

"THE OUT-OF-TIMERS"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - 6TH AVENUE - DAY

1

Taxis and buses from the fifties and sixties ride lazily along the street as businessmen, hippies, and everyone in between scurry by. It's a sunny, mellow day in N.Y.C.

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY - 1965

A bus sporting a *Woolworth's* ad parks and lets passengers off. The driver, MACK, 52, ape-like build and the intellect to match, gets out, stretches, and saunters over to an OLD MAN at a newsstand. The stocky, sweaty driver picks up a copy of *The New York Times* as he drinks from his pocket flask.

Front page headlines: "HOOVER'S F.B.I. INVESTIGATES RISE IN DRAFT DODGERS AS ANTI-WAR PROTESTS ESCALATE".

MACK

(gesturing to the paper)

Oh, cry me a goddamn river. Can you believe this malarkey?

OLD MAN

It's un-American, is what it is. Ten cents, Mack.

Mack, takes another swig, pays the ten cents, and starts walking to his favorite coffee shop, just across the street.

MACK

I tell ya- Be grateful and thank your lucky stars Uncle Sam knows what he's doing, you know? If you gotta go to war, than you go to war! Lord knows I would-

(belches)

If I, uh, didn't have these bone spurs.

Mack takes another swig and almost trips over his own feet.

OLD MAN

Ain't it a little early to be getting' cockeyed, Mack?

Mack turns back, with a wry, tipsy smirk plastered across his face. A CANDY-APPLE RED 1965 *FORD THUNDERBIRD*, rounds the

corner nearby, coming in hot. Police sirens grow louder.

MACK

Nah. See, that's the difference is  
between me and these bums. I'm  
civilized. I know when to stop!

He turns around and almost gets sideswiped by the  
*Thunderbird*, speeding down Sixth Ave at over 70mph. Four cop  
cars pass, close behind in pursuit; two almost sideswipe him  
and swerve out of the way. Mack trips and falls in surprise.

MACK

GODDAMN DELINQUENTS!

2 INT. FORD THUNDERBIRD - MOVING - DAY

2

TODD ROSENBERG, 29, Latino, wiry, sporting a red flannel and  
black pants, grips the wheel and glances in his rearview  
mirror at the pedestrian he almost flattened.

TODD

Jesus Christ. Lets just stand in the  
middle of the road! That's a fun thing  
to do, now!

The police are still hot on his tail, even closer now.

POLICE (O.S.)

(speaker system)

PULL OVER! THIS IS THE N.Y.P.D.

TODD

(to himself)

No shit, dude. If I thought you were  
the mailman, this day would be going a  
lot different.

The classic car swerves briskly around the traffic.

POLICE (O.S.)

(speaker system)

STOP AND SURRENDER THE VEHICLE!

Todd grits his teeth together. He glances at the car's analog  
clock. It's 4:30.

TODD

(sighs)

Sure, sure.

He rolls the window down and leans his head out slightly.

TODD (CONT'D)

You mind if I call my wife first and  
tell her I'm gonna be late?

The police answer back with two distinct gun shots. One breaks the driver side rearview mirror. Todd ducks instinctively and rolls up the window.

TODD

(to himself)

Okay, thank you! Real quick- won't  
take long.

Todd pulls an IPHONE out of his pocket and rapidly dials while turning onto 34th Street.

3 INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

3

Present day. VANESSA ROSENBERG, 27, Italian-American, jet-black hair and a crisp black suit, feels her phone vibrate underneath her thigh in the middle of a meeting.

She's at the end of the table, surrounded by yes-men, all blissfully unaware of her skill and talent. She listens to the lead drone, CRAIG FELLER, 40, a goateed, scrawny man, give a "pep" talk. It's talk from a sniveling narcissist, so it isn't landing for her. Craig waves an office memo around.

CRAIG

Look, we're a family here! So, when HR tells me productivity is down fifty percent because some of you are working sixty hours a week, I get concerned! It's unacceptable.

(throws memo onto conference table)

Anything over forty hours a week is considered overtime, and people-

(claps angrily for each word)

We. Can't. Afford. To pay. You.

Overtime! So, starting monday, you'll all be capped at thirty-nine point nine hours per week, and you'll just take whatever work you have left home with you and finish it off the clock.

He goes on and on. Vanessa checks her phone, which is still vibrating, seemingly louder and louder. It's her husband, Todd. She looks around apprehensively, looking for a way out of her meeting.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

So, in conclusion- if someone doesn't step out and answer that phone hiding under her thigh, I'm going vacate her spot at this table and replace her with any other number of college pukes who would kill for the chance to sit here being chewed out by me.

VANESSA

(slowly realizing)

Oh, by someone, you mean me. Gotcha.

CRAIG

Yes. Thank you, Vanessa. Thanks for picking up on that.

VANESSA

(under her breath)

Eat my ass, Craig.

CRAIG

What was that?!

VANESSA

I said- uh, we're gonna beat their ass, Craig! And I can't wait to find out how... as soon as I... come back from this phone call!

Vanessa scurries out of the meeting. She answers the phone, concerned, in the hallway outside.

4 INT. ADVERTISING AGENCY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

4

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Todd where the hell are you? You said you'd be in and out. What's the hold up?

TODD (V.O.)

(nervous)

I know. I ran into some complications babe. I'm, uh, gonna be a little late.

Vanessa hears Todd's tires screeching and sirens in the background. Her eyes narrow in confusion.

VANESSA

Are you... are you driving right now?

5 INT. FORD THUNDERBIRD - MOVING - LATER

5

Back in the sixties, Todd's eyes dart around as he pulls past the Empire State building on Fifth Avenue.

TODD

Uh, yes. Yes, I am. I'm hurrying home to you at the speed of light, hon'.

6 INTERCUT - TODD/VANESSA

6

VANESSA

And you're on a cell phone?! What are you doing? What if someone sees you?

TODD

Vanessa, chill. They can't arrest me for talking on the phone and driving. That's not a thing, yet.

More cops turn onto the avenue, Todd swerves to avoid them.

TODD

(under his breath)

If anything, I'll be getting arrested for a bunch of other stuff.

VANESSA (V.O.)

That's not what I- wait, what?!

Back in present day, Vanessa runs her hand through her hair and squeezes the bridge of her nose, annoyed.

VANESSA

We've been over this, Todd! Anything you do there can have a huge impact on the future. You said something about a quick surprise, and- now I'm hearing sirens. This is getting out of hand. Why haven't you jumped back yet?!

7 INT./EXT. FORD THUNDERBIRD - MOVING - RESUMING

7

Todd looks over at a device that resembles a portable air pressure machine, but has a green pulsating orb in the middle of its compartment, along with a keyboard, an LED display on the bottom, and a pipe nozzle. This is the TIME JUMPER, and it is currently charged at 70%.

"PROPERTY OF THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY" is seen at the top of the device. Todd blows a red light as pedestrians

scramble to move out of the cars way.

TODD

I'm working on it! I didn't know the Jumper had to recharge, so, uh, I'm buying a little time. I think we still need to work out the bugs and-

As he's talking, Todd turns left and almost runs into an huge group of anti-war protestors. He panics and slams on the brakes, once again stopping just a couple feet from the protestors, who look at him in utter disbelief.

PROTESTOR 1

Watch it, man! What's your bag?!

Todd leans his head slightly out of the car window.

TODD

Sorry, guys. Hey, do any of you know how to get to the Lincoln Tunnel?

PROTESTOR 2

(scoffs)

Man, did the government kill J.F.K.?

TODD

I- I don't know. Sure? Maybe?

