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# The Man from Earth: Holocene

By Emerson Bixby

Hi. My name is Richard Schenkman,  
and I directed  
"Jerome Bixby's The Man from Earth",  
as well as the movie you're about to watch,  
"The Man from Earth: Holocene".

My team and I are working  
very hard to make sure  
that every single  
person in the world  
who wants to see the movie  
can stream or download it,  
even to the point of uploading it  
ourselves to the file-sharing community.  
But while it's true that many people  
will have free access to the movie,  
that hardly means  
it was free to make.

Dozens of people worked for  
months or years on the film  
and they deserve  
to be paid,  
just as you deserve to be paid  
for the work that you do,  
whatever that work is  
and wherever it is you do it.  
That's why I'm so grateful to all  
of you who visit [ManFromEarth.com](http://ManFromEarth.com)  
and make a donation, of any size,  
if you've watched the movie  
without paying for it upfront.

It's a global experiment  
in the honor system.

We're asking people:

"If you watch our movie, and you like it  
will you pay something directly  
to the people who made it?"

Thank you again for your support,  
and I hope you enjoy

"The Man from Earth: Holocene".

(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYING)

(MUSIC INTENSIFIES)

(MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING)

(MUSIC KEEPS PLAYING

IN THE BACKGROUND)

**TEEN BOY #1:**

Prehistoric chicks are kind of hot.

- I'd tap that.

- Yeah, I bet you would.

**TEEN BOY #2:**

He's like, half animal...

Uh, he's the same as us.

Homo Sapiens, everyone?

Genetically, biologically  
no different than you or I.

We even live

in the same geological epoch as them.

The Holocene.

Now, it started right  
after the last ice age.

The fact is Cro-Magnon

is an out-dated term that it's merely separates  
them as Europeans, as opposed to Africans.

Any of this ringing a bell?

(SIGHS)

You know, they had the same hopes  
and fears as us. The same  
ties to family and group.

Uh, actually, I think they had  
stronger ties to group than us.

And to their fellow living creatures.

But let's think about it.

If this man were alive today...

He would be very old.

(LAUGHTER)

Especially considering  
most never made it past thirty-two.

He might even appreciate  
antibiotics and running shoes.

But what would he think of what  
we've done with our world today?

This small knit group that he  
would have died to maintain  
is now a self-involved generation  
of social media addicts  
so far removed from his  
perception of humanity

it has to seem alien.  
She's talking about you, bro'.  
(SIGHS)  
Sorry.  
Let's talk about tools.

**TEEN BOY #2:**

You're a tool.

**CAROLYN:**

The most basic tool would be a simple rock.  
With a hammer stone  
you can break another rock  
and create a sharp edge.  
Now, this sharp flake of  
stone can be used to skin...

**TARA:**

You almost done?  
Not really.  
Can't you just take pictures?

**ISABEL:**

That's not the assignment.  
Professor Shulman wants us to identify the  
individual markers that  
indicate a skull is, say...  
Paranthropus Boisei  
versus Paranthropus Robustus.  
- Oh, my God.  
- What?  
That's Professor Young.  
What the hell is he doing here?  
Professor Kittriss  
is giving those kids a tour.  
Oh, and he tags along.  
That's so cute.  
(EXHALES)  
For God's sake, Tara, they live together.  
And besides, he's like a thousand.  
Um...  
Forty, tops.  
Plus, Kittriss is a little hottie,  
so I gotta step up my game.

(LAUGHS)

You coming?

Yeah, I... I guess.

Professor Young, hi.

(CHUCKLING) It is just so cool  
seeing you here.

Isabel and I were just doing some research.

I'm taking Shulman's

Early Transitional Humans.

Sketching femurs and jawbones?

Yep.

(CHUCKLES)

Okay, here we go.

Smaller braincase, slight crest  
on the top of the skull, wide upper jaw,  
- but small teeth?

- Homo Habilis.

- Well done.

- Wait.

You teach comparative religion.

There's more to human history  
than religion, Tara.

For sure, yeah.

We were just going to go grab coffee.

Do you want to join?

I'm gonna grab a bite with Professor  
Kittriss when she finishes. But thank you.

You like these Cro-Magnons?

Well, they're more of a mash-up  
of various early humans,  
but I like the cave paintings.

Me, too.

Hey, let's get a shot  
in front of the display.

Uh...

Isabel...

Carolyn told me you wanted  
to borrow some books.

Come by any time, take whatever you want. If  
I haven't read them yet, I probably won't.

Um...

thank you, Professor Young.

You're welcome.

I'll see you girls in class.

Thanks.

"I like the paintings."

Dude, he knows more about this stuff than the museum people.

- They're called curators.

- My point is, he's a very brilliant man.

With a great ass.

(MUSIC PLAYING)

- Hey, hon.

- Hey.

You should come running with me some time.

Running from what?

- To stay in shape.

- Nah.

(WATER BOTTLE CLATTERS)

I, uh... need a shower.

You want to come wash my back?

In truth, yes.

However...

(SIGHS)

How's this batch?

Any geniuses I should be on the lookout for?

You mean, anyone who can

write a coherent sentence?

You remember when kids went to

college to expand their minds?

Now, it seems to be just a perfunctory step on their way to Silicon Valley.

And those are the good ones.

I don't know.

You really think young people have changed that much in twenty years?

I like this gray.

Mnh-mnh.

But if it bugs you, then color it.

(SCOFFS)

I won't tell.

You know Muhammad dyed his hair?

See? If it's good enough

for the prophet, then...

Nobody notices except you.

Okay.

And he hasn't aged a day in ten years.

Every woman on the faculty would

give anything to have that secret.

Is that what they're after, Edith?

Oh, stop, Harry.

(LAUGHS)

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

Then switch to spin class

if you're sick of Zumba.

Okay, it doesn't matter what you do,  
the doctor just said you need to...

I'm not nagging, Mother.

(EXHALES)

You were the one complaining about...

I gotta go to class.

I'm gonna be late.

I'll tell you what, Mother...

why don't we all just take care  
of ourselves for once. Sound fair?

Wow. Again?

(MUTTERS)

She spent so many years  
focused on my father's illness that now...

God, Isabel.

You put everything on hold  
forever while he was...

She's gotta back off.

It's your life, right?

Isn't it, finally?

No, I'm sorry.

I love you, too.

I'll call later.

Bye.

You are a way better daughter  
(CHUCKLES) than I will ever be.

Hey, guys. This is Matt Douglas  
from Primal Kickboxing.

(CONTINUES INDISTINCTLY)

Let's go.

Let's go.

You ready?

I'll take it easy on you.

So I get into position.

First thing I do is I lead with a head kick.

Then I follow up with two punches.

(GRUNTS)

(GRUNTS)

Come on, focus, man.

(EXHALES ANGRILY)

(SIGHS)

(PILL BOTTLE CLATTERS)

(PILLS RATTLING)

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Hey, man.

Seriously, man,

why do I even bother, really?

Oh...

My fault, man. I...

I'm literally on my way  
downstairs right now.

Five.

Four.

Three.

Two.

One.

Boom.

You see how fast...?

That's amazing.

I can't even see you. You're so fast.

- You're like the Flash.

- Yeah? Come on, I'm waiting on you.

- Have a great class, Professor.

- You too, babe.

We're all burning.

Every one of us.

Burning with desire.

We're burning with a fire caused  
by what the Buddha called  
"the three poisons."

Greed, anger, ignorance.

Except he taught us  
that we can fix this.

We can turn them around.

And greed becomes generosity.

Anger becomes compassion.

And ignorance becomes wisdom.

There are miracles around us  
all the time, he said.

The fact that we are here, together,  
in this room, is a miracle.

