her, takes the jar, opens it. She pulls out large wads of cash)

LILAH:  
Oh.

MILLIE (touches it):  
Oh. It's a lot.

(Puts her hands inside the jar)

Oh. They're gonna be mad.

LILAH:  
Very.

MILLIE (cocks her head):  
You hear that?

LILAH:  
A train?

MILLIE:  
Something else.

(We hear it now: a deep basso rumbling, followed by a loud electronic whine)

LILAH:  
Whoa.

(All of which builds to a loud flash: KA-BOOM!

And then WILLY appears, riding a bicycle. The bike is oversized, with a weird looking engine, lights, speakers and, between the handlebars, something that resembles a laptop. Two seats. On the back is an old-fashioned basket.

MILLIE and LILAH have both been knocked off their feet; now they stand, staring. WILLY jumps off the bike and dances around. WILLY's a contemporary kid: jeans, Nikes, tee shirt, etc)

WILLY:  
Ah-ooh-ga! Sha-freaking-zam! Whooh! Yeah. Be still my beating heart. I can feel this is my chest. Man. This is what I call a bicycle.

(Sees LILAH and MILLIE)

Yo. 'Scuse me, I gotta call Archie, 'cause if anything'll get him up off his hind end this will.

(Whips out a cell phone, thumbs it open, starts dialing, looks at it frowns, shakes it)

"No service"? What's up with that?

(MILLIE and LILAH approach, carefully)

Can I borrow yours? Cell phone? Telefono cellulero, whatever it is.

(Looks around)

How'd it get to be night? Where's the all the houses? I live right... here. Somewhere around here. There. I recognize the bike trail.

LILAH:  
Bike trail?

WILLY:  
The old train trestle.

LILAH:  
Who are you?

WILLY:  
Willy T. Short for William Tecumseh. Wasserman. Who're you?

LILAH:  
Lilah. And this is Millie.

MILLIE:  
Hello.

WILLY:  
You're blin... Oh.

MILLIE:  
Yes.

LILAH (is staring at his Nikes)

WILLY:  
What's the matter with my shoes? You guys're starting to freak me out.

(Moves away, then notices something)

Hey. What happened to downtown?

(SFX: a train. We hear the HUFFING of the steam engine, the CLANKING of the steel wheels. WILLY stares at the train for a long time. Then he looks at the bike. Then at the oversized laptop. Then carefully at LILAH and MILLIE. As casual as possible:)

Can you tell me, what, what's the date?

LILAH:  
May 3.

WILLY:  
May 3...?

LILAH:  
1888.

WILLY:  
Say that again, 18...?

LILAH:  
88.

WILLY:  
1888. Holy moley. Oh, man. Archie, what have you done? I don't believe it! Whoo! This is the best thing ever. Ever! It was under a tarp in our driveway. Archie, you madman!

(Doing a voice)

There he was: William Tecumseh Wasserman, poised to leap the Final Frontier. Was he frightened? Of course. But his heart was pure steel.

(Sudden beat)

I can get back, can't I?