PROTESTOR 2

Exactly, I don't know. But, I want to say maybe. I'm actually from Ohio, man. This city is a maze to me.

Todd rolls his eyes, throws the car into reverse and does a K-turn. He narrowly misses slamming into a police car and heads toward Penn Station.

VANESSA (V.O.)

You're gonna fuck up the timeline, Todd!

TODD

(into the phone)

Honey, I love you, but you almost made me run over some hippies. I'll call you after I get out of the Lincoln Tunnel. Happy birthday! Love you, bye!

Todd hangs up the phone and barrels toward Penn Station, sirens and police lights coming from all directions.

TODD

Okay. Think, man, think. Oh thank God!  
Penn Station- there it is! I just-

8 EXT. PENN STATION - 33RD STREET ENTRANCE - DAY

8

Todd's eyes widen as he comes to a thick police blockade with nearly a hundred cops at the ready, many in riot gear, and police cars blocking every exit.

For a final time, he grinds the car to a halt, and nervously waves to the cops.

An OFFICER, early 40s, approaches, gun drawn, and calmly knocks on his window. Todd complies and rolls the window down.

TODD

Hi, uh... do I have a light out or something? Or-

Todd calmly takes his hands off the steering wheel and starts to raise them.

OFFICER

Don't move! Just what the hell was going through your head when you decided to pull this shit, son?!

TODD

(pauses)

You got a few minutes?

**TITLES: "THE OUT-OF-TIMERS"**



ACT ONE

9 INT. C.I.A. COMPLEX - CEREMONY HANGAR - NIGHT

9

Todd, dressed proudly in a suit and tie, finishes swearing in on the Torah, in front of agents, office workers, stealth planes, and the American flag. DEPUTY DIRECTOR GANNETT, late-60s, bald, African American, shakes his hand.

SUPER: LANGLEY, VIRGINIA. C.I.A. HEADQUARTERS - 2017

DEPUTY DIRECTOR GANNETT

Mr. Rosenberg. Welcome to the C.I.A.  
You've got a bright future ahead of  
you!

Todd smiles as they parade him through the office, applauding him. Todd takes it in and struts, gleaming. He even uses finger guns and does little dance moves.

TODD (V.O.)

A bright future! Easily the best phrase to manipulate the new guy to do your bidding. But, that was me. Six years at N.I.U. and the youngest to ever be picked by the agency. I had it all planned out. I was really gonna make a difference.

Todd stops in front of a digital, wall-sized threat map of the world. Above it, the C.I.A. logo. He admires both with cockiness.

TODD (V.O. CONT'D)

Protect the homeland. Be a secret agent. Start the occasional coup. Bring some intelligence to the intelligence field, you know? I felt like I could do it all...

10 INT. C.I.A. COMPLEX - CRAMPED TYPISTS OFFICE - NIGHT

10

Todd sits at a desk covered in papers deep within the CIA. The fluorescent lights flicker above him as the blank concrete walls seemingly close in around him. We see a slouched, middle aged OFFICE DRONE dropping off more papers and reports on his desk.

TODD (V.O.)

For about one to two business days.

OFFICE DRONE

Settle in, new fish. You're not leaving until these are filled out, in triplicate, for the Director, the Under-Director, the Acting Director, SECDEF, SECDEF's babysitter, and the President's lawyer. Chop chop.

TODD

You're not serious.

OFFICE DRONE

No, no. Of course not. You're right. One more thing- I almost forgot. I'm sure you got the memo about how the President wants a *Diet Coke* button installed in the Oval Office?

TODD

Oh, y- yeah. I thought that was a joke.

OFFICE DRONE

It's not. It's very much not. Get it done.

The office drone plops some power cords and a pair of wire-cutters on the desk and starts walking away. Todd's face looks like someone just let the air out of his tires.

TODD (V.O.)

Apparently, abused interns are vital to national security. It was pretty much like that! Every day. Seven days a week. For three years.

TODD

Can- can I at least get one of those *Diet Cokes*?

OFFICE DRONE

Nope.

11 INT. WAR STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

11

Todd is sitting in a meeting with a group of agents. Plastered all over the walls are maps, charts, and lists of countries.

One list is titled, "NATIONS WE'RE IN A TWITTER WAR WITH". Another is labeled "COUNTRIES THAT MIGHT HAVE OIL".

Deputy Director Gannett speaks with booming authority at the head of the table with AGENT SHINSKY, a balding couch potato.

SUPER: 2019

TODD (V.O.)

Until I met her.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR GANNETT

And that concludes the seminar on the dangers of covertly funding crack-cocaine distribution. Thank you Agent Shinsky, I think we've all learned a lot since the Reagan administration. Which brings me to my next point. Now, I'm sure you're all aware the C.I.A. has developed an "image problem" because of a couple botched assassinations and coups. Not naming any names. Here to help us get our brand on track is the team of the P.R. firm, Rockett, Feller & Sons!

Everyone applauds. Craig Feller, dressed in a hideously dated brown corduroy suit, stands up and shakes the C.I.A. Director's hand. Behind him is Vanessa (soon to be) Rosenberg. Todd spots her and his jaw drops at her beauty.

FELLER

Agents, I'm Craig Feller. Tom Rockett and his sons couldn't be here today. They were unfortunately subpoenaed by the House Judiciary Committee for their supposed role in the Russia scandal. I'm sure we can all relate.

Of course, the whole room nods and verbally agrees.

AGENT SHINSKY

Oh, sure. Hundred percent.

OFFICE DRONE

I heard the impeachment trial's gonna have raspberry sugar cookies!

AGENT SHINSKY

I've had them. They're okay. Guantanamo Bay's are better.

FELLER

I'm gonna cut right to the chase. What

we got here is a misplaced brand in a world market. So, we best remind the world what we're all about! And what better way to do that than to lean into it! Vanessa, my glorious slogan?

Vanessa pulls the sheet back on the covered easel with grandeur. It reveals a Uncle Sam in a jet-black suit, pointing, in front of a bland, monochromatic, minimalist logo. The caption reads, "We Want You...-r Oil!"

FELLER (CONT'D)

"The C.I.A. We want you-r oil!"

Dead silence. The agents all glance at each other. Suddenly, everyone starts applauding ferociously, except Todd.

SMASH CUT TO:

12 EXT. WAR STRATEGY ROOM - RESUMING

12

Everyone is shaking hands and giving congratulations. Todd nervously walks up to a confident Vanessa as she's saying goodbye to a senator.

TODD (V.O.)

This was my chance. I had to say something! I was so chill. Smooth, even.

Vanessa notices Todd.

TODD

"We want your oil", huh? These guys write that on car ride here?

VANESSA

Excuse me?

TODD (V.O.)

Shit.

TODD

Uh, I mean- Well, if they're gonna make propaganda for us, at least try to make us look good. That's the whole point of it, you know?

VANESSA

Normally, that is the whole point of it. I studied advertising at Columbia,

I think I'd know the point of it,  
Mr.-?

TODD  
Rosenberg. Todd Rosenberg.

VANESSA  
Uh-huh. The challenge is altering a  
well known and tested formula to fit a  
client who's M.O. is the murder or  
destabilization of anything it sees as  
a threat to apple pies and bald  
eagles.

TODD  
You came up with it, didn't you?

VANESSA  
I did, and Feller took credit for it.  
It's a shitty world, but it's one we  
can work around. Sometimes, you have  
to lean in to what people think of you  
in order to overcome a- in your  
agency's case- demonized reputation.

TODD  
Oh, yeah? Really? Well, there's just  
one problem with that, Vanessa.

VANESSA  
What's that?