**JOHN:**

- Isn't the Buddha kind of a hypocrite?  
I mean, sure, he gave up all worldly goods,  
his father's money,  
told us all to live a life of restraint  
and then he ended up, like, super fat.

(LAUGHTER)

Like crazy fat, like, come on, dude.  
You're talking about those statues  
you see in Chinatown, right?

- Yeah.

- The Buddha  
depicted in those statues he's Asian, right?  
Right.

- So...

- It's not the Buddha.

Boom.

- What-what do you mean?

- Well, think about it.

Siddhartha Gautama was an Indian.

From Nepal.

A Chinese monk came to India,  
became a Buddhist, went home  
and started spreading the religion.

The Chinese mixed in Taoism.

Their monks introduced  
the head shaving, the robes,  
the fat, happy Buddha named Hotei.

The actual Buddha was a regular man,  
with a normal body and a full head of hair.

But he was a god.

No, never claimed to be.

Just a man who thought long and  
hard about the human condition

- and achieved enlightenment.

- Like Jesus.

Only without the long blond hair  
and blue eyes.

(LAUGHS)

Uh, but Jesus wasn't just a man.

No?

He claimed to be the son of God.

He died, and was resurrected.

So we know he was divine.  
You know, or you have faith?  
You can only know what you can prove.  
God is beyond proof, logic or reason.  
You can believe in God  
or Jesus through faith  
but that's different from knowing.  
I know that Jesus existed;  
there's historical evidence of that.  
And, uh...  
I have faith that he was divine.  
Aquinas said faith is a divine act  
supernaturally bestowed.  
"Ask and ye shall receive."  
Kierkegaard, on the other hand,  
said that we must leap to faith.  
It's an act you must choose to perform.  
Kierkegaard was more demanding.  
Okay, he was sick of people  
sitting around talking  
about religion all day and  
not doing anything about it.  
I hope he didn't mean this class, though.  
(LAUGHTER)

**JOHN:**

weren't we supposed  
to be talking about Buddha?  
They had a lot in common, Jesus and Buddha.  
How so?  
Well, there's a lot of overlap  
in their philosophies.  
They both taught that golden rule  
that we should be charitable  
and not judge others.  
But the Buddha said you shouldn't believe  
in something just 'cause  
it's written in scripture.  
The whole premise with Jesus  
is to accept on faith.  
That's a pretty huge difference.  
Also the purpose of suffering.  
Jesus suffered for us.  
While the Buddha's whole thing

was to eliminate suffering.

Eliminate desire.

Which is what causes suffering.

I know. I listen. I was listening.

(LAUGHTER)

Okay. Next time, we will  
cover the path to Nirvana  
and we will wrap this  
semester up with Jainism.

It's like Buddhism, but less fun.

Jain women have to be reborn as men  
to achieve enlightenment.

Ugh.

We all know it should be  
the other way around.

(MILD LAUGHTER)

Thank you.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

- Great lecture.
  - You never use any notes or anything.
  - You just, like, know all this stuff.
  - I've been at it a very, very long time.
- So, in honor of wrapping up the unit,  
we're having a Buddhist vegetarian dinner.
- Think you could come?
  - Um... Thank you, but I don't think so.

Busy?

I appreciate the invitation.

Oh, and for what it's worth,  
the Buddha ate meat.

He never said you had to be a vegetarian.  
He just didn't like to see animals killed.

Well, who does?

But you know, bacon.

Bacon donuts.

Best invention ever.

Mm-hmm. (CHUCKLES)

Bye.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

- I have not seen it.
- Oh, you haven't seen it? - No.
- Everybody's seen it.
- I am not... No.

(CHUCKLES) All right, so...

So, is he coming?

Uh, Isabel can work on him.

Right?

I can try.

I can't believe his class is almost over.

- I know.

- Hm?

You know, and next semester, he's teaching  
lame Abrahamic  
and Zoroastrian religions again.

There's nothing lame  
about Abrahamic religions.

- Well, you know what I mean. It's just that...

- He needs some new classes.

He should do Hellenistic.

Uh, yeah, Zeus and Herakles and what-not.

That'd be cool.

Yeah, the only problem is he...

He only does real religions, Liko.

Huh! You don't think the Greeks  
and Romans were on to anything?

Christians got half of their stuff  
from the Pagans.

Or do you need to take

World of the Early Church again?

Guys, we need to focus on what's important.

Getting Professor Young to come to dinner.

There's just so much  
in that guy's head I want to get at.

Me, too.

And... Well,

how do we get him to come?

I think Tara probably has a few ideas.

- Don't be gross, Liko.

- Leave her alone, man.

- You going to that Delta Psi party?

- Ugh. Those guys are animals.

Yeah.

(LOUDLY) Party animals.

(CHUCKLING)

Liko, what're you, five?

Um, no, I do not need to get  
drunk on a Wednesday night.

Thank you.

With a bunch of boys.

Your loss. I'm going.

Saint Philip?

Uh, well, Saint Philip has

Bible study on Wednesdays.

You have no short-term memory, do you?

I don't know.

What was the question?

(LAUGHTER)

- John, I'm glad I caught you.

- Dr. Parker. Did we have an appointment?

I got to share this with somebody,

and you're the only one I

know that can appreciate it.

I got this at a garage sale last weekend.

It's a 75 year old bottle

of single-malt scotch.

Wow!

I paid entirely too much for it,

but the story...

This woman's husband brings it back

from Scotland in the sixties,

and they've been saving it

for a special occasion.

And saving it, and saving it...

And the special occasion never came.

- And he died a couple of months ago.

- Ooh.

Now she's selling his stuff

and moving to Costa Rica.

- Naturally.

- But here's the kicker:

we get home and we get a

message from Kitty and Ron.

The baby came.

I'm a grandfather.

Congratulations, Gill. Fantastic.

(CHUCKLES)

- Special occasion?

- Yes. Indeed.

(GIL SIGHS)

(BOTTLE CLATTERS)

- To my grandson.

- Hear, hear.

(MUSIC PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUND)

Oh, my...

- That is...

- Terrible.

I don't know if I've ever  
tasted anything quite like that.

Just goes to show  
that nothing lasts forever.

Even the whiskey spoils.

Who knew?

Ugh.

(SHOT GLASS CLATTERS)

A grandson, John.

On one hand, it's incredibly invigorating.

On the other, it means...

- I'm so old.

- No...

Yes. Each day, as he grows,  
learns to walk, learns to talk...

It means I'm getting  
one day closer to death.

Another drink?

- What the hell?

- Yes.

(SIGHS)

Jesus! That's awful.

(CHUCKLES)

Ugh.

Now...

I'm not getting maudlin.

It's just life.

And...

Well, this brings it home.

Do you ever regret not having kids, John?

Look, I'm...

I'm sorry.

I don't mean to pry.

(STUTTERS) Don't be sorry.

It's difficult to discuss.

Yeah.

What isn't?

Say, you wanna go have a real drink?

I can't. I have to go home  
and cook Carolyn dinner.

But congratulations,

Dr. Parker.

I couldn't be more happy for you.

(KNIFE CLATTERS)

(KNOCKING)

It's open.

- For Carolyn?

- Mm-hmm.

- Coffee table is fine.

- Okay.

So, about those books...

They're in the den.

Grab all you want.

Have you given that dinner  
any further thought?

You could bring Professor Kittriss.

Obviously.

We'll see.

Well... Thanks, Professor.

(CHUCKLES)

Oh, and please tell Ms. Kittriss

I said good night.

I will.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

- Mm. Smells great.

- Thanks.

It's getting harder and harder to find  
anything that isn't loaded with mercury,  
or farm raised in filthy water.

