

NOW IS NOT THE TIME

"Pilot or: Have Gun, Will Travel"

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ACT ONE

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

An unassuming, Chicago-style BROWNSTONE apartment building on a tree-lined street. The century-old facade fits in perfectly with a row of similar homes.

Next door, a shirtless NEIGHBOR MAN (40's) reclines on the lawn in an inflatable kiddie pool. He holds a garden hose as he lets the water cascade down his chest.

Behind the man - at the unassuming brownstone - a large, hardcover book CRASHES through a second-floor window and lands on the grass below.

A light bulb above the front door SURGES with light then POPS. The light goes out. The entire building loses power.

A low RUMBLING noise arises as - WOOSH.

THE UNASSUMING BROWNSTONE COMPLETELY DISAPPEARS.

There is only empty air between two identical buildings.

The Neighbor Man barely notices the commotion. He attempts to crane his neck to see what all the noise is about. This proves to be too difficult, so the Neighbor Man simply continues to bathe.

FADE TO BLACK.

Over black, an engine roars...

INT. CITY BUS - DAY

DREW (26) sits in the back row. He stares blankly ahead. Drew is hipster-thin and Chicago-pale. He is wearing a black suit that is two sizes too small. He hugs a backpack in his lap.

Drew taps his fingers against his leg - a nervous tic. He notices and forces himself to stop.

Drew looks ahead as he speaks, as if addressing us.

DREW

It's time for me to move on, ya know?
I'm 26. I'm basically an adult. I
can't keep worrying about childish
things. My roommate and best friend,
Nick, hasn't had a real job. Ever.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

His current resume boasts he's spent the last year as a Dave & Buster advantage player, which... isn't a career. Meanwhile, I juggle three part-time jobs and I barely make enough money to pay rent... for the both of us.

(beat)

My grandfather died last week. It put a lot of things into perspective for me. I don't have as much time as I think I do. So, Nick will understand when I tell him that I have to move out, right? He has to. It's about time, don't you think?

Drew turns to his left. A previously unseen HOMELESS WOMAN nods at nothing in particular.

DREW (CONT'D)

Sorry, things usually come into focus for me when I talk out loud.

The homeless woman grumbles unintelligibly.

DREW (CONT'D)

Yeah, moving out is probably the right thing to do. Nick will learn to be fine on his own.

(nodding)

Thanks. Ah, bus wisdom.

The homeless woman, mouth open, SPITS on Drew.

Wordlessly, Drew pulls the cable and signals his stop.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

The unassuming brownstone stands as is did before the mysterious disappearance. Next door, the shirtless Neighbor Man does his best to inflate a kiddie pool with his mouth.

Drew approaches the unassuming brownstone while furiously scrubbing his hands and face with hand-sanitizer.

Drew turns to his neighbor and waves. The Neighbor Man silently stares at Drew.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 1ST FLOOR HALL - DAY

Drew walks past a row of mailboxes and toward the stairs.

DREW

(to himself)

Listen, Nick, you're great... No he's not.

(beat)

Nick, this just isn't working out... Too subtle.

(beat)

Nick, I need to move out.

JULES (26), carrying a backpack over one shoulder, appears at the bottom of the stairs.

JULES

Are you moving out, Drew?

Drew is immediately tongue-tied.

DREW

Uh, what? No.

JULES

Good! I still don't know a lot of people in the neighborhood, but you and Nick seem like cool guys. Maybe you can show me around some time.

Drew nods, avoiding eye contact. He's making this really awkward. Jules tries to course-correct.

JULES (CONT'D)

So what was that you were saying before about moving out?

DREW

It's just for... a play I'm writing.

JULES

I didn't know you were into theater.

DREW

I'm not. There is no play. I don't know why I said that.

JULES

Oh.

Jules is thoroughly confused. Drew just bows his head and makes a beeline for the stairs without looking back.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR HALL - DAY

Drew stops in front of a door marked "201". He fetches keys from his pocket and unlocks the door.

The door only opens two inches before it's stopped by the SECURITY CHAIN. Drew rolls his eyes.

DREW

Nick! Come open the goddamn door!

NICK (26) appears in the opening of the door. He is shirtless, wearing only cargo shorts. He holds a coffee mug. A cigarette dangles from his lips.

DREW (CONT'D)

Since when do you drink coffee?

NICK

(raising his mug)
This is Rumchata.

DREW

A little early in the day, no?

NICK

Comme si, comme ca.

DREW

That doesn't mean what you think it does.