TODD  
Those charts in your presentation were  
riddled with numbers. But, I still  
haven't seen the one that matters to  
me.

VANESSA  
Which is?

TODD  
Your phone number. So I can take you  
out for apple pie. Maybe see a bald  
eagle.

She smiles wryly and takes out a pen and writes her number on  
the back of his hand.

MONTAGE - TODD AND VANESSA FALL IN LOVE

A) Tenleytown - Todd and Vanessa eat apple pie in a small-town diner together happily, having a conversation.

B) Washington D.C. - The happy couple going on dates together at the national mall. They stand inside the Hall of Congress pretending to have a debate on the Capitol floor. They sight-see at the top of the Washington Monument, and they take spy equipment to play games inside the Spy museum.

C) C.I.A. Computer Lab - Todd Face-times Vanessa and they laugh and talk while he hacks into and crashes the economies of third world countries via his work computer.

D) Todd and Vanessa's New Apartment - The couple moves into their first place together- it's a cramped studio apartment with a murder outline tape still on the floor. They don't even notice, and embrace and laugh happily.

E) Wedding - Finally, Todd and Vanessa get hitched at reception at a bald eagle habitat. True to his Hebrew roots, Todd steps on a glass with his foot and wears a yarmulke. A bald eagle attacks their wedding cake as they laugh.

TODD (V.O.)

(carries over)

What can I say? I have a thing for women who recognize and criticize a broken system. It's hot. We moved fast; you usually do when you find the one. My work life was shit, but you don't have to be an intelligence operative to see how great a personal life I had. We spent almost every minute together, and in just a few years... happy wife, happy life! They usually leave one part out about that happy life, though-

13 INT. C.I.A. BOARD ROOM - DAY

13

Gannett is addressing a huge crowd of agents and analysts, including Todd, who is on the edge of his seat.

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

DEPUTY DIRECTOR GANNETT

Today, I'm proud to announce the next field agent position, in Paris, France, complete with unlimited travel, a bonus, and universal healthcare. That's right, we can give

that out when we feel like it! This year, the position goes to an earner, a pavement-pounder, a man who truly puts in the hours... Agent Drew "Atlas" Amian!

AGENT ATLAS, 42, a muscular man with soulless eyes, a tightly trimmed beard, and a scar across his face, saunters up, in shades, and shakes Gannett's hand. He takes the paycheck amid huge applause. Todd stews angrily. He claps slowly. But after a while, he smiles mischievously.

TODD (V.O.)

Every year. For five years. They gave it to Atlas- a recon legend with his head so far up the Director's ass he could tickle his ego with his tongue. They completely forget about some people who would make stellar field agents, let alone some people who have slaved away here for years with nothing to show for it but a studio apartment and a six-figure debt. Some people named me, Todd! I realized something that day. My job is as dead-end as Richard Nixon's charisma.

Todd spots a presidential photo of Richard Nixon on the wall, attempting a smile. Todd cringes. Then, in a moment of epiphany, his eyes swell with confidence and drive.

(TODD (V.O. CONT'D)

And like Nixon, I'll have to operate shadows- the gray area- if I want to change that. And I knew just how to do it.

ACT TWO

14 INT. C.I.A. TECHNOLOGY VAULT - DAY

14

The lead scientist, DR. SUDLAR, late-40s, vaguely European accent, rocking a lab coat and a soul patch, is giving a tour of the C.I.A. laboratory vault.

The sleek, black granite room is lined with blue LED wall fixtures. A group of low-level C.I.A. analysts, including Todd, follow the Doctor closely. They're surrounded by wild technologies the agency has developed.

Other scientists line the edges of the Vault, making notes and working on experiments. Todd is on alert as the Doctor addresses the murmuring crowd narcissistically, gesturing wildly and dramatically as he speaks.

DR. SUDLAR

Okay, simmer down. Simmer! Welcome to The Vault. My name is Doctor Parsley Sudlar, and you are privileged to be here. Only a handful of people have been cleared to see the contents of this stronghold; unassuming, unthreatening loafers and bean counters. In other words, you.

TODD (V.O.)

The good doctor only spits facts.

Sudlar comes to a stop in front of a black-and-yellow-striped gun, with a pulsating, light blue glow and a buzzing sound emanating from the muzzle. This is the "BEE MACHINE".

DR. SUDLAR (CONT'D)

We begin in the Regrowth Sector. In the early 2000s, our analysts uncovered an alarming decrease in pollination linked to a decline in the bee population. As you all know, this leads to the killing of crops, major disruptions in food supply, and mass starvation. I needn't go on, we've all seen the *Bee Movie*. Well, rather than saving the bees, the C.I.A. found it more cost effective to invent this. I give you- the Bee Machine.

TODD

What does it do?



DR. SUDLAR  
Simple. Roland! Get up here.

A timid assistant, ROLAND, 23, walks up to Sudlar. Sudlar lazily picks up the Bee Machine and primes it.

ROLAND  
Sir, please! Is this really necessary?

DR. SUDLAR  
I don't know, Roland. Was it necessary for you to use half and half instead of oat milk in my coffee this morning?!

He blasts Roland with a bolt of energy from the gun. It instantly turns the assistant into a scale-sized honey bee. It hovers around Sudlar and the tour group for a little bit. Everyone is very much taken aback.

DR. SUDLAR (CONT'D)  
Apparently not. Ladies and gentlemen, it doesn't matter if more bees die when we can simple assign agents, or volunteers, to take their place and cross-pollinate certain sections of the world, effectively solving the problem, permanently.

Sudlar is met by light and apprehensive applause. He shoots an icy glare at Bee-Roland.

DR. SUDLAR  
(hushed)  
Go pollinate the state of North Dakota, and don't come back until you've become more sensitive to my dairy restrictions.

Sudlar winces in pain as his stomach rumbles when he says this. Bee-Roland buzzes sadly and drifts lazily out of the room. Todd is unimpressed.

TODD (V.O.)  
I could turn all of my enemies into bees, but that sounds exhausting. I'm also pretty sure it's a human rights violation. I had to find something else.

The tour continues to a table with TWO PINEAPPLES on it.

across from a blast shield. Sudlar and the tour stand behind it as he takes out a remote detonator.

DR. SUDLAR

Ever since the Bay of Pigs, the C.I.A. has been operating in tropical regions that often turn into political war zones. Now, riot control will be a thing of the past. May I present- the Magnetic Mine-Apple Mark II!

Sudlar gestures to the pair of pineapples vaguely.

DR. SUDLAR (CONT'D)

We replace the majority of pineapples in a selected nation with shrapnel-filled magnetic targeters, and rig them to go off in the presence of enemy armor, taking counter-insurgency to a whole new level.

RANDOM ANALYST

Are these the only two?

DR. SUDLAR

Oh, there's only one there. The other is just a regular pineapple, for reference.

TODD

Which is which?

DR. SUDLAR

(beat)

Good question.

Sudlar presses his detonator and everyone ducks instinctively behind the blast shield. Nothing happens. A look of panic comes over Sudlar.

DR. SUDLAR

So, those are just two... regular... pineapples... Oh, God.

Sudlar bolts away from the tour, leaving everyone, including Todd, to slowly wander around the room and look at the inventions.

DR. SUDLAR (O.S.)

WHERE THE FUCK IS THE MINE-APPLE?!

TODD (V.O.)

Effective? Sure, if we ever decide to invade the *Sandals* Resort. But, I don't want to hurt anyone; at least, not anyone who doesn't deserve it.

Todd passes a few more unremarkable inventions until he finds the portable TIME JUMPER, sitting on a table.

A faint number-counting sequence is heard emanating from the device. The glowing orb in the center pulses from a soft blue to green. Todd approaches it, like a kid peering into a toy store on Christmas.