(CAROLYN CHUCKLES)

Thank God we still have Pop Tarts.

Miracles.

All around us.

(CAROLYN CHUCKLES)

**CAROLYN:**

- How was your day?

- As always. This is the highlight.

I was thinking

of going hunting this weekend.

I'm starting to forget

what real food tastes like.

(SIGHS) I thought you

could come with me to the

Hillary and Rob thing.  
You know, she's feeling  
really down lately, and  
we thought a party would cheer her up.  
Hosting parties always stresses her out.  
But, you know.  
People. Laughing.  
Carrying on.  
I don't know.  
I think I need some time alone.  
You're the king of "alone", John.  
- Why not give the opposite a chance?  
- I have.  
Doesn't work so well for me.  
Okay.  
I know.  
- I'm gonna go change.  
- Good.  
(FOOTSTEPS DEPART)  
(MUSIC PLAYING ON  
THE HEADPHONES)  
(SIGHS DEEPLY) - God, you scared the crap out of me.  
- Sorry.  
You didn't miss anything.  
Typical Delta Psi party.  
Just pack as many people as you can into  
a room and spray them down with beer.  
Figuratively speaking, I hope?  
Uh, for the most part.  
What's that?  
Book on early man  
I borrowed from Professor Young.  
Ooh.  
How did it go?  
Well, I asked again about dinner.  
Told him he could bring Professor Kittriss.  
Ugh. What for?  
Last thing we need is another chick.  
Anyway, this guy Jenkins is  
an archeologist  
with a lot of field work under his belt.  
The book is really really good.  
But the spine wasn't even cracked,  
although it's personally signed.

He's cute.

Or was.

"To my dear friend John Oldman."

Wait, what?

I know, right? Maybe he was kidding.

"Old man" instead of "young"?

It's dated May 2007.

So that would make Professor Young, like, thirty-three maybe.

Exactly. You're not gonna call an old man "old man".

You're call a young guy that.

It's like calling a big guy "tiny".

Yeah, but it's not "old man".

It's "Oldman".

- And maybe it's Kittriss's book.

- Yeah, maybe.

So who's this Jenkins guy?

Let's go to the Interwebs.

Let's see.

Arthur M. Jenkins.

Taught at Santa Clarita University.

Zillion archeology digs.

Oh, academic awards.

Blah, blah, blah...

He wrote some other books.

Ooh.

But this last one...

Jeez.

- What?

- "The Longest Night:

My Conversation with the Man From Earth"

about the night he spent

with a university professor

named John Oldman who claimed

to be 14,000 years old.

And the comments are...

Scathing puts it mildly.

Yikes.

"...Longest Night would merely be

melodramatic sci-fi nonsense, but

the author presents this hokum as non-fiction

and thus abandons any academic authority

he may have once possessed."

Ouch.

Ooh, ooh, ooh, get this one:

"Offensive to the religious  
and non-religious alike,  
Jenkins asks us to believe  
that the savior himself  
is a practicing Buddhist  
who walks among us  
in the guise of a handsome,  
mild-mannered university professor."

Well, that sounds like Professor Young.

And he knows everything about Buddhism.

But, like, the Savior?

Like, Jesus?

He could totally be my own, personal Jesus.

(BOTH LAUGHING)

Well, we are totally getting this book.

(OBJECT CLATTERS)

Like a thief in the night.

(JOHN EXHALES)

I woke you, I'm sorry.

I must be getting out of practice.

At being sneaky?

Stealthy.

You really have to go?

We could spend the whole weekend in bed.

And go to Hillary and Rob's thing?

- Fair trade, isn't it?

- I'm going stir crazy, Carolyn.

I hate when you disappear.

I know, it's just something's...

Something's not right.

I'm not bouncing back

the way I'm used to doing.

Well, it's called "getting older".

But if you insist on

stomping around the woods like a cave man...

I suppose it's a better

mid-life-crisis thing to do than,

I dunno, buying a motorcycle and...

taking off with some student. Right?

Then I'd better try and get back

that deposit I put down on the Ducati.

I'll see you.

(MUSIC PLAYING)  
(BIRDS CHIRPING)  
(ENGINE SHUTS OFF)  
(ADVENTUROUS MUSIC KEEPS PLAYING)  
(BIRDS SINGING)  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
- Come in.  
- Thanks.  
- Hey, Liko.  
- Hey.

**PHILIP'S MOM:**

Hey, you kids want anything to eat?  
Oh, no.  
Thanks, Mom, we're good.  
- Yeah, I want something, Mrs. Nichols.  
- Yeah, me too.  
They're kidding.  
Thanks, Mom.  
Will you knock it off, man?  
Oh, my God.  
She's adorable, by the way.  
Alright, so what's so, uh, earth-shattering?  
- Uh... Can we...?  
- Yeah.  
- Yeah, I want with pickles and mustard.  
- All right, you.  
We're fine.  
(GRUNTS)  
So, what's up?  
For ten years, this guy,  
Arthur M. Jenkins,  
taught at Santa Clarita University  
alongside a history professor  
named John Oldman.  
Then one night, this Oldman guy  
gathers his professor friends  
and tells them that he's  
really 14,000 years old.  
He was born a caveman,  
somehow became immortal. He knew  
Columbus, Vincent Van Gogh,  
all this crazy stuff.

He would always use the name John,  
often with a pun for a last name.  
Stay in one place for ten years or so,  
until people started  
realizing he didn't age.  
Lived under hundreds of identities,  
(CHUCKLING)  
including, wait for it...  
- Jesus of Nazareth.  
- Wait, what?  
(MUSIC STARTS PLAYING)  
He'd lived for thousands of years, you know,  
never aging, never dying,  
traveling the world...  
- Studying with the Buddha...  
- ...until one day he set up shop in Jerusalem  
and started preaching.  
Yadda-yadda-yadda, he gets crucified,  
his wounds heal, he sneaks off and...  
we have Christianity.  
By accident.  
What do you mean, "Yadda-yadda-yadda,  
we have Christianity"? You can't just...  
It's science fiction, all right?  
People write speculative fiction  
about Jesus all the time.  
You should see what they  
write about Kirk and Spock.  
Better yet, you shouldn't.  
But he said that it's a true story. See?  
Says right there, "non-fiction".  
Oh, well, then it must be true.  
There are plenty of alien abduction books  
in the non-fiction section.  
Look, I checked up on Arthur Jenkins.  
Okay?  
He was a tenured archeology professor,  
published a pile of books.  
The real deal.  
And then this one came out  
and he got laughed off the planet.  
No wonder.  
Okay, but he did his research.  
Found out that the John Oldman he knew

didn't exist until 2001.  
No mention of him anywhere.  
His references, driver's license, W-2.  
Everything turned out to be fake.  
Jenkins even tracked down two previous  
colleges where he'd taught  
under different names.  
John Magdel and John Permian.  
Magdel?  
Magdelanian?  
I have no idea what Permian is.  
The first Great Extinction,  
250 million years ago.  
Mm, yeah.  
They both also had fake references,  
and left abruptly after about ten years.  
And their descriptions,  
John Oldman, John Magdel,  
John Permian, are virtually identical.  
Okay, Oldman's DMV records  
somehow vanished two days after he did.  
I mean, Google him now,  
the only reference is this book.  
If this Oldman guy is real,  
he makes his past disappear  
every time he changes identity.  
Makes sense. Million years old, staying  
under the radar, you gotta keep moving.  
Philip, we're not trying to offend you.  
No.  
I'm not offended.  
No, I know.  
It's just, you really believe.  
Yeah. Okay, look.  
I know the Earth isn't flat,  
I know it's more than 6,000 years old.  
But I believe that a man named Jesus  
lived and died for our sins.  
Um, Philip.  
You know there are millions and millions  
of people who don't believe  
in Jesus Christ's divinity.  
I mean, Jews, Hindus, Wiccans, plenty more.  
Wiccans...