Nick genuinely does not care.

NICK

What are... what are you doing back?

DREW

I said I'd be back Sunday.

NICK

Yeah. And today is...?

DREW

Sunday.

NICK

(realizing)
Sunday, right.

Nick SLAMS the door shut. He unlocks the chain and re-opens the door fully.

NICK (CONT'D)

How was your grandpa's funeral?

DREW

My grandfather's funeral was terrible, Nick. Obviously.

NICK

I thought he was a dick.

DREW

He was, but he's dead now, so I'm being respectful.

NICK

What did you get in the will?

DREW

Nothing, but...

NICK

Yep, total dick.

DREW

Are you gonna let me in?

Slight panic shows on Nick's face.

NICK

There's something I need to tell you.

DREW

You're having some sort of orgy in there?

NICK

Ha! You wish!

DREW

No, I don't. Why would I wish that?

Upstairs, a door SLAMS. Footsteps down the stairs. MR. BERRIT (55), the landlord, appears in front of apartment 201.

MR. BERRIT

There is no smoking in this building!

Nick spits his cigarette into his mug.

NICK

(playing dumb)

I smell it too. Must be coming from this floor.

Nick points at the apartment across the hall. While Berrit looks, Nick grabs Drew and drags him into the apartment.

NICK (CONT'D)

Listen, Mr. Berrit, always great to catch up, but we really must be going.

Nick attempts to shut the door, but Mr. Berrit sticks his foot in the door frame.

MR. BERRIT

What exactly has been going on in this unit lately? I've been hearing some really weird shit through the floor. Maybe I should come in, take a look around.

NICK

Unfortunately, a landlord must give a tenant 48-hours notice before entering an occupied unit. Bye!

Nick kicks Berrit's foot out of the frame and shuts the door.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick and Drew stand in the living room. The one nice thing in the room is a FLAT SCREEN TV hung above a faux-fireplace. Only a string of Christmas lights illuminates the room. The rest of the room is kitschy and dark.

Beyond the living room, a hall leads to Nick and Drew's respective bedrooms. At the end of the hall is the kitchen.

DREW

Jesus, it's like a dungeon in here.

NICK

It's mood lighting.

DREW

Yeah, I'm feeling a real BDSM sort of mood. Have you left the apartment at all this week?

NICK

Yes... no. It's hard to explain.

Drew opens the curtains to let light into the musty room.

DREW

I leave you alone for a week and Berrit is up our asses. I can't believe he didn't try to leave notice.

NICK

See, that's the thing. He has. Twice, but I... fixed it.

DREW

What are you talking about?

Nick approaches Drew and grabs his face with both hands.

NICK

This whole thing is utterly fucking bonkers, so I'm just gonna cut to the chase. I built a device that allows me to travel through time. Twice this week I have gone back and stopped Berrit from delivering that very notice.

DREW

You built a -

NICK

Time machine!

Nick claps his hands on Drew's cheeks.

DREW

Ow! Are you out of your mind?

NICK

Not as far as I can tell.

DREW

Where's this time machine, then?

NICK

In the kitchen, but -

Drew drops his backpack and heads for the kitchen.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Drew stops dead in his tracks. The kitchen in a state of complete disarray.

Hundreds of stray WIRES hang from the overhead light. Most wires run directly to the oven. Some run to the refrigerator, which is wide open.

The toaster and microwave have been completely dismantled. The LED display on the oven has been turned into a makeshift control panel.

The oven door is open. Atop it sits HALF OF A PARK BENCH.

It is clear that nothing in this kitchen will serve its original function ever again.

DREW

What in the ever-loving fuck have you done to the kitchen?

NICK

This is the time machine. Sure it's unsightly, but I didn't exactly have the means to build a TARDIS.

DREW

What *machine*? This is just a mess!

NICK

It's mostly the oven and partially the light. The fridge kinda ties it all together.

DREW

(noticing)
Nick, the fridge!

NICK

Everything in there went bad days ago. You're focusing on the wrong things.

Nick slaps a piece of paper into Drew's hands. It reads:
"NOTICE TO ENTER RESIDENCE"

NICK (CONT'D)

That's the notice I erased. Four days ago I saw it on our door, shot myself back in time to earlier that morning, broke into Berrit's apartment, and smashed his printer so he couldn't print this.

Drew stares blankly at Nick for a beat.

DREW

This doesn't make any sense.

NICK

Where's your imagination, Drew? Let me show you. Have a seat.

