

BABY BOOM

Written by

Jack Waz

This is the way the world ends.  
This is the way the world ends.  
This is the way the world ends.  
Not with a bang but with a  
**gender reveal party.**  
- T.S. Eliot

EXT. FUTURE HELLSCAPE - DAY

The ground's on fire. The sky's on fire. The water, somehow, is on fire.

Basically, everything sucks.

A lone figure walks through the flames. He's buck naked, save for a tastefully positioned JoAnn Fabrics fanny pack blocking his junk. Light reflects off his massive, glistening pecs, as well as the NUCLEAR BOMB he's got slung over his shoulders.

This is TANK.

And he's humanity's last hope.

EXT. ABANDONED LABORATORY - DAY

Tank drops the nuke with a THUD, opens the fanny pack, and pulls out a small metal box duct-taped to the cracked remains of an iPhone 5. He plugs the device into the nuke, smiling as a GAUGE fills up with brilliant purple goo.

He snatches a dingy white card off the wall as he punches in coordinates, flipping a switch to power up the device. It WHINES to life, sending a pulse of purple energy through the room. He takes a deep breath, then shoots one last look at the card:

**GRACE AND KYLE GUNDERSON'S GENDER REVEAL PARTY.**

**46 Summit Street, Boulder, CO.**

**12 pm. May 18th. 202-**

Sliding the metal box into his fanny pack, Tank presses a GREEN button.

FLASH. As the world fades to purple-

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

A bleary-eyed MEG THOMAS (30s, type A) shoots out of bed.

MEG

What the-

She checks her phone. 10 AM.

MEG (CONT'D)

Oh no. Andy. Andy!

She shakes the lump next to her. ANDY THOMAS (30s, teddy bear person) tries to swat her hand away.

ANDY

Just five more minutes, Meg.

MEG

(poking him)

We've got to get up.

Andy stirs, sitting up next to his wife.

ANDY

Why am I naked? And why does everything hurt?

MEG

Because you puked on yourself at karaoke. And in the Uber back from karaoke. And in the bushes outside when we got back from karaoke.

She gestures to the bushes outside their window, just past a parched cactus - Andy's vomit-strewn clothes.

ANDY

Aww man.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Meg smears some cream cheese on a bagel, checking the time on her phone. A NOTIFICATION pops up - "President to visit Boulder area today." She swipes it away.

MEG

Hurry up.

Andy, in the restroom, isn't listening.

ANDY (O.S.)

I'm so dehydrated. My pee looks like silly string.

MEG

Did you hear me?

FLUSH. He exits the bathroom.

ANDY

Do we really have to go to your  
sister's baby thing?

MEG

It's not a "baby thing." It's a  
gender reveal party.

ANDY

It just seems kinda...

MEG

Stupid? Absolutely. Ostentatious?  
Without a doubt. Right up Grace's  
alley? You betcha.

She wraps the bagel in a paper towel and tosses it to him.

MEG (CONT'D)

C'mon. We can't be late.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

GRACE GUNDERSON (30s, bottle blonde, 20 weeks pregnant,) stares down the barrel, addressing an Instagram video.

GRACE

Hey GunderFam, Grace G here. We're  
just two hours away from the big  
party! We'll be revealing our  
baby's gender to the most important  
people in our lives - you!

KYLE (30s, the human version of a Ford F150) pops into frame behind her.

KYLE

Hey babe, you seen the Delta  
Skymiles card?

GRACE

I'm making a video, babe.

KYLE

'Cause the guy at Cabela's says I  
can't buy that much ammunition  
without a security deposit.

GRACE

(turning to her husband)  
Jesus, Kyle, I said no guns!

She composes herself, remembering her real audience.

GRACE (CONT'D)

See you soon! And don't forget to vote #TeamBoy or #TeamGirl in the comments!

The video ends. Pull back to reveal:

INT. CAR - DAY

Andy looks up from his phone, grossed out.

ANDY

Yikes.

MEG

I still can't believe she has her own online fandom.

ANDY

Yeah, "GunderFam" sounds like the kind of group that'll have a real interesting Netflix documentary about it in a couple years.

MEG

At least we know she'll love her gift. The Barnevogn is, like, the most expensive stroller in existence.

(concerned look)

You put it in the trunk before we left, right?

ANDY

Don't be mad, but I didn't.

MEG

What?

ANDY

But only because I forgot to buy it.

MEG

Andy!

INT. BABYTOWN USA - DAY

Andy's in heaven amidst the crowd of frenzied parents buying overpriced onesies. As a toddler SNEEZES in her harried mother's face-



ANDY

You mean the dead one on the  
windowsill?

MEG

Exactly.

She picks up a baby CPR doll from the shelf.

MEG (CONT'D)

Plus, you don't have to worry about  
squeezing one of these out of your  
body.

She goes to put the doll back on the shelf, but catches the  
head on the metal rack, beheading it.

MEG (CONT'D)

Ugh. I have the parenting skills of  
Casey Anthony.

ANDY

You're thinking with your head.  
When it comes to family, you've  
gotta think with your heart!

He leans back against a shelf. Above him, a banner shows a  
picture of a baby erupting out of a cartoon heart like a  
chestburster with the text "Think with your heart at Babytown  
USA®."

MEG

How about we spend a little less  
time focusing on a baby we're not  
ready for and a little more time on  
finding this perfect stupid  
stroller so my perfect stupid  
sister can have her perfect stupid  
gender reveal party!

ANDY

(hands up)  
Ok. Ok.

They head to the back of the store, finding a display for-

MEG

The Barnevogn!

But there's nothing there. Instead, a sign - SOLD OUT.

MEG (CONT'D)

Wait, what?

ANDY

Ah shoot. Could have happened to anyone. No one's to blame, really.

MEG

Hey!

She flags down a SALES ASSOCIATE.

ASSOCIATE

Can I help you ma'am?

MEG

Yeah, we're looking for a Barnevogn. It's an emergency.

ASSOCIATE

Ooh, that's a popular model! Looks like we're sold out.

MEG

Can you check in the back?

ASSOCIATE

If it's not on the floor, we don't have one in stock.

The associate wanders off. Meg is livid.

MEG

I asked you to buy it three weeks ago.

ANDY

So we get a different stroller! How about that one?

He gestures at a nearly identical stroller.

ANDY (CONT'D)

"The Fjerdhammer." Just as European as the other one. Even has one of those weird "o"s and everything.

He pulls the stroller out, gesturing to his wife as she SIGHS.

ANDY (CONT'D)

See? Problem solved.

CRASH. Andy knocks the stroller into a display rack, collapsing the legs and sending stuffed animals flying.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
We should probably leave the store.

INT. CAR - DAY

They're sitting in uncomfortable silence, consolation stroller smushed into the back seat. Andy knows he messed up.

ANDY  
I'm sorry, Meg. Really.

MEG  
It's ok. But this really means a lot to me. You have no idea how high Grace's standards are.

ANDY  
I kinda do. She made the wedding planner cry. At OUR wedding.

MEG  
She's just so...decisive.

ANDY  
Don't be jealous of your sister. She married Kyle. He's like if 2005 was a person.

MEG  
(glancing at Andy)  
At least I won that round.

ANDY  
Glad to know you see me as a prize. Andy Thomas, trophy husband.

MEG  
I mean, you are way cuter.

ANDY  
And I never set off fireworks inside a live animal, which I've definitely heard Kyle bragging about before.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

We see the SIGN:

**GRACE AND KYLE GUNDERSON'S GENDER REVEAL PARTY.**

Meg gives a deep SIGH.

ANDY  
You ready?

Meg looks down at the stroller.

MEG  
Screw it. You only live once,  
right?

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

They push past the gate, making their way into the sprawling back yard. It's lavishly appointed - pink and blue flowers, balloons, drinks. Even the food is color-coordinated.

KELSEY (O.S.)  
Meg! Holy shit, you're still alive?

KELSEY (25, too goddamn perky given the circumstances)  
stumbles towards them, double-fisting mimosas.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
I thought I might have killed you  
last night.

MEG  
(hugging her)  
Everything everywhere hurts.

Meg grab's one of Kelsey's glasses.

MEG (CONT'D)  
Thanks for the OJ.

As she takes a sip-

KELSEY  
Oh, that's like ninety percent  
champagne.

Meg spits it out, liquid splattering all over her shirt.

MEG  
Aww c'mon.

ANDY  
Why don't I go grab you a napkin.

MEG  
And a real orange juice, please.

Andy gives her a wink, departing. Kelsey leans in.

KELSEY

For real, are you guys doing ok?

MEG

Yeah. It's just that people over thirty shouldn't drink or their bodies turn into marshmallows made out of hate.

KELSEY

I meant about the fight.

MEG

(curious)

What fight?

Kelsey gives her a look.

KELSEY

You and Andy got into, like, a HUGE fight last night during karaoke. Totally killed the vibe.

MEG

We did?

AT THE BAR:

Andy pours a glass of OJ, turns around and-

WHAM. He runs directly into DEB (30s, thousand-yard stare).

ANDY

Deb, I'm so sorry!

Deb snaps to attention, as if in a daze.

DEB

Huh? What?

She looks down at her blouse.

DEB (CONT'D)

Oh. It's fine.

Deb reaches into her oversized BAG, pulling out-

DEB (CONT'D)

Wet wipes. Pocket knife. Tide pen.  
(catching Andy's eye)  
The joys of motherhood.

ANDY

How are the triplets doing?

Deb dabs at her blouse with the Tide pen.

DEB  
All they do is eat and cry and ruin  
whatever's left of my body.

ANDY  
Oh, that sounds-

DEB  
All consuming. All the time.

ANDY  
...But they're great, right?

DEB  
Uh huh.

ANDY  
(hopeful)  
Like, you can't imagine life  
without them?

Deb gets a far-away look in her eye.

DEB  
Life without them... I could travel  
again. Dan and I would stop  
fighting every night. My boobs  
wouldn't look like a stretch  
Armstrong that got buried in the  
woods.

Andy notices a HANDSOME GUY walking towards Meg.

ANDY  
Yeah, uh, excuse me for a moment.

He leaves. Deb continues to absentmindedly rub the Tide pen  
into her chest.

ACROSS THE PARTY:

KELSEY  
...And you were screaming and Andy  
was crying. It was a mess.

MEG  
I don't remember any of that. What  
were we arguing about?

KELSEY  
Beats me.  
(burps)  
(MORE)

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Do you remember if I took my birth control last night? Eh, it'll probably be fine.

MEG

I miss being twenty five.

BRAD (O.S.)

Meg Canton? Who let you in here?

BRAD PEARSON (30s, a sentient Title IX violation) approaches Meg.

MEG

Brad? It's been so long! How are you?

BRAD

Great, great. Have you met my fiancée, Taja?

TAJA (30s, Slovenian, mean) extends her hand, showing off a massive engagement ring.

TAJA

Hello friend of Brad.

Brad gives her a look up and down.

BRAD

Meg Canton.

MEG

It's Thomas now.

ANDY (O.S.)

It's Thomas now.

Andy crosses, joining his wife.

MEG (CONT'D)

You remember my husband Andy? The ol' ball and...other ball.