Sudlar runs back into the room, out of breath and relieved, and walks near Todd.

DR. SUDLAR

False alarm, people! I left it over at Interrogation. It did go off, but it only killed a guy suspected of tax evasion. We're good!

TODD

Uh-huh. Doctor, what the hell is this?

DR. SUDLAR

Oh, that? It's a prototype Time Jumper. Its theoretical purpose was for the user to go back in time to document history before photographs and video were available. But, we can't get it to go back any further than the 20th century. Much more testing is needed, so most of the agency has forgotten it even exists. Completely unaware...

(pause)

Anyway, moving on, folks! We have a busy schedule of...

Sudlar trails off as Todd's tour group moves on, leaving him glued to the machine studying it.

TODD (V.O.)

The ability to redo history, to change whatever you wanted, or see whatever you wanted. This world only has a finite amount of places to visit before you see everything. But, imagine watching history unfold before

your very eyes in real time! Seeing  
the moon landing, the peace and love  
movement-

15 EXT. PENN STATION - 33RD STREET ENTRANCE - DAY

15

The officer holds up a finger to Todd, stopping him from talking and pausing his flashback.

OFFICER

Hold on a minute. The moon landing?

TODD

Yeah, man! The moon landing. Try to keep up.

OFFICER

Nice try, slick. No one's ever landed on the moon.

TODD

Oh, I get it. You think it was faked, right? Trust me, we-

OFFICER

No, I mean it literally hasn't happened.

TODD

(pause)

Oh, shit. Yeah, it's 1965... not 69'-  
Okay, well, spoiler alert. 69' is  
going to be a great year. You'll love  
it. Anyway-

16 INT. C.I.A. TECHNOLOGY VAULT - RESUMING

16

Todd oogles over the Time Jumper. His eyes dart left to right, checking to see if anyone is watching him. They aren't.

TODD (V.O. CONT'D)

Imagine being able to buy a car or a house for the amount of money some people blow in Vegas over a single day. That was the change Vanessa and I needed, and this machine was the key. But, getting it out of there...

17 INT. TODD AND VANESSA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

17

Todd triumphantly plops the Time Jumper down on his living room table, right in between the bed and the kitchen. Vanessa marvels at it with him.

TODD (V.O. CONT'D)

Was much easier than I thought.

VANESSA

Oh, sweet Lord. What the hell is that?

TODD

It's a C.I.A. Time Jumper. That's right, baby, a time machine! I took it from the vault today. It's incredible; you just type your destination in here, and your desired time era here, and uh...

VANESSA

And then what? It takes you there?

TODD

Sure, that makes sense. I would assume something like that happens. It didn't really come with a manual.

VANESSA

Wow, Todd. That's incredible, but how did you get it out of there?

SMASH CUT TO:

18 EXT. C.I.A. TECHNOLOGY VAULT - NIGHT

18

A lone security guard is playing a war game on a Virtual Reality headset, standing across from the C.I.A. Inventions Vault. He is separated by a sheet of bullet-proof, and sound-proof, glass.

SUPER: TWO HOURS EARLIER

Todd, clad in gloves, a black turtleneck, and black tactical pants, barrel-roles into view on the other side of the glass. The guard doesn't even notice.

Todd ducks instinctively before realizing the guard is dead to the world, immersed in his war game. He waves and gestures wildly to get his attention. Nothing. He screams at the top of his lungs, muffled and unheard. Nothing.

Todd shrugs, attaches C4 to the vault, and blows it open in a fiery explosion. A muffled thump and shudder is barely heard. Todd walks in and walks out carrying the Time Jumper moments later. He waves jovially to the guard, lost in the VR world.

GUARD

Damn, it even sounds like I'm there.  
(mocking voice)

Don't buy the surround-sound pack,  
Willard. It's a waste of money,  
Willard. Your children need to eat,  
Willard.

(laughs)  
Get bent, Sandra.

19 INT. TODD AND VANESSA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - RESUMING

19

Todd shrugs in the most avoiding manner.

TODD

Well, it's really simple, actually-

VANESSA

You stole it, didn't you?

TODD

Yeah, pretty much. They have worse security than the Capitol Building.

VANESSA

Oh my God, why Todd?! Why did you do this? Stealing from the C.I.A.? We could be killed! Or worse, they could... take our brains and put them in like, a... a whale and just, send the whale to North Korea or- or some place that doesn't have any regulations against whaling as a punishment!

TODD

You know damn well we shut down that program! Tortoises are the industry standard now.

VANESSA

I cannot be a tortoise, man! I have a huge presentation tomorrow. The firm is two steps away from bankruptcy. Please, put that thing back before it's too late.

Vanessa starts storming away. Todd walks after her.

TODD

Vanessa, are you happy?

She stops and turns, dumbfounded.

VANESSA

What? Like with us? Of course, Todd.

TODD

No, no, no. Don't give me that. I mean with our lives. Are you happy? In this apartment? With your job? With us being walked on constantly?

She pauses, taken aback by the question.

VANESSA

(averting her eyes)

It's never been easy.

They both sit down on the edge of their bed. Todd takes her hands in his hands.

TODD

Yeah. Neither am I. And the shitty thing is we played by all the rules. We're close to a decade into our careers and we have nothing. They don't care about us Vanessa. They never did.

Todd grabs the Time Jumper and shows it to her.

TODD (CONT'D)

If we have the chance to make a difference, or even just see history, I say we take it. We leave all of this behind and we don't look back.

VANESSA

How would we survive?!

TODD

I don't know. We'll pick a time period, take something and sell it on today's market for a profit, or we could bet on sports teams we know are going to win, or the stock market! It doesn't matter. There's always a way

to make money with this.

VANESSA

It's not right, hon. You shouldn't fuck with this, and you shouldn't put stock in a... a pipe dream. I think I've had enough of that for one lifetime. I have to go to bed. To work early... on my birthday. Goodnight, Todd.

A look of horror creeps across Todd's face as he remembers.

TODD

Oh, man. Vanessa, I'm sorry! It slipped my mind. I just-

Vanessa, depressed and downtrodden, retreats to her room, leaving Todd with the Time Jumper and a heart full of sadness. He looks as if he's about to give up, but then his expression changes to one of resolve. It's not over yet.



ACT THREE

20 INT. TODD AND VANESSA'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

20

Todd, wearing a helmet and swim goggles, and holding TWO ENVELOPES, one filled to the brim with fake IDs and the other suspiciously labeled "CASH", has the Time Jumper set up in his kitchen. He points the nozzle toward the wall after inputting his time destination, and braces himself.

TODD (V.O.)

So naturally, I put some stock in a pipe dream.

TODD

(under his breath)

Okay, baby. Here we go.

The machine whirs, beeps, and blasts the wall with a PORTAL that pulsates in a green/blue color. Fascinated, he picks up the machine and steps through the portal, cautiously. The portal disappears. Vanessa walks out of the bathroom in her work clothes and grabs her briefcase.

VANESSA

Todd, I'm going to work! I'll be back in... Todd?

She spots a hastily scribbled note on the kitchen counter and picks it up. After she reads it, her eyes widen.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Oh, good God.

WIPE TO:

21 INT. TIME SPACE CONTINUUM WORMHOLE - UNKNOWN TIME

21

Todd immediately falls through a pulsating, technicolor wormhole, screaming at the top of his lungs. He comes to the light at the end of the tunnel, toward his destination, and his speed slows down. The machine starts beeping again.