DREW

I'd rather not be electrocuted to death on your oven-bench.

NICK

Come on. It's totally safe.

Drew has had enough.

DREW

Listen, Nick, this is crazy. Legitimately.

(MORE)

DREW (CONT'D)

You've done some real inconsiderate shit in the past, but this... I can't keep doing this.

NICK

Drew, I know exactly how it sounds. Just let me show you. Please. I need you to believe me.

Drew sighs and nods, agreeing to play along.

Nick moves to the control panel on the oven display.

NICK (CONT'D)

Where do you want to go? Or 'when', rather?

DREW

Not gonna put a shirt on first?

NICK

No need, we'll be back in a jiff.

DREW

So, you're really trying to tell me that this thing works? Hell, I wanna ride a dinosaur!

Drew sits on the precariously perched park bench.

NICK

Oh, no can do. No pre-coital travel.

DREW

No time travel before sex?

NICK

I'm not traveling to a time before I was conceived, Drew. I know how fragile my time-line is. One wrong move and I'm gone for good.

Nick fiddles with the oven display.

NICK (CONT'D)

This will take us back to last Monday.

DREW

Where we'll buy a lottery ticket and get rich quick, right?

NICK

Are you out of your fucking mind? Have you ever seen The Twilight Zone?

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

If we use this machine for personal gain we could end up in some backwards Hell where we have to live with too much of a good thing. I hate having too much of a good thing, Drew.

DREW

You believe everything you see on TV?

NICK

My personal tenet. Hasn't failed me.

Nick sets the oven timer to "15" and joins Drew on the bench.

NICK (CONT'D)

All set. Now to flip the switch.

Nick points at the light switch across the room. The wall around the switch is scuffed with BLACK MARKS.

A soft HUM grows. Drew taps his fingers on his leg.

A pile of HARDCOVER BOOKS sits on the counter next to the oven. Nick grabs a book off the top of the pile and throws the book at the light switch on the other side of the kitchen. He misses and scuffs the wall.

NICK (CONT'D)

Shit. I'm not great at this part. Been meaning to get a long stick or something.

DREW

Don't flip that switch.

NICK

What, scared? Where's your sense of adventure?

DREW

I have plenty of that particular sense.

NICK

No you don't. Your first response is always "no" or "we can't".

Nick picks up a second book, but Drew slaps it out of his hand. The book soars across the kitchen and SMASHES through the window.

DREW

Oh shit!

NICK

Don't worry, we can fix that. Time travel, bro.

Nick grabs a third book and tosses it, making contact with the light switch.

The overhead light clicks on and the hum grows to a DEAFENING ROAR. The light shines ever-brighter until Drew has to shield his eyes from the light.

POP. The bulb shatters and plunges the kitchen back into darkness. The room is now silent.

NICK (CONT'D)

This hasn't happened before. Probably had to be re-calibrated for two passengers.

Drew moves into the hall and tries another light switch. Nothing works.

DREW

Great. Looks like you blew the power for the whole building.

Drew notices a bright WHITE glow coming from the living room.

NICK

What is it?

Nick follows Drew back into the living room.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The glow is coming from outside the open window. Peering outside, Drew's mouth drops open.

Nick joins Drew at the window.

NICK

Whoa. I definitely messed something up.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

The unassuming brownstone FLOATS completely alone in a sea of BRIGHT WHITE, empty space stretching infinitely in all directions.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT - DAY**

Drew paces nervously along the front porch.

Nick has put on a sweater-vest. He sits on the top step, the last one remaining. His legs dangle over the edge as he peers down into the white void.

NICK

Look on the bright side, we're still breathing. Wherever we are there's oxygen. Things could be worse.

DREW

I don't even... How did this happen?

NICK

I'm still pretty new to this, myself. Time travel is not an exact science.

DREW

(sarcastic)

Oh, really? A lot of trial and error?

Nick stands.

NICK

You are always focusing on the negatives. Does nothing impress you? I built a working time machine.

DREW

It doesn't *work*, Nick. You deleted everything!

NICK

No, we're just unphased.

DREW

I'm fazed, Nick. I'm very fazed.

NICK

No, phased with a P-H. We're out of phase with time. The machine must have tried to move the whole building for some reason. Moving the building sapped the power and we got stuck somewhere in between.

DREW

In between what?

NICK
Time and... other time?

DREW
Why am I even listening to you? You don't know what you're talking about.

In a fit of rage, Drew kicks a small POTTED PLANT off the porch. It tumbles into the void, never making a sound.