Um... Yes, but that doesn't mean they're right. Some people believe the Galactic Dictator Xenu brought his people to earth and hid them in volcanoes, so... The point is, Jenkins' book is just a story. Now, if I could allow my faith to be shaken by the fantasies of a disgruntled college professor then I'm not much of a Christian, am I? So... Jenkins writes a book about John Oldman. Fine, whatever. What's this got to do with any of us? Show him. I found this book at Professor Young's. Read the inscription. "To my dear friend John Oldman." Right? So... Professor Young and John Oldman knew each other? Yeah. Okay. What if Professor Young actually is John Oldman. Well, how do you make that leap? Are there any pictures? Okay, well, Jenkins talks about several times when Oldman conspicuously avoided having his picture taken. Turning around, stepping behind someone, answering a phone call that no one ever heard ringing. Whatever, just to avoid being photographed. To Jenkins' knowledge, the only existing picture of John Oldman was taken in 2006 at a barbecue. Huh. Mm. Wait, so, if... Professor Young is Jesus Christ returned,

then that means we're in...  
The End Times.

**TARA:**

But if Jesus never left,  
then he's not "returned."  
He's just...  
here.

(IMITATES EXPLOSION)

Cool. I'm hungry.

Tara, wanna go get something to eat?

Yeah, sure.

What?

I found an email for Jenkins.

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

What do we got, Betsy?

Well, look at that.

I think we've got lunch.

(GRUNTS)

Nice.

Uhh.

Keep it.

And there's another beauty.

All right, Betsy. Let's go.

Come on.

Come on.

(BETSY OINKS)

(WHISTLING)

Come on.

(GRUNTS)

These are for me.

Mm.

Smell good, too.

Okay.

Let's go make that move.

(SNIFFLES)

Ah.

Okay.

(GRUNTS)

Let's see, let's move this knight.

There we go.

(COMPUTER CHIMES)

Oh.

What's this?

"...The Longest Night  
and found it fascinating.  
Would you be willing to speak  
with me about John Oldman?"

(CHAIR CLATTERS)

(KEYBOARD CLACKING)

Dear Miss Chang...

Why don't you and John Oldman...  
go straight to hell?

(COMPUTER CHIMES)

God dammit!

(BETSY OINKS)

Why don't they leave me alone?

Oh.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Hey, come here,

don't run away. I'm sorry.

I didn't mean to frighten you.

(ADVENTUROUS MUSIC PLAYING)

(BIRDS AND CRICKETS CHIRPING)

- I'm not so sure about this anymore.

- It was your idea.

I know, but I work for Professor Kittriss.

And now I'm feeling really violatey,  
you know?

- So let's go home.

- But I feel like I want to know, you know?

So, let's keep going.

- Ugh, I wish Jenkins was more responsive.

- I wish he was less a dick.

- God, it's just so... I...

- Okay, do you want proof or not?

- Photos, something?

- Mm-hmm.

Well, then...

**TARA:**

**LIKO:**

(TARA LAUGHS)

Pretty bad-ass, Isabel.

- It wasn't locked.

- Yeah, still.

Breaking and entering.

Felony makes you kinda hot.

Ohh. Whoa.

He really does have a Van Gogh.

Uh, total fake.

That'd be worth, like, three zillion dollars.

- Cool Taser? What's this for?

- What do you think, perv?

Don't touch that.

(SHUTTER CLICKS)

Hmm.

Gurar.

I want to be objective, but

I really want to believe this,

because it would be so deeply, deeply cool.

- Let's split up.

- I'll do the bedroom.

Okay.

Oh, there's a basement.

(DOOR SLAMS SHUT)

Come on.

Ooh, Miss Kittriss.

Hm.

(SIGHS)

Kittriss is home.

- Liko. Liko!

- Yeah, gimme one sec.

Hey.

We gotta go!

Now!

(SHUTTER CLICKS)

Come on.

Yeah, I'm coming, I'm coming!

- There's a back door.

- Awesome.

Come on. Come on.

(DOOR CLOSES)

(INSECTS CHIRPING)

So, my cousin Janet is an art  
history major at Columbia.

She said the painting could  
be an unregistered Van Gogh.

Well, we looked into the authors  
of those books from the basement.

Any history they had prior to publication is sketchy, or nonexistent.  
Some of the publishers are out of business, but I reached three.  
None of them had any contact information for the author.  
Each guy vanished with no forwarding address within a couple of years of publication.  
"Jonathan Evermore"? He wrote the sci-fi novel "Everlasting Tomorrow," about an "immortal's search for the meaning of his solitary existence".  
I called Bantam, told them I was his granddaughter, looking for his royalty payments.  
She said she was so happy I called, since they've been piling up since 1966.  
(GASPS)  
No, asshole. We're not taking his money.  
Ugh.  
(TARA AND ISABEL CHUCKLE)  
- I mean, guys. Unbelievable.  
- We're just gonna leave all that money? Isn't it weird?  
Every time someone claims to have been reincarnated, they were always like Napoleon, you know? Alexander the Great.  
Cleopatra or something.  
Yeah, well... it's never Cleopatra's slave who cleaned out her chamber pot.  
Or the guy making chamber pots.  
"John Oldman" said he knew the Buddha.  
Sailed with Columbus.  
No, he didn't actually sail with Columbus.  
- What?  
- I read the book, dude.  
Come on, get in there.  
There you go.  
So, uh...  
Did you saw it, though?  
The Van Gogh?  
Yeah.  
You starting to believe a little bit.

Look, just because a guy is, you know,  
14,000 years old,  
it doesn't mean he's Jesus.

Yeah.

He could be the guy who made  
the nails for the cross.

Aha.

All right, come on.

- I was Malcolm X in my past life.

- Yeah, for sure.

(MOVIE PLAYS ON COMPUTER)

(PHONE RINGING)

Hello, Dr. Jenkins, if this is you.  
And if it's not you, I apologize for  
the wrong number, whoever this is.

So Dr. Jenkins,  
my name is Isabel Chang.

I do apologize for calling so late,  
although I did try emailing.

Anyway, here's the thing.

I believe my professor is John Oldman.

He's going by the name  
John Young, here at Chico.

Please call me back if you can, okay?  
I really, really would love to talk with you.

I know you took a lot of crap for your  
book, and I just want you to know...

I believe you. There is something  
different about John Young.

My number's 530-555-0168.

Thank you.

I'll be...

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

(ADVENTUROUS MUSIC PLAYING)

(ENGINE REVS)

Oh, okay, thank you.

Um...

We will fax that right over.

Another one?

Yeah. Fax...

God, what year is this, anyway?

(GRUNTS)

Oh, God.

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

- Hello?

- Uh, hello.

I'm calling about your email.

Yes.

Who is this?

This is Violet Collsen.

Um...

- I'm sorry. Violet...?

- Collsen. From Central Idaho College.

Well, I've been retired for many years now,  
and my daughter works at the college  
in admissions just like I did.

But it was the funniest thing the other day.

She was working at home...

And I walked passed her desk  
just when your email came.

- Oh, and...?

- So, I saw the photo  
and recognized him immediately.

- You did?

- Yes, John Pleis.

Oh. He was a remarkable man.

You just never forget that kind of a person.

What do you remember about him?

Well, he was the best anthropology  
professor we ever had.

He just had a way about him.

You felt you could tell him your secrets.

- And he always had the best advice.

- This was how long ago?

Oh, let's see.

That's about 1957?