WIPE TO:

22 EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TIMES SQUARE - DAY

22

In 1965 N.Y.C. underneath the iconic *Admiral Television Appliances* and *Coca-Cola* signs, a portal opens up and Todd Rosenberg stumbles through it, falling right on his ass and almost knocking into a group of New Yorkers in bell bottom

jeans and leather jackets.

PEDESTRIAN

Watch where you're walkin', ya freak!

Todd gets up, holding the Time Jumper in one arm and this envelope in another, and takes in his surroundings- A whole new, almost overwhelming world, a living anachronism of history where all of his problems are forgotten- and he smiles. He's got it all to himself.

TODD (V.O.)

Sometimes, a pipe dream is all it takes.

23 EXT. NEW YORK CITY 42ND STREET - LATER

23

Todd struts down the sidewalk wearing a pair of sunglasses, admiring the style, advertisements, and cars zooming by all around him. The people in turn shoot him weird looks, especially since he's dressed in extremely conspicuous clothing from 2021.

TODD (V.O.)

Eat your heart out, Doc Brown. Now that I'd become the first time traveler in history, I had two responsibilities: first, invest for the future... my future.

24 INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR - DAY

24

Todd shouts and screams over other crazed investors as the opening bell of the N.Y.S.E. rings out. They gawk at the the beatnik in the red flannel trying to shove his way forward.

At one point Todd tries to climb over the heads and shoulders around him, but fails and is nearly trampled into the pristine granite floor.

25 INT. N.Y.C. FORD CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

25

Todd bursts into a nicely furbished, *Ford* car dealership lobby and strolls up to the assistance bell. He looks around and admires the checkered floor and Art Deco furnishings.

TODD (V.O.)

(carries over)

But, most importantly, to get my wife a killer present to make up for forgetting her birthday. She loves

everything retro, so I paid Mr. Ford a little visit.

A SECRETARY, 40s, white, with a monotone Brooklyn accent looks up, unenthused, as Todd nervously rings the assistance bell.

TODD

Excuse me, ma'am! Hey, what's good? I'm not from around here. I'm a- a visitor to New York. Well, that's not totally true. I've been here many times. Just not in this era before-area. I mean area! So, forgive me if-

SECRETARY

Is there something I can help you with, sir?

TODD

Shit, yes. I would like a car please. It's a gift for the wife.

SECRETARY

Well, you need to fill out an insurance form, provide a driver's license, bank account numbers, social security card, go over a payment plan-

TODD

Oh my God. Deadass, lady? I thought this would be simple.

SECRETARY

(pause)

Dead-ass? What did you call me?

TODD

(awkward smile)

Uh... nothing! Just point me to your finest salesman.

SECRETARY

(over her shoulder)

MARVIN! WE GOT ANOTHER LOONY FOR YA!

MONTAGE - TODD PICKS OUT A CAR

A) Showroom Floor - Todd spots a candy apple red *Ford Thunderbird*. He nods, and shakes hands with the salesman, MARVIN, early-50s, a portly man with slicked back hair and a

checkered suit.

B) Signing Office - Todd produces the envelope marked "CASH", as well as a fake ID. He signs and hands the papers back to the salesman, who goes to process it. Todd waits until no one is watching and takes the keys to the car.

C) Dealership Lobby - Todd starts the car and peels out of the showroom floor into the garage.

TODD (V.O.)

(carries over)

Believe it or not, it's hella easy to fake identification from the sixties. Especially when your driver's license wasn't required to have your picture on it, yet. I didn't have a bank account or a valid Social either, so I told the man I'd pay in cash.

26 INT. FORD CAR DEALERSHIP SIGNING OFFICE - DAY

26

Marvin empties out the "CASH" marked envelope onto a desk, revealing the contents to be *Cards Against Humanity* decks stacked to look like cash bundles.

TODD (V.O. CONT'D)

Technically, I was telling the truth. He could've made a fortune by selling those as a brand new card game. But, no, not this dill-hole! Instead-

The car peels out onto 50th Street, driving past the office as Marvin runs out yelling and shaking his fist. He runs to the shop's payphone and angrily dials the number for the police. The secretary is unbothered and stands in the doorway, filing her nails, looking at Marvin with contempt.

27 INT. POLICE SWITCHBOARD CONTROL - DAY

27

A bored NYPD DISPATCH COP answers the call on a rotary phone in front of a switchboard filled with operators.

DISPATCH COP

New York Metropolitan Police. What is the nature of your emergency?

28 INTERCUT - MARVIN/DISPATCH COP

28

Marvin is shaking in fury. The secretary rolls her eyes.

MARVIN  
SOME GODDAMN HIPPIE JUST STOLE MY CAR!

DISPATCH COP  
Well, that's a damn shame, sir. How'd you let that happen?

MARVIN  
He gave me all the proper paperwork, but when it came time to pay, he peeled out of here and left me with a cash marked envelope full of... I don't know, some playing cards that say *Cards Against Humanity*?!

DISPATCH COP  
He's against humanity? Sir, do you believe the suspect to be a communist?

MARVIN  
I don't know! He was dressed kinda funny and he was wearing red. It's possible!

DISPATCH COP  
Sweet Jesus!

29 EXT. NYPD HEADQUARTERS - LATER

29

Cop cars pour out of the motor pool of the NYPD as they blast their sirens on full, all heading in the same direction-toward Todd Rosenberg.

DISPATCH COP (V.O.)  
(over radio)  
All units, be on the lookout for a red 1965 *Ford Thunderbird* being driven by a suspected Soviet agent, over.

30 EXT. PENN STATION - 33RD STREET ENTRANCE - DAY

30

The officer who asked Todd what he was thinking stands with his hands on his hips, jaw slightly askew, taken completely aback. The blockade is still present in the background and the cops still have their guns aimed at the car.

TODD  
Well, instead this happened. Yeah, so basically that's where we're at right now. I'm at-

Todd checks the Time Jumper. It's charged at eighty-five percent.

TODD (CONT'D)

Eighty-five percent! God, this thing takes forever. Look, give me, like, maybe fifteen minutes and I'll be out of your hair. Then, you guys can get back to... beating civil rights protestors, I guess. That's this time period, right?

OFFICER

(scoffs)

You know, they put out a call for a suspected communist. That's what we all thought you were.

TODD

Really? Oh, that's crazy. Yeah, you people are horrified of those dudes, aren't you?

OFFICER

But, after hearing that story, I think we might've been wrong.

TODD

Yes! I work for the C.I.A., man. Come on.

OFFICER

Yeah, turns out you're just plain insane.

TODD

What?

OFFICER

You're one creative guy, Ese, I'll give you that!

(chuckles as Todd shoots him a dirty look)

Loony bin doesn't get too many Cuban kooks. Don't worry, we'll have you locked up in Bellevue by suppertime.

The ignorant officer tries to open Todd's locked door and pulls his gun when he can't. Todd panics and his eyes dart around for something he can use. He spots his iPhone.

OFFICER

Hey! I'm done playing games. You've got three seconds to get out of the car, or I drag you out! One. Two...

Todd grabs his iPhone and starts a countdown clock app, counting from fifteen minutes.

TODD

Get back! I'll use it, I swear to God!

OFFICER

Jesus jumpin' Toledo! HE'S GOT A  
 DETONATOR- EVERYBODY GET BACK!

The officer runs back toward the police blockade and everyone within a two block radius is heard screaming in fear. The news crews, police, and civilians duck behind any cover they can find or they run away. Todd is dumbstruck.

TODD

I can't believe that worked.  
 (shouting toward the police line)  
 And by the way, I'm Puerto-Rican,  
 jerkoff!

POLICE (O.S.)