DREW (CONT'D)
What about everyone else in the building?

NICK
If they were in the building when we traveled, they should still be here.

DREW
So Berrit...

NICK
I wouldn't worry about him. Dude sleeps 18 hours a day, like a koala. Some disorder. If we can fix this fast, I bet no one will even notice.

Nick sees Drew tapping his fingers and recognizes the tic.

NICK (CONT'D)
Can you just please calm down?

Drew takes a deep breath. He stops tapping his fingers.

DREW
How do you normally travel back? To the present, I mean?

NICK
I set the timer and when it dings I'm zapped back to the present.

DREW
Okay, good. When does it ding?

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The oven timer ticks down from one minute. Drew and Nick watch it intently.

DREW
How did you do this?

NICK
(apologetically)
I know, I fucked up.

DREW
No really, how did you build a time machine? The smartest people in the world would say it was impossible, but you build one over the weekend.

NICK
I can't explain it. Last week, I just woke up and I knew the basic principles of time travel. I had the schematics in my head. I just knew it.

DREW
Whoa.

NICK
Yeah. And the weirdest part is that I could've sworn it was -

The timer DINGS. Nothing happens.

DREW
What's going on?

NICK
The timer usually stays in the present. It's the anchor. But it came with us this time. It's affected by our environment. We're not going home unless we can power up the machine.

Drew takes a breath and then shrugs.

DREW
At least today can't get any worse.

On the table, Drew's cell phone rings - a loud piano riff.

NICK
I've always said that you have great timing.

DREW
How is it ringing? I shouldn't have reception, right?

On the phone: "BLOCKED"

NICK
Answer it.

DREW

Are you sure that's a good idea?

NICK

You can't just let an impossible phone call go to voicemail.

Drew cautiously places the phone next to his ear.

DREW

This is Drew.

SOFT MALE VOICE

(from phone)
You are in violation.

DREW

Who is this?

SOFT MALE VOICE

(from phone)
Prepare to be removed from the restricted zone.

A PIERCING SIREN erupts from the phone. Startled, Drew drops the phone, shattering it. The noise stops.

DREW

Ah man, my goddamn phone!

NICK

What the fuck happened?

DREW

Some guy said he was gonna remove us from the restricted zone.

NICK

Shit. That's not good.

DREW

No?

NICK

I mean, I'm not certain, but how could that be good?

DREW

What the hell do we do now?

NICK

Hang on.

Nick disappears down the hall and into his room.

Drew swabs his ear with a finger.

DREW

I think my ear is bleeding.

Nick returns with an enormous, old rifle - an ELEPHANT GUN.

DREW (CONT'D)

What is that!?

NICK

Don't act so surprised. We live in Chicago. Everyone has a gun.

DREW

Why is this one so big?

NICK

It's an elephant gun. I inherited from my peepaw when he died. Man, grandpas have some pretty cool shit.

Drew glares at Nick.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh, right. Forgot.

DREW

What do you plan on doing with an elephant gun?

NICK

The voice on the phone said we were gonna be "removed", right? Something is coming to "remove" us. I'm gonna shoot it in the face.

Drew rolls his eyes at Nick.

NICK (CONT'D)

This gun means business. My peepaw shot so many elephants with this.

DREW

He actually shot elephants? That's illegal.

NICK

What? No!

DREW

Yeah, that's super illegal. Your grandfather was a poacher, man.

NICK

He did it for sport! And he was damn good at it.

(remembering)

He did have a lot of ivory around the house.

A low RUMBLE rises from outside.

DREW

Please tell me that's just the time machine starting back up.

Before Nick can respond - CRASH! A window in the living room shatters. The guys hurry down the hall into:

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A FIGURE in full body-armor crouches in front of the newly broken window. Its face is completely obstructed by a sleek black helmet. The figure rises to stand seven-feet tall.

DREW

Holy shit! Shoot it!

NICK

I'm trying!

Nick struggles to pull a five-inch-long BULLET out of his pocket.

The Figure moves toward the boys.

Nick loads the bullet into the chamber and cocks the rifle. He aims at the approaching figure.

NICK (CONT'D)

Stop, or I'll shoot!

The Figure does not stop.

BANG. Nick shoots. The bullet misses the figure and punches a hole in the wall behind it.

The force of the gunshot sends Nick backward into Drew. They tumble to the floor.

The figure stops and removes its helmet. The figure is BAN (30's), a bald man with a wide grin on his face.