And you remember him clearly?

Oh, yeah.

He was a very handsome man, too.

John Pleis?

P-L-E-I-S.

Funny name, kind of sticks in your head.

I tried to see what else I  
could find before calling you,  
and there was nothing.

He just disappeared.

Yes, he does that.

Well, thank you so much, Ms. Collsen.

This is your number  
if I have any more questions?

- Yes, yes.
- Great. Thank you so much.
- Goodbye then.
- Goodbye.

Uhh...

Pleis.

- Pleistocene?
- Yes.

Okay. So we have contacted,  
what, sixty small colleges  
in fourteen states and this  
was our second hit so far.

(CHUCKLES) Professor Young is a dead ringer

- for teachers in Idaho and...
- Western Wyoming.

John Mortem, archeology, 1979.

(CELL PHONE RINGING)

Hello?

- Isabel Chang?
- Yeah.

Hi. This is Arthur Jenkins.

- You've been trying to reach me.
- I have, yes.

Get me a picture.

A new, clean picture.

Email it or text it to this number.

- I emailed that one...
- No, no, no.

Brand-new, full face. Do that and we'll see.

Otherwise, we have nothing to talk about.

Thank you so much, Dr. Jenkins.

I'm so grateful...

You've...

(LINE BEEPS)

(EXHALES)

Hey, Professor.

We know we're early, but...

It's the last class, and we  
don't have you next semester.

So we thought we'd have  
a little goodbye party.

- I'm not going anywhere, you know.

- We know. But...

Here.

Cappuccino.

- My weakness. Thank you.

- We know. Yeah.

Quick, picture.

(SHUTTER CLICKS)

- Oh. Wait, can we go again?

- Just one more.

You know the rules.

- Please.

- Real quick. Real quick.

Mm-hmm.

Okay, class has begun.

Take your seats.

Cellphones off.

Thank you for the coffee.

Cellphones off!

- I knew it.

- He did it on purpose. I'm sure of it, man.

He didn't want his picture taken,

so he messed up both shots.

I guess after 14,000 years,

you learn a thing or two about hiding.

Yeah, but these days,

there's cameras everywhere.

He won't be able to hide anymore.

Whatever he's been doing all these years,

changing his identity, I mean, it's over.

- Time's up. Don't you see?

- What do you suggest?

Maybe we just talk to him.

Tell him the truth.

- What truth?

- That we know who he is.

Based on a discredited book

by a lonely old crank and

some circumstantial evidence?

We are not crazy people.

There is something special about John.

We all knew it the first time

we heard him speak. Right?

All throughout history,

there have been prophets,

visionaries.

Men and women touched by God.

I mean, who's to say John Young  
isn't one of these people?

Why is that so impossible?

- Well, it sure isn't likely.

- Philip,

I'm not saying that he's the "son of God".

But if he is 14,000 years old,  
then he's the wisest man in the world.

In history.

He should be listened to.

Followed.

Worshipped?

Is that what you're gonna say?

No.

- There could be a whole new...

- Religion?

Or something, around him.

A corrective for everything  
everyone has gotten wrong about Jesus  
for the past 2000 years.

If that story is true, then  
everything I've believed for  
half my life is a total lie.

Everything that millions and millions  
of people throughout history  
have believed, and lived and died for  
is total bullshit.

So, no.

(CRICKETS CHIRPING)

Okay, okay. One clear picture of  
Professor Young's face, and that's it.

(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC  
PLAYING)

(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS)

(GRUNTS SOFTLY,

SMACKS LIPS)

(WHISTLES)

(KEYBOARD CLACKING)

(COMPUTER CHIMES)

Hey, Betsy,

I gotta hit the road for a few days, honey.

But I'll have Suzanne

come by and check on you.

Be a good girl.

- Looks nasty.

- I got sloppy.

Stupid mistake.

What's up?

You worried about your grade?

- Because you shouldn't be, you did great.

- No, it's not that. But thanks.

Then what's going on?

Was there something specific, Tara?

I wanted to apologize for yesterday.

The pictures and everything.

We're just really going to miss you.

That's okay.

I'm going to miss you guys, too.

I maybe don't act it, but...

I've been lonely most of my life.

(VOICE FALLING)

Boys only cared about...

And the girls hated me because of it.

My parents' friends were

always being creepy and...

at some point you either become

the person everybody thinks

you are, or you just hide.

(CRYING) I didn't want to hide, so...

I'm sorry, I don't...

It's okay.

You're okay.

(SNIFFLES)

You're okay.

What was that?

Woah.

- No. No.

- You know you want me.

No, stop.

Stop.

You've been watching me for two years.

Don't deny it.

You're my student.

It's okay.

You're safe with me.

I know who you are.

I think it's amazing.

(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYING)

I don't know what you think  
you know about me,  
but I need you out of my office.

Fine.

I'll make it easy for you.

Do not make me call security.

And tell them what?

That I assaulted you sexually?

Tara, this isn't happening.

- I'm sorry. I just...

- It's okay.

Oh, God.

(DOOR CLOSES)

I...

Well, you can't.

Spring semester starts in three weeks  
and you have two sections already filled.

I'm sorry.

- Sorry?

- I can recommend a replacement.

I can't replace you, John, you know that.

The students love you.

Your class is filled in an hour.

If you wanted to teach a third  
section, that would sell out, too.

What's going on here?

Something's come up and I have to go.

- What?

- It's personal.

Look.

I'll get Chandra and we can fix this...

No, Gill, please.

I just have to go.

Please, don't do this to me.

I regret it, Gill.

Deeply, I do.

Well, obviously, I can't give you a  
recommendation under these circumstances.

Everywhere you go, I'll have to tell them  
about this mess you're dumping in my lap.

I understand.

Paperwork for the semester all wrapped up?

Grades logged, evaluations, all that?  
Yes. The last couple of things,  
I'll take care of today.  
You're leaving that soon?  
I truly hope that eventually  
there are no hard feelings.  
I'll get over it.  
But this stinks.  
I was hoping to give you my  
chair in five or six years.  
(EXHALES)  
I'd have been honored to take it.  
What the hell were you thinking?  
(WORRILY) I don't know.  
I just... You know.  
Okay, what else did he say?  
Nothing.  
But...  
What?  
What else?  
I think I maybe spilled  
the beans a little bit.  
What beans?  
That we know about him.  
Oh, my...  
What exactly did you say?  
Um...  
Well, I... I mean, does it matter?  
If he knows that we know...  
Then he'll disappear for good!  
Oh, crap, Jenkins is on his way down here.  
He's on the road right now.  
- Well, can you call him?  
- Yeah.  
(ISABEL EXHALES)  
(GRUNTS)  
(NERVOUS SIGH)  
Voice mail.  
(NERVOUS SIGH)  
(WORRILY) Hey, Dr. Jenkins.  
It's Isabel Chang. Listen, um...  
Professor Young maybe knows we know and  
might be leaving here really soon.  
Please let me know what time you're

gonna get here. What we should do.

(SIGHS, GRUNTS)

Okay.

Let's find the guys.

- It's gonna be okay.

- All right.

- I knew it. I just knew it.

- Carolyn, please...

What, stay calm? Don't get worked up?

No, why would I?

I'm only asking that you...

Let you slip away quietly, huh?

No muss, no fuss?

I've left you money, of course.

I don't want you to be...

I don't need your fucking charity, John!

I have a job.

I need you.

I'm sorry.

I don't understand why you're leaving.

I mean, the explanation part

got by me somehow.

I told you from the start

that I would eventually move on.

Yeah, but that's something people say.

Like

"I hate dogs", "I'm never getting married",

"I don't want kids".

People say that shit all

the time, and guess what?

