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written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Two leather chairs face a large, cluttered desk. A pile of papers surround a nameplate, "CHARLES P. BOWDICH, PROFESSOR OF MAYAN ARCHAEOLOGY".

Seated behind the desk is PROFESSOR BOWDICH (60's), blue oxford, bow tie, tweed jacket and sweat dripping down his weathered, panic-stricken face.

He stares at a wall calendar. A photograph of a Mayan Temple over the month of, "December, 2012", a red X over every day through the 19th, the 21st is circled in black.

The intercom BEEPS, the Professor jumps. He composes himself then hits the button.

PROFESSOR BOWDICH

Yes, Gloria.

GLORIA (O.S.)

I'm leaving Professor. Just wanted to say happy holidays and . . . see you after the break.

(beat)

Professor?

He puts his hand on his heart as if he's in discomfort.

PROFESSOR BOWDICH

Happy holidays.

INT. LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - DAY

Holiday music plays, a fire crackles and a Christmas tree twinkles on a mound of presents piled beneath.

KATY BOWDICH (18), cute but miserable, helps set the beautifully decorated, dining room table.

KATY

Tell me again why we're celebrating Christmas five days early.

LILA BOWDICH (55), flippy hair-do and apron over her gaudy Christmas outfit, exits the kitchen. She places a steamy bowl of mashed potatoes on the table, just so.

LILA

Cut your Father a break Katy. He's been very . . . stressed.

KATY

Jack and I think he's gone insane.

LILA

(not convincingly)
He's not insane.

The front door opens. CARLY (5), bursts in followed by JACK and SHANA BOWDICH (30's), arms filled with gifts.

JACK

Happy INSANE Christmas!

Lila glares at Jack as he and Shana place the gifts under the tree.

LILA

He's not insane! He's just. . .

KATY

(rolls her eyes)
Stressed.

Everyone greets each other with hugs and kisses.

Moments later, the front door opens, the Professor enters. His dreary face brightens at the sight of his family and Granddaughter.

CARLY

Grandpa!

He quickly drops his briefcase and holds his arms out for CARLY who runs straight for him.

CARLY

Can we open presents now Grandpa?

PROFESSOR BODWICH

Of course we can!

LILA

But, the dinner. . .

Lila looks sadly at her Martha Stewart - perfect table.

LILA
(disappointed)
I guess it can wait.

INT. DINING ROOM

Lila mumbles as she wraps the last platter of uneaten food on the table and brings it into the kitchen.

From in the kitchen the refrigerator light glows, there are slams and possibly some cursing.

With a big, pasted on smile Lila exits the kitchen and joins her family, seated around the Christmas tree.

PROFESSOR BODWICH
(choked up)
I want you all to know how special
you are to me.

Katy and Jack look at each other like, oh brother.
Carly bounces excitedly.

CARLY
What's my special present Grandpa?

The Professor gets up, walks over to the picture window and peaks through the curtain. He smiles excitedly, looks at his family's eager faces and opens the curtain.

They all rush to the window, their eyes widen.

Parked in front of the house are three brand new cars and a new pick-up truck with a horse trailer hitched behind it, complete with a pony inside.

Lila and the Professor watch from the window as everyone runs outside. He smiles contently.

LILA
(concerned)
Charles? How. . .

PROFESSOR BODWICH
Just, let us enjoy our last day
together.

Her look of love, compassion and understanding now replaced with, holy crap this guy is nuts.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A digital clock glows, "11:59", pm. The Professor stares at it, his face sweaty, breath labored. He looks at Lila sleeping soundly next to him.

It turns to "12:00", am. The Professor GASPS, clutches his chest, everything goes black.

SUPER: MEXICO - YEAR - APPROXIMATELY 3000, BC.

INT. THATCHED HUT - DAY

Dried animal hides with ancient calendar markings hang on every wall and stacked in every corner.

In the middle of the dirt floor lay another calendar with an old, leathery MAN slumped over it, dead. In his hand is a quill, poised in mid stroke.

Two Mayan men HUNHAU and IXTAB, stand in the doorway.

Behind them, Mayan SLAVES work on large unfinished pyramids. They speak an ancient Mayan language.

(SUBTITLES)

HUNHAU

The medicine man is on his way.

IXTAB

I think he's passed the medicine stage. He's dead.

They look at the man. His tongue hangs from his mouth.

HUNHAU

Who's gonna finish the calendar?

IXTAB

Don't look at me. I got my hands full with the pyramid project.

HUNHAU

Well I'm busy teaching Hieroglyphics one o one. We'll just have to call it complete. Where did it end?

They both glance over, neither of them wanting to get

too close. Hunhau nudges Ixtab toward the body.

HUNHAU

You owe me one for setting you up
with my sister.

IXTAB

Fine.

Ixtab carefully approaches the body, lifts the dead
man's hand, the quill still in his grip.

He reads the scribe, quickly drops the hand and returns
to the door.

IXTAB

December twenty first, two thousand
twelve.

HUNHAU

So it is. Ready for a smoke?

SUPER: BACK TO PRESENT

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Lila sits next to the bed of Professor Bodwich. His
eyes are closed and he's hooked up to several monitors.

Katy stands next to the bed, holding her father's hand.
Jack, Shana and Carly sit quietly in a corner.

Suddenly, the Professor's eyes flutter open. He looks
around.

KATY

Daddy?

LILA

Jack, go get a nurse!

The Professor's eyes focus on Lila and Katy. He tries
to speak.

PROFESSOR BODWICH

Wh-what happened?

LILA

You had a heart attack Charles.

PROFESSOR BODWICH

What day is it?

LILA

It's December twenty third. And we're still here so you need to get better.

PROFESSOR BODWICH

We're still here?

KATY

Yes Daddy. And you need to get better so I can give you a ride in my new car. I love it.

PROFESSOR BODWICH

New car? New cars. Truck, pony. Dear God. I charged everything.

He struggles to breathe then. . .

The monitor flatlines, BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

FADE OUT