BAN

Ha! Past-folk. I can't get enough of them.

DREW

Who are you!?

NICK

And has anyone ever told you that you look like The Rock?

BAN

The what?

NICK

Dwayne Johnson?

BAN

I don't follow.

DREW

What are you doing in our apartment!?

BAN

I'm a member of Inter-time Police Force. I've been sent to extract you and anyone else in this building.

DREW

Can we see some ID or something?

Ban holds out his palm, a clear hologram of his ID badge hovers before it. The badge shows the IPF insignia and this agent's full name: BANJAMAN OVARLUND.

NICK

You're really from the future. Shit, I always figured The Rock's legacy would never fade.

DREW

(reading)
Banjaman Ovarlund?

BAN

Yes?

NICK

Uh, that's not a name.

BAN

It's very common in my time, I assure you. People call me Ban.

NICK

(laughing)
Man, the future is mad stupid.

BAN

What year exactly are you boys from?

DREW

2017.

Ban is stunned.

BAN

That's not possible. That's 500 years before legalized time travel. Hell, it's a century before time travel was even invented.

(into wrist communicator)

I have a situation in the sub-time sector. Two unauthorized males - one in child's clothes-

DREW

This is the only suit I own.

NICK

Did you say sub-time sector?

BAN

Yes. It's what's between time and other time. How exactly did the two of you end up here?

Nick simply points to himself.

BAN (CONT'D)

You?

NICK

Don't act so surprised.

BAN

Show me to your wrong-doing.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Ban inspects the machine.

BAN

This is incredibly primitive. I'm surprised it worked at all.

DREW

Did it, though? I don't know why we keep saying that.

NICK

We're safe now that you are here, right? You can just extract us and send us back to our present? Like you said on the phone.

BAN

You received a phone call?

DREW

That was you, right?

BAN

I'm afraid not. That would be the Vesperi Imperium. Those pricks have excellent cell coverage - even in sub-time.

DREW

What the hell is the Vesperi Imperium?

NICK

I think it's a Mars Volta album.

BAN

The Vesperi are an alien race from the far-future. Horribly vicious. They rule the entire galaxy by the 278th century. Luckily, we've been able to keep them from traveling through time. The only place we haven't been able to keep track of them is in sub-time.

DREW

Holy shit.

BAN

We are all in great danger. The Vesperi are surely coming for us. We need to leave now.

Ban reaches out to grab Drew. With a loud DING, a RED LIGHT on the back of Ban's glove pulses to life.

DREW

What's that?

BAN

My line monitor. It activates if I'm in danger of doing harm to my time-line. I'm afraid you boys and your machine are of great importance and my interference here can permanently alter my present.

NICK

(to Drew)

What did I tell you? Pre-coital travel
is for the birds.

Ban eyes the wires strung about the kitchen.

BAN

We must fix your machine, but I have
never seen a model even remotely like
this one. I don't know where to begin.

A smile grows on Nick's face.

NICK

No, but Jules might!

DREW

What?

BAN

Who is Jules?

NICK

Our neighbor. She's super smart.
She'll have an idea. Also, Drew is
totally in love with her.

Ban smiles and winks a few times at Drew.

DREW

(acting shocked)

What? No I'm not! Anyway, I saw her
leave earlier. She's probably not even
in the building.

NICK

Man, we might be really screwed, then.

(to Ban)

Jules is super smart. Probably smarter
than my peepaw and that guy killed
like 60 elephants so... pretty fucking
smart guy.

BAN

I don't know what 'elephant' is.

Suddenly, a knock at the front door.

NICK

Shit. What if it's the aliens?

BAN

Vesperi don't knock. They only kill.

DREW
Oh, we are so fucked!

NICK
Let's just calmly answer the door.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nick reaches the doorknob. Drew and Ban stand behind him.
Nick peers through the peephole.

NICK
It's just Jules.

DREW
What do we do?

NICK
Let's just play it cool.

Nick pulls the door open to see Jules.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hey, Jules. What's going on?

JULES
Um, a whole lot of shit. There's
nothing outside of the apartment. Have
you guys noticed that?

Drew tries to lean casually against the wall with his arms
crossed. He fidgets in place, trying to find a comfortable
angle. It looks terribly awkward.

JULES (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

NICK
Never mind him. A lot has happened
here this afternoon.
(motions to Ban)
This is Ban. Terrible name, I know.
He's from the future.
(beat)
Ya know what, this would be easier if
we just showed you the time machine.

JULES
Time machine?

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

The guys watch as Jules inspects the area around the oven.

JULES

(to Nick)
You built this?

NICK

Indeed I did.

JULES

I mean, it literally makes no sense.
You just wired a few kitchen
appliances together.

DREW

No offense, but what do you really
know about any of this?

JULES

Uh, I'm getting my masters in
electrical engineering. Sexist much?

Drew blushes.

DREW

He is such a sexist. He didn't even
think the new Ghostbusters was good.

JULES

(to Nick)
So how do we get back?

NICK

It wouldn't be a problem if we could
just power up the damn machine.

JULES

What about the generator in the
basement?

DREW

What generator?

NICK

Hush! The grown-ups are talking.
(to Jules)
So what's up with this generator?

JULES

I see it when I go down to do laundry.
It's a big-ass gas generator. We can
rig it up to the oven here. Should
provide an ample amount of power.

DREW

Great. Let's do that before the aliens
come to kill us.

JULES

Excuse me?

NICK

Alien overlords from the future want
to murder or enslave us, probably.

BAN

They are known as the Vesperi
Imperium.

NICK

But we're not gonna call them that.

BAN

What? Why not?

NICK

'Cause we're not in a YA novel, Ban!

DREW

Can we banter later, please?

BAN

(mumbled)

It's a cool name.

Drew walks through the kitchen to the back door of the
apartment.

Drew swings the door open and takes one step out - INTO
NOTHING. He catches himself on the doorknob before he falls.

Jules grabs Drew and pulls him back inside.

NICK

I guess taking the stairs is not an
option.

Off Drew's stunned face -

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Nick and Jules watch Drew pace in front of the back door.

DREW

What happened to the back stairs?

NICK

I guess they didn't come with us.

DREW

How are we supposed to get into the basement now? The door is on the *outside* of the building.

Jules leans out a window at the back of the kitchen.

JULES

I can kind of see the doorknob from here. Someone can just rappel down the wall.

NICK

Great idea!

DREW

Excuse me?

JULES

I've got some crazy-long extension cords in my place. We can just send someone down on one and they can plug it right into the generator.

NICK

Yeah. Someone.

Nick and Jules turn to Drew.

DREW

I should have seen this coming.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - LATER

Jules ties an extension cord intricately around Drew's waist. Ban and Nick are nowhere to be seen.

Drew taps his fingers on his leg nervously.

JULES

You're gonna have to stop that if I'm going to tie this properly.

DREW

Sorry.

Drew stops.

DREW (CONT'D)

How is this so easy for you? You just walked into this crazy situation without batting an eye.

JULES

Better than watching Netflix all day.

DREW

I haven't had a positive outlook like that in a long time.

JULES

Nick's really gotten to you, huh?

DREW

He takes a toll.

JULES

So you are moving out, aren't you?

DREW

Can you blame me? The kid's a mess.

JULES

I don't know. I think you're the mess.

DREW

Ouch.

JULES

Just sayin'. Maybe if you relaxed a bit you'd enjoy living here.

DREW

I don't really relax.

JULES

You did with me. Could barely talk to me earlier, and look at us now. I'm about to lower you into the void like we're the oldest friends in the world.

Jules pats Drew on the back.

Ban and Nick enter the kitchen from the living room. Ban has a sweater-vest pulled over his body armor.

Drew leans out the back door. He nervously clings to the door frame as Nick and Jules grip the extension cord.

NICK

What are you waiting for?

Drew turns around, leans back, and places his feet on the wall beneath the door. He inches down the wall.

DREW

(surprised)

This is actually working.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK - SAME

Drew moves slowly past a first floor window, placing his feet on the window frame rather than the glass.

Drew is almost below the window when it opens from inside.

DREW

Holy shit!

MRS. ALLAR (80's), wearing enormous glasses, peeks out from within.

MRS. ALLAR

Andrew! What's going on out here?

DREW

Oh, nothing much.

MRS. ALLAR

Everything is so white.

DREW

A... flash-blizzard. Best stay inside.

MRS. ALLAR

A blizzard? In September? That's Chicago weather for you!

(beat)

Well, I better get out there and shovel.

DREW

Wait! Don't do that.

MRS. ALLAR

The landlord won't. Last year, I almost broke my goddamn neck.

Mrs. Allar closes the window.

DREW

(shouting)

We got a problem! Mrs. Allar is headed outside to shovel!

Nick leans out the second floor door.

NICK

What? Why? She's like 90 fucking years old. And it's not snowing!