Five years later,

they're married, with kids.

- And a dog!

- Not me.

Well, apparently not.

Oh, Jesus, John...

How can a man with so

much passion be so cold?

What was this to you?

I've told you how I feel.

Because I'm leaving does not mean

that I don't care about you.

Oh, wow.

That's all I'm going

to get out of you, isn't it?

- Carolyn...

- No, just save it. Look.

I'll be back in a few days.

I assume you'll be gone by then?

Yes.

Well, Merry Christmas, John.

Thanks for everything.

(FOOTSTEPS DEPART)

(BREATHES DEEPLY)

Well, just keep him there.

How are we supposed to do that?

I don't know. But just keep him there.

I'm still about two hours away.

You can't get here any faster?

No.

I can only go so fast.

But don't tell him I'm coming.

That'll only make him leave faster.

Alright.

Do your best.

Yes, I will do my best.

(ISABEL EXHALES)

- Just keep him there? How?

- We know where he lives.

Oh.

You wanna go talk to him again?

You think that's the best

course of action right now?

What choice do we have? If we don't go  
see him now, we'll never see him again.

Let's go.

(FIRE CRACKLING)

(SNIFFLES)

- Hello.

- Please don't leave yet.

Just stay one more night.

- Have dinner with us.

- We only want to talk.

I think it's best for everybody

if I hit the road now.

Please, Professor.

I have so many questions for you.

I'm sure my replacement will be at

least as knowledgeable as I am.

You know that's not what we mean.

(EXHALES)

I don't know what you want from me.

- We don't want anything from you.

- I want to learn from you.

This looks a lot more like stalking.

We read the book.

(NERVOUS CHUCKLE)

Don't deny that you're John Oldman.

I see.

I'm-I'm sorry.

It's fiction.

Yes, I knew Art Jenkins.

And yes, we gathered at my cabin.

And played a game.

A game. A bunch of eggheads  
playing intellectual charades.

Maybe it went too far.

Art got angry and I guess  
this was his response.

And it's my understanding that  
things have not gone well  
for him since its publication.

Early retirement.

Laughed out of academia.

That can happen when you publish  
a science fiction novel as fact.

So you're saying it's all lies.

That Jenkins just made the whole thing up.

I'm saying that just because you write  
a book and call it 'non-fiction'  
doesn't make it true.

You're safe with us.

We respect you and want to  
help you spread the word.

- What word?

- The word...

of God.

You think I'm trying to  
spread the word of God?

- Aren't you?

- No.

I am a teacher, not a preacher.

Jesus was a teacher.

His last words were: "Go ye into the world and teach all nations."

- You said that.

- Maybe in class. I teach the Bible.

You are the living embodiment of Jesus Christ. You are Him.

Always have been, and still are.

That is...

What's the word I'm looking for?

Nuts.

I'm not even Christian.

Were you or were you not Jesus?

Whatever it is you kids are looking for, whatever it is you think I can tell you...

You're going to have to find it somewhere else.

Alright, Professor.

- Have a good life.

- A good, long life.

(TASER CRACKLING)

(GRUNTS)

(BODY THUMPS)

Oh, shit.

- What happened?

- What did you do?

- I just tried to keep him here.

- So you killed him?

I didn't kill him. I tased him.

He hit his head.

Is he breathing?

Well?

- Yeah, he's alive.

- You are a lunatic.

- We have to call an ambulance.

- Hang on, hang on. Wait.

What, you wanna make sure he's dead? You wanna be the guy who killed the immortal?

- Well...

- Hello?

If Jenkins' story is true...

Then he's been through a lot worse.

You are insane.

We have to get him to a doctor.

- **ISABEL:**

- What did you take?

- I'm sorry, I can't hear you.

- Art.

Art Jenkins.

Dr. Jenkins.

What's up?

My car died.

Piece of crap.

I'm broken down by the side of the road.

You didn't let John leave, did you?

- Please tell me you didn't.

- He's still here.

- Where are you?

- I don't know. Red Bluff.

That's about an hour away.

- His car broke down in Red Bluff.

- Where's that?

- Can you tell me exactly where you are?

- It's where the 99 meets the 5.

There's a motel, and a lot of dirt.

- Can't he just take an Uber?

- You guys go. I've got this.

Okay, Dr. Jenkins.

We're gonna come pick you up.

Just stay there.

We're on our way.

We'll call when we're close, okay?

Okay.

Thank you.

(GRUNTS LOUDLY)

God dammit!

Okay, so is there anything  
else that I should be doing?

How long until you get here?

Okay.

Yeah. Okay, okay, I'll see you soon.

Thank you.

Okay, just...

You guys go.

Ambulance is on the way, okay?

- And take the idiot with you.

- Are you sure?

- Yeah, I got it.

- Oh, my God.

What's gonna happen when he wakes up?

He's gonna be so pissed.

Well, he forgave Judas.

Let's go.

(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYING)

(DUCT TAPE RIPPING)

(GRUNTS, COUGHS)

Philip.

You need to release me.

Philip.

What am I doing here?

You've kidnapped me.

Do you realize that?

We just wanted you to stay.

I wanted to go.

So you knocked me out  
and tied me to a chair.

No, um...

Cut me loose.

I'll leave.

You'll never hear from me again.

I'm sorry.

- I can't.

- Yes, you can.

Just cut the tape and walk away.

Do you want something to drink?

No.

Why are you doing this?

Philip!

I want to know the truth.

You want to know the truth.

Where are the others?

They'll be back soon.

So is there a plan, or are  
you guys just winging it?

I mean, am I going to be tortured  
for information? I don't

know where the bomb is hidden, I don't  
have any gold treasure stashing.

They just went to go get Dr. Jenkins.

Art.

(SCOFFS)

Art is an angry, bitter man.  
He does not have our best interest at heart.  
He only wants to talk to you.  
(SCOFFS)  
I'm tied to a chair  
and Art wants to talk to me.  
I'm concerned for your safety.  
You need to cut me loose.  
Where do you worship, Philip?  
I mean, I'm assuming that you worship  
somewhere because you seem...  
Will you please just stop talking?  
Please.  
Wouldn't sitting here  
in silence be much worse?  
I don't know, okay?  
I'm just trying to think.  
Okay.  
(SIGHS DEEPLY)  
It's the Jubilee Christian Fellowship,  
my church.  
I've heard of it.  
You live locally with your mother, right?  
She attends as well?  
Yeah.  
She know where you are right now?  
She's at a retreat.  
What kind?  
Transformation Conference.  
It's about  
preparing for the future.  
Protecting the church.  
So she's very involved.  
Both of you are.  
Yeah, it's her mostly,  
because I'm busy with school.  
You'll be more involved  
after you graduate, right?  
- These...  
- I have questions, okay?  
I have some questions.  
Will you answer them?  
To the best of my ability.  
- I want to...

- You want to talk about Jesus.

Okay.

You believe the Bible  
as the word of God, right?

Absolutely.

How did you come to that belief?

Um...

Growing up, my dad drank.

(SNIFFLES) And he hit my mother,  
so we got out of there.

Some people took us in and they, uh...

They brought us to the church,  
and it saved us, really.

We were baptized.

Born again.

And you now have a personal relationship  
with Jesus Christ as your savior?

Yes, sir, I do.

What would he want you to do now?

I don't know.

Why don't you tell me?

Who exactly do you think I am?

I don't know.

I don't know. You're certainly the  
best professor that I've ever had.

And you know more about the Bible  
than even Pastor Michaels,  
plus every other religion besides.  
Most of my teachers, they don't...

They won't...

acknowledge the central  
truth of scripture. They  
believe that faith and science can't  
co-exist and that's just not true.