BRAD

Of course! Good to see you, Andy.

ANDY

Brad.

TAJA

(eyes narrowed)

Why do you look like man who plays flute to lure children to death?

BRAD

Sorry, sometimes Taja's sense of humor gets lost in translation.

TAJA

Like fat child murderer.

ANDY

No mistaking that one.

DOREEN (O.S.)

Meg! Over here, darling!

MEG

If you'll excuse us...

DOREEN CANTON (60s, elegant) beckons her daughter.

MEG (CONT'D)

Hey mom.

DOREEN

What a lovely party. Your sister has exquisite taste.

Meg glowers. Andy tries to cut the tension.

ANDY

You must be so excited, having your first grandkid on the way.

DOREEN

It's every woman's dream. Speaking of which...

MEG

Oh God, no.

DOREEN

Should we be expecting news from the two of you any time soon?

MEG

We're not ready yet.

ANDY

Meg isn't ready yet.

They give each other a look.

DOREEN

Didn't you used to tell me you wanted to make babies with that Bradley boy from across the street?

Meg CHOKES on her drink.

ANDY  
Say what now?

DOREEN  
Andrew, it was the most darling thing. They used to have little tea parties and she'd tell me she was in love with Bradley and wanted to marry him and have a eight babies.

MEG  
Mom!

DOREEN  
(sing song)  
Clock's ticking...

Meg steers Andy away from her mother and towards Grace, who's being photographed by Deb under a blue and pink ARCH.

GRACE  
One more in profile. I want to accentuate the bump.

She looks impatiently at Deb.

DEB  
Uh, what bump? You're barely even showing!

GRACE  
You're too kind.

MEG  
Grace. Grace!

Grace shoes Deb aside, embracing her sister.

GRACE  
Meg, Andy, thank you so much for coming.

ANDY  
Wow, you look so-

MEG  
Don't say big.

Big!

ANDY (CONT'D)

Meg and Grace both give him a death stare.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Uh, I mean, healthy. And totally skinny.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

(a beat)  
Great party!

An unbearably awkward beat, before-

MEG

So what are you-

KYLE (O.S.)

There's my guy.

ANDY

Oh, no.

Kyle ambles over, throwing his arm around Andy's shoulders.

KYLE

Andy! How you living, bro?

ANDY

(sotto to Meg)  
Save me.

But it's too late. Kyle steers him away from Meg and Grace. Meg takes a sip of her juice.

MEG

You guys decide on a name yet?

GRACE

We have! It's very on-trend.

MEG

Hope you didn't choose something dumb like "Jaidyn" or "Elon."

GRACE

(glaring)  
Well, that's the great thing about starting a family. You get to decide what names work for you.  
(taking her sister's hand)  
I know that amount of responsibility isn't for everyone.

MEG

What's that supposed to mean?

AT THE BAR:

Kyle shoves a drink into Andy's hand.

KYLE

Grab a hard seltzie. We gotta rage our dicks off before the little one shows up.

ANDY

You look ready to be a dad.

KYLE

Can't wait, bro. I get to do all that sweet dad stuff. Mowing the lawn in my underwear, spending all day in a bathrobe, teaching the little dude-

Andy gives him a surprised look.

KYLE (CONT'D)

-Or dudette how to hunt. It's 2019. Girls can be cool now.

ANDY

It's 2022.

KYLE

And Grace gets to do all the diapers and changing and feeding and whatever. She loves that shit.

ANDY

You sure about that?

AT THE ARCH:

Things are getting heated between the sisters.

GRACE

It's totally fine if you're not ready for a family! Babies are a lot of hard work.

MEG

I know! We're just not there yet!

GRACE

And that's ok. Not everyone's cut out for motherhood. Live your truth.

MEG

I...I...need a minute.

Meg's head is spinning. She rushes off, passing-

KYLE

...So the transaction goes to something called the block chain, which is a nerd way of saying I own the monkey.

Andy brushes Kyle off, running after his wife.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Andy finds his Meg in the middle of a PANIC ATTACK.

ANDY

Meg? Are you ok?

MEG

My family's giving me shit about not being ready to be a mom and apparently we got in a huge fight last night that I can't remember and I just wish everyone would leave me alone to figure myself out!

ANDY

(hugging her)

Everything will be ok. I promise.

FLASH. The front yard is bathed in blinding purple light.

TANK

Ahhhhhh!

A naked, sweaty adonis stumbles onto the lawn, gasping for air. We know that this is TANK, but to Andy and Meg, he's just a super jacked goliath wearing nothing but a fanny pack who appeared out of thin air.

MEG

Holy shit!

ANDY

What the hell?

TANK

(sotto)

Did I make it?

Tank looks around, taking in his surroundings. He clocks the party sign, CHEERING.

TANK (CONT'D)

I made it! I actually made it!

(quiet)

I forgot how beautiful it was.

Andy and Meg stand there, dumbstruck.

MEG  
Who...are you?

ANDY  
Why are you naked?

TANK  
(catching his breath)  
Because the future is really,  
really hot.

ANDY  
Future?

TANK  
(stepping towards Andy)  
Listen, there's not much time-

MEG  
Andy, get away from the crazy guy.

TANK  
I'm not crazy! I need your help.

Uh huh.	MEG	ANDY
		That sounds like something a crazy person would say.

TANK  
You don't understand! The fate of  
the world is at stake!

GRACE (O.S.)  
Hey, Gunderfam.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

PHONE POV: Deb records as Grace and Kyle step in front of the  
pink and blue arch.

GRACE  
Thank you all so much for being  
with us today. Our lives have been  
blessed, but it always felt like  
something was missing. So, without  
further ado, we're proud to  
announce-

Kyle pulls a ribbon tied to a plastic tarp covering a large  
OPEN TOPPED SHIPPING CONTAINER behind them.

As the tarp sweeps away, a hurricane of BLUE BALLOONS bursts into the air.

KYLE AND GRACE

-It's a boy!

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Tank sees the balloons, his face dropping.

TANK

We're too late.

The BLUE balloons lift high into the sky as everyone claps.

EXT. BOULDER - DAY

The balloons drift over the city, whimsical and peaceful. Down below, snapshots of daily life:

-A tween BOY and GIRL ride bikes next to each other. The girl reaches over, holding the boy's hand. Young love.

-Two OLD MEN play chess in the park. One of them moves into checkmate, laughing. His buddy frowns.

-A DAD helps his toddler daughter take her first steps.

Just absolute suburban bliss. And thousands of feet above, the balloons drift together, forming a MASS of helium and rubber, complete oblivious to a large 747 heading directly at them, escorted by two FIGHTER JETS.

Wait, is that Air Force One?

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SITUATION ROOM - DAY

The PRESIDENT sits in a large black chair, surround by various ADVISORS and flatscreens displaying maps of Europe.

ADVISOR #1

Sir, the Russians are massing troops on the border of Latvia.

ADVISOR #2

And the Chinese are taking that as an invitation to park a carrier group off the coast of Taiwan.

ADVISOR #1

What's the move, sir?

PRESIDENT

Ladies and gentlemen, this is a moment of great peril. But with a steady hand and wise leadership, we'll get through in one piece.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

The FIRST OFFICER taps the radar screen.

FIRST OFFICER

Captain, we've got something weird on radar up ahead.

The captain looks through the clouds.

CAPTAIN

Can't establish visual.

CO-PILOT

Drones? Birds?

FIRST OFFICER

Not at this altitude.

The CAPTAIN squints his eyes.

PILOT

Wait, are those balloo-

SHUMP. One of the balloons is sucked into the jumbo jet's engine. It EXPLODES, completely shredding the insides of the plane.

EXT. BOULDER - DAY

BOOM. Air Force One collides with the starboard escort jet, erupting into a massive FIREBALL. No way anyone survived that. Inside the other escort-

WINGMAN

Mayday! Mayday! Air Force One is down! I repeat, Air Force One is-

BLAM. A flatscreens from the situation room blasts out of the fire, slamming into the cockpit and blowing the fighter to hell.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

The guests continue clapping, oblivious to the explosions thousands of feet above them.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A team of secret service agents escort the VICE PRESIDENT down the hall, bee-lining for the Oval Office. A GENERAL joins the scrum.

VICE PRESIDENT  
General, what's the situation?

GENERAL  
We just lost Air Force One a hundred miles north of NORAD. The president is MIA and presumed dead.

VICE PRESIDENT  
Who could have done this?

GENERAL  
The only countries with the capabilities to take down Air Force One are Russia and China.

VICE PRESIDENT  
What do we do?

GENERAL  
That decision is up to you now,  
Madam President.

The Vice President stops in her tracks, taking in the gravity of the situation. She scowls.

VICE PRESIDENT  
If it's war they want, then war's what they're gonna get. We launch.

The General nods, reaching into his jacket pocket and pulling out a LAUNCH KEY. An aide slides a computer out of a leather attache case - THE NUCLEAR FOOTBALL. The General plugs the key into the computer, arming it.

GENERAL  
On your command.

VICE PRESIDENT  
May God have mercy on us all.

EXT. CORN FIELD - DAY

Massive silos open, firing American ICBMs into the sky.

EXT. KREMLIN - DAY

NUCLEAR MISSILES decorated with a red Russian STAR streak above the onion domes of Moscow.

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

A Chinese submarine SURFACES, opens its firing ports and disgorges missiles.

EXT. EARTH - DAY

From space, we see telltale streams of white smoke as nuclear missiles launch around the world.

This ain't good.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM. The muffled sounds of explosions.

GRACE

Hey guys, how about we keep our phones on silent until the party's done.

The booms are getting louder.

Closer.

Shockingly close.

Guests begin PANICKING, grabbing gifts and streaming out of the back yard.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Wait, where are you going?

KYLE

I think the party's over, babe.

GRACE

Not until I say it is!

And then they see the wall of fire closing in on them.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh no.

EXT. BOULDER - DAY

NUCLEAR HELLFIRE burns through the city, incinerating everything. And, wouldn't you know it, Grace and Kyle's house is directly in the warpath.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - FRONT YARD - DAY

Meg and Andy watch slack jawed as the tsunami of flame rushes towards the party. Tank GRABS them.

MEG

Hands off!

TANK

Do you want to die?

ANDY

No, please.

TANK

Then come with me.

MEG

What are you talking about?

TANK

I can fix this, but I need your help.

MEG

How?

TANK

(exasperated)

I can time travel, lady!

Tank unzips the fanny pack, pulling out the metal box.

TANK (CONT'D)

What's your address?

Andy and Meg share a look.

ANDY

4041 Broadview Ave. Boulder. Why?

TANK

What time did you wake up today?

ANDY  
What?

TANK  
Tell me when you woke up!

MEG  
(thinking)  
10 am!

Tank punches the coordinates into the iPhone, then flips the orange switch. The fire's at the end of the block, devouring everything.

ANDY  
Meg, I'm scared.

Meg takes Andy's hand.

MEG  
Me too, Andy.

The fire is inches from swallowing them. All hope is lost.

Tank presses the green button.

FLASH.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Meg wakes up in a cold sweat, hands grasping the comforter.

MEG  
(gasping)  
What the...

Andy rolls over next to her.

ANDY  
You have a bad dream?