(through megaphone)  
 CLEAR THE AREA. USE OF DEADLY FORCE IS  
 AUTHORIZED!

TODD

Shit.

Todd urgently ducks down to avoid sniper or rifle fire, pissed off. He begrudgingly picks up the iPhone, plugs it into the Time Jumper, and starts dialing.

31 INT. ADVERTISING OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

31

Vanessa is over-pitching a new sour/spicy candy brand promotion to her executive team, including her boss, Craig Fuller. Everyone is unimpressed. She stands next to an art mock up of a possible ad for *Licorice Ice*.

VANESSA

So ultimately, licorice sales have plummeted, but we can start them back on track with this new slogan.  
 "Licorice Ice: Unleash the Spice".  
 It's tested off the charts with the

focus groups I ran, and if-

Her phone starts vibrating loudly, again. She checks it; it's Todd. A wave of relief washes over her and she steps out of the conference room.

VANESSA

So talk about that amongst yourselves,  
and I'll be back momentarily to see  
what you think!

CRAIG

I think it's crap, personally. But how  
about you guys? Wanna give the little  
lady a win?

Everyone in the conference room laughs as Vanessa angrily leaves for her cubicle. A small piece of her dies every day in this ad office.

32 INT. VANESSA'S AD OFFICE CUBICLE - LATER

32

Vanessa sits down at her desk in a hurry. Her cubicle is full of vintage antiques from different eras, reflecting her retro interests organized amongst the modern office furnishings and family pictures. She answers the phone.

VANESSA

(into phone)

Todd! Thank God, I was so worried. Are  
you back, yet?

33 INTERCUT - TODD/VANESSA

33

TODD

Uh, almost hon. I just-

VANESSA

Look, I'm sorry about last night. I  
didn't get a chance to say it before  
you hung up the phone.

TODD

Oh, please, it's totally fine.  
Fuggedaboutit... uh, as the Italians  
would say. So, first off, I got you  
something.

VANESSA

Awe! Todd, it's okay. You didn't have  
to!



A police helicopter appears and hovers hundreds of feet above the blockade. Todd's eyes widen.

TODD

Oh trust me, I did. You'll love it. The bad news, though. I'm having a little difficulty getting it home.

VANESSA

Is it too big or something? Do you need any help?

TODD

No and yes. No, it's just big enough, and... yes, I need help. I'm trapped outside Penn Station in 1965 and the police have surrounded me. They think I'm a communist, or a terrorist. I'm not really sure. You can never tell with these people. I need you to call the Chief of Police and help talk them down so the Jumper can finish charging, and I can get back... babe?

Vanessa curses the air and tries to stop herself from punching the wall.

VANESSA

You're a fucking lunatic, you know that?!

TODD

That's what they keep telling me.

VANESSA

Not only have you irreversibly fucked up the timeline, you're now on the government's shit list, Todd- in two time periods!

TODD

I wouldn't say that, I mean-

VANESSA

I'm talking like, there's nuclear war, then Vietnam, then there's Todd Rosenberg and his mystery machines, and then probably the Zodiac Killer.

TODD

Hey, I am not more of a threat than

the Zodiac Killer! If you could just get on the phone and tell them that-

VANESSA

How the hell am I going to do that when I'm not in 1965?!

Todd's eyes widen as the answer hits him.

ACT FOUR

34 EXT. PENN STATION - POLICE BLOCKADE - DAY

34

The startled police see Todd get out of the car slowly with the phone still in his hand, the Time Jumper in the other. Todd raises his arms above his head. All guns are pointed at him. He slowly walks toward the back of the car, then stops.

VANESSA (V.O.)

Todd, I don't think I can do this.

TODD

Of course you can; you can sell anyone on anything. I knew that the moment I met you. Just improvise.

35 INT. VANESSA'S AD OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

35

Vanessa breathes in, exhales, and starts typing "NYPD COMMISSIONER 1965" into her computer's search engine. A list of research and links pop up.

36 EXT. PENN STATION - POLICE BLOCKADE - RESUMING

36

Meanwhile, in 1965, A middle-aged, veteran DETECTIVE is handed a megaphone. He cautiously speaks into it as Todd turns to face him in what's become a demented Wild-West-style standoff.

DETECTIVE

This is Detective Foresythe, NYPD. I'm the negotiator; what are your demands?

TODD

Tell your Chief of Police that the Rosenbergs would like to speak with him!

37 INT. POLICE CHIEF'S PERSONAL OFFICE - LATER

37

A rotary phone rings on the desk of the NYPD police

Commissioner MAURY MURPHIE, 52, a condescending hard-ass. His office is littered with awards and plaques.

A POLICE SECRETARY, 30s, bursts into his office with a aura of urgency.

POLICE SECRETARY

Commissioner, phone call on line one.  
You're gonna want to take this.

Murphie grabs the phone after straightening his uniform and sighing. He barks into the phone with a gravelly voice.

MURPHIE

This is Murphie... Rosen-who?... He wants what?!

38 EXT. PENN STATION - 33RD STREET ENTRANCE - DAY

38

A horrified cop with a handlebar mustache approaches Todd's Thunderbird with a WALKIE-TALKIE. He gets up to the window, and Todd snatches the radio. The cop trips over his own feet and runs away.

TODD

Thank you!  
(into walkie)  
Hello, chief?

MURPHIE (V.O.)

This is Commissioner Maury Murphie.  
Mr. Rosenberg, I presume?

TODD

Hey, Maury. Good to hear from ya.  
Look, things between me and the city of New York got off on the wrong foot. I'm an agent with the Central Intelligence Agency on a highly classified mission. I'm gonna need you to get your men to stand down. How about it?

39 INTERCUT - MURPHIE/TODD

39

Murphie tightens his fists in anger as Todd dares speak to him in such a nonchalant tone.

MURPHIE

Yes, I heard your story. You expect me to believe that malarkey? You're an

extremist. You threatened my cops and  
my city. The only way you're leaving  
that street is in a bodybag,  
Rosenberg.

TODD

A bit harsh, but so badass, even for a  
guy named Maury Murphie. No hate, man,  
but that sounds like a rejected *Marvel*  
character. Look, I have my partner on  
the line to corroborate the legitimacy  
of this mission. I'll patch you  
through. Vanessa?

Todd puts the walkie up to the iPhone's receiver, acting as a  
relayer between Vanessa and Murphy for the duration of their  
conversation.

40 INT. VANESSA'S AD OFFICE CUBICLE - RESUMING

40

Vanessa checks her computer research, takes a deep breath,  
closes her eyes... and opens them with a fury and confidence  
like no other. She speaks with an air of authority.

VANESSA

(calmly)

Good afternoon, Commissioner Murphie.  
This is agent Vanessa Rosenberg of the  
Central Intelligence Agency. How are  
you today?

MURPHIE (V.O.)

(scoffs)

I'm fine, agent.

VANESSA

Excellent, that's good to hear. I'd  
like to apologize on behalf of my  
partner for his handling of our  
mission. He was dropped on his head  
when he was born and, on top of it,  
he's a colossal ass-scab. Never a good  
combination, especially when dealing  
with an organization as renowned and,  
uh... respected as the NYPD.

41 INTERCUT - VANESSA/MURPHIE

41

Murphie is surrounded by his top lieutenants as he sits in  
his office chair, like a king. He clears his throat.

MURPHIE

Your apology means jack to me, ma'am, and so does your flattery. Get to the point.

VANESSA

What I'm about to share with you is highly classified information. So, in the interest of national security, I ask you treat this with discretion.