That's not how you teach it.

That just means I'm a decent teacher.

Right?

I met Isabel freshman year.

It was in your Intro class.

She was the first one of us to  
realize there's just something  
different about you and...

The way you spoke.

I mean, you saved that janitor's life.

That was just CPR, you could do it.  
You talked that girl out of suicide.  
She just needed someone to hear her.  
Yeah, but there's all the other  
weird stuff, too. You know, like  
how there's no pictures of you anywhere.  
There's no record of you online before  
you started teaching at the school.  
I've got my own reasons for wanting  
to be very private these days.  
That's all.  
I mean, on one hand  
what if God really did send His  
Son to Earth to spread His word.  
Maybe you're exactly how He'd do it, right?  
Allow a man to live for thousands  
and thousands of years,  
traveling the world, collecting  
all of this knowledge and wisdom,  
and once he's finally got it  
he starts preaching.  
What he's saying is the truth,  
so people grasp it right away.  
It's like Christianity. It took over the  
world in just a couple of hundred years.  
Yes, it did.  
- It makes a certain kind of sense.  
- And you want to believe that story.  
I'm not sure.  
Because  
if you are Jesus, then  
that means that the Bible is just  
fiction.  
I need...  
I want to know the truth. I need  
to know the truth. Can you  
just tell me the truth, please?  
If I tell you the truth,  
Philip, will you let me go?  
Yeah, I guess so.  
- Okay, I want you to listen very carefully.  
- Okay, just wait a second...  
Two thousand years ago,  
I stood on a hill in Galilee

and I spoke  
some basic spiritual truths  
I'd picked up over the years.  
And when the gospels were written,  
they called me Christ.  
But frankly, the whole thing  
got a lot bigger  
and went in a very different  
direction than I ever intended.  
It got violent and scary and I took off.  
I've kept my head down ever since.  
And I have to move on far  
more often than I would like.  
(ETHEREAL MUSIC PLAYING)  
But lately something's changed.  
I'm getting lines in my face, gray hair.  
I don't heal as fast as I used to.  
And I don't know  
if it's something in the air,  
or in the water, the food.  
Something in my blood, or DNA...  
or a ticking time bomb in my soul.  
I feel different.  
Are you dying?  
I don't know. Maybe.  
Maybe I'm just changing.  
Into what?  
If your time is limited, it's more important  
now than ever for you to come forward.  
For you to spread the word as only you can.  
I've thought about it a lot  
and I want to help.  
There is so much pain and suffering.  
The New Testament said that I would  
return, but the truth is I never left.  
The Book of Revelation says that  
Jesus will rule over this planet with  
his believers for a thousand years.  
Shouldn't there be a better way to help  
people than ruling over them like a king?  
But what about the Rapture,  
where the Dead in Christ will rise?  
Why not bring them into the light now?  
Why condemn them to darkness?

Because they've condemned themselves to darkness.  
That's harsh.  
No, it isn't. That's the fate of those who haven't been saved.  
As the fate of those who've abandoned their faith.  
Everyone can be saved.  
Everyone can find peace and love.  
Why not create a Heaven on Earth now?  
We can help do that.  
But right now I need your help.  
What can I do?  
It's time to cut me loose.  
Yeah, okay.  
Okay, what's your plan?  
One step at a time.  
If you're the Son of God, why can't you just cut yourself loose?  
(SCOFFS)  
Son of Man.  
No magical powers.  
Okay, you want a plan.  
There are many paths to enlightenment, including the born-again experience that you've had.  
But there are equally valid paths.  
No, there aren't.  
It says in Matthew 18:3...  
Um...  
Jesus tells his disciples:  
"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven."  
There are other approaches to enlightenment that have been practiced throughout time across the globe.  
Why wouldn't we draw on that experience, and that wisdom?  
But do these other paths involve the cleansing blood of Christ? Because...  
The path is less important than the goal: a personal transformation...

that enables us  
to empathize with others and bring  
Heaven here on Earth right now.  
Rational humans have existed on  
this planet for 200,000 years.  
Right? The New Testament has only existed  
for a fraction of that time, Philip.  
No, no.  
This is liberal theological nonsense.  
What, so you're a Methodist now?  
- I'm not being clear...  
- Nah, you know what?  
I've had a personal relationship  
with Jesus Christ as my savior  
for the past ten years now.  
I think I know who Jesus is,  
and I can tell you right now you  
don't sound anything like him.  
I don't know which translation  
of the Bible you've read,  
- whose version...  
- It's so seductive, isn't it?  
It's so seductive.  
The desire to believe you is so strong.  
But if word of your existence got out  
and Isabel had her way and people started  
worshipping you, it could destroy the world.  
I have no intention of starting a religion.  
You're a real smooth talker,  
Professor Young.  
While you're certainly not Jesus, you do  
remind me of someone else from the Bible.  
Someone with miraculous  
powers of persuasion.  
Someone obsessed with  
transforming the world,  
overturning the true message of the Bible.  
You're not Jesus Christ.  
You're the Anti-Christ.  
Cut me loose, Philip,  
so we can discuss this rationally, please.  
(LAUGHS MOCKINGLY)  
Sure, yeah.  
Cut loose the Anti-Christ.

- What harm could possibly come from that?

- Why don't you listen to yourself?

A minute earlier, you're prepared  
to believe that I'm Jesus. Now...

I'm the Anti-Christ.

I'm not sure who you are.

Maybe you're just a regular guy  
who's a really good story teller.

But you're the one who claimed to be Jesus,  
and right now, you sound more  
like the Great Deceiver.

Do you even know what the Anti-Christ is?

The concept doesn't exist in the Bible.

It's a distortion that superstitious  
monks created by pulling  
completely unrelated passages together.

Now the word "Antichrist"  
appears in the Epistles of John...

but it never refers to a single person.

You know that I'm talking about  
the really really bad guy  
from the Book of Revelation,  
whatever medieval monks named him.

Okay.

What malevolent creature  
from the Book of Revelation do  
I remotely resemble to you?

There's the seven-headed Beast  
who is wounded to death.

His wounds miraculously heal.

You can do that.

The Beast blasphemes God and Heaven,  
much like your theology of many paths.

Ultimately everyone left on Earth is  
worshiping him.

Seems like you're pushing for a similar plan.

All that's missing is the 666.

You got any tattoos?

(SCOFFS)

The nonsense about the Beast  
is fantasy literature and nothing more.

You really don't believe  
in the Bible, do you?

It's a book, written by people.

Whatever you are, you're a serious enemy of the Bible, and your message could have catastrophic effects on the Christian faith.

You are a threat.

I just want to be left alone.

I don't believe you.

I haven't lied to you once.

Hah!

I have an idea.

Let's have a little test of faith.

For me or for you?

Both of us.

I know what I believe in.

Okay.

So if I am the Beast

what do you think God

would have you do with me?

Probably kill you.

Then do it.

Let's end this.

I didn't exactly say

you were the Anti-Christ.

I just said it could be a possibility.

Well, that's good news.

If you're not going to kill me

for being the Beast,

you're going to have to let me go sometime.

There's still the possibility that you

could be Jesus, and I can't let you go

until I know one way or the other.

I already told you I was.

That doesn't prove anything.

Then plunge your knife into me

and find out for sure.

If I'm Jesus, I'll survive.

Or die and be reborn.

Maybe you're just a manipulative

story teller, and I'd be a murderer.

That's right.