DREW

Just stop her! Quickly.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME

Nick leans back into the kitchen.

NICK

Great, Mrs. Allar is gonna fall into the void and it'll somehow be *my* fault. Gotta love how that works out.

(beat)

Ban, wanna step in here?

Ban reaches out to grab the extension cord, but his line meter DINGS.

BAN

No can do.

NICK

I'm starting to think the future is real fucked up if you know all these random 21st century colloquialisms but the name "Benjamin" has somehow fallen off the map.

BAN

I don't understand.

NICK

You know what, just stand there! Jules?

JULES

I can manage.

Nick lets go of the cord. Jules struggles.

Nick grabs his gun off of the kitchen table and exits.

JULES (CONT'D)

Just hurry!

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

Mrs. Allar, in a scarf and coat, throws salt on the absent front steps.

Nick exits the building and quickly puts a hand on Mrs. Allar's shoulder. He guides her back indoors.

INT. MRS ALLAR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is like Drew and Nick's if Drew and Nick's was decorated by a nearly-blind octogenarian.

Nick guides Mrs. Allar into the apartment.

NICK

There you go. Why don't you just sit down and warm up and...

Nick notices, through a doorway, a set of stairs headed down into darkness.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK - DAY

Drew hangs just above the basement door.

DREW

(shouting)

I can almost reach the knob!

Drew suddenly drops five feet. The door knob is now above him.

DREW (CONT'D)

(shouting)

Uh, I need to be a little higher.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Jules struggles to hold on to the cord. She has placed her feet on either side of the door frame for leverage.

JULES

(shouting)

Drew! You gotta grab it. I can't hold on much longer.

Jules lets the cord slip even more.

Ban's line meter DINGS. Ban is confused.

JULES (CONT'D)

Will you shut that off and help me?

BAN

That's just it. I am not interfering and yet my line meter has activated. It appears that my inaction in this moment will also cause a catastrophic temporal collapse. I can do nothing to preserve my present.

JULES

That's great, but-

The cord slips completely out of Jules' hands.

Ban leaps forward with inhuman agility. He grabs the extension cord at the PLUG - just before Drew is lost to the void.

Ban's line meter light GOES DARK.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BACK - DAY

Drew now dangles BELOW the unassuming brownstone. Looking up, he sees a rectangle of concrete - the underside of the basement floor.

DREW

(shouting)

Way too much, guys!

As Drew is lifted back up to the basement door, a PIERCING SHRIEK fills the air. A massive, IMPOSSIBLY SLEEK AIRCRAFT - a Vesperi fighter ship - zooms past Drew.

DREW (CONT'D)

What the hell was that? It sounded like a goddamn TIE fighter.

Ban leans out of the second floor door.

BAN

The Vesperi. Best get to steppin'.

Drew struggles with the knob on the basement door.

The Vesperi ship circles back and stops. Hovering just a few feet away from Drew. He stares at the ship, frozen in shock.

Behind Drew, the basement door swings open to reveal Nick with his elephant gun leveled at the ship.

Nick cocks the gun and fires hitting the bow of the ship. The ship wavers and reels backward.

Nick reaches out, grabs Drew, and pulls him into the basement.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

A washer and dryer line the far wall of the cluttered basement. Any excess space is used for storage.

A large GAS GENERATOR sits idle in the corner.

DREW

Nick? How did you-

Nick points to an open door at the back of the room.

NICK

Mrs. Allar's been holding out on us. Did you know she has her own section of basement with *her own* laundry unit? Why would she need that? Every time I see her she's wearing the same goddamn cardigan. For shame.

Drew puts a hand on Nick's shoulder.

DREW

I thought I was dead. You saved me.

NICK

Of course, man. You're my best friend.

(beat)

Listen, I know you've been thinking about moving out.

DREW

Is now really the best time for this conversation?

NICK

I just wanted to say... don't. This friendship is the only relationship that's ever worked for me. I really wouldn't know what to do without you.

DREW

Nick, I-

BOOM. The Vesperi ship fires laser cannons into the laundry room. The door flies off the hinges.

DREW (CONT'D)

The generator! Quick!

Nick places one foot atop the generator and pulls the starter cord. The generator roars to life.

NICK

Wow, first shot. Maybe life really isn't like TV.

Drew unties the extension cord and hands the plug to Nick.

Nick wraps his hand around Drew's. Together they plug the cord into the generator.

Nick shouts out the door.

NICK (CONT'D)

Flip the switch!

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Jules has cut and frayed her end of the extension cord. She's wiring it to a fuse box in the kitchen.

Ban screws the last new bulb into the overhead fixture as the lights come back on.

JULES

(to Ban)
Flip it now!

Ban moves to the light switch.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT

BOOM. The Vesperi ship has blown a hole through the wall. The ship hovers, staring the boys down.

A RED DOT - looks like a laser sight - appears on Drew's chest. Nick notices.

NICK

Drew!

A hum grows. The Vesperi ship is powering up.

Drew closes his eyes and prepares for the worst.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT - DAY

It's the first scene again.

The shirtless Neighbor Man lazes in his inflatable kiddie pool next door.

The humming sound GROWS. The hardcover book CRASHES out of the second story window. The light bulb on the front step SURGES and then POPS.

WOOSH. The unassuming brownstone disappears. The Neighbor Man cranes his neck to try to get a look.

Seconds later - WOOSH. The unassuming brownstone has returned as if it had never left (although a few more windows are broken).

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - DAY

Drew opens his eyes.

There is still a large hole in the basement wall, but through the hole Drew can see... the backyard. The Vesperi ship is gone. The world is back.

NICK

We did it!

Drew passes out.

FADE TO:

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drew lays motionless on the couch. His eyes slowly flutter open to see Jules by his side.

JULES

Oh sweet.
(shouting)
He's not dead!

Nick enters from the kitchen.

DREW

Nick. Is everything back to normal?

NICK

We are back in phase. The building is pretty majorly damaged, but I just blamed it all on the construction crew across the alley. Berrit had a total shit-fit.

JULES

That's about it for me today. It's been good. Hit me up sometime if you guys wanna hang like normal people.

Jules leaves.

NICK

She's cool. I see why you like her.

DREW

Nick, stop... Wait, what happened to Ban?

NICK

He's... moving in.

DREW

What!?

NICK

What was I supposed to do? He erased his own future to save our lives.

DREW

He really did that?

Ban enters wearing pajamas that are far too small.

DREW (CONT'D)

Why's he wearing my pajamas?

NICK

I also told Ban the good news: you've decided not to move out.

DREW

Nick, I...

Nick is too happy. Drew doesn't have the heart to crush him.

DREW (CONT'D)

Right, I'm staying.

Nick leans over and hugs Drew.

Ban leans in and hugs them both.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Drew, Nick and Ban sit around drinking beers.

NICK

Today I lost zero roommates and gained one. Only had to delete a few billion people to keep you, right Ban?

BAN

True, all of my loved ones are gone. But I am glad that you will help me reunite with my own time-line - no matter how futile the task may be.

NICK

(to Drew)

Oh yeah, we're doing that too.

DREW

Uh, how exactly?

BAN

Imagine that time is like one of those Rubik's Enneacontenneagons.

NICK

That's bigger than a cube, huh?

BAN

The puzzle was solved. After I interfered the pieces shifted. In order to solve it once again we must keep shifting. We must keep changing factors of the time-line. Lots of trial and error. Not an exact science.

DREW

You mean we have to use the machine again? Isn't that dangerous? Look what happened today!

NICK

Ban worked on the machine. No more risk of temporal displacement.

DREW

What about the Vesperi? They're still out there, right?

BAN

They don't have a time machine.

DREW

Nick built one. How hard can it be?

BAN

Immensely. Even if they could, they would need an incredibly sophisticated trail of bread crumbs to lead them back to this apartment.

Drew COUGHS and mindlessly itches the center of his chest.

We PUSH IN on Drew's chest. Beyond close. A microscopic view of his skin. Closer still - into his body.

INT. DREW'S BODY

Thousands of healthy white blood cells flow in a stream of blood. All cells moving in unison - except for one.

One hovers in place glowing a BRIGHT RED. A friendly white cell floats too close to the glowing red cell. A static spark appears between them.

The white cell PULSES and glows red. Now there's two...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT - FLASHBACK

The Vesperi ship has its RED LASER SIGHT aimed at Drew's chest. The exact spot Drew was itching.

INT. DREW AND NICK'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NICK

See? Nothing to worry about.

DREW

Fine, I'll help you, Ban.

NICK

Yes! We begin tomorrow. Or yesterday. Really whenever. Time travel!

Nick leads Ban out of the living room.

DREW

How is this my life?

NICK (O.S.)

Come on. You'll love Drew's bed. Very comfy. I sleep in it all the time.

END OF PILOT