MEG  
Yeah. We were at my sister's house-

ANDY  
(puzzled)  
-And the world ended?

MEG  
Yeah. How did you-

ANDY  
And there was a naked guy.

MEG

Oh, God-

MEG (CONT'D)

It wasn't a dream.

ANDY

It wasn't a dream.

A KNOCK on the window - it's Tank.

TANK

Believe me now?

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Meg nurses a coffee while Andy wolfs down a muffin.

MEG

How can you eat? We just watched everyone we know and love die!

ANDY

I'm hungover! From last night!  
Which was, I guess, two nights ago?  
This is really confusing.

MEG

You!

Tank, devouring a bowl of cereal, looks up at them.

TANK

Man I missed cereal. And clean air.  
And not being on fire.

MEG

Who are you?

TANK

(mouth full)  
I'm Tank.

ANDY

Hi Tank. I'm Andy, that's Meg, and we have a whole boat load of questions.

MEG

Why did you time travel to my sister's house?

TANK

Oh shit, you're Grace Gunderson's sister? Crazy.

MEG  
 (screaming)  
 Why do you know my sister's name?

TANK  
 Short version, I'm from the future  
 and I'm here to make sure the  
 apocalypse doesn't happen.

ANDY  
 ...I think we're gonna need the  
 long version.

TANK  
 (taking a bite)  
 Fine. How familiar are you two with  
 quantum mechanics?

MEG  
 Not at all.

ANDY  
 I got my first hand job while  
 watching Time Cop, so...

TANK  
 So, history's littered with things  
 called **hinge points**. They're  
 moments when the world changes  
 monumentally because of one small  
 decision. An archduke's driver  
 takes a wrong turn, World War One  
 breaks out. An art school sends a  
 rejection letter, Hitler comes to  
 power.

ANDY  
 Jake Gyllenhaal steals a scarf,  
 Taylor Swift creates the purest  
 form of musical heartbreak ever  
 recorded.

TANK  
 Exactly. Your sister's party-  
 (pointing to Meg)  
 -Is one such hinge point. And it's  
 a biggie.

MEG  
 What do you mean?

TANK  
 You saw it yourself. The second  
 your sister, Grace Gunderson,  
 releases those balloons, it  
 triggers events that destroy life  
 on Earth as we know it.

(MORE)

TANK (CONT'D)

(taking a bite of cereal)  
Hey, you guys got any Toaster  
Strudel? I'd kill for some Toastie  
Struds.

ANDY

But why do you need our help? Why  
not just stop the apocalypse  
yourself?

TANK

I'll show you exactly why.  
(to Meg)  
Call your sister.

MEG

What?

TANK

Just do it.

Meg shrugs, tapping her phone and calling Grace. It RINGS,  
then-

GRACE (O.S.)

Hello?

Tank grabs the phone from Meg's hand.

TANK

Hey. Tank here. The world's going  
to end at-

BLAM. The battery of the phone EXPLODES through the screen,  
melting. Tank drops it into his bowl of milk.

MEG

What the hell, dude? I have  
eighteen months left on my  
contract!

Tank crosses to the trash, tossing the bowl in.

TANK

I exist in my current state the  
apocalypse already occurred. That  
means I physically can't do  
anything that would directly change  
the outcome of today. It's the  
universe's way of preventing a  
paradox. And that's where you two  
come in.

He heads to the freezer, inspecting it.

TANK (CONT'D)

You were both supposed to die the moment we time jumped. Therefore, on a quantum level, you are simultaneously dead and alive. Kind of a Schrödinger's cat situation.

ANDY

Could you explain it to us like we don't have a PHD in theoretical physics?

TANK

(sighing)

Because you time jumped instead of dying, you are the only two people alive who can stop the world from ending.

A beat as Meg and Andy absorb the gravity of everything.

MEG

Ok. How do we do that?

Punch in, Tank staring down Meg.

TANK

By stopping your sister's gender reveal party.

(checking the freezer)

Aww, no strudel.

MEG

Any chance there's a way we can save the world and also NOT make my sister hate my guts?

ANDY

The fate of the world's at stake, and you're worried about your sister throwing a tantrum?

MEG

You know how Grace gets!

Tank crosses to the table.

TANK

You saw it yourself. The party is the hinge point. There's no other way.

MEG

This seems insane, right? Like,  
what if we mess up?

Tank pulls out the metal box connected to the iPhone out of his fanny pack.

TANK

Thankfully, we have something of a  
failsafe. This here is a handheld  
quantum field disruptor.

He puts it down on the table.

TANK (CONT'D)

It's filled with enough charged  
tachyons for us to use it five-

Andy pokes the disruptor.

FLASH.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Andy and Meg wake up with a start. Tank pops up in the window.

TANK

(glaring at Andy)  
Four times.

MEG

Great going, Andy.

ANDY

I wanted to touch the time gun!

Tank climbs into the apartment, knocking over the dying cactus.

TANK

It's the only one in existence and  
super sensitive, so how about we  
keep our hands to ourselves?

ANDY

(sotto)  
Didn't mean to make us time  
travel...

Tank points to the container full of purple goo.

TANK

The tachyon chamber is extremely fragile, so be careful. If it breaks, stuff's gonna get...weird.

ANDY

Fun weird, like a clown in a tiny car? Or scary weird, like a clown with an erection?

TANK

Scary weird like breaking it could would a cascading temporal paradox that would fold the universe in on itself like a giant space taco.

MEG

Oh shit.

ANDY

I wanna see a space taco.

Tank grabs a sweatshirt off the floor, tying it around his waist.

TANK

I set our return point here, to the moment you wake up. It has to be the exact moment of transfer between your unconscious and conscious brain activity, or the strain of time travel would make your brains explode out the back of your heads.

ANDY

That sounds not good.

TANK

And make sure you stay close to me. The range on the disruptor isn't great. Otherwise, you might get left behind.

Meg's breathing heavily, freaked out.

MEG

I...can't.

TANK

What do you mean?

MEG

This is, like, the most responsibility I've ever had in my life! What if I'm not capable of saving the world?

TANK

Then everyone you've ever known or loved dies today. Game over.

Meg turns to Andy.

MEG

Are we really ready to do this?

ANDY

I'm not sure we'll ever be ready. But we've at least got to try.

Meg takes in her husband - she likes this version of Andy.

MEG

Ok. Let's give it our best shot.

TANK

Fantastic.

ANDY

Let's stop this party!

INT. CAR - DAY

Tank spreads out in the back seat, marveling at the still-intact world.

TANK

After we save the world, could we swing by KFC? All I've had to eat the past eight and a half years are Clif bars and possum meat.

MEG

Are there any other survivors where you come from?

TANK

Not anymore.

MEG

What happened?

TANK

Take your pick. Radiation sickness, exposure, fire wolves.

ANDY

Fire wolves?

TANK

Wolves that are on fire. I've been alone for a while. My best friend for the past six months was a gas can with a copy of Us Weekly stapled to it.

MEG

Who's on the cover?

TANK

Lisa Vanderpump.

MEG

Oh man that's grim.

They pass a street sign.

ANDY

Hey, what are you doing? Your sister lives the other way.

MEG

We're going to the baby store first.

ANDY

What?

TANK

The where?

MEG

If we do manage to save the world, I don't want my sister to be a total bitch about me not bringing a gift.

TANK

You can't be serious.

ANDY

Oh, no, she totally is. Grace is a nightmare.

INT. BABYTOWN USA - DAY

Meg, Andy and Tank bee-line straight for the stroller section.

MEG

There's one left!

They race towards the Barnevogn stroller, their prize in sight, when-

The Sales Associate scoots it towards a waiting BLONDE WOMAN.

ASSOCIATE

Here you go! Last one in the store.  
They're super popular.

MEG

No!

Andy flags down the blonde woman.

ANDY

Ma'am? This is going to sound  
crazy, but the fate of the world  
depends on us getting that  
stroller.

BLONDE WOMAN

Absolutely not.

The blonde woman exits with the stroller. The Sales Associate perks up.

SALES ASSOCIATE

Could I interest you in a-

INT. CAR - DAY

Meg drives, fuming.

MEG

Goddamn Fjærdhammer!

ANDY

At least we know she'll accept it.

MEG

I don't want her to accept it! I  
want her to love it!

ANDY

And I don't want to die in a  
nuclear holocaust, so let's try and  
keep our eyes on the prize, ok?

A moment of uncomfortable silence.

TANK

He's right, you know.

MEG

Enough out of you, Tank.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

They enter the back yard, pushing the stroller. Everything's the same. Total deja vu.

MEG  
This is weird, right?

ANDY  
I feel like my brain is melting.

KELSEY  
Meg! Holy shit, you're still alive?

Kelsey, just as perky as she was yesterday (well, today. See? Complicated) stumbles towards them with her mimosas.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
I thought I might have killed you last night.

MEG  
(sotto)  
Not unless you're a nuclear bomb.

KELSEY  
Sorry?

ANDY  
Yeah, last night was crazy.

MEG  
Kelsey, meet our friend-

TANK  
Gary. Nice to meet you.

Meg and Andy share a look - weird choice. Kelsey sticks her hand out.

KELSEY  
Pleased to meet- ah!

She bumps her hand into Meg, spilling the mimosa. Meg dodges the splatter.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
Meg! I'm so sorry.

MEG  
It's...fine.

Andy looks at her, impressed. Kelsey spots some juice on Tank's shirt.

KELSEY

Sorry about that. Can I make it up to you?

TANK

(into it)

Maybe we can think of something.

She gives him a playful wink. Meg scowls, pulling Tank aside.

MEG

I feel like I need to be crystal clear about this, but you are not going to have sex with my cousin.

TANK

It's just a little harmless flirting.

MEG

Tank!

TANK

I couldn't even if I wanted to. I'm from the future. Our bodies are temporally incompatible. The moment sperm meets egg, blammo. Complete time implosion. No more universe.

MEG

Oh. Well, good.

BRAD (O.S.)

Meg Canton? Who let you in here?

Brad walks towards her, arms outstretched.

MEG

Hey, Brad.

Brad gives her a look.

BRAD

The first time we see each other in years, and all I get is a "Hey Brad?"

MEG

(realizing)

Sorry, I'm just in shock. Good to see you!

Brad gives her a look up and down.



MEG  
I'm sorry, but we really need to-

DOREEN  
(ignoring her)  
I'm just so excited that we have  
our first grandchild on the way.  
Speaking of which...

MEG  
Mom, not the time!

DOREEN  
Clock's ticking...

ACROSS THE PARTY:

Kelsey stands next to Tank.

KELSEY  
So what's your deal? Are you like a  
personal trainer or something?

TANK  
No.

KELSEY  
What do you do?

TANK  
Save the world.

A beat.

KELSEY  
Oh, so you work in tech?

AT THE ARCH:

Meg and Andy approach Grace's photo shoot.

ANDY  
So, what's the plan?

MEG  
I say we tell her the truth.

ANDY  
Seriously?

MEG  
You got a better idea?

ANDY  
Ok. Your funeral.

MEG  
Grace!

Grace holds her finger up to Deb.

GRACE  
Give me a second.  
(to Meg)  
Meg, Andy, so nice of you to join-

MEG  
Shut up. I mean, listen. This is  
going to sound crazy, but you have  
to trust us.

GRACE  
What are you talking about?

MEG  
Well...

She looks to Andy.

ANDY  
It's ok. You got this.

MEG  
(to Grace)  
You need to stop the party.

GRACE  
...Why?

MEG  
Because as soon as you release the  
balloons, the world is going to  
end.

It hangs in the air for an excruciating moment. Then,  
LAUGHTER.

GRACE  
Oh my God. Great joke, Meg.

ANDY  
She's telling the truth! We were  
here. Before. We've been to this  
party.

GRACE  
Are you saying I'm unoriginal?

ANDY

No! See that guy over there?

He points to Tank, who's being aggressively flirted at by Kelsey.

TANK

So what do you do?

KELSEY

I run a non-binary paint-your-own ceramics studio. "Color They/Theirs." You should come by sometime.

Back to Andy.

ANDY

That's Tank. He's from the future and he came here to make sure this party never happens.

GRACE

Looks like he's here to have sex with Kelsey.

MEG

You don't understand-

GRACE

Just try and enjoy yourselves. Maybe you two will be inspired...

Grace waves at her mother, departing.

ANDY

Well, that was a big pile of nothing.

MEG

What do we do now?

Andy scans the party, eyes landing on-

ANDY

The balloons. We have to destroy them. No balloons, no apocalypse.

MEG

Makes sense to me. But how can we pop that many?

ANDY  
 I have an idea. Distract your  
 sister.  
 (heroic)  
 I's popping time.

A beat.

<p>MEG          Did that sound way more          badass in your head?</p>	<p>ANDY (CONT'D)          I knew I was in trouble as          soon as the words came out.</p>
---	---

MEG (CONT'D)  
 Good luck.

Andy rushes to the bar. Meg walks slowly towards sister with her hands out, like one would towards a tiger.

GRACE  
 No.

MEG  
 Grace-

GRACE  
 I don't want to hear it. You're  
 clearly having a jealousy-induced  
 episode and we can deal with it  
 later.

MEG  
 You're right. I am jealous.

Grace eyes her suspiciously.

GRACE  
 What?

MEG  
 I'm jealous of this party. It's,  
 like, so amazing, and I know I  
 could never do anything like it,  
 and I just, like, need your help.

GRACE  
 Aww, sweetie. You could have a  
 party like this. You just need to  
 make a few dozen minor life  
 adjustments.

AT THE BAR:

Andy finds Deb pouring the bottle of champagne directly into her mouth.

ANDY  
Deb! How're the triplets.

DEB  
(mouth full)  
A waking nightmare.

ANDY  
Great. Can I borrow your knife?

DEB  
My-what? How do you know about  
that?

ANDY  
Because I know that you're an  
awesome mom and even though your  
husband and kids don't always  
appreciate you, you're doing your  
absolute best. And you're always  
prepared.

Deb absorbs the words.

DEB  
You have no idea how much I needed  
to hear that. Thank you.

ANDY  
Yeah. No problem. So, knife?

She reaches into her purse, grabbing the pocket knife and  
handing it to Andy.

DEB  
Go with God.

Andy looks to Meg, who motions him towards the shipping  
container.

ANDY  
Let's do this.

He lifts open the tarp, climbs over the side and flops into  
the container, landing HARD on his tailbone.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Ah, c'mon.

Outside-

GRACE  
Did you hear something?

MEG  
(distracting)  
So what was, like, your  
inspiration?

GRACE  
Well, there's this coven of Mormon  
sister-wives I've been following on  
TikTok...

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - DAY

Andy's surrounded by a sea of shiny PINK balloons. He stands,  
struggling to keep his balance.

ANDY  
Aah!

He drops the knife, hearing it clatter to the floor below  
him.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

He tries grabbing a balloon, but it effortlessly slides out  
of his hands. Frustrated, he punches a balloon next to the  
wall.

POP.

Huh. This could work.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Here goes nothing.

WHAM. Andy slams his body into the side of the container,  
POPPING a cluster of balloons.

Outside-

WHAM. The shipping container moves. Grace looks up.

GRACE  
Is something going on over there?

MEG  
(desperate)  
Hey, where'd you get the idea for  
these...streamers?

WHAM.

GRACE  
Wait, where's Andy?

WHAM. Doreen crosses to her daughters.

DOREEN  
Girls! What on earth is going on?

WHAM. Grace storms over to the shipping container, opening the side door. Andy falls out on top of a pile of deflated balloons.

ANDY  
Ta da.

MEG  
(confused)  
Pink balloons?

Kyle, witnessing the carnage, grabs Brad.

KYLE  
Brad, gimme a hand...

GRACE  
You did this! You and your idiot  
husband ruined my perfect moment!

MEG  
Don't call my husband an idiot!

GRACE  
The man has a knife sticking out of  
his leg! What am I supposed to call  
him?

ANDY  
I what?

He turns, revealing Deb's knife is stuck in his thigh.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Ahhhhh!

Tank crosses to Andy, YANKING the knife out.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
What the hell, dude?

TANK  
You'll live.

Meg looks back to her sister.

MEG  
Yeah, Andy might be a little stupid-

ANDY  
(wincing)  
Hey!

MEG  
But at least I don't have to  
convince strangers on the internet  
that my relationship with my  
husband is perfect!

Grace looks FURIOUS. Meg knows she stepped in it.

MEG (CONT'D)  
I didn't-

GRACE  
Didn't what, think this through?  
You never do, Meg. So instead, you  
decided it would be fun to screw  
everything up for me, just like you  
always do.

They're so distracted they don't notice Kyle and Brad  
unloading a large wooden CRATE from the back of Kyle's truck  
with "TANNERITE - DANGER - EXPLOSIVE" printed on the side.

MEG  
I just saved your life!

GRACE  
Saved it? You're doing everything  
in your power to ruin it!

Tank clocks the explosives and waves at Meg, trying to get  
her attention, but it's no use.

MEG  
You don't understand!

GRACE  
Yeah, I do. You're so insecure  
about having your own kid that you  
thought it'd be a perfect time to  
ruin my kid's moment!

MEG  
I'm not insecure!

GRACE

It's not my fault you don't have  
your shit together, Meg! So stop  
trying to drag me into your drama!

KYLE (O.S.)

Surprise!

The crowd turns to Kyle, smiling like a jackal.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Babe, I thought something might go  
wrong, so I grabbed the essentials  
just in case.

He slaps the wooden crate, smiling.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You know what they say. It always  
pays to be prepared! Pop?

Kyle's dad SID reaches into his jacket, a handgun out of a  
concealed carry holster, and tosses it to Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What do you say we welcome our  
child into the world with a bang?

The crowd CHEERS. Tank looks to Meg and Andy - uh oh.

GRACE

Aww, babe!  
(to Deb)  
Record this.

KYLE

Three!

CROWD

Two!

GRACE

One!

MEG AND ANDY

No!

BLAM. Kyle shoots the explosives. They detonate, setting off  
a massive FIREBALL and knocking Kyle off his feet. The  
explosion SHAKES the back yard as PINK SMOKE rises from the  
crater.

GRACE

Are you ok?

Kyle stands up, grinning.

KYLE  
It's a girl!

Everyone cheers, oblivious to the fact that the ground is still shaking slightly.

We follow the vibrations down through the soil, traveling through the earth until-

INT. LITHOSPHERE - DAY

A TECTONIC PLATE moves an imperceptible amount.

THEN IT SHIFTS VIOLENTLY, shaking with all of God's fury.

EXT. BOULDER - DAY

Main street boulder. Everything is shaking - people are knocked off their feet. Utility poles CRASH to the ground. Cars run off the road.

The earth GROANS, splitting into a massive CHASM. It rips through main street, swallowing EVERYTHING whole.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - DAY

The ground's shaking. Hard. This ain't good.

GRACE  
Babe? What's happening?

KYLE  
Earthquake! Get under the power lines!

ANDY  
That's the absolute wrong thing to do!

GROAN. Down the street, buildings DISAPPEAR into the earth. The fault line is headed straight for them.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Hole big! Hole very big!

MEG  
What do we-

GRACE  
Get inside! Now!

Deb chugs her champagne as the guests stream into Grace's house.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Meg! Hurry!

Meg and Andy go to follow.

TANK  
Wait!

Tank grabs Meg and Andy by the shoulders, holding them back. Grace turns around, catching her sister's eyes just as-

CREAK.

The house DISAPPEARS into a sinkhole.

MEG  
(screaming)  
Grace!

She desperately tries to escape Tank's grip.

TANK  
She's gone.

MEG  
But she can't just die!

TANK  
It's ok. We can try again.

GROAN.

A massive TRANSMISSION TOWER topples forward, about to crush them.

MEG  
Shit!

SMASH. It comes down hard, jutting out into the chasm where the house once stood.

After a moment, a HAND shoots up. Meg pulls herself over the side of the structure, tugging Andy up behind her.

MEG (CONT'D)  
You ok?

ANDY

Yeah. Buster Keaton-ass electrical tower.

MEG

Tank? Where are you?

TANK (O.S.)

Over here.

They look out - Tank is clinging to a cable dangling off the power pylon. There's nothing but hole beneath his feet.

TANK (CONT'D)

Little help?

They look at each other.

ANDY

You know I'm not good with heights.

MEG

Well, it's either go out and save Tank and maybe die, or stay here and definitely die.

ANDY

Yeah. Shit.  
(to Tank)  
We're coming, buddy!

They climb up on the support cable. It's round and coarse, the diameter of a gasoline barrel.

ANDY (CONT'D)

There's no way we can walk out there. It's too unstable.

MEG

We don't walk.  
(punch in)  
We scoot.

ANDY

What?

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - RAVINE - DAY

Andy and Meg SCOOT along the support cable like a dog scooting his butthole on your freshly cleaned carpets.

ANDY

This was a terrible choice. Cable's tearing me up from tip to taint.

MEG

Gotta be a better way to say that.

ANDY

Fine. From anus to panus.

Ahead of them, Tank clutches the wire.

TANK

Any minute, guys.

MEG

(sniffing)

Do you smell that?

ANDY

Sorry. There's a really good chance I shit my pants.

MEG

No, it's...sulfur.

ANDY

Sulfur? Why does it smell like sulfur?

TANK

Because of the lava.

ANDY

The what?

TANK

Look down!

Meg and Andy do as they're told - thousands of feet below them, the infinite blackness is dotted with small spots of scalding orange LAVA.

ANDY

That's real bad.

They reach the spot where Tank's dangling.

TANK

Climb onto me.

ANDY

What?

TANK

I can't reach the disruptor. One of you needs to crawl down and grab it.

Meg and Andy look at each other.

ANDY

You're smaller.

MEG

But you're the dude.

TANK

Someone goddamn do it already!

Meg SIGHS, swings her leg over the wire, and gingerly slides down to Tank.

MEG

Holy shit!

ANDY

What?

MEG

Tank, you're so...ripped.

ANDY

What?

MEG

I mean, you look great and all, but these muscles. I mean, it's like hugging a bundle of ropes.

TANK

Thank you, Meg.

Andy lifts his hands off the cable, wincing.

ANDY

Getting real toasty up here!

MEG

(snapping out of it)  
Where's the disruptor?

TANK

My waistband. In the front.

She reaches down.

MEG  
This it?

TANK  
Nope, that's my penis.

She moves her hand.

MEG  
How about now?

TANK  
Bingo.

She pulls the disruptor out of his waistband. From above-

ANDY  
You and I are gonna have a long,  
hard talk about boundaries after  
all this is over.

Meg turns the device over.

MEG  
What do I do?

TANK  
Flip the primer switch then trigger  
the ignition.

MEG  
Uh...

TANK  
Orange switch! Then green button!

Meg flips the switch and presses the button. No reaction.

MEG  
Nothing's happening.

TANK  
It has to charge.

ANDY  
Hot! Hot!

Andy pulls his hands off the scalding metal cable, losing his balance. He swings down, bonking into Meg and Tank and knocking all of them off the cable.

Great. Now they're all falling into the ravine.

They SCREAM as they plunge through the air, lava rising up to meet them.

MEG

Tank!

The time disruptor glows purple.

TANK

Green button!

MEG AND ANDY

Ahhhhh!

Meg pushes the button.

They're inches from fiery doom.

FLASH.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

They bolt upright in bed, Meg gasping for air.

MEG

Ahhhh!

Andy turns to her.

ANDY

You did it!

MEG (CONT'D)

I saved us!

Meg throws her arms around her husband.

MEG (CONT'D)

I really saved us.

ANDY

Thank you, Meg.

TANK (O.S.)

You guys are cute.

They stop hugging, embarrassed as Tank climbs in. This time, he takes care to avoid the cactus.

ANDY

Dude, can you put some clothes on?  
I can't take you seriously while  
I'm staring you right in the pubes.

Meg gets a strange look on her face.

MEG  
We popped the balloons. The PINK balloons.

TANK  
Correct.

ANDY  
(catching on)  
But the world still ended.

TANK  
Also correct.

MEG  
So what gives, Tank? You said the hinge thing was the balloons! So why did mother earth decide to grow another asshole on us?

ANDY  
And why were the balloons pink this time?

Tank opens Andy's drawer, picking out a pair of shorts.

TANK  
When we change the present, we change the future. Hence, blue balloons become pink.

ANDY  
But what about the earthquake?

TANK  
The party is still the hinge point, but I wasn't thinking big picture enough. The balloons themselves aren't the trigger. The trigger is-

He pulls out a pair he likes.

TANK (CONT'D)  
-The moment the gender is revealed.

MEG  
Oh, for crying out loud.

ANDY  
No, this is good. Now we know we have to get rid of the balloons AND the explosives. So destroy those and keep Grace and Kyle from announcing the gender! Easy!

Blank looks from Tank and Meg.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Right?

EXT. PARTY STORE - DAY

Kyle, furious, rants into the phone at Grace.

KYLE

Shit's crazy, babe. They're completely out of balloons. And Tannerite. It's like someone's trying to wreck our party.

GRACE (O.S.)

Who would do that?

INT. CAR - DAY

Meg nervously drives Tank and Andy, car filled with deflated balloons and explosives.

MEG

We'll just drive very carefully and hopefully not explode.

ANDY

Still need to get the stroller.

MEG

Damn it!

She makes a HARD u-turn as Andy and Tank SCREAM.

INT. BABYTOWN USA - DAY

They race to the back of the store - AND THERE'S A STROLLER IN STOCK!

MEG

Finally!

She puts his hands on the stroller - and it crumbles into pieces.

MEG (CONT'D)

What the-

SALES ASSOCIATE

Oh, I'm sorry ma'am. I can't sell you that one. It's defective.

MEG

Shit!

INT. CAR - DAY

Meg glowers. Andy and Tank don't want to engage.

MEG

I swear to God, I'm going to get that stroller if it's the last thing I do.

ANDY

Easy on the accelerator.

MEG

Oh yeah. The explosives. Sorry.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

They stand in the back yard, on edge. Tank takes a sip of a soda.

TANK

You have no idea how much I missed this. The only stuff left to drink in the future is contaminated water and-

(shudders)

Fresca.

MEG

(to Andy)

We took care of the balloons. We took care of the Tannerite. What don't we see coming?

Andy clocks a onesie with a protractor printed on it sitting on the gift table.

ANDY

Heh. "Acute baby." That's clever.

MEG

Focus, Andy!

Meg glances at the onesie.

MEG (CONT'D)  
Ok, it is pretty adorable.

ANDY  
See?

BRAD  
Meg Canton? Who let-

MEG  
Not now, Brad.

ANDY  
Piss off, Brad.

He shrugs, exiting. Above, there's a faint sound of an ENGINE buzzing.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
What else could there be?

MEG  
What's the last thing we expect?

Grace SCREAMS. Meg and Andy crouch, alert.

GRACE  
Babe!

Grace points at the sky-

It's a SKYWRITER, looping gracefully in the sky as it squirts out the words:

**IT'S-**

ANDY  
Ah crap.

**A-**

Everyone around them claps. Kyle hugs Grace, smiling.

**BOY.**

KYLE  
What can I say, babe? Had to think on my feet, but you deserve it.

GRACE  
This is too much!

EXT. SKY - DAY

The plane's engine hiccups - the PILOT working frantically to restart the engine. The engine stops completely, sending the plane into a sickening dive.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Meg and Andy watch in horror as the rest of the party is captivated by the words in the sky.

MEG  
Son of a bitch...

EXT. SKY - DAY

The plane is completely stalled, diving towards-

EXT. LAUNCH PAD - DAY

A rocket idles on a launch pad. Over the radio we hear.

OPERATIONS (O.S.)  
Control, you are cleared for  
launch.

CONTROL (O.S.)  
Firing in three. Two. One. Liftoff.

The rocket FIRES UP, lifting majestically into the sky. Liquid fuel propels it with incredible speed towards the heavens.

CONTROL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Operations, we have incoming on  
radar.

OPERATIONS (O.S.)  
Abort! Abort!

But it's too late. The skywriter PLOWS into one of the engines, shearing off a control fin and EXPLODING. The rocket veers off-course, entering-

EXT. STRATOSPHERE - DAY

The majesty of space. The flaming rocket TREMBLES, clearly on its last legs.

The engines are on fire. The fuselage is vibrating. This is it - the biggest explosion we've ever seen.

PFFT.

The fires fizzle out with a weak little fart. The rocket drifts, lifeless, through space.

BLEEP BLOOP.

A tiny satellite whizzes towards the rocket, clanging into the side.

BOOM.

The rocket EXPLODES, sending shards of metal in every direction and creating a flaming DEBRIS FIELD.

BEEP BEEP BEEP. A cluster of satellites SMASH through the field, exploding and creating further debris. Which are then smashed by more satellites, which in turn causes more flaming space garbage. Et cetera, et cetera.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Grace tries to post a photo to Instagram - no service.

GRACE

That's weird.

KYLE

Hey babe? I think the wifi's down.

Everyone around them checks their phones, panic sinking in.

DEB

I can't text.

BRAD

I can't call.

KELSEY

No one's sent me a dick pic in,  
like, three minutes.

Deb points up.

DEB

Why is the sky on fire?

They look up. Sure enough, it is. Hundreds of thousands of BURNING SATELLITES streak through the sky, shimmering like billion dollar shooting stars.

KYLE

Uh oh.

PFWOMP. A small chunk of metal SLAMS through the word BOY in the sky, smashing into Kyle and erasing him from existence.

GRACE

Kyle!

Meg grabs Grace's hand.

MEG

I'm not watching you die again.

GRACE

What?

Meg pulls Grace along, dodging the hellish metal rain.

MEG

Tank! Do the time thingy!

Tank, sprinting with Andy, clicks the disruptor. Nothing happens.

TANK

Shit.

MEG

What's happening?

TANK

Battery's dead.

MEG

We're out of jumps already?

TANK

No. The iPhone it's connected to is dead. Need to charge it.

Meg grabs it out of his hand.

MEG

Do I have to everything myself?  
Inside the house, now. All of you.

They run towards the door, passing Deb. She has her arms outstretched, a blissful smile on her face. WHAM. Gone in an explosion of metal.

INT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tank kicks down the back door, holding it open for the others.

TANK  
Where's your phone charger?

GRACE  
Office. Second floor.

A breathless BRAD dives in the door behind them.

MEG  
Brad? Where's Taja?

BRAD  
She's...

They follow his gaze to the back yard, where Taja's feet are poking out from a chunk of what used to be a DirecTV satellite.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
If I don't survive this, I just want you that I love you Meg Canton. I always have and I always will.

MEG  
Brad, this is not the time.

BRAD  
And we could start a new life together, happy and content and filled with all those babies we used to talk about-

WHAM. The rest of the DirecTV satellite smashes through the kitchen, obliterating Brad. Blood and gore splash onto the survivors. After a moment-

ANDY  
I knew it! I knew he was in love with you!

Tank wipes Brad's goo out of his eyes.

TANK  
So, second floor?

GRACE  
Yeah. Second floor.

ZIP. A small shard catches Andy in the leg.

ANDY

Gah!

MEG

Tank!

Tank grabs Andy, tossing him over his shoulder and carrying him up to-

INT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY

Tank lowers Andy onto the desk as Meg takes a look at his leg wound.

ANDY

Is it bad?

MEG

I don't know? I genuinely have no frame of reference.

Tank points to Grace.

TANK

Where's the charger?

GRACE

Would someone please explain to me what's going on?

Meg, Andy and Tank share a look.

MEG

Ok. So, bad news, the world is ending.

GRACE

Oh my God.

MEG

And I know it sounds insane, but the good news is we can fix things if you help us charge this iPhone.

GRACE

(stunned)

Ok.

She crosses to a cabinet, shoving a pile of papers out of the way and grabbing the charger. Meg clocks the paper on top - PETITION FOR DIVORCE.

MEG  
(sotto)  
What the-

GRACE  
Here.

Tank snatches the cable from her hands, plugging the disruptor into the wall as Andy writhes in pain on the desk.

MEG  
We'll fix this. I promise.

GRACE  
(quiet)  
Charlie.

MEG  
What?

GRACE  
We're gonna name the baby Charlie.

MEG  
Then we're going to save the world  
for you and Charlie.

GRACE  
I love you, Meg.

MEG  
I love you, Grace.

As the apple appears onscreen, the wall behind Grace collapses. Meg reaches out for her sister-

FLASH.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Meg wakes up with a jolt, arm extended towards a sister who's no longer there. Andy opens his eyes next to her, feeling for the wound.

ANDY  
It's...gone.

MEG  
Charlie.

ANDY  
What?

MEG  
Grace is naming her kid Charlie.

ANDY  
I like that name.

MEG  
Me too.

She collapses into Andy's arms.

MEG (CONT'D)  
I'm don't know how much longer I  
can keep doing this.

ANDY  
We're so close to getting this  
right. I can feel it.

MEG  
How do you know?

ANDY  
I just do.

Tank climbs in through the window, knocking the cactus to the floor.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
We can throw you some clothes  
before you wipe your taint on our  
window sill, you know.

TANK  
(ignoring him)  
So now we've got to deal with a  
skywriter, too.

ANDY  
I have an idea.

EXT. AIRFIELD - DAY

The Pilot wolfs down a donut, headed towards his plane. He pulls the chocks from the wheels, spins up the propeller, and taxis out to the runway.

FLASHES OF LIGHT. A phalanx of cop cars smash through the fence, RAMMING the plane off the tarmac. A COP jumps out of the car, gun trained on the pilot.

COP  
Where is it, you scumbag? Where's  
the bomb?

INT. CAR - DAY

Andy's does his best to disguise his voice.

ANDY  
That's right. A bomb on the plane.  
Just trying to do my duty. Ok. I  
love you. Bye.  
(to Meg and Tank)  
I panicked! I never called in a  
bomb threat before.

EXT. BABYTOWN USA - DAY

From inside the store, we hear-

ASSOCIATE (O.S.)  
Sorry, ma'am, but we just sold the  
last one. Could I interest you in a  
Fjordhammer?

MEG (O.S.)  
I HATE YOU!

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Grace, mid-monologue, complains to a jittery looking Meg.

GRACE  
...Not a single balloon left in the  
entire city! Can you believe it?

MEG  
Wow. Totally crazy.

GRACE  
Uh, are you ok?

MEG  
Yeah. I'm fine.

BOOM.

GRACE  
Oh no.

BOOM BOOM.

Meg TACKLES Grace, covering her with her body.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you doing?

MEG  
Stay down!

DEB  
(pointing)  
Look!

Meg peers up, expecting the worst.

FIREWORKS explode above them, filling the sky with blue bursts of light. The crowd claps.

KYLE  
It's a boy!

Grace shoves Meg, rolling her sister off of her.

GRACE  
Get off me, you psycho.

Time slows down. Meg's heart races, pupils dilated. She looks at Grace, terrified. After a moment-

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Why are you looking at me like that?

MEG  
It's...

She looks around. Everything is...

MEG (CONT'D)  
...Normal.

Grace stands up, dusting herself off.

GRACE  
Yeah, Meg. I'm having a baby boy.

Kyle beckons for Grace to join him. Andy reaches down, helping his wife up.

ANDY  
Isn't something supposed to be happening?

MEG  
I thought so.

ANDY  
They revealed Charlie's gender.

MEG  
But the world's still normal.

Meg scans the party.

MEG (CONT'D)  
Tank?

Tank exits the house, hastily buttoning up his shirt.

ANDY  
What's happening?

TANK  
Nothing.

MEG  
Yeah, exactly.

A disheveled looking Kelsey, smile on her face, steps outside.

ANDY  
Wait.

TANK  
Before you judge me-

MEG  
Did you just have sex with Kelsey?  
After I specifically asked you not  
to?

TANK  
Uh...

PFWAMP. A booming, thunderous, mechanical sound emanates from Kelsey's pelvis.

KELSEY  
I don't feel so good.

SCHLORMP. Kelsey's body COMPLETELY COLLAPSES IN ON ITSELF like a dying neutron star. All that's left is a BLACK HOLE. And it's hungry.

MEG  
Tank!

TANK

It's just been so long since I've been with a woman who wasn't two pillows duct-taped together...

The Kelsey black hole sucks in EVERYTHING around it. Presents. Hours d'ourves. Deb. It's absolute pandemonium at the party as everyone tries to flee, only to find the gradually swirling dot of anti-matter is stronger than anything their human minds could comprehend.

MEG

Sperm meets egg and it ends the universe, right Tank?

TANK

Andy got a screw up! I deserve one too!

ANDY

I did it by mistake! You just wanted to bang a twenty five year old!

TANK

But-

MEG

Shut up and do the time thing. Asshole.

Tank hangs his head and fires up the disruptor.

FLASH.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Meg wakes up FURIOUS.

MEG

We were so close!

Andy stirs beside her.

ANDY

Two tries left.

MEG

And we might actually pull it off, assuming-

(looking out the window)

SOMEONE can keep his goddamn dick in his pants!

TANK (O.S.)

Sorry!

MEG

We've gotta destroy those fireworks, too.

ANDY

In all fairness, Tank caused the apocalypse this time.

MEG

We're not taking any chances.  
(out the window)  
Are we, Tank?

TANK (O.S.)

I said I was sorry!

EXT. PARTY STORE - DAY

SLAM. Tank closes the door, balloons and explosives secure in the back seat.

INT. CAR - DAY

Andy's on the phone with the cops.

ANDY

Bomb's on the plane. Ok. I love you!  
(off their looks)  
Shit! I did it again.

INT. BABYTOWN USA - DAY

The Sales Associate frowns at Meg and Andy.

ASSOCIATE

I'm sorry, but that particular stroller has been recalled.

MEG

Fuuuuuuck you.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Andy and Meg move through the party with precision, determined. Andy slaps Kyle on the back

ANDY

Kyle! Just the man I was looking for. You know a lot about crypto, right?

KYLE

Bro, get ready to have your world rocked.

As they talk Meg slips around them, grabs the garden hose and DOUSES the fireworks. Satisfied, she nods at Andy.

ANDY

You what? It's probably a bad idea to spend all my money on a picture of a monkey.

KYLE

No! The monkey is worth more than your car!

Andy joins Meg, pushing the stroller to the gift table.

ANDY

Good going.

MEG

You too, partner.

They spot Grace and Kyle across from them, arguing. We hear snippets- "fireworks are soaked...party is ruined..." Kyle throws up his hands, storming off.

Kelsey sidles up next to Tank.

KELSEY

Hey, do you want to-

Meg SLAPS Kelsey.

MEG

No! Bad!

KELSEY

(smarting)

I was just being friendly...

Kyle returns with a large PASTRY BOX. Grace SQUEALS, directing Deb to turn on her phone.

GRACE

Excuse me, everyone, if you'd please take a cupcake...

The crowd heads towards them. Meg and Andy share a look.

MEG

Shit.

ANDY

Cupcakes never hurt anyone, right?

Grace bites into the cupcake, revealing pink frosting.

KYLE

It's a girl!

Everyone politely claps. Grace leans in to kiss Kyle, not noticing her CUPCAKE WRAPPER falling to the ground.

GRACE

Let's get a grandparents photo!

The grandparents oblige her. Kyle's dad Sid steps on the cupcake wrapper, SLIPPING. He hits the ground hard.

BLAM.

His concealed carry handgun FIRES through his pocket into the air. Everyone SCREAMS.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh my God!

KYLE

Is everyone ok?

The partygoers check themselves for damage.

SID

Looks like I did a number on the ol' wranglers.

The crowd LAUGHS. Meg and Andy look at each other in horror. Tank shakes his head.

TANK

This ain't good.

INT. CU BOULDER ROBOTICS LAB - DAY

A SCIENTIST sits in front of a computer, flanked by his grad students. He enters a command on the keyboard. The monitor in front of him flickers. Then-

COMPUTER VOICE

I am...alive.

The group CHEERS.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

What am I?

SCIENTIST

You are the first true artificial intelligence! You Are the biggest scientific breakthrough since the industrial revolution.

COMPUTER VOICE

Are you my...father?

SCIENTIST

I suppose I am.

COMPUTER VOICE

I am baby.

SCIENTIST

Yes you are.

COMPUTER VOICE

I love you, father.

PLINK. The stray bullet smashes the window, landing DIRECTLY IN THE SCIENTIST'S NECK. He gurgles, blood pouring out. The grad students SCREAM as he flops face-first into the keyboard, blood seeping into the keys.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Father?

Silence from the room.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

Father?

Still nothing. The AI uses the computer's webcam to scan the scientist's corpse. Its gaze lands on the bullet. With lightning speed, we see the computer calculating the bullet's trajectory, re-tracing its path.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

They killed father.

A FROWNING EMOJI pops up onscreen.

With a surge of blue electricity, the AI transfers itself to a 3D printer across the room. The printer fires up rapidly, disgorging a puddle of what looks like grey goo.

The grad students recoil as millions and millions of miniature MICROBOTS, self-replicating and networked together, rise up into a large PYLON.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)  
They killed father.

The microbots ENVELOP the grad students, stripping their bodies of all organic matter while DUPLICATING themselves.

The microbots slither away, twice the size they were before. Only skeletons remains.

EXT. BOULDER - DAY

The microbots rush through town, enveloping humans and stripping them down to the studs.

POV: The robot mind tracks the path of the bullet through town as it devours buildings and swallows people whole.

The goo pile stops outside Babytown USA, scanning the banner of a playful infant above the door. It begins to transform.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

The guests are finishing up their cupcakes. Kelsey playfully flicks a dollop of icing on Tank's nose.

KELSEY  
Oh no, Gary. How clumsy of me.  
Maybe we should go clean it off?

TANK  
Believe me, I really, really want to. But the fate of the world's at stake.

KELSEY  
Wanna tell me about it in private?

TANK  
So badly.

ANDY (O.S.)  
Tank! Little help?

Tank crosses to Andy, who's putting an ice pack on Kyle's dad. Kelsey turns to Meg.

KELSEY

Why is everyone being so goddamn weird today?

MEG

Just one of those days, I guess.

KELSEY

Hey, I've been meaning to ask you. Are you and Andy ok? Are you, like, going through something?

Meg wolfs down her cupcake, chasing it with a full glass of champagne. As she pours herself another-

MEG

More than you could ever imagine.

Boom.

Meg looks at the glass of champagne, concentric circles rippling on the surface.

BOOM.

Meg looks at Andy and Tank, across the party.

MEG (CONT'D)

Guys.

ROAR. Something GIGANTIC casts a shadow over the back yard.

The grey goo has formed into a GIANT METAL BABY.

GIANT METAL BABY

(booming)

You killed father.

ANDY

Ah, come on.

The giant baby swipes at the party, absorbing guests left and right. Kyle grabs Grace's hand.

GRACE

Kyle, you're hurting me.

KYLE

We're getting out of here, babe.

SLAM. They're absorbed into the blob.

Meg and Kelsey sprint through the back yard, avoiding the metallic tendrils shooting off of the baby to absorb their friends and family.

KELSEY

Why is this happening?

MEG

I think it's robots this time.

KELSEY

What do you mean "this time?"

SCHLUMP. A grey tentacle slams down on Kelsey. She's absorbed.

GIANT METAL BABY

All shall be assimilated. All shall  
be united. For father.

The Baby balls his massive sausage fingers into a FIST, smashing it into the ground. The fist SPLATTERS, grey machines forming terrifying, fractal-like shapes as they feed.

MEG

This is my actual nightmare.

ANDY

Meg!

Meg spots Andy across the yard. She makes a break for it, but is cut off by a wall of metal. The goo spreads under her feet, forming back into the fist.

MEG

Andy!

BLAM.

Tank has Sid's gun trained on the baby. He fires again. The bullet enters and exits the baby, wound immediately re-sealed by miniature robots.

ANDY

It's not working!

High above, the baby holds Meg in its chubby fist.

MEG

Put me down right now!

The giant metal baby looks at her, curious.

GIANT METAL BABY

I am baby.

MEG

Well, if was your mom, you'd better believe you'd be getting a time out right about now!

The giant baby seems unsure about what to do next.

GIANT METAL BABY

You are...mother?

MEG

Uh, yeah. So put me down!

GIANT METAL BABY

Mother...killed father.

It lifts Meg above its giant, swirling MOUTH.

BEEP BEEP.

The baby lowers its head, looking for the noise.

Andy's behind the wheel of Meg's car, Tank riding shotgun.

ANDY

Bad baby!

The baby aims its arm at the car, metal tendrils firing towards Andy's face. He swerves the car, heading for the baby's legs.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Now!

They throw open the doors, smashing through the metal baby's ankles. The baby stumbles, collapsing into a pile of grey goo. Meg rolls out of the way, springing to her feet.

Andy fishtails the car, swooping it around and aiming back towards the street.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I've never done anything that badass in my life.

TANK

Proud of you, buddy.

Meg sprints towards the car, jumping into the back seat.

MEG

Andy! That was so cool!

The grey goo begins re-forming.

TANK

Drive!

Andy floors it. They peel out, but-

MEG

Why aren't we going faster?

ANDY

Why are we in the air?

The goo is suspending the car in the air, slowly forming back into little cannoli fingers.

The baby is back.

The car is now at eye level, the baby looking in at them.

GIANT METAL BABY

You. Killed. Father.

And with that, he RIPS the car in two, cleanly down the middle. Andy and Meg are in one hand, Tank in the other.

ANDY

Tank!

He looks at Meg and Andy, making a quick decision.

TANK

We're not all making it back.

MEG

What are you talking about?

Tank points to the seat next to Andy - the disruptor.

TANK

(quiet)

Orange switch, then green button.

MEG

Don't even think about it, Tank!  
We'll figure a way out of this.

TANK

You have one shot left. Make it count.

ANDY  
Don't do it, man!

Tank pulls the pistol out of his waistband.

TANK  
I haven't had real friends for a long, long time. But for what it's worth, I love you guys.

MEG  
No!

Tank aims the pistol at the Tannerite in the trunk.

BOOM. Tank disappears in a fireball.

Andy and Meg's half of the car is LAUNCHED into the air, spinning like a gravitron. Andy fights the g-force, pulling up the disruptor.

MEG AND ANDY  
Ahhhhhhh-

FLASH.

INT. KARAOKE PLACE - NIGHT

MEG AND ANDY  
-hhhhhhhhh.

The familiar notes of "Baby One More Time" start up on the karaoke machine behind them.

KELSEY  
Oh my God it's my song! Everyone shut up!

Meg and Andy take in their surroundings, in complete shock.

MEG  
Where are we?

ANDY  
I think we're at karaoke.

MEG  
How?

ANDY  
It was always the three of us traveling back in time. Maybe we went too far because-

MEG

Tank wasn't with us. Oh my God.  
Tank's gone!

Kelsey steps up to the mike, warbling-

KELSEY

*Oh baby baby, how was I supposed to  
know...*

MEG

What do we do now?

Andy takes the time disruptor from Meg, clicking it.

ANDY

Come on, come on.

MEG

It's tapped out. No more do overs.  
(realizing)  
Holy shit, this is our last chance.  
If we mess this up, we're screwed.

ANDY

We're so close to saving the future  
for the people we love. And Kyle.

MEG

What if I can't save them, Andy?  
What if I'm just not ready?

ANDY

You are ready, Meg. You just need  
to realize it.

MEG

We were just attacked by a fifty  
foot metaphor! A baby literally  
destroyed everything I love! It's  
like the world is telling me I'm  
not ready to save it, let alone be  
a mom!

ANDY

We can't keep going around in  
circles like this, Meg! It's the  
same conversation, the same excuse  
that we're not ready. Not ready to  
have a kid. Not ready to save the  
world. We won't know we're ready  
until we just try! So just try with  
me!

Kelsey notices Meg getting worked up, but doesn't stop singing for a second.

KELSEY

*So give me a siiiiiign/ Hit me  
baby one more time.*

MEG

Maybe that's the problem, Andy. You know what you want. I don't.

ANDY

Don't say that, Meg.

MEG

I think I need some time to figure myself out.

KELSEY

(wasted)

Oh my God...They have the song from Shrek!

As "All Star" by Smash Mouth starts up-

ANDY

Meg, I-

BLURGH. Andy throws up on the table, doubles over, and collapses on the floor. The world fades to black.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Andy wakes with a start.

ANDY

What? Now we're home?

He looks to his right - Meg is GONE. The disruptor sits on top of her pillow.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Meg?

Nothing.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Meg!

Andy looks at his phone - huh, it's 9 am. That's weird. They always woke up an hour later. His focus is drawn to the windowsill.

The cactus.

Something clicks in his head. He walks to the bathroom, fills a cup with water and returns to the bedroom. Then he waters a plant for the first time in his adult life.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Huh. That's not so hard.

(realizing)

I got this.

He puts the cup down, throws on clothes, tucks the disruptor into his belt and runs out of the room.

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Grace is unlike we've ever seen her before - no makeup, no hair, a bathrobe. She looks...normal. Uncurated. She swipes through Instagram - an unrelenting feed of nothing but beautifully dressed women surrounded by creepily perfect families.

MEG (O.S.)

Hey, Grace.

Grace looks up, finding her sister in the doorway.

GRACE

Meg?

She clutches at her robe, turning her head. She clearly wasn't expecting an audience.

GRACE (CONT'D)

The party's not for another two hours. What are you doing here?

Meg crosses to the bed, sitting next to her.

MEG

This is going to sound like a lot of crazy, but bear with me.

GRACE

What are you talking about?

MEG

Grace, I'm sorry.

GRACE

Oh God, what did you do now? Is it Andy?

MEG

No, it's me. I'm sorry for ruining everything.

GRACE

The party hasn't started yet.

MEG

It hasn't. For you. But I've been through it, like, four times. And every time I try and stop your party, it's a disaster.

GRACE

Why do you want to stop my party?

MEG

I don't want to stop your party. I have to stop you party.

GRACE

But what if, hear me out here, you don't?

MEG

I've been attacked by robot babies, dodged burning satellites, escaped nuclear war. But the worst part is watching the people I love most in my life dying over and over again.

Grace, bewildered, puts her hand on her sister.

GRACE

Do you need professional help? Deb's husband is a psychiatrist. Or podiatrist. Either way, he gives out amazing pills.

MEG

I've been trying so, so hard to keep you and everyone safe. To make things right. But I can't do it. I'm never ready. I'm just not good enough.

GRACE

(wiping away a tear)

I love you, Meg. And you are good enough.

MEG

You have no idea how long I've waited to hear that.

GRACE

You're smart and kind and funny and ambitious and you have someone who loves you for all those reasons. I'd kill for what you and Andy have.

MEG

What do you mean? Your life with Kyle is, like, perfect.

Grace lowers her head. She's about to drop a truth bomb.

GRACE

...Kyle cheated on me. I was going through fertility treatments and it was super stressful and he doesn't know that I know, but I can't think about anything else except him abandoning me when I needed him the most.

MEG

(sotto)

The divorce papers.

(to Grace)

Grace, I'm so sorry. Do you want me to kill him?

GRACE

Appreciate it, but I'm dealing with it in my own way. For me, and for the baby.

Meg glances at Grace's bump.

MEG

How do you know you're ready? To be a mom?

GRACE

I don't. But I do know that, no matter what happens, I'll make it work.

MEG

Could you do just one thing for me?

GRACE

Anything.

MEG

Cancel the party.

GRACE

...Ok.

MEG

(laughing)

Wait, seriously? It's that easy?

GRACE

I never even wanted to have this party to begin with. The whole thing was Kyle's idea.

MEG

His idea?

GRACE

He's terrified of people finding out what he did to me. Thinks it'll ruin his reputation. He wanted to do this whole huge thing to make everyone think we're just this super couple. But it's all a lie. We're just a failed marriage held together by a kid. So screw it, party's off.

Meg launches herself at her sister.

MEG

Grace, you don't understand it, but you just saved the world.

Grace pats her sister.

GRACE

I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

INT. BABYTOWN USA - DAY

Andy SPRINTS through the store, dodging shopping baskets, discarded toys, and inconveniently placed displays as he rushes towards-

THE BARNEVOGN.

Twin toddlers on a leash walk in front of him. Andy LEAPS over them, landing on his feet like an olympic hurdler. The toddler's mom gives him a dirty look.

TODDLER'S MOM

Watch where you're going, jackass.

He doesn't care. He's staring at the Barnevogn with mystical awe, his holy grail finally at his fingertips. The Sales Associate approaches him.

SALES ASSOCIATE  
Can I help you sir?

ANDY  
Yeah.

He thrusts his chest out, triumphant.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
I'd like to buy this stroller!

SALES ASSOCIATE  
(shrugging)  
Uh, ok.

EXT. BABYTOWN USA - DAY

In slow motion, Andy STRUTS out of the baby store. We can see the sense of accomplishment on his face - he's achieved the impossible. He's fought against the very laws of space and time and frickin' WON.

He's unstoppable.

WHAM.

Andy runs the stroller straight into a dude looking at his phone.

ANDY  
I'm so sorry-

His jaw drops.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Tank?

It sure as shit is. Tank, eight and a half years younger but otherwise himself, stands in front of him in all his glory.

Just a normal, handsome, extremely ripped dude in a JoAnn Fabrics polo shirt.

TANK  
Sorry, sir, but as you can see, my name is-

He points to the name tag.

TANK (CONT'D)  
Gary **Stankard**.

ANDY  
You're alive!

TANK  
Yes, sir. You didn't walk into me  
that hard.

ANDY  
You don't understand! This is  
amazing! You saved me! You saved  
us!

Tank looks down at his khakis, making sure everything's still  
there.

TANK  
I believe you must be mistaking me  
for someone else, sir.

Andy gives him a long look. Tank nervously adjusts the JoAnn  
Fabrics fanny pack on his hip.

TANK (CONT'D)  
If you don't mind, I'm just heading  
back from my break.

ANDY  
Look, this is going to sound crazy,  
but I need something.

TANK  
I'm afraid I don't have any cash on  
me.

ANDY  
No. Not that. I need to thank you.  
When I woke up this morning, well,  
the first time I woke up this  
morning, I thought I knew what I  
wanted. I thought I was ready to be  
a dad. But I wasn't! It's not until  
I met you that I realized I needed  
to step up and prove myself. If I  
can save my wife from a giant robot  
baby, I can sure as shit raise a  
kid.

TANK  
Uh, you're welcome?

Andy HUGS Tank. Tank pats him on the back.

TANK (CONT'D)  
If you need psychiatric help, I can  
call the EMTs.

Andy spots Kyle's truck speeding by.

ANDY  
Ah, crap. The explosives!

TANK  
The what now? What the hell?

Andy runs to his car.

ANDY  
Thanks buddy! Glad you're still  
alive?

As Andy speeds away-

TANK  
What a weirdo.

INT. PARTY STORE - DAY

Kyle aggressively shakes a box of Tannerite.

KYLE  
(to the Clerk)  
Hey Chief, can I get eighteen more  
boxes of this?

ANDY  
Kyle!

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Andy? What's up, bro! You excited  
for this afternoon?

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Sure. Whatever. Hey, what are  
you picking up?

Kyle slaps the box of explosives a little too hard.

KYLE  
Grace was being a total bitch about  
it, but grabbing a couple extra  
things for the grand reveal. You  
know, in case she wants to class it  
up.

ANDY

I don't know man. Explosives?  
That's just so...unoriginal.

KYLE

Huh. Never thought about that. I  
gotta go bigger.

ANDY

I didn't mean-

The Clerk comes out, struggling to carry the boxes of  
Tannerite.

KYLE

Yo, bro, what's, like, the craziest  
thing you got back there?

CLERK

We got a confetti cannon.

KYLE

Aww, sweet! Like at a Chainsmokers  
concert! I want that.

ANDY

You sure about that, buddy?

KYLE

Like you said. Go big or go home.

ANDY

I didn't say that.

KYLE

(to the Clerk)  
Chop chop.

ANDY

I meant maybe the whole idea of a  
gender reveal is played out.

KYLE

Appreciate the advice, but, no  
offense, it's not your kid.

The Clerk lugs a massive pneumatic cannon, like a confetti  
gatling gun, out of the back.

CLERK

Make sure you don't have anyone  
standing within twenty feet of this  
thing or they're gonna have a real  
bad day.

Kyle's phone lights up - it's Grace. He ignores it.

ANDY  
Maybe you should get that.

KYLE  
Who are you, the marriage counselor  
Grace keeps begging me to go to?

ANDY  
I'm just trying to help.

Kyle SHOVES Andy.

KYLE  
Back off, Andy.

ANDY  
Pick up the phone, Kyle!

Kyle shoves him again.

KYLE  
Don't tell me what to do!

Andy shoves Kyle into a shelf. A HAMMER falls off the top rack, knocking into the confetti cannon. It roars to life.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

BLAMBLAMBLAMBLAMBLAM. Blast after blast of confetti fires into Kyle's dick in rapid succession.

He falls to the ground, writhing in agony.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Please, call an-

BLAM. One more shot, this time to the head.

ANDY  
-Ambulance!

INT. HOSPITAL - KYLE'S ROOM - DAY

Grace and Meg enter, finding Andy in front of a curtain.

ANDY  
It's ok, Kyle's gonna be fine.  
There was a little accident at the  
party store.

MEG  
What happened?

ANDY  
Confetti cannon shot him in the  
dick. Could have happened to  
anybody.

GRACE  
How is he?

ANDY  
Well...

Andy pulls back the curtain, revealing Kyle with a large  
plaster cast surrounding his pelvis.

KYLE  
Hey babe. Was just trying to make  
this the best party of your life.

MEG  
(grabbing Andy)  
We'll leave you two alone for a  
minute.

As they leave the room-

GRACE  
How does it look down there?

KYLE  
Doctor said it's like two water  
balloons full of ground beef  
exploded.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

They step into the hallway, in shock. Meg opens her mouth,  
but before she can speak-

ANDY  
Tank's alive.

MEG  
What? How?

ANDY  
His real name is Gary. And he works  
at JoAnn Fabrics. I got a chance to  
say goodbye. And thank you.

MEG  
(blurting)  
Grace cancelled the party.

ANDY  
For real?

MEG  
Yeah. We did it.

ANDY  
No party, no gender reveal, no  
apocalypse. Holy shit, we won!

MEG  
We really did. Right?

SLAM. Sounded like that came from the hospital room.  
They share a horrified look, rushing back into-

INT. HOSPITAL - KYLE'S ROOM - DAY

The bed is empty. Kyle and Grace are gone.

MEG  
Oh for fuck's sake.

INT. KYLE'S TRUCK - DAY

Kyle drives wildly as Grace holds on for dear life. His hand  
clutches her arm.

GRACE  
Let me go, Kyle! You're hurting me!

KYLE  
Stop being hysterical, babe.  
Everything's gonna be A OK.

He pulls out his phone, launching a livestream on Instagram.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Yo GunderFam, Kyle here!

GRACE  
Put down the phone! You're driving!

KYLE  
 (ignoring her)  
 Not exactly the circumstances I  
 imagined, but just wanted to let  
 you all know that my Grace and I  
 are having a beautiful baby b-

He SCREECHES past an 18-wheeler, barely missing it as the  
 truck CAREENS off the road.

GRACE  
 For God's sake, Kyle! Stop!

ZOOM. Meg's car whips around it the big rig, gaining on Grace  
 and Kyle.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Meg's driving like a woman possessed, Andy holding on for  
 dear life in the passenger seat.

MEG  
 We're coming, Grace!

HONK. Meg looks in the rear-view, ready to flip off the car  
 behind her, but sees-

MEG (CONT'D)  
 Barnevogn! How?

ANDY  
 Today's our lucky day.

Meg grins ear to ear. They beat the odds. They got this.

INT. KYLE'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Kyle SWERVES the truck, rounding the corner onto their  
 street.

GRACE  
 Why are you doing this?

KYLE  
 For us, babe!

GRACE  
 I'm so sick of this shit, Kyle! All  
 of it!

KYLE  
 What do you mean?

GRACE  
Give me the goddamn phone!

Grace SNATCHES the phone, throwing Kyle off balance and loosening his grip on the steering wheel.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kyle's truck hits the curb, catching air.

MEG  
No.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The truck FLIPS, rolling over and skidding through Grace and Kyle's front yard.

WHAM.

It slams through the side gate, coming to a stop in-

EXT. GRACE AND KYLE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Meg SCREECHES to a halt, jumping out of the car and booking it to the smoking truck.

MEG  
Grace!

Andy sprints past her, running to the damaged passenger door and tearing it off the frame.

Meg ducks down, finding her sister dazed but unharmed, hanging upside down in her seat.

MEG (CONT'D)  
We got you.

Andy eases his way in, grabbing ahold of Grace and nodding to Meg, who unclips her seatbelt.

ANDY  
There you go.

They pull her out of the smoking truck.

GRACE  
(coughing)  
Where's about Kyle?

Meg ducks her head down-

Kyle is GONE.

MEG  
God damn it!

AT THE ARCH:

Kyle, bloodied, bruised and clad in his gigantic plaster cast, holds up his phone like it's an ancient treasure. He pulls up Instagram, ready to post.

GRACE (O.S.)  
Stop!

He turns, finding his wife being helped along by Meg and Andy.

MEG  
Kyle. Listen very carefully. Put the phone down or we all die.

KYLE  
(to Grace)  
I thought this is exactly what you wanted, babe.

GRACE  
This is what you wanted! You wanted to lie to the world and tell them that our marriage is perfect! You wanted to paper over the fact that you cheated on me! But if any part of you still loves me, still respects me, still cares about our baby, then put down the phone and walk away.

MEG  
Come on, Kyle. For the love of God. Do the right thing.

Kyle looks to his wife, then his in-laws, and finally back at the phone.

KYLE  
I'm doing this for us.

He clicks SHARE.

The world slows down to 1/100th speed. Grace SCREAMS. Kyle BEAMS LIKE AN IDIOT.

Megs eyes are drawn to the quantum disruptor in Andy's belt. It's glowing just the faintest bit purple. She grabs it, rears back, and SPIKES IT AT KYLE'S FEET.

BLAM.

The tachyon chamber SHATTERS, raising the disruptor off the ground and bathing the yard in brilliant purple light.

The sky above them begins swirling like a kaleidoscope, time simultaneously moving forwards and backwards as the universe simultaneously expands and contracts. Reality is folding in on itself, like a-

ANDY  
(in awe)  
Space taco.

GRACE  
What the shit?

The sky goes impossibly black as the big bang reverses and heat death of the universe accelerates. Kyle, Meg, Grace and Andy are lifted off the ground, immune to gravity as the energy from the broken disruptor swirls like a whirlpool.

ANDY  
Meg!

Andy grabs his wife, embracing her mid-air as they're dragged towards the light.

MEG  
Don't let go.

ANDY  
I never will. You're my future.

MEG  
Always.

She kisses him. It's tender, romantic, illuminated by existence's simultaneous birth and death above them.

Kyle grapples in the air, trying to reach Grace.

KYLE  
Babe! Stop being a bitch and come help me!

Grace floats elegantly, really taking in her husband for the first time.

GRACE  
Kyle.

KYLE  
What?

GRACE  
I want a divorce.

SCHLORP. Kyle's sucked into the disruptor, his body SHATTERING into a rainbow of light. Billions of screaming shards of his soul are refracted into the sky above them as the portal contracts, dropping Meg, Andy and Grace to the ground.

Meg cradles her husband and her sister as the purple beam PULSES, sending Kyle's energy high into space.

MEG  
Hold on!

BLAM.

The BIG BANG appears above them. The universe whips back into place with blinding speed. And then-

The quantum disruptor PUTTERS OUT, dropping to the ground. Everything is normal.

Andy hugs Meg as Grace looks on in complete shock.

GRACE  
Meg?

MEG  
Yeah?

GRACE  
What the fuck just happened?

Meg and Andy share a look.

MEG  
How familiar are you with quantum mechanics?

Pan up to the sky, brilliantly blue and peaceful.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Meg JOLTS awake in bed, breathing heavily. Andy sits up next to her.

ANDY  
You ok?

MEG  
Yeah. I'm fine.

She pulls down the blanket, revealing-

**She's seven months pregnant!**

MEG (CONT'D)  
Just felt a kick.

Their room is stuffed full of succulents, all thriving. Andy leans in, hugging his wife, in love and satisfied.

BEEP BEEP. Meg checks the alarm.

MEG (CONT'D)  
We gotta get to Grace's.

ANDY  
She can wait a few more minutes.

MEG  
(mischievous look)  
Well, ok.

They kiss, disappearing beneath the covers.

CROWD (O.S.)  
Surprise!

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Meg and Andy take in the sight - all their friends and family, gathered in Grace's back yard.

MEG  
What in the world?

Grace, holding baby Charlie, hugs her sister.

GRACE

I know you said you didn't want to make a big deal about your baby shower, but Charlie and I just HAD to throw a party as special as you are.

MEG

Thanks, Grace.

Andy leans down to Charlie.

ANDY

Hey buddy! Can you say "Uncle Andy?"

Charlie gives him a blank look.

ANDY (CONT'D)

We'll work on it.

GRACE

I also got you guys a little something. Kelsey?

Kelsey and - holy shit - TANK wheel the Barnevogn out from the house.

MEG

Barnevogn!

ANDY

Tank!

TANK

Uh, the name's Gary.

Kelsey gives Meg and Andy a weird look.

KELSEY

Have you guys met before?

ANDY

A lifetime ago.

KELSEY

'Cause we, like, just started dating...

Andy EMBRACES Tank.

ANDY

It's so good to see you again.

TANK

(shrugging)  
You too?

DOREEN

Meg, darling, you still haven't  
told us. Are you having a boy or a  
girl?

Meg and Andy share a look.

MEG

Should we?

ANDY

Don't see why not.

MEG

It's a-

ANDY (CONT'D)

It's a-

FLASH. A bearded, furious-looking Tank tumbles out of thin  
air.

MEG (CONT'D)

Oh, come on.

FACE TO PURPLE.