But it still comes down to the same

**choices:**

So just, stick this knife

in your eye or something?  
Why not place it on my right side?  
- Like the Roman soldier with the spear.  
- Yes.  
So you want me to stab you  
right now as an act of faith.  
I didn't say that.  
But what if I want to?  
Then you would be...  
(FLESH TEARS)  
(JOHN GRUNTS)  
Philip.  
P-Professor?  
P-Professor Young?  
J-Jesus Christ.  
What...  
(SUSPENSEFUL MUSIC PLAYING)  
(KNIFE CLATTERS)  
(SNIFFLING, CRYING)  
Hi, you've reached Philip.  
Sorry I can't get to the phone right now...  
No answer.  
(BEEP)  
Philip, what's up? Where are you?  
We have Dr. Jenkins, we're really close.  
Call me.  
So what's your problem  
with him, anyway? Hm?  
- Me?  
- Yeah. What'd he ever do to you?  
Aside from the fact that he ruined my life?  
That problem?  
(SCOFFS)  
Don't get salty, dude.  
What happened, Dr. Jenkins?  
Well, you read my book, Isabel.  
Yes?  
You were all good friends, academic peers...  
He told you his story one night, then  
"just kidding" and poof, he vanished.  
I was angry. I felt betrayed.  
We all felt betrayed.  
And I left there that evening, wanting  
to expose him for the lunatic

- that I thought he was.  
- So you became a ninja stalker.  
I'd given up hope of finding  
him until I saw your email.  
But that doesn't explain how you  
went from a skeptic to a believer.  
I'm an archaeologist.  
I dug deep, looking for the truth, but I  
couldn't disprove his fantastic story.  
So I published.  
And...  
Got run out of Dodge on a rail.  
Sucks to be you.  
Tara...  
No, I would agree.  
I guess the ambulance  
has already come and gone.  
Well, they left the front door open.  
Maybe there's a note.  
Start calling hospitals.  
There can't be that many in this town.  
- Professor Young's truck is gone.  
- Hello? Anybody home?  
Still no answer. Philip, what's up?  
Where are you?  
Hello?  
(FLOORBOARD CREAKING)  
- Look, there's blood.  
- Oh, no.  
Oh, shit.  
Okay, okay.  
What went on here?  
I don't know.  
Philip said he was calling an ambulance.  
You need to call the police.  
- We don't know what happened.  
- That's why you need to call the police.  
Philip might have done something stupid.  
Don't touch that.  
You have to dial 911.  
There's a broken chair and some blood.  
We don't know what went on.  
Two people and a car are missing.  
We have to find Philip.

No, you have to call the p...  
I'll do it.  
Hey, whoa, whoa, whoa, wait,  
wait, just one minute, okay?  
I don't want to get in trouble, okay?  
No one does.  
Let's just think about what happened.  
If the ambulance came, then  
Professor Young is in the hospital.  
No. The paramedics would have  
stopped the bleeding down here.  
There wouldn't be a blood trail all  
the way up the stairs right there.  
- We're not criminals.  
- No, no, you have no choice.  
If the cops come,  
then we all get arrested, okay?  
Forget college, forget everything.  
Our lives are totally over, period.  
But where are they?  
Do you think Professor Young killed Philip?  
- I...  
- No way.  
Maybe Philip killed Professor Young.  
Now that is impossible. Because he  
would have had to cut his head off.  
And there's not enough blood  
in here for that.  
Ewgh! That's a little graphic.  
Maybe they both just drove away together.  
After having a knife fight?  
Or a ritual sacrifice?  
Okay, Professor Young was leaving.  
Maybe he just left.  
No, because the Van Gogh is still upstairs.  
It doesn't make sense that he would  
leave it behind, after all these years.  
Okay, listen.  
Tara, why don't you and Dr. Jenkins  
call all the hospitals, see if he's there.  
Liko and I will stay here,  
figure out what to do with this.  
Sound like a plan?  
Oh, boy...

(BIRDS CHIRPING)

John?

Harry.

John.

Oh, my God.

Hah.

Well, I got your letter, obviously.

I was surprised to hear from you,  
to say the least. And a letter.

(HARRY LAUGHS)

Well,

technology is not my friend these days.

(HARRY GRUNTS)

(EXHALES, BREATHING DEEPLY)

It was a lot to absorb, John.

I know.

How are you feeling?

Still sore.

I'm not used to being injured  
for an extended period of time.

It's only been six weeks.

I've had much worse, and I'm  
usually up in a couple of days.

This is different, Harry.

How so?

I don't know.

But I hope I'll find out soon.

I like the beard.

Reminds me of a Schnauzer I had once.

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

(Ouch. Ouch.)

No, no.

I got it.

Okay.

So you're living here?

Uh, yes.

- How much longer?

- I don't know.

Hmm.

I think I found a name for myself, Harry.

A classification.

- 'Holocene Man'.

- Ah, your dates are a little off.

The Holocene only goes back 12,000 years.

And you, you're...

Oh, I know.

(HARRY CHUCKLES)

I saw the ice melt, watched  
the birth of the epoch.

(CHUCKLES)

Yeah, well, the scientific  
community is starting  
to coalesce around the idea  
that the Holocene's over.

We're now living in the Anthropocene.

Ta-da!

The impact of man's activities on the planet  
being so severe, it's changed it permanently,  
creating a whole new epoch.

That would explain a thing  
or two about my condition.

End of an era.

Oh, John.

Come on, don't talk like that.

Well, everything ends.

And apparently, nobody lives forever.

What is it?

John, I didn't do this, come here,  
for any reason, except you asked.

But since we're here, and since we're  
talking, I could really use your help.

It's my dad. He's been sick for a while.

And now...

Would you be willing to come home with me?

Just for a while?

(CHUCKLES)

I think he would really like to meet you.

I'll go check my calendar.

But I think I'm free.

- Let's go.

- Thank you.

("WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN"

BY TURTLE PLAYS)

(KNOCKS AT DOOR)

- Dr. Jenkins?

- Yeah.

Angelo Garcetti, FBI.

FBI?

What can I do for you?

I was hoping we could talk about John Young,  
aka John Oldman, aka John Magdel.

Yeah, yeah.

I know who you mean.

I don't know where he is, if  
that's what you want to know.

Oh, I'm aware of that. If you knew  
where he was, I'd know where he was.

Oh.

Is that so?

- Do you think he kidnapped Philip Nichols?

- I hope not.

I'd hate to think he'd hurt a kid.

You have reason to believe  
he's capable of violence?

He hunts large animals with a bow and arrow,  
and he butchers them with his own hands.

I have no idea what he's capable of.

I see.

You've said this man claims to be immortal?

Sometimes he claims it,  
sometimes he denies it.

- Do you think it's true?

- I don't know anymore.

Maybe he's just older than he looks.

You describe him as over six feet, thin,

- with dark hair and eyes.

- Yup.

Interesting.

Why?

What's it to you?

It's a cold case.

Crazy thing. His description  
matches a guy, died years ago.

But witnesses keep placing him  
at the scene of violent crimes.

Sick, twisted stuff, nightmares.

Always a different name,  
different place, but the same description.

I don't think John would  
hurt people intentionally.

But he is certainly  
a skilled identity fabricator.

Maybe so.

But an immortal, identity-changing  
serial killer...

Do you think such a thing could exist?

I think...

anything is possible.

Hi, again.

I hope you enjoyed the film.

As you probably noticed,  
we left the ending kind of open,  
and that's because  
we hope to make another movie,  
or possibly even  
a television series.

But we can't do any of that  
without your support,  
and that's why we really appreciate  
your decision to go to [ManFromEarth.com](http://ManFromEarth.com)  
and click "Donate".

Whatever amount you think is fair.

You can also help out by  
buying a DVD or a Blu-ray.

Once again, we really  
appreciate your support.

We thank you for watching the movie,  
and for helping to spread the word.

**Captions by:**

explosiveskull, Flitskikker and minouhse