Vanessa types on her keyboard and pulls up a saved copy of the obituary and Wikipedia page detailing the life of Commissioner Murphie.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Agent Rosenberg and I are working on a case involving the manipulation of future events as counter-intelligence to combat the Soviets. Unfortunately, the NYPD is interfering with a federal investigation. We need you to stand your men down at once and let Todd go.

MURPHIE

Well, that's all fine and dandy. But frankly, I don't believe a word you say, agent. How do I know this C.I.A. story isn't a just a bunch of radical hippie hullabaloo? And please, give me a good answer. I'd hate for those snipers to get trigger happy.

Vanessa peers at her computer. She scrolls diligently.

VANESSA

Maury J. Murphie. Born 1912, graduated Summa Cum Laude from NYU School of Law. Since making commissioner, you bring home fifteen-thousand dollars per year, but you haven't paid taxes on that salary in nearly 5 years. I'm sure your family is very proud, but how does your mistress- a Ms. Mila Evenov- feel about how much you make?

Murphie's eyes widen. His face turns white as a ghost. He shoots up from his chair and starts to pace around behind his desk. Vanessa's voice is ice cold as she kicks her feet up on her desk and leans back.

MURPHIE

Now, wait just a minute-

VANESSA

According to my records, she immigrated from the U.S.S.R. in 1962, just after the Cuban Missile Crisis. So, this information suggests either you're committing adultery, or spying against the United States.

(gravely)

So, which is it Commissioner Murphie? Are you a cheater or a traitor?

MURPHIE

No! She was vetted, I swear! I'm a patriot, damn it! How the hell do you know all of this?!

VANESSA

Oh, we know so much more, Commissioner. We could go on about your personal corruption charges, or the deaths linked to your department's civil rights abuse cases? Or... I know, would you like to know the date of your death?

Todd's jaw drops. Vanessa smirks, and Murphie throws a paperweight from his desk at his lieutenants, motioning angrily for them to get out. They do so in a hurry.

MURPHIE

(desperate)

No, please! I- I believe you. What do you want from me?!

VANESSA

Your cooperation, Mr. Murphie. That's all. The device Todd has is not only a detonator, it's also a computer capable of storing massive amounts of information on world events dating up to the year 2021. Because of this, we know, in four years, the Mets are going to win the 1969 World Series.

Murphy peers out of his window to see more cop cars zooming toward Penn Station, sirens and lights blazing.

MURPHIE

Seriously?

VANESSA

I know. It's out of pocket, but it's a fact. Do what you want, but I think a smart man would bet as much money as possible on that game. An even smarter man would bet on the innings play by play, which I can tell you the outcome of. But that's if, and only if, your men stand down and let Todd Rosenberg go free.

MURPHIE

(pause)

All I have to do is let him go? And let him keep the red *Thunderbird* he stole?

VANESSA

Red Thunder- ?

She takes her face away from the phone, realizing what Todd got her for her birthday. She holds back an excited squeal, and then composes herself.

VANESSA

Uh, yes. Especially the *Thunderbird*. Guarantee his safety, and you'll be one of the richest men in the world. How's retirement looking now, Mr. Murphie?

Murphie puts a hand on his forehead, wiping the sweat from it, and contemplates his options. He goes to the window to knock on it, getting his secretary's attention.

MURPHIE

Get me Detective Foresythe!

Vanessa smiles, and the light fully returns to her eyes. She's finally regained her self-worth.

42 EXT. PENN STATION - 33RD STREET ENTRANCE - MAGIC HOUR

42

Todd slowly rises from the bucket seats of his new *Thunderbird* and cautiously peers out the window behind him. He sees the detective once again grab the megaphone.

DETECTIVE  
 (into megaphone)  
 ALL OFFICERS STAND DOWN. I SAY AGAIN,  
 SNIPERS STAND DOWN! ROSENBERG, YOU'RE  
 FREE TO GO.

Todd yells in excitement and punches the roof of the interior. He chucks the walkie talkie out the window. He grabs the iPhone.

TODD  
 (into iPhone)  
 Babe! YOU DID IT! And just in the  
 nick of time, too.

VANESSA (V.O.)  
 I won't lie, that was kinda fun. Now  
 get home before you start another  
 national incident, hon.

TODD  
 You don't have to tell me twice. I'll  
 see you soon. I love you.

VANESSA  
 (laughs playfully)  
 I love you too.

Todd hangs up the phone and checks the Time Jumper's display. It's at a 99% charge.

TODD  
 Are you shitting me?! What, do you run  
 on *Windows XP*? You motherfuck-

The reading changes to 100% and the Time Jumper beeps.

TODD (CONT'D)  
 Oh, cool. Never mind.

Todd turns on the radio. He triumphantly slams the car into reverse, performing a wild K-turn. He puts the Time Jumper in his lap, and centers up the car as the police watch him nervously.

ANNOUNCER (ON RADIO)  
 This is WABC-AM. You've all heard the  
 news, folks. Some nut-job called in a  
 bomb threat to Penn Station today  
 after stealing a 1965 *Ford Thunderbird*  
 from a city dealership. I'm getting



confirmation now that the police are standing down, apparently it was a false alarm. But, enough of that jazz, lets hear a fan favorite...

MUSIC CUE: UPBEAT 60's ROCK AND ROLL

TODD  
(shrugging)  
Yeah, that'll work.

43 INT. ADVERTISING OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

43

Vanessa, after finally gaining her swagger back, struts confidently into the ad office's board room, where Craig and the other execs are waiting for her. She has a briefcase in one hand, and a Zippo lighter in the other.

CRAIG  
There you are! We were just talking about why we keep you around here, and it ain't for the artwork.

One of the execs mimics a spanking motion, and the room, full of male executives, laughs heartily. Vanessa is unfazed. Her voice and her stare could cut glass.

VANESSA  
Craig Feller, you know what? You're full-er shit! And I quit. Find another bitch to steal ideas from.

Craig shoots up from his chair in blind rage; the veins in his neck start to bulge.

CRAIG  
WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?!  
You're finished, Rosenberg! I'll make sure you never work in advertising again! I got friends all over Madison Avenue!

While he yells, she smiles and nods, as she calmly flicks the Zippo open, and lights the *Licorice Ice* presentation next to her on fire. It immediately goes up in flames.

The room goes absolutely crazy. Executives run away, some trying to put the fire out with their jackets, and failing miserably. Vanessa struts out of the office with an air of power.

44 EXT. PENN STATION - 33RD STREET ENTRANCE - MAGIC HOUR 44

Todd slams the ignition into drive, and guns it toward the police blockade, now dispersing. He lays on the horn with a half-smirk on his face.

The cops start to run and dodge out of the way as Todd points the nozzle of the Time Jumper toward a SWAT van. He pulls the trigger and a portal opens up. The cops left in the area immediately bolt or stare with their mouths agape. Todd is still blasting his 60's rock as both he and the car disappear into the portal.

END MUSIC CUE.

WIPE TO:

45 INT. TIME SPACE CONTINUUM WORMHOLE - UNKNOWN TIME 45

The radio signal is lost and is replaced by static. Todd and his car fall through the technicolor wormhole, this time catching glimpses of history flashing by him - A UFO flying over a populated city, Woodstock, peace signs, The Berlin Wall falling, an analog clock winding forwards.

Suddenly, the colors fade, leaving him in a vortex of black and white as the end of the wormhole approaches. The final image he sees is the C.I.A. government seal. Finally, in a blinding flash of light-

WIPE TO:

46 EXT. N.J. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY - MAGIC HOUR 46

Todd and the *Thunderbird* emerge from the portal in present day. The color is restored, and he finds himself barreling down the interstate toward south Jersey, just minutes away from his and Vanessa's apartment. The radio static stops.

DJ (ON RADIO)

This next one's a love letter to the war and peace generation. You're listening to 95.9, and this is your throwback Thursday!

MUSIC CUE: 90's ALT-ROCK

The broadcast sounds suspiciously similar to the previous song starts playing. Todd swerves lightly around traffic in the classic car, gathering many appreciation honks and thumbs up from different drivers.

47 EXT. THE ROSENBERGS' APARTMENT COMPLEX - MAGIC HOUR

47

Todd pulls up in his Thunderbird to the small apartment complex. Vanessa walks out into the street and stands with her arms crossed, examining the car. She adjusts her sunglasses down and examines the car in awe.

Todd emerges from the driver-side door, confidently, just as the song comes to a close.

TODD

Happy birthday, baby!

VANESSA

(in shock and awe)

Todd... I love it! It's so retro. the lines, the motor, it's... let me get this straight. You risked everything just to get this for me?

TODD

Well, yeah. I figured if you're gonna wake up every day and drive to a job you hate, you might as well have something to look forward to each morning.

VANESSA

I love you.

They passionately embrace and kiss. She then sits on the hood of the car.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

But, I don't think we'll have to worry about that anymore.

TODD

Look, I get it. This was the last time I'm going to use the Jumper. I'll put it right back. I just wanted to get this, place some stocks for us, and-

VANESSA

No, Todd. I quit.

TODD

Shit, really?

VANESSA

I can't live with being a cog in a

machine that punishes you for taking the initiative. I don't want to be a dry shell of myself in fifteen years, you know?

TODD

Yeah, totally. But, are you sure? I know how much you loved advertising. I don't want to be the reason you-

VANESSA

I called Craig "Full-er Shit" and I lit the office on fire.

Todd does a double take. Vanessa smiles.

TODD

Oh, word! Okay, well you can't come back from that. Pyro is kinda frowned upon.

VANESSA

Yup. Guess we have no choice but to have that Time Jumper stick around for a little bit longer.

TODD

Yeah?

VANESSA

Oh, yeah. But-  
(she wags a finger in his face)  
We're gonna need some ground rules.

TODD

Of course.

VANESSA

We can't screw up the timeline like we did today.

TODD

Oh, God. Never again. I'm not even going near Penn Station for a while.

VANESSA

Yeah, about that.

New York, parked across the street from Penn Station, now suspiciously renamed "Murphie Station".

TODD

Oh, fuck.

VANESSA

Yeah. After the Mets won the World Series, Commissioner Murphie got his money, and donated a chunk of it to Penn Station, and they gave it a nice little makeover.

TODD

And that's because of-

VANESSA

Because of us, correct.

TODD

Could be worse. They could've called your bluff.

VANESSA

(pause)

For the first time, in a long time, when I was on that phone I felt like I mattered. I made a difference. It's like... they didn't get their way this time, you know? I want to keep feeling that way.

Todd puts his arm around her, and she rests her head on his shoulder.

VANESSA (CONT'D)

Where should we go first?

TODD

I say we test out a few time periods, make a name for ourselves in each one, and see what sticks.

VANESSA

I meant for our date tonight.

(mocking air quotes)

Agent Rosenberg.

Todd laughs and opens the car door for Vanessa. She hops in.

TODD

Oh-ho! I like that. I don't know. It's been a while since we had a movie night.

Todd hops in the driver's side and shuts his door.

49 INT./EXT. FORD THUNDERBIRD - CONTINUOUS

49

Vanessa looks slightly disappointed at Todd's suggestion.

VANESSA

Oh, I'd love to, but the internet is out. So, we can't stream anything.

Todd takes out and opens his wallet nonchalantly.

TODD

Who said anything about streaming?

MUSIC CUE: UPLIFTING GRUNGE ROCK

Todd takes out a *Blockbuster* membership card. Both he and Vanessa grin mischievously.

Todd starts the car up and peels out, disappearing into the busy Manhattan traffic.

END MUSIC CUE.

TAG

50 INT. C.I.A. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

50

A PRISONER sits in the middle of an empty, dimly lit room with a bag on his head. He is beaten, bruised and bleeding. A fist comes out of nowhere and punches him in the face. The fist is perfectly manicured.

Agent BIA LUCIA, 35, Hispanic, curly brown hair and sharp features, takes the bag off of his head. She speaks as if she's in a hurry, with the twinge of a Latin accent. She taunts the angry prisoner with a pair of bloody pliers.

LUCIA

Alright, bucko. We've been at this all night. This has been the easy way. If you want, I can show you the hard way. It involves jumper cables, a sock full of quarters, and a McRib, stale, hold the fries. You wanna see your family again, you piece of shit?! Than, tell me where you hid the insurgents! I swear to God, I'll snap your balls in-

Agent JOHN SLAYER, 30, white, shaggy hair and a face as innocent as Topher Grace's, strolls into the room, carrying a cell phone.

SLAYER

Bia, honey, I'm ordering take out. Do you have any suggestions?

LUCIA

Oh, I'm thinking *Panera Bread*, love! A bitch is feeling *Panera*.

SLAYER

Come on, man. We got that last time.

Lucia points at John with the bloody pliers, waving them around as she makes her point.

LUCIA

Yes, John, and we're about to do it again, because it's a gourmet dining experience and it's two blocks away. Thank you for coming to my *Ted Talk*, now put me down for that Avocado B.L.T. Thank you!

SLAYER

Aw, okay.

PRISONER

You're not gonna get any soup with that?

LUCIA

Shit, you're right. John, honey, order me some of that ten-vegetable soup they have. But, uh, hold two of the vegetables. I'd be happy with, like, eight vegetables.

John rolls his eyes and starts to dial.

PRISONER

They're a bit over priced. But, honestly, you get what you pay for.

LUCIA

Oh, absolutely.

Just as he's about to dial, the phone rings. John answers it.

SLAYER

This is Agent Slayer... A problem?...  
Oh you want to talk to- hold on.  
(to Lucia)  
Honey. It's the Deputy Director.

Lucia drops the pliers and walks over to John. He hands her the phone and she puts a hand on her hip. He walks over to the prisoner and starts talking to him.

LUCIA

(into phone)  
This is Agent Bia Lucia... Hello,  
Director, I- ... oh... broken into,  
you say?... Time Jumper's missing?...  
Altering the timeline?...

Lucia barely reacts to the new information, speaking quickly, curtly, uninterested. John starts playing Rock, Paper, Scissors with the prisoner. After three tries, John loses. The prisoner laughs, and John punches him in the face.

LUCIA (CONT'D)

Major national security problem?... A pineapple? Oh, the mine-apple.  
Right... We're on it.



Lucia hangs up the phone just as John picks up the pair of pliers. She throws the phone to the side and points at John.

LUCIA  
John, put down the nut clamps and  
cancel the B.L.T.!

Disgusted, John drops the pliers. They start walking toward the door. Lucia picks up a bag and starts rifling through it. John grabs a coat from a nearby coat rack and puts it on.

SLAYER  
We got something?

LUCIA  
Rogue operatives stole a Time Jumper.  
We gotta retrieve it. And them.

She loads a pistol and cocks it, then holsters it.

SLAYER  
Alive?

LUCIA  
(groans)  
I guess.

SLAYER  
Alright, baby, a mission! Where do we  
start?

LUCIA  
The question isn't where-

SLAYER  
Oh, God. Don't say it.

LUCIA  
But, when!

SLAYER  
Ugh, you're gonna kill me, woman.

LUCIA  
Yeah, but you'll like it.

They walk briskly out of the room, Lucia's arm in the crook of John's. They're on the clock, and their mission is a-go.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE.