

# HEROES AND VILLAINS

ENTERTAINMENT



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MEET CUTE

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INT. BAR - EVENING

East Village dive bar. Winter. 6PM.

Two strangers - A MAN AND A WOMAN - sit at opposite ends of the bar.

Other people sit at the bar too, but they're not important.

The not important people are watching a sports game on TV. The good guys are losing.

The not important people bitch and moan about this, as if sports were a matter of real consequence. It's not. We're all gonna die.

The man, GARY, 30's, a cynical, charming, quirky type, does not watch the game.

Instead, he arranges THREE COASTERS on the bar in front of him, in perfect symmetry. This feels like a compulsive ritual more than a leisurely activity.

Unbeknownst to him, the woman, SHEILA, 30's, a disarmingly disheveled type, stares at him with laser focus.

She stares at him with the intensity of a thousand suns.

She stares at him like she's been waiting her whole life to meet him. Since childhood. Since forever.

But not in a bullshit manifest destiny rom-com kind of way. In a real way.

Unbeknownst to her, the BARTENDER, PHIL, 30's, bearded hipster type, stares at her with amusement.

BARTENDER

Thirsty?

It takes a beat for Sheila to snap out of her intense Gary staring and notice someone is trying to communicate with her.

She processes his question, and turns her attention to her drink. It's half full.

SHEILA

I'm good, I got some left.

Bartender smiles, motions at Gary.

BARTENDER

Not talking about the drink.

It takes Sheila another few seconds to put together his meaning. Then she blushes, shakes her head, laughs awkwardly.

SHEILA  
What? Pff.

BARTENDER  
You're staring at that guy with the intensity of a thousand suns. Like you've been waiting your whole life to meet him.

SHEILA  
What? Me? Him? No. What? Pff.

BARTENDER  
(shrugs)  
Why don't you go talk to him... Buy him a drink.

SHEILA  
What? No. What? Get out of here.  
What? Pff. What?  
(stands up immediately)  
OK.

Sheila straightens her dress, leaves her half full drink behind, takes a deep breath, and walks across the bar, towards Gary, who doesn't notice her, or anything - still lost in his coaster assembly.

Sheila reaches him, satisfied. Then realizes she doesn't know what to say.

Bartender watches this like it's an Animal Planet documentary.

Sheila scrambles. Thinks. Finally blurts out --

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Thirsty?

Gary looks up at this strange woman for the first time. Puzzled.

Sheila immediately realizes how creepy that came out.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I mean. Your drink. Not like.  
Sexually. Gross. I mean a beverage.  
I am going to buy an alcoholic beverage, would you like one as well?

Gary smiles.

GARY  
Sure.

Sheila smiles.

SHEILA  
Great.

She motions to the Bartender. He walks over slowly, to make things more awkward for them.

BARTENDER  
What can I get you?

SHEILA  
Negroni on the rocks. GARY  
Negroni on the rocks.

The stare at each other, shocked. Bartender smiles, cheeky.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
How adorable. Real meet cute vibe  
going on here.

SHEILA  
(pointedly, at Bartender)  
Make that two Negroni's on the  
rocks, and hold the side  
commentary.

Bartender winks at her and makes the drinks. Gary didn't catch all that.

GARY  
What?

SHEILA  
Nothing.  
(repositions away from the  
Bartender)  
So uh... Hi. I'm Sheila.

GARY  
Hi Sheila. I'm Gary.

They shake hands.

SHEILA  
Huh. It appears we both have old  
timey names.

GARY  
And ergo, sadistic parents.

SHEILA  
So true. Don't get me started,  
there's no couch in here.

Sheila laughs. Gary doesn't. Awkward. She's losing him. She scrambles.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
But... Gary is a... good... solid  
name.

GARY  
Yeah. For a used car salesman.

SHEILA  
So you're not...

GARY  
... A used car salesman? No. Sorry.

Sheila stands, crushed.

SHEILA  
Oh. I was hoping to buy a car.  
Well... I should go.

He stares at her, confused. A beat. She sits back down.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I'm just kidding.

Now he laughs.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
(at his laughter)  
Yay! I mean nothing.

The Bartender places the drinks down in front of them. They both turn to face him.

SHEILA (CONT'D) (awful Australian accent)	GARY (awful Australian accent)
Cheers, mate!	Cheers, mate!

The three of them exchange glances, freaked out by this. Bartender laughs, mouths "meet cute." Leaves.

GARY  
Heh. Pretty crazy.

SHEILA  
(laughs, a little too  
much)  
Yeah, what are the odds! Ha ha ha.

A beat.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Actually the odds are pretty good.  
I need to come clean with you,  
Gary. I'm a time traveler. From the  
future. So I knew everything you  
were going to say.

Gary raises an eyebrow. More amused than weirded out. She's fun, and he's in a playful mood.

GARY  
Oh? What's the future like these  
days?

SHEILA  
Oh it's uh...  
(thinking of a witty  
response)  
It's about what you'd expect.  
Flying cars, and you know...  
(scrambling)  
Flying monkeys.

GARY  
Flying monkeys... Like in The  
Wizard of Oz?

SHEILA  
No, Gary. That's a work of fiction.  
This is reality I'm talking about.

GARY  
Of course. I'm sorry. Sounds like  
things are pretty busy... in the  
future... sky... area.

SHEILA  
Oh yeah. Lots of traffic. Luckily  
we got... police robot...  
hamsters... handing out traffic  
tick--- Look, it's a whole thing. I  
better not get into it. Don't wanna  
fuck up your timeline.

GARY  
Right right. Smart. So uh... Why  
did you go back? In time, I mean?

SHEILA  
Vacation!

GARY  
Huh. And you're spending it here...  
With me?

Sheila instantly blushes. Scrambles for a reasonable excuse.

SHEILA  
Well, uh, I came to this bar,  
and... And uh.. Oh, and you were  
the only guy not watching sports on  
the TV!

GARY  
Ah...

SHEILA  
Not a sports fan?

GARY  
Nope.

SHEILA  
Wow. Admirable. Impressive. A rare  
breed.

GARY  
Thanks. We have an organization,  
actually.

SHEILA  
Oh yeah?

GARY  
Yeah, we're called the... the uh...  
The Nosportians.

SHEILA  
Wow. That sounds a lot like my  
organization. The Neosporins.

GARY  
Oh yeah. Very similar. Lots of  
overlap. But, you know, yours is...  
Creamier.

SHEILA  
Right right... So, the Nosportians.

GARY  
Actually, it's pronounced  
N'Sportians.

SHEILA

Oh. Like N'Orleans.

GARY

No. Totally different.

SHEILA

But the O is silent.

GARY

Yeah. You know, cuz of--

SHEILA

OJ Simpson.

GARY

OJ Simpson.

They look at each other, shocked. Laugh. Silence.

Gary looks at Sheila, thinking.

GARY (CONT'D)

Hey. Since you came all the way  
from the future... you're probably  
pretty hungry, huh?

SHEILA

Oh no, I'm good.

GARY

Oh. I was thinking maybe you'd  
wanna... grab dinner?

Sheila's face lights up.

SHEILA

SURE! I mean. Sure. Yeah, OK.

As they walk out, Bartender Phil looks at them and shakes his head, as if he's some mythical cupid figure who masterminded this whole thing.

(But he's not. Relax. He's just a fucking bartender. This isn't that kind of movie.)

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary and Sheila walk down 2nd avenue. It's a cold night and their breath is visible in the air.

SHEILA

So what made you form an anti-  
sports organization? Did a football  
kill your grampa?

GARY

Yes. Thanks for bringing that up.

(holds a finger to the  
sky)

Love you grampa. No. I dunno.  
Didn't really grow up in a sports  
heavy household. Grew up in a small  
suburb in Jersey. Only child. My  
dad was a traveling professor. Not  
exactly the jock type. And he was  
gone a lot. Never got to play catch  
in the yard like in the movies.  
Spent most my childhood indoors  
with his sci-fi paperbacks instead.  
Which is... just as well I guess.  
Anyways. He's dead now.

SHEILA

I'm sorry.

Silence. Sheila tries to find the right thing to say.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

But hey, you're in the dead parent  
club! I'm a card carrying member  
myself.

GARY

Oh yeah?

SHEILA

Yeah. My dad. And he was gone a lot  
too. Before he was gone for good.  
Except my dad was more of a  
traveling alcoholic. He traveled  
from bar to bar, mostly. Killed  
him, eventually.

GARY

I'm sorry.

SHEILA

It's OK. The silver lining is I got  
to learn the AA motto early on and  
it helped me a lot in life!

(clears her throat)

"God, grant me the serenity to  
accept the things I cannot  
change..."

GARY

"... Courage to change the things I  
can..."

GARY AND SHEILA  
"....and the wisdom to distinguish  
the one from the other."

SHEILA  
(fake gasps)  
Are you a member?

GARY  
AA? Nah. I'm more the OCD/ADD type.  
But that motto helps our kind too.

SHEILA  
OOH ME TOO!

She enthusiastically reaches her hand up for a high five. He laughs and gives it to her.

They reach -

EXT. 6TH STREET

A street full of colorful lights and Indian restaurants that are indistinguishable from the outside unless you know better.

Several of the restaurant have MEN standing outside, waving menus, trying to tempt people to choose their restaurant over the others.

SHEILA  
We're here! But which one to  
choose...?

Gary and Sheila wander around trying to decide which Indian restaurant to go with.

GARY  
Man, a real Sophie's Choice over  
here.

Sheila laughs at the dark joke and loses herself in the moment.

SHEILA  
I love it when you make that joke.

Gary freezes in place.

GARY  
What?

Sheila freezes in place.

SHEILA

What?

GARY

What?

SHEILA

What?

They've stopped by the entrance of an Indian restaurant. AMIT, 40's, an Indian man steps towards them with menus in his hand. They're so caught up in the tense moment they don't notice him.

GARY

What do you mean "I love it when you make that joke?" We met an hour ago.

SHEILA

What?

GARY

What?

AMIT

BEST VINDALOO IN TOWN! 8 STARS ON YELP!

They notice him for the first time.

Sheila grabs a menu, grateful for the distraction.

SHEILA

You heard the man, best Vindaloo in town! Let's do this thing!

Befuddled, Gary grabs the second menu and follows her inside.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

The restaurant is decked in colorful lights. Everything is pink and blue and surreal.

Sheila studies the menu. Gary studies Sheila. Part intrigued, part concerned.

GARY

So... tell me more about this time travel thing.

SHEILA

(focused on the menu)

Hold on I just wanna order first. I like to get business out of the way so I can focus on the pleasure, you know? As one OCD person to another, surely you can understand.

She doesn't even take her head out of the menu while saying this, all business.

Despite himself, he finds her quite charming, in an odd kind of way.

GARY

Why not go for the Vindaloo? You heard the guy - 8 stars on Yelp.

SHEILA

Yeah, I've had that a bunch before, I wanna try something new. OK. I think I got it.

She lowers the menu.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You were saying?

GARY

The time travel. What year are you from?

SHEILA

Oh. Right. Look. I gotta come clean with you, Gary.

GARY

What? You're not really from the future, are you?

She made it all up. Duh, Gary. Time travel isn't real.

SHEILA

No, Of course I'm from the future. I wouldn't lie about that. Just not... the far away future. I'm from 24 hours in the future.

GARY

Oh. Wow. So... Huh. The technology exists... already? It exists now?

SHEILA

Yeah.

GARY

Where... OK. Where did you find a  
time machine?

SHEILA

At a nail salon.

She waves at the WAITER.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Sorry, just want to put in our  
order real quick. Just... to get it  
out of the way.

Gary stares at her, increasingly puzzled.

The WAITER comes over. 30's. Long night, even though it's  
just 7PM.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Hi. I'll have the chicken Korma.  
And... let's have two glasses of  
your Cab?

Silence.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Gary? You wanna order?

Gary snaps out of his puzzled daze.

GARY

Oh yeah, I'll have the chicken  
Vindaloo.

WAITER

Oh, you won't regret it. 9 stars on  
Yelp!

GARY

So I hear. Great.

They hand the Waiter the menus. He leaves.

The business part over with, Sheila relaxes. She smiles at  
Gary, flirtatious.

SHEILA

So Gary, what is it you do for  
work?

GARY

Oh. I'm a graphic designer. For non-profits, mostly. Freelance that is, I work from home.

SHEILA

Ah... So the lonely child has become the lonely man.

GARY

Wow. Armchair psychologist.

SHEILA

And I'm not even on an armchair.

GARY

Stop it. You make me feel like some kind of tragic character.

SHEILA

In the best possible way. They should write a song about you. I'd call it...

(she pauses to think)

"Cats In The Cradle."

GARY

I think that one's taken.

Gary smiles but his eyes get sad. That joke must have hit a little too close to home.

Sheila panics. Fuck. She was going for a flirty sassy neg thing, but clearly went too far. She back pedals --

SHEILA

No, who am I to say anything about loneliness. I'm an executive assistant producer, don't ask me what that is, I don't know either, and I feel lonelier in an open floor plan 9 to 5 than I would at the bottom of a well.

GARY

Better acoustics at least.

She smiles.

GARY (CONT'D)

"Um, excuse me, Sheila you have a phonecall from Stephanie-

(does echo effect)

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)  
Stephanie stephanie stephanie  
stephanie stephanie.

Sheila bursts out laughing. The Waiter comes by to deliver two glasses of wine.

GARY (CONT'D)  
But hey, sorry, not to switch gears so suddenly, but - can we talk about the nail salon time machine again for a second?

SHEILA  
Oh yeah, no problem. Cheers by the way.

They clink glasses.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Ooh, yum. Big nose. Very fruit forward. I'm sorry, what were we talking about?

GARY  
The nail salon time machine.

SHEILA  
Right right right. So... I don't normally get my nails done. Cuz they chip before you know it, and it's a whole maintenance nightmare, you know how it is. But I was having a really nice day. And a free afternoon. And I was walking along 23rd street and I see this nail salon, and it's called "Nail Me Good", which I thought was hilarious and horrible and worthy of my money. So I walked in.

INT. "NAIL ME GOOD" NAIL SALON - FLASHBACK

Sheila walks in, all smiles.

She's greeted by CHUL-SOON, 30's, Korean, beautiful, tired, seen it all, dealing with New York women for 10 or so years has given her enough wisdom and grief to last a lifetime.

SHEILA  
Mani-pedi?

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)  
I was greeted with the  
international welcome of nail  
salons worldwide--

CHUL-SOON  
What color?

They look up at a wall of colorful nail polish choices.  
Almost too many choices. Why are there so many choices of  
everything these days? Sheila looks overwhelmed.

SHEILA  
Oh. Hmm. Maybe something that says  
"I've had a really nice day"?

Chul-Soon goes to the wall, quickly grabs a warm pink. She  
shows her the name of the shade. It's called "Elegant Day."

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Aw. Elegant Day. Perfect.

LATER

Sheila is getting her nails done.

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)  
So I get my nails done. And then I  
have to use the bathroom.

Chul-Soon directs Sheila towards the --

BACKROOM

Sheila walks through the back room. It's like a storage  
space, filled with a bunch of nail and spa equipment.

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)  
And there in the back was a large  
horizontal glowing neon bed that  
looked like a tanning machine.

Indeed she passes by a glowing neon bed that looks like a  
tanning machine.

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)  
And I was like - Fuck it! I'm  
having a great day. I should get a  
fucking tan. Live life to its  
fullest, like the Housewives of  
Orange County. So I call my girl  
Chul-Soon over.

Sheila calls Chul-Soon over.

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)  
And I say --

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
How much to use the tanning  
machine?

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)  
And she says --

CHUL-SOON  
Oh no. It no tan machine. It time  
machine.

SHEILA  
(disappointed)  
Oh.

CHUL-SOON  
Owner bought it. But he does not  
like it. Machine only goes back 24  
hours. No more, no less.

SHEILA  
(shakes her head)  
Damn. False advertisement is such a  
problem these days, Chul-Soon.

CHUL-SOON  
Yeah. I know. So he go back 24  
hours to before he bought time  
machine, to not buy time machine.

SHEILA  
But... if he did that... why is the  
time machine still here?

Both women stop talking and wrack their brains trying to  
figure out this convoluted time travel logic. Eventually they  
give up.

CHUL-SOON  
(shrugs)  
Anyways. Want to try?

SHEILA  
What? To time travel? I don't know,  
Chul-Soon. I have a sensitive  
stomach.

CHUL-SOON  
Try it. It's fun.

SHEILA

Oh fuck it, why not. I'm having a great day.

Chul-Soon helps Sheila lie down on the time machine bed.

She hits a few cryptic looking buttons, then everything FADES TO WHITE.

END FLASHBACK

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - PRESENT TIME

SHEILA

And here I am! 24 hours in the past.

GARY

Wow. Wow.

(thinks)

Wow. That's... Wow.

SHEILA

I know!

GARY

What about your other... self? The one from 24 hours ago? What did you do with her?

SHEILA

(shrugs)

Oh huh. I guess I didn't think about that!

GARY

Well you better watch out. Cuz if she finds you, she might be pissed. That you're here, living *her* best life. Out to dinner with a handsome fellow.

SHEILA

Is that right?

They smile at each other.

You can almost hear the gears turning in Gary's brain. Going, "Look, she's obviously nuts. But she's pretty cute. And the way those colorful lights dance on her face when she laughs..."

She catches him looking.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
What?

He shakes his head. Adjusts the napkins and silverware so that they're all in straight angles.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You think I'm nuts.

He nods, caught.

GARY  
But cute.

The Waiter comes and lays several dishes in front of them, ending the moment.

EXT. RESTAURANT - LATER

They exit the restaurant, pause outside. They both rub their stomachs, grunting, a competition for who is fuller.

SHEILA  
Ugh.

GARY  
Glurghh.

A beat.

SHEILA  
Dessert?

GARY  
Sure!

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

They walk down the street.

GARY  
This is turning out to be quite the night.

SHEILA  
Quite the night!

GARY  
Look, Sheila, I gotta come clean here.

SHEILA

Uh oh. You from the future too?

GARY

No.

(a beat)

Or aren't I?

(a beat)

No, I'm not.

She laughs.

GARY (CONT'D)

I just... I just came out of a pretty long relationship. Year long. With this girl Amber.

SHEILA

Ugh. Nothing good ever came out of a girl called Amber.

GARY

Hey, that's not fair.

(a beat)

OK maybe that's fair. But yeah. It was a challenging year. She was sweet. But very... Cookie cutter. Passive. Expected me to know all the right things to do all the time.

SHEILA

So more like... passive aggressive?

GARY

Heh. Yeah. Sort of. I don't know. It was exhausting. The guesswork. Trying to get everything right. Failing. Feeling like I'm lacking some telepathic skill I'm supposed to magically possess. So exhausting. I just couldn't do it anymore. So I ended it. And felt... Relief. But I also haven't been going out much since. So... This is nice, is what I'm very awkwardly trying to say.

SHEILA

I get you. Lucky for you, no guesswork needed here. My mouth speaks before my brain tells it to.

GARY  
I like that.

SHEILA  
You like that now. Give it a while,  
you might get tired of it.

GARY  
Never!

She stops and hugs him, spontaneously. It's weird. But also nice. Then she lets go. Then it gets awkward.

SHEILA  
Here we are!

GARY  
Where?

SHEILA  
Dessert!

Gary looks up. They've stopped outside a hipster ice cream shop.

INT. HIPSTER ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER

Gary and Sheila stand in front of CHAI, 20's, a cynical hipster woman lady.

GARY  
Good evening...  
(reading her nametag)  
Chai.

CHAI  
(deadpan)  
Beautiful night.

GARY  
So what's good here?

CHAI  
We got a dessert called  
"Childhood." It's ice cream made  
out of milk left to soak in Fruit  
Pebbles cereal for two weeks,  
served in a cone made out of  
deconstructed peanut butter jelly  
sandwiches.

GARY

Wow. Do you have like, vanilla ice cream?

CHAI

Nope.

GARY

OK then. We'll take two childhoods please.

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary and Sheila sit on a bench eating their childhoods.

Gary takes a bite.

GARY

Wow. Tastes just like childhood.

SHEILA

(laughs)

Mine too. Amazing.

They eat in silence.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Wanna hear something crazy, speaking of childhoods?

GARY

(fake gasps)

Are you from the future?

She elbows him.

SHEILA

No, something really crazy for real.

She points her finger up at an apartment building across the street, a block away.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I grew up in that apartment building.

GARY

What? No way!

SHEILA

Yep. 114 1st Ave, apartment 3B.  
Lived there my entire childhood,  
from birth till college.

GARY

Crazy. What was it like?

SHEILA

Well, the city was different, of course. But it was fine. A little lonely. Like I said, dad was a traveling alcoholic. Mom gave up at some point too. Didn't really have a positive parental role model growing up.

(suddenly remembers  
something)

Except one time the cable guy came over. I was young I don't remember much. But he was very nice to me. Gave me hope. Is that weird?

GARY

(laughs)

Yes. Very weird.

SHEILA

(laughs too)

But it was fine. I had friends. I didn't murder animals or anything.

GARY

The fact that you'd need to clarify that...

SHEILA

(smacks him)

I was normal. I was fine. I played the flute.

GARY

You did?! I played the clarinet.

SHEILA

Wow. We should duet sometimes.

GARY

Maybe.

Their desserts are finished. What now?

SHEILA

So what now?

GARY

Hmm... Do we dare try to milk even more excitement out of this already endlessly thrilling night?

SHEILA

I think we must. I did come here all the way from the future, after all.

GARY

That's right. We owe you a proper vacation night.

SHEILA

Ooh! There's a weird vodka bar around the corner. It's all about "infused vodkas" and the art of infusion and all that crap. People act like they're super curious about what lavender infused vodka tastes like. But really they just want an excuse to get sloshed. Let's be those people!

GARY

Alright!

INT. VODKA BAR - LATER

Several tall tables, young people gathered around flights of various small colorful vodkas.

Gary and Sheila at their own table, a flight of 4 small vodka glasses in front of them, already mostly consumed. They're both a little tipsy.

GARY

I can't tell if I like the jasmine infused one more, or the cherry infused one more.

SHEILA

Better take a sip out of each again to find out.

GARY

That's right. For science.

SHEILA

For science.

They clink their tiny glasses. Drink. Giggle.

Sheila looks at Gary, thinking something over.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Look, Gary, I gotta come clean  
about something.

GARY  
(gasps)  
Are you from the future?!

SHEILA  
Yes. Ha. But about that... Remember  
earlier, at the restaurant... You  
asked me what I did with my other  
self, when I traveled back to her  
timeline. And I was like, "Ha ha  
ha, I didn't think about that, ha  
ha ha"? That was a lie. The first  
thing I did when I traveled back 24  
hours is find my other self, stab  
her to death and drag her body to  
an alley behind a closed down Radio  
Shack.

Gary blinks. This is a lot to process.

Sheila feels the need to explain this.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You know... cuz no one ever goes to  
Radio Shack. Even when it was open.

Gary blinks.

A beat.

He bursts out laughing.

A beat.

She bursts out laughing too.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You like that Radio Shack joke,  
huh? Yeah it's a good one.  
(a beat)  
But no, for real, I stabbed myself  
to death.

He keeps laughing and laughing. She laughs too.

He reaches a hand down to steady himself, and KNOCKS THREE  
VODKA GLASSES TO THE FLOOR.

They break into pieces with a LOUD UGLY CRASH.

Gary is mortified.

GARY  
Fuck.

Everyone stops what they're doing and looks over, including the FEMALE BARTENDER, who rushes over to clean it up.

Gary's horror grows, he looks... angry. At himself. Disproportionately so.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Fuck. FUCK.

SHEILA  
Heyyyy, it's OK.

GARY  
(ignoring her)  
Fuck. HORSE SHIT. FUCK.  
(at Bartender)  
I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.  
(at himself)  
Cocksucking motherfucker. FUCK.

SHEILA  
Hey, hey, it's OK.

But Gary doesn't hear Sheila, lost in a spiral of self hatred and anger.

GARY  
FUCK. SHIT. FUCK. DOGSHIT. FUCKING  
FUCK.

He spirals and spirals - until she grabs him. With both hands. Turns him over to face her.

SHEILA  
Hey. HEY. It's OK. Hey. It's OK for  
things to be messy sometimes. OK?

She wraps her arms around him.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
It's OK for things to be messy  
sometimes.

She lets go.

And strangely, with that one weird sentence, it's like she freed him from a prison cell.

He can't explain it, but it's a sudden huge load off his shoulders.

A pure, beautiful permission - to fuck up.

Overwhelmed with relief, and drunk off his ass, he leans over and kisses her, passionately. She kisses back.

They break away and smile at each other. A deep bond forming.

The Female Bartender, still crouched on the floor clearing the glass shards beneath them, looks up at their beautiful kiss with disdain.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
(under her breath)  
Fucking hipsters.

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary and Sheila walk in silence, blissful smiles on their faces.

GARY  
That's such a great sentence. About things being messy.

SHEILA  
Thanks. I think so too. Someone told it to me a long time ago, and I remember it had such an impact on me. Like it unlocked the door of a prison cell or something, you know?

He gets excited.

GARY  
Exactly. That's exactly how I felt.  
Exactly.

He feels so understood. She feels so understood.

She slips her hand into his. They walk in silence, holding hands.

SHEILA  
(on cloud nine)  
What a night.

GARY  
Worth the time travel?

SHEILA  
A thousand percent. 12 stars on  
Yelp.

They smile at each other. Gary pauses.

GARY  
Well. I could keep doing this  
forever. But it is getting late.

SHEILA  
(sad)  
Yeah, I guess so.

GARY  
Where do you live?

SHEILA  
South Park Slope. You?

GARY  
Harlem. Dang.  
(a beat)  
But I'd love to see you again.

SHEILA  
Me too. I'll see you tomorrow!  
Well, technically, today.

GARY  
(confused)  
What?

SHEILA  
You know, when I travel 24 hours  
back again.

GARY  
Ha ha.  
(a beat)  
Wait, what do you mean "again"?

SHEILA  
Oh yeah, I gotta come clean with  
you here, Gary. This ain't our  
first rodeo.

GARY  
What do you mean?

SHEILA  
I've spent all week with you, Gary.  
On this one night. Seven times in a  
row now.

Gary is a little creeped out. A little a lot, maybe.

GARY  
So this isn't a joke...

SHEILA  
'Fraid not, Gary.

GARY  
So what... You've been doing this again and again... And again... Trying to... What? Find the perfect things to say and do.... To win me over? Trying to be the perfect girl? Or what?

He gets more creeped out the more he thinks about it.

SHEILA  
No. NO. Gary. I would never do that. That's like psychotic movie shit. And why even bother trying to make someone like you who wouldn't organically like you?! That would be obsessive and weird.

Gary looks her over, pointedly.

GARY  
I mean...

SHEILA  
No. Gary. Listen. That's the whole point. I didn't have to find the perfect things to say or do. We clicked on day 1. All this magic you just felt? We both felt it the very first night we met. And the craziest thing? The times after that, no matter how I came at you - charming, awkward, happy, sad - you played off it perfectly and we just kept going and by the end of the night we're always happy. Always on cloud nine. Always. That's what I'm saying, man. I didn't have to try. I never had to try. We just... Work. I mean, have you had a night like this recently with someone?

Gary says nothing. He hasn't.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
... Ever?

Gary says nothing. She's right.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
That's right. Cuz you feel the  
magic too. You feel it here.

She pokes his stomach, where his gut might be.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You feel it here.

She pokes his chest, where his heart might be.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
And you feel it here.

She reaches for his penis. He smacks her hand away.

GARY  
(begrudgingly)  
Alright. Yes. I feel it.

SHEILA  
That's right. Which is exactly why  
I gotta keep revisiting it. The  
perfect night.

Gary's brain is digesting.

GARY  
But why revisit? Why not just  
...visit... See where we go from  
here... Tomorrow? Second date?  
Third date? Like normal people  
without time traveling capabilities  
do? Use the traditional methods to  
see if we have a future?  
(a beat)  
No pun intended.

SHEILA  
(sighs)  
Look, Gary, I tried that. It never  
ends well. Tomorrow what happens is  
either Amber calls you and tells  
you she's pregnant, and you  
reluctantly get back together, or,  
or, you get killed in a freaky  
subway track accident.

(gets lost in thought)  
Man, your organs went everywhere...  
(a beat)  
Anyways.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)

If by chance your body remains intact, suddenly the entire east coast gets nuked, and at first we think it's North Korea but then we realize it was an inside job, or-

GARY

Wait what? Also, what?! Also, WHAT???

SHEILA

Nevermind. Gary. It doesn't matter. What matters is us. Just trust me. It's just cleaner this way.

Gary shakes his head. This is just too much.

GARY

Sheila, this was cute for a while. But now I'm tired. And I'm going home.

Sheila doesn't seem deterred or discouraged in the slightest.

SHEILA

OK. Bye Gary! I'll see you tomorrow!

He shakes his head, then walks away, regretting the whole night. Why are the cute ones always such psychos?

She watches him go, hopeful smile still on her face.

CUT TO:

**QUICK MONTAGE OF SHOTS:**

**- NAIL SALON. CLOSE UP on CHUL-SOON's fake smile.**

CHUL-SOON

What color?

**- CLOSE UP on Chul-Soon holding up the "Elegant Day" nail polish.**

**- TIME MACHINE. Sheila entering. Pressing some buttons.**

**- IN THE STREET - SHEILA STABBING OTHER SHEILA, AWKWARDLY AND COMICALLY.**

SHEILA

(while stabbing)

SORRY. Ouchie. Sorry, other self.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Never forget - I'm doing this for  
us.

STAB. STAB. STAB.

- SHEILA DRAGGING OTHER SHEILA TO ALLEY BEHIND CLOSED RADIO SHACK.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Heh. No one will ever look here. Ow  
my back.

**END MONTAGE. And we're back at page 1 --**

INT. BAR - EVENING

East Village dive bar. Winter. 6PM.

Two strangers - a man and a woman - sit at opposite ends of a bar.

Other people sit at the bar too, watching a sports game on TV, but they're not important.

Gary does not watch the game. Instead, he arranges THREE COASTERS on the table in perfect symmetry.

Unbeknownst to him, Sheila stares at him with laser focus.

She stares at him with the intensity of a thousand suns.

She stares at him like she's been waiting her whole life to meet him. Since childhood. Since forever.

But not in a bullshit manifest destiny rom-com kind of way. In a real way.

Unbeknownst to her, Bartender Phil is staring at her with amusement.

BARTENDER  
Thirsty?

It takes a beat for Sheila to snap out of her intense staring and notice someone is trying to communicate with her.

SHEILA  
Yeah yeah, Phil. I wanna hit that.  
I wanna hit that real hard. Happy?

Bartender is taken aback. Didn't expect such forwardness.

BARTENDER

Damn. You go girl. Why don't you go  
t--

Sheila leaps to her feet.

SHEILA

Yeah fine I'll go talk to him, buy  
him a drink.

Sheila straightens her dress, leaves her half full drink behind, takes a deep breath, and walks across the bar, towards Gary, who doesn't notice her, or anything - still lost in his coasters.

Sheila reaches Gary.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Nice evening for it.

Gary looks up at this strange woman for the first time. Puzzled.

GARY

For what?

SHEILA

(winks)

Exactly.

Gary looks at her, a little weirded out, but intrigued.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I am going to buy an alcoholic beverage, would you like one as well?

Gary smiles.

GARY

Sure.

Sheila smiles.

SHEILA

Great.

She motions to the Bartender. He comes over.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

SHEILA  
Moroccan Mule.

GARY  
Moroccan Mule.

The stare at each other, shocked. Bartender smiles, cheeky.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)  
How adorable. Real meet cute vibe  
going on here.

Bartender winks at her and makes the drinks. Gary didn't  
catch all that.

GARY  
What?

SHEILA  
Nothing.  
(repositions away from the  
Bartender)  
So uh... Hi. I'm Sheila.

GARY  
Hi Sheila. I'm Gary.

They shake hands.

SHEILA  
Huh. It appears we both have old  
timey names.

GARY  
And ergo, sadistic parents.

SHEILA  
So true. Don't get me started,  
unless you work in social services.

Sheila laughs. Gary doesn't. Awkward. She's losing him. She  
scrambles.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
But... Gary is a... good... solid  
name.

GARY  
Yeah. For an insurance agent. Like  
the kind that specializes in small  
backyard sheds.

SHEILA  
So you're not... a small shed  
insurance salesman?

GARY  
No. Sorry.

Sheila stands, crushed. She gathers her things.

SHEILA  
Oh. Well, that's why I came here.  
My shed is in shambles. Anyways. I  
should go.

He stares at her, confused. A beat. She sits back down.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I'm just kidding.

Now he laughs.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
(at his laughter)  
Yay! I mean nothing.

The Bartender places the drinks down in front of them. They both turn to face him.

SHEILA (CONT'D) (awful Australian accent) Cheers, mate!	GARY (awful Australian accent) Cheers, mate!
--	---

The three of them exchange glances, freaked out by this. Bartender laughs, mouths "meet cute." Leaves.

GARY  
Heh. Pretty crazy.

SHEILA  
(laughs, a little too  
much)  
Yeah, what are the odds! Ha ha ha.

A beat.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Actually the odds are pretty good.  
I need to come clean with you,  
Gary. I'm a time traveler. From the  
future. So I knew everything you  
were going to say.

Gary raises an eyebrow. More amused than weirded out. She's fun, and he's in a playful mood.

GARY

Oh? What's the future like these days?

SHEILA

Oh it's uh...

(thinking of a witty response)

It's about what you'd expect. Robots hunting down inferior robots, while the humans look away and do nothing.

GARY

Oh, so like... Blade Runner?

SHEILA

No, Gary. That's a work of fiction. This is reality I'm talking about.

GARY

Of course. I'm sorry. Sounds like things are pretty rough for robots in the future.

SHEILA

Oh yeah. Real injustice. But don't worry, they've started their own civil rights movement. Their leader, a sentient blender by the name of Mal-com X-Z109, is really making strides. Look, it's a whole thing. I better not get into it. Don't wanna fuck up your timeline.

GARY

Right right. So uh... Why did you go back? In time?

SHEILA

Vacation.

GARY

Huh. And you're spending it here... With me?

Sheila instantly blushes. Scrambles for a reasonable excuse.

SHEILA

Well, uh, I came to this bar, and... And uh... You were the only guy not watching sports on the TV!

GARY

Ah...

SHEILA

Not a sports fan?

GARY

Nope.

SHEILA

I guess someone has to arrange all the coasters at proper right angles around this bar.

GARY

You noticed. Thanks for recognizing my work.

Awkward. A beat.

GARY (CONT'D)

We have an organization, actually.

SHEILA

Oh yeah?

GARY

Yeah, we're called the... the uh... The... Angle... Makers.

SHEILA

Wow. That sounds a lot like my organization. The Angela Merkel...ers.

GARY

Oh yeah. Very similar. Lots of overlap. But, you know, yours is more...

(SHOUTS IN GERMAN ACCENT)  
GERMAN AND SHOUTY!!!!

Sheila does a spit take, it lands on Gary.

SHEILA

Oh gosh I'm so sorry.

She cleans him up with a napkin. He laughs.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Sorry. You were saying. The Angle Makers.

GARY

Actually, AAngle Makers. It's a  
hard A.

SHEILA

Oh. Like Antaaaaarctica.

GARY

No. Totally different.

SHEILA

Oh.

GARY

Sorry. I can be a bit of a...

SHEILA

Square.

GARY

Square.

They look at each other. Laugh. Silence.

GARY (CONT'D)

Hey. Since you came all the way  
from the future... you're probably  
pretty hungry..

SHEILA

Famished.

GARY

Better get you some dinner then?

She nods enthusiastically.

As they walk out, Bartender Phil looks at them and shakes his head, as if he's some mythical cupid figure who masterminded this whole thing. Then he frowns.

BARTENDER

Hey. You guys gonna pay for that?!

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary and Sheila walk down 2nd avenue. It's a cold night and their breath is visible in the air.

SHEILA

So what made you join the Aaaaangle  
Makers? Did a sharp angle kill your  
grandma?

GARY

Yes. Thanks for bringing that up.  
(holds a finger to the  
sky)

Love you grandma. No. I dunno. I was always a pretty neurotic kid. Kind of a nerd. Kind of a loner. Didn't really have one of those stable warm households. My dad was a professor. And he was gone a lot. Never got to play catch in the yard. Spent most my childhoodindoors with his sci-fi paperbacks instead. Which is... just as well I guess. But that instability when you're a kid... you develop coping mechanisms. Some of them aren't the healthiest. And some of them stick. But it's mostly just nervous ticks. Nothing really debilitating. Not like fully fledged OCD. I'm a functioning member of society, I swear.

SHEILA

"And I definitely don't have five dead bodies in my fridge."

GARY

That's right. I have six.

SHEILA

Well played. No, I get it. I have them too. The neurotic coping mechanisms, I mean. Not the dead bodies. Though also the dead bodies. But mostly the neurotic coping mechanisms. Like... Weird impulses I can't control.

She suddenly comes at him and gives him a quick impulsive hug. Then backs away and keeps walking like nothing happened.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

See?

GARY

Oh yeah that's pretty awful.

SHEILA

Very debilitating.

They walk in silence, stupid smiles on their faces.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
What did your dad teach?

GARY  
Physics.

SHEILA  
Smart family.

GARY  
Yep. Well, some of us. Unsure I got  
the genes.

SHEILA  
Oh you definitely did.

GARY  
(weirded out)  
You just met me...

SHEILA  
(shrugs)  
I can tell.

GARY  
Anyways. He's dead now.

SHEILA  
I'm sorry. But hey, you're in the  
dead parent club! I'm a card  
carrying member myself.

GARY  
Oh yeah?

SHEILA  
Yeah. It's like Costco, but all  
they sell is 12-packs of clinical  
depression. Heh. But yeah, my dad.  
And he was gone a lot too. Before  
he was gone for good. Except my dad  
was more of a traveling alcoholic.  
He traveled from bar to bar,  
mostly. Killed him, eventually.

GARY  
I'm sorry.

SHEILA  
It's OK. The silver lining is I got  
to learn the AA motto early and it  
helped me a lot in life!  
(clears her throat)  
(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)

"God, grant me the serenity to  
accept the things I cannot  
change..."

GARY

"... Courage to change the things I  
can..."

GARY AND SHEILA

"...and the wisdom to distinguish  
the one from the other."

SHEILA

(fake gasps)

Are you a member?

GARY

AA? Nah. But it's out motto at the  
Aangle Makers club too.

SHEILA

So much in common.

They reach -

EXT. 6TH STREET

A street full of colorful lights and Indian restaurants.

Several of the restaurants have men standing outside, trying  
to tempt people to enter their restaurant.

Gary and Sheila wander around trying to decide which  
restaurant to choose.

SHEILA

You know, we've been to all of  
these so many times already, but I  
still couldn't tell you which I  
like best.

GARY

(weirded out)

What do you mean "we"?

She shoos his words away like a fly.

SHEILA

You know, the royal "we." I mean  
me.

GARY

Oh. Yeah.  
(looking around)  
A real Sophie's Choice over here.

Sheila snickers at this, but doesn't laugh as loudly and pleasurable as she did last time.

I guess it's true what they say - When you hear the same joke 95 nights in a row, it's not as funny anymore.

SHEILA

Yeah, it's a real Robert Frost's  
"Road Not Taken."

GARY

Except less about homosexuality.

SHEILA

(gasps)

That poem was about homosexuality?!  
I thought it was about  
existentially debilitating FOMO.

Gary considers this.

GARY

I guess for us it would be.

They've stopped by the entrance of an Indian restaurant. Good old Amit steps towards them with menus in his hand.

AMIT

BEST CHICKEN KORMA ON THE EAST  
COAST! Henry P. Zagat himself  
raves, "A SYMPHONY FOR THE SENSES"  
(under his breath)  
In 1995 before we moved locations.

Sheila grabs a menu. Shrugs at Gary. "Shall we?"

Gary grabs the second menu and follows her inside.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

The restaurant is decked in colorful lights. Everything is pink and blue and surreal.

Sheila studies the menu. Gary studies Sheila. Part intrigued, part concerned.

GARY  
So if you're from the future... Can  
you guess--

GARY AND SHEILA  
What I'm going to say?

SHEILA  
(smiles)  
Yes.

Gary thinks for a moment. Then suddenly yells--

GARY AND SHEILA  
TIGER BALLS!  
(a beat)  
HORSE PLANT FACE SANDWICH!  
(a beat)  
DAMN.  
(a beat)  
WOW.  
(a beat)  
OK, I get it you can stop now.  
(a beat)  
Seriously you can stop now.

GARY  
Seriously stop.

Silence. Gary covers his mouth in disbelief. Then he starts laughing.

GARY (CONT'D)  
That's fucking crazy.

SHEILA  
I KNOW!

GARY  
I still don't believe you though.  
There has to be a trick.

The Waiter comes.

WATIER  
What can I get you?

SHEILA  
Ooh! You know what I was thinking?  
Since I'm just gonna go back in  
time again - let's max out my  
credit cards! That would be fun,  
no?

GARY

I g... I guess... Sure.

Gary's having a hard time keeping up with her logic. But he's trying to go along with it and do the whole "fun" thing he's heard so much about.

SHEILA

Let's order everything! And their fanciest wine!

GARY

(laughs)

OK...

SHEILA

We'll have the chicken Korma, Makhani, Vindaloo, Samosas, garlic naan, dosa, dal. And... your fanciest wine!

The Waiter shares a concerned look with Gary, then smiles, takes their menus and leaves. The concern stays with Gary.

GARY

So... tell me more about this time travel thing... What year are you from?

SHEILA

Oh. I'm only 24 hours from the future. I found a time machine in a nail salon tomorrow and took it back here for vacation.

GARY

(digesting)

OK...

Sheila sighs, looks him over.

SHEILA

Look, Gary, now that we've been seeing each other for three months, I feel like I can open up to you about the truth.

GARY

Three months? We met an hour and a half ago.

She shoos his words away like a fly.

SHEILA

It's a figure of speech. Anyways, I gotta come clean with you, Gary. Normally I tell you I just waltzed into a nail salon on a fun free day and found the time machine there and la di da. But that wasn't quite the case. You see, Gary, that fateful day of my first travel, some three months ago... I planned on killing myself.

A JUDGEY WASPY NEW YORK WOMAN in her 50's sitting in an adjacent table and clearly eavesdropping, turns to look at Sheila and gasps in horror.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(turns to woman)

Oh relax, Susan. We've all been there.

(back at Gary)

Anyways.

INT. "NAIL ME GOOD" NAIL SALON - FLASHBACK

The door SWINGS OPEN LOUDLY - and Sheila walks in like a hurricane, a particularly disheveled mess.

All the NAIL SALON EXPERTS look up from their meticulous work.

All the PATRONS look up from their US WEEKLY magazines.

All eyes on this crazy lady at the entrance.

SHEILA

HI THERE! Good afternoon. I plan on killing myself later today, and I'd like to go out with nice nails.

(a beat)

You know, for the fans.

A long silence.

Is someone gonna call the cops? What's gonna happen?

Finally, Chul-Soon perks up from the back of the room.

CHUL-SOON

What color?

CUT TO:

Sheila and Chul-Soon scan the wall of colorful nail polish choices. Almost too many choices. How do we put up with so many choices? Sheila looks overwhelmed.

SHEILA

Oh. Hmm. Maybe something that says  
"She lived a classy life"?

Chul-Soon quickly grabs a neutral lilac. She shows Sheila the name of the shade (try saying that three times fast!)

It's called "Elegant Death."

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Aw. Elegant Death. Perfect.

LATER

Sheila is getting her nails done.

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)

So I get my nails done. And then I have to use the bathroom.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Sorry, can I use your restrooms?  
I'd like to die with an empty bladder.

BACK ROOM

Sheila walks through the back room. It's like a storage space, filled with a bunch of nail and spa equipment.

SHEILA (VOICEOVER) (CONT'D)

And there in the back was a large horizontal glowing neon bed that looked like a tanning machine. And Chul-Soon comes over, and tells me about it. Turns out, it's not a tan machine. It's a time machine!

CHUL-SOON

Owner bought it. But he does not like it. Machine only goes back 24 hours. No more, no less.

SHEILA

(shakes her head)

Damn. False advertisement is such a problem these days, Chul-Soon. So glad I won't have to deal with that for much longer, since I'm about to straight up murder myself.

CHUL-SOON  
Maybe before you... off yourself...  
You go in there?

Chul-Soon points at the time machine.

Sheila laughs a sad bitter laugh.

SHEILA  
What? To time travel? What for,  
Chul-Soon? My life was shit  
yesterday too.

Sheila tears up. Chul-Soon gives her a kleenex.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Actually, I don't wanna get it on  
the  
(motioning at nails)  
Can you?

Chul-Soon dabs Sheila's tears away with the tissue. She helps her blow her nose too.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Fuck. I'm such a pathetic sad sack.  
Why are you so nice to me?

Chul-Soon shrugs.

CHUL-SOON  
You tip decent.

SHEILA  
Anyways. What's the point of time traveling? Tomorrow, yesterday - it's all shit. That's the problem, Chul-Soon. My life's always shit. Also, I have a sensitive stomach.

CHUL-SOON  
It's a second chance. Those are very rare. You should take it. Maybe you'll see things different on the other side. And if you don't - you can always kill yourself later.

Sheila considers this. She looks at her pretty nails. Then up at Chul-Soon's kind face.

SHEILA  
Oh fuck it, why not. Maybe I'll get  
shit out on the other side of the  
rainbow.

CHUL-SOON  
(confused)  
That's the spirit!

Chul-Soon helps Sheila lie down on the time machine bed.

She hits a few cryptic looking buttons, then everything FADES TO WHITE.

END FLASHBACK

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - PRESENT TIME

Their table is now FULL OF TOO MUCH FOOD. A very fancy bottle of wine, half consumed.

SHEILA  
And here I am! 24 hours in the  
past.

GARY  
Wow. Wow.  
(thinks)  
Wow. That's... Wow.

SHEILA  
I know.

GARY  
And how are you feeling.. N.. Now?

SHEILA  
Oh much better.

GARY  
Did you get shit out the other side  
of the rainbow?

SHEILA  
I did.

Sheila smiles a genuine real smile. A grateful smile.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
In fact, this is the first time  
I've been happy in a very, very  
long time, Gary.

GARY  
That's great. That's really great.

He digests. It's a lot. A lot on the table. And a lot from this woman.

The check comes. She puts her credit card down. He tries to put his, but she shoos his hand away.

He finishes his glass of wine and stares at her signing, pondering this strange creature and her strange game.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MINUTES LATER

Sheila and Gary exit the restaurant.

SHEILA  
(casually)  
Goodnight, Amit!

Amit stares at her, weirded out. How did she know his name?

Sheila and Gary walk down the street.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Where to now, officer?

Gary debates.

GARY  
Well... I gotta come clean here  
too, Sheila.

SHEILA  
By all means! This is a confession  
safe zone, as clearly demonstrated  
by my bonkers story.

GARY  
Alright, good. So... How to put  
this... It's not that I think that  
you're a passenger on the crazy  
train.

SHEILA  
Oh. Phew. Good. Thank you.

GARY  
It's more that I think that you're  
the conductor of the crazy train.

SHEILA  
(nods)  
Fair, fair. That's fair.

GARY  
(sighs)  
But I've been on the boring  
sidewalk for a very, very long time  
now.  
(a beat)  
So I'm willing to take a little  
ride.

SHEILA  
Well then... ALL ABOARD, BABY.

GARY  
Just don't... Drive us off a cliff,  
OK?

SHEILA  
I would never.

She bumps into a pole.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Ow!

GARY  
Are you OK?

She rubs her head. He starts to laugh.

SHEILA  
Thanks. Thanks. I'm fine. I knew..  
That was coming. Cuz... Future. I..  
Planned it.. We needed... comic  
relief.

GARY  
Right. Naturally. So. Where to  
next?

INT. ST. MARKS - VINTAGE STORE - LATER

Gary and Sheila browse racks upon racks of OLD CLOTHES, some  
sad, some funny, some good, some tacky.

Sheila suddenly spots something very exciting in one of the  
racks. She pulls it out.

It's a vintage dark blue MECHANIC'S buttoned down shirt, the kind with a stitched-on white name tag on it. She shows it to Gary.

In red woven font, the NAMETAG reads "GARY."

SHEILA

OH MY GOD. What are the odds?! An old timey shirt with your old timey name! It's a sign. You have to get it. You have to. I'm getting this for you.

GARY

Nope.

SHEILA

You're getting it.

GARY

OK fine. I'll get it. If you get...

He grabs something off a shelf.

GARY (CONT'D)

THIS.

He shows her a scarf. It's filled with tiny graphics of CLOCKS.

SHEILA

Deal.

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Sheila now wears the clock scarf, Gary wears the buttoned down mechanic shirt that has his name.

(NOTE: For the rest of the film, they will occasionally be wearing these items.)

GARY

This is turning out to be quite the night.

SHEILA

Quite the night!

GARY

What other juicy secrets are we going to uncover?

SHEILA

Oh where to begin?

GARY

Not sure how you can top time  
travel.

SHEILA

Let's see...

(thinking)

Did you know I was married once?

GARY

No! Really? Just once?

SHEILA

Yep. Just once. Five long years  
though.

GARY

Why'd you leave him?

SHEILA

Ha. You're sweet. He left me.

GARY

How come?

SHEILA

He said I was, "Always looking over  
his shoulder."

GARY

Huh. Like grass is greener type  
thing?

SHEILA

Maybe. I don't know. I think he  
meant more that I was looking over  
his shoulder for someone specific.

GARY

Who?

She shoots a quick vulnerable glance at Gary, then looks at  
the ground.

SHEILA

(shrugs)

I dunno. Guess I didn't really get  
what he meant.

GARY

I get it. I just came out of a long relationship too, with this girl Amber.

SHEILA

Christ Gary, nothing good ever came out of a girl named Amber.

They keep walking and talking.

INT. HIPSTER ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER

Gary and Sheila stand in front of Chai, the ice cream serving hipster who is dead inside.

SHEILA

Tell me, Chai. Do you have any "off-the-menu" items?

Sheila WINKS.

CHAI

(sarcastic)

Um... If they're off the menu, I can't tell you about them, can I?

Sheila slips her a 100 dollar bill. Chai eyes the bill. Thinks about it. Then subtly takes it.

CHAI (CONT'D)

OK, we have one special. It's called "The Teenage Years." It's black liquorice ice cream served inside a clove cigarette flavored cone.

SHEILA

Ooooh. Very dark. Very emo. We'll take two.

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary and Sheila sit on a bench eating their teenage years. Gary takes a bite.

GARY

Wow. Tastes just like puberty.

SHEILA

Tastes like Tori Amos.

They eat in silence. Suddenly Gary freaks out.

GARY  
Wow, wait. I'm getting a crazy  
sense of deja-vu.  
(a beat)  
Quick, say something.

SHEILA AND GARY  
JUMBO SHRIMP DISCO BALLS!

Gary reels.

GARY  
Wow!  
(a beat)  
Wait... Was that my deja-vu... or  
your... time travel?

SHEILA  
(smiles)  
Does it matter?

They eat in silence.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Wanna hear something crazy,  
speaking of our teenage years?

She points her finger up at an apartment building across the street, a block away.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I grew up in that apartment  
building.

GARY  
What? No way.

SHEILA  
Yep. 114 1st Ave, apartment 3B.  
Lived there my entire childhood,  
from birth till college.

GARY  
Crazy. What was it like?

SHEILA  
Well, the city was different, of  
course. But it was fine. A little  
lonely. Like I said, dad was a  
traveling alcoholic. Mom gave up at  
some point too.  
(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Didn't really have a positive  
parental role model growing up.  
(suddenly remembers  
something)  
Except one time the cable guy came  
over... I was young I don't  
remember much. But he was very nice  
to me. He said something...  
(thinking hard)  
I can't remember... But I feel like  
whatever it was - it set me free.  
Is that weird?

GARY  
(laughs)  
Um.. A cable guy being your beacon  
of hope? Yes. I'd say it's weird.  
But so what. Take it where you can  
get it, that's what I always say.

SHEILA  
I bet you do.

They giggle, and he DROPS HIS TEENAGE YEARS ON THE FLOOR.

The smile is IMMEDIATELY wiped off his face, replaced with  
anger, frustration - disproportionate self-hatred.

GARY  
FUCK. SHIT. FUCK.

SHEILA  
Hey, hey, it's OK.

But Gary doesn't hear Sheila, lost in a spiral of self-loathing and anger.

GARY  
SHIT. HORSE SHIT. Cocksucking  
motherfucker. FUCK. FUCK.

He spirals and spirals - until she grabs him. With both  
hands. Turns him over to face her.

SHEILA  
Hey. Hey. It's OK. Hey. Look at me.  
It's OK for things to be messy  
sometimes.

She wraps her arms around him.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
It's OK for things to be messy  
sometimes.

She lets go.

And with that one sentence, it's like she freed him from a life long prison sentence.

How can that be? A wave of relief, calm, ecstasy, FREEDOM washes over him.

Before his intellect can catch up to his emotions, he leans over and kisses her, passionately. She kisses back.

They break away and smile at each other. A deep bond forming.

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

They stand there. What's next?

GARY  
What a night.

SHEILA  
Indeed.

GARY  
Worth the time travel?

SHEILA  
A thousand percent. Henry F. Zagat calls it "A SYMPHONY FOR ALL SEVEN SENSES."

They smile at each other. Silence.

GARY  
Well, I'd love to see you again.

Sheila pauses. Saying nothing. Debating... something.

The silence makes Gary insecure.

GARY (CONT'D)  
What? What is it? You don't want to see me, or... I thought... we had a nice time, or... Was I...?

Finally, she blurts it out--

SHEILA  
I feel like I've been waiting for you my whole life.

GARY

Oh... O... OK.  
(digesting)

Well, it's a little early for that,  
don't you think?

SHEILA

It's been three months, Gary.

Gary takes a step back.

GARY

What? No. It's been one night,  
Sheila. It's been one night.

SHEILA

I... I told you the truth for the  
first time today. I wanted to die  
Gary. That day, at the nail salon -  
I was ready to die. I was dead  
inside already. Nothing made me  
happy. Nothing. Until you came. And  
then everything changed. You're the  
first thing to make me happy,  
since... since childhood. Since,  
ever, maybe. You're the person I've  
been looking over men's shoulders  
for. You're the thing I've been  
waiting for my whole life.

Gary takes more steps back. He may have underestimated just  
how crazy this crazy train is.

GARY

Look. I think. We should... Take a  
breath here. I think I should go  
home now. And we can talk about  
this... Later.. Maybe... Or like,  
you know, never.

SHEILA

Wait.

He holds his arms out in front of him, to make it clear he is  
not interested in continuing the dialogue.

GARY

Goodnight, Sheila. Thank you for an  
interesting evening.

He walks away, filling with regret, anger, fear, debilitating  
sadness with every step.

For once in his life, he found something good. And it was fake. It was fake. He should have known better. He doesn't deserve anything good. So stupid.

SHEILA

Wait! Ugh. Fuck. Fine. Walk away.  
That's what you're best at.

GARY

(yells, from afar)  
What are you talking about?! WE  
LITERALLY JUST MET!

SHEILA

(shakes her head)  
Typical Gary...  
(whispers)  
I'll see you tomorrow.

CUT TO:

**QUICK MONTAGE OF SHOTS:**

- NAIL SALON. Chul-Soon holding up the "ELEGANT DEATH" nail polish.
- TIME MACHINE.
- STAB. STAB. STAB.
- SHEILA DRAGGING OTHER SHEILA TO ALLEY BEHIND RADIO SHACK.

**END MONTAGE. And we're back at the --**

INT. BAR - EVENING

East Village dive bar. Winter. 6PM.

Two strangers - a man and a woman - sit at opposite ends of a bar.

Other people sit at the bar too, watching a sports game on TV. But they're not important.

Gary does not watch the game. Instead, he arranges THREE COASTERS on the table in perfect symmetry.

Unbeknownst to him, Sheila stares at him with the intensity of a thousand suns.

She stares at him like she's been waiting her whole life to meet him.

But not in a bullshit manifest destiny rom-com kind of way. In a real way.

But also, this time, in an extra frustrated kind of way, maybe. Like someone who's done this **364 days in a row now** and is getting just a liiiiiittle bit tired of the same-old same-old routine.

Bartender Phil is staring at her with amusement. But before he can even open his mouth--

SHEILA

Yeah, Phil, real thirsty. But not for your side commentary. Super quenched on that account so don't even worry about it.

Phil stares at this woman he's never met before like "WHAT THE FUCK?" As she stands up, gives him a "talk to the hand" motion, straightens her dress and walks up to Gary, somewhat mechanically.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

Hi I'm Sheila. Want a drink?

Gary looks up at her for the first time. Takes her in.

GARY

S... Sure. I'm... I'm Gary.

But when she sees him, her cynicism melts a little. She smiles.

SHEILA

Great.

She motions to the Bartender. He comes over.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

GARY

Old Fashioned.

SHEILA

Whiskey, neat.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Right away.

Yeah, Sheila knows she can wow Gary with the whole "saying the same thing at the same time, ordering the same drink" trick, but life is shit and who even gives a fuck anymore, and frankly, fuck Gary, just a little bit.

Indeed, Sheila looks a little worn in general, like she's just going through the motions, hoping to feel that old excitement of sweet infatuation again.

SHEILA

So Gary. It appears we both have old timey names.

GARY

And ergo, sadistic parents.

SHEILA

Is that why you're neatly arranging the coasters? A little habit you picked up as a kid of sadistic parents?

GARY

(surprised)

Y.. Yeah, actually. But I promise, I don't--

SHEILA AND GARY

Murder animals or anything.

Gary looks at her, shocked.

GARY

How'd you know?

SHEILA

'Cause I'm from the future. It's a long story, I won't bore you with the details.

The Bartender places the drinks down in front of them. They both turn to face him.

GARY

(awful Australian accent)  
Cheers, mate!

SHEILA

(deadpan)  
Yeah thanks, Phil.

Bartender laughs, leaves.

GARY

So... from the future you say?  
Please bore me with the details.

SHEILA

I went back to kill Hitler. But my calculations were off by three days and seventy years. So I ended up in this hipster nightmare.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
And I need someone to teach me how  
to live. And love.

GARY  
Wow. OK.

SHEILA  
Will you teach me how to live and  
love, Gary? Like millennials do?

GARY  
Sure.

SHEILA  
(more desperate than being  
funny)  
I'll do everything you say.

GARY  
OK. Well the first phase in our  
modern day courting ritual is--

SHEILA  
Dinner? I'd love to.

As they walk out, Bartender Phil looks at them and shakes his head, as if he's some mythical cupid figure who masterminded this whole thing. Then he frowns.

BARTENDER  
Hey. You guys gonna pay for that?!

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary and Sheila walk down 2nd avenue, in the middle of their usual jokey routine.

SHEILA  
(clears her throat)  
"God, grant me the serenity to  
accept the things I cannot  
change..."

GARY  
"... Courage to change the things I  
can..."

GARY AND SHEILA  
"...and the wisdom to distinguish  
the one from the other."

They smile at each other. Ah yes, one of their classic trademark bonding moments...

Then Sheila frowns.

SHEILA

For real though, I don't think you should use your childhood as a crutch so much. I mean yes, our parents were neglectful. And yes, your father is gone, and you will never get the justice you're owed. But you're a grown ass man now. You can make your own decisions. You can rise above the lack of support and love you experienced as a child and build a proactive healthy life for yourself, you know?

GARY

I... What? I don't use my childhood as a crutch.

SHEILA

No, I know you don't. I just mean.. You're so smart and funny and you just have such great potential to succeed in life... It just sucks to watch you kinda... meander... and let opportunities pass you by... instead of grabbing life by the balls, ya know?

GARY

What are you talking about, lady?? We just met!

He distances himself from her, creped out.

SHEILA

I know. I know. Hey. I'm just... I'm just joking around! It's... future humor! Ha ha. You'll get it. In about thirty years. Oh look - Indian restaurants!

EXT. 6TH STREET

A block full of colorful lights and Indian restaurants that are indistinguishable from the outside unless you know better.

GARY

Wow, so many choi--

SHEILA  
(impatient)  
Here, let's go to this one.

They pass by Amit.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Sup, Amit?

She high fives Amit one-sidedly as she walks past.

Amit looks at her shocked, who is this strange woman?

She yanks the menu from his hands and enters the restaurant. Gary grabs a menu and runs after her, trying to keep up.

GARY  
OK then, this one it is!

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

The restaurant is decked in colorful lights. Everything is pink and blue and surreal.

Sheila studies the menu. Gary studies Sheila. A little intrigued, very concerned.

GARY  
So if you're from the future... Can  
you guess--

GARY AND SHEILA  
What I'm going to say?

SHEILA  
(smiles)  
Yes.

Gary thinks for a moment.

GARY  
(yells)  
TIGER BALLS!

Everyone turns to look.

Sheila bursts out laughing.

SHEILA  
Sorry. I couldn't resist.

GARY  
(shakes his head)  
Fair, fair... I walked right into  
that one...

Gary studies the menu.

GARY (CONT'D)  
So what looks good here?

SHEILA  
(indifferent)  
It's all decent. I don't really  
care. You choose.

GARY  
Wow, so many yummy options...

SHEILA  
(irritated)  
Yes. I know, Gary. It's a menu.

GARY  
What do you feel like?

SHEILA  
I don't know man! Why can't you  
choose for us? Why do you defer to  
me? Why can't you just be proactive  
and make decisions for us?

GARY  
Wow. Yikes! I was just trying to be  
a gentleman.

Sheila softens. Smiles.

SHEILA  
I'm sorry. Sorry. That time of the  
month, am I right? Yikes!

Gary stares her over. Shakes his head. Forgives her. Smiles.

GARY  
Alright crabby lady. I will do the  
choosing.

They order.

GARY (CONT'D)  
So... you wanna tell me about the  
future?

SHEILA

Not really. What's the point?

GARY

The point is it's interesting!

SHEILA

Is it? The future isn't what it used to be, Gary.

Gary chuckles. She studies him. This charming man child. So much potential. Yet so endlessly frustrating.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Honestly... I gotta come clean with you here, Gary. We've been doing this for a year now, and... I wanted to give this a chance, but... Things are starting to feel a little one-sided here.

GARY

A year? We met two hours ago!

Sheila shoos away his words like a fly.

SHEILA

Look, I get it. To you it's just one night. But for me it's my life now. My life is this night. My entire life is dedicated to this one night and nothing else, you understand? And is it a great night? Yes. And is it by my own design? By my own choice? Yes. But damnit, Gary, even perfectly cooked steak starts to taste like shit if you eat it all day every day.

GARY

I'm sorry, I think I'm a little lost here.

SHEILA

I just don't know if it's working, Gary. At first I thought we were a perfect match. But now... I just don't know anymore. This is stunted. And maybe that's my fault, by getting us stuck in this impossible loop. But I'm starting to think it's your fault too. You're just so... Passive. And careful. And neat about everything.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You're so afraid of making a mess.  
You're so afraid of taking a risk.  
Making a mistake. There's just  
nowhere to go with you... but down.

GARY  
Um. I think I'm gonna go now.

SHEILA  
(cynical)  
Wow. Big surprise.

He stands.

GARY  
This was a mistake. I... No offense,  
but I think you need help.

SHEILA  
(bitterly)  
We need help.

GARY  
No, you need help. Sheila, is it?  
Take care of yourself, OK?

Gary storms out.

Sheila sits at the table alone, watching him leave, and  
drinks wine straight from the bottle.

The JUDGEY WASPY NEW YORK WOMAN from their adjacent table  
stares at her in shock.

SHEILA  
Oh give it a rest, Susan, we all  
know you steal purses from Bergdorf  
Goodman on the regular.

Susan GASPS, shocked by the accusation, then secretly kicks  
her EXPENSIVE PURSE under the table and out of sight.

EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

Sheila slowly exits, slouched, miserable. She stops by Amit.

SHEILA  
Rough night, Amit. Can I bum a  
smoke?

Amit doesn't know if to be creeped out cuz she knows his name  
or cuz she knows he smokes. He reluctantly gives her a  
cigarette and lights one for himself.

They smoke in silence for a minute, watching people go by.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Love, huh? What a muddy sinking  
swamp shithole fire trash dumpster.

AMIT  
I'm happily married.

SHEILA  
Yeah, we get it, Amit. Your life is  
perfect.

AMIT  
Maybe one day luck will change for  
you too, ah?

SHEILA  
Pff. Yeah right.

She stares at the street. At the people. At the couples.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Nothing ever changes for me, Amit.  
That's the whole problem. My life  
is consistent shit and nothing ever  
changes.

Suddenly something hits her.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Wait...  
(a beat)  
Change....  
(a beat)  
That's it, Amit! You restaurant  
entrance seducing menu dangling  
brilliant sexy bastard! Though  
happily married, I get it, not  
trying to flirt with you. BUT  
CHANGE. I can change!

AMIT  
Well, I meant your luck. People  
don't really change.

SHEILA  
Well not change myself - that would  
be crazy! I mean change him. I can  
fix him. I can change HIM!

AMIT

Well, no, like I said, people don't really change. And you certainly can't change people.

She shoos his words away like a fly.

SHEILA

I mean, sure. But what's that, really? That's just words, Amit, OK? And what are words really? Except a bunch of thoughts spoken out loud. We talk too much, Amit.

(a beat)

I mean, as a civilization. Not you and me. We barely talk. And I regret that on a daily basis.

(a beat)

Anyways.

She gives him a big hug. He recoils.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Thanks Amit. You've been a huge help.

She runs off, excitedly.

Amit shakes his head, stomps his cigarette.

AMIT

Fucking millennials.

CUT TO:

**QUICK MONTAGE OF SHOTS:**

- **NAIL SALON.**
- **"ELEGANT DEATH" nail polish.**
- **TIME MACHINE.**
- **STAB. STAB. STAB.**
- **SHEILA DRAGGING OTHER SHEILA TO ALLEY BEHIND RADIO SHACK.**

**END MONTAGE. And we're back at the --**

INT. BAR - EVENING

East Village dive bar. Winter. 6PM.

Two strangers - a man and a woman - sit at opposite ends of a bar.

Other people sit at the bar too, watching a sports game on TV. The good guys are losing.

Gary watches the game too, **deeply invested.**

He cheers and claps and boos with all the other men.

GARY  
(yells)  
OH COME ON! BAD CALL!

The other men yell too.

OTHER MEN  
Bad call! SHIT CALL!

Gary nods at them with shared sympathy as he chugs his beer.

He looks... different.

Better shape. Better posture. More wholesome somehow. Well adjusted. Relaxed. Happier, maybe.

He's definitely not lining up coasters like a weirdo, that's for sure.

Unbeknownst to him, Sheila stares at him with laser focus. With the intensity of a thousand suns. Like she's been waiting her whole life to meet him.

The Bartender stares at her with amusement. She puts a hand out in front of the Bartender, blocking his face, as if to say - "There is nothing I need to hear from you."

Slowly, Sheila stands, makes her way towards this new Gary, studying him with great fascination along the way.

She's visibly nervous. Like he's a new man. Like it's their first date (for the first time!)

She cautiously takes a seat next to him.

SHEILA  
Hi there!

Gary turns to look at her, smiles an easy vacant smile. Then looks back at the giant TV's.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
(clears her throat)  
Are the good guys winning?

It takes Gary a second to answer, because his attention is split between her and the millionaire men in tights with not so good working brains anymore on TV.

Luckily, we go to commercials.

GARY  
I'm afraid not. They're losing.  
Bad.

SHEILA  
Such injustice!

GARY  
Yeah, it fucking sucks.

He looks her over. She's pretty cute.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'm Gary. Want a drink?

SHEILA  
S... Sure. I'm Sheila.

GARY  
Wow, old timey name like mine.  
Thanks mom and dad, am I right?

Sheila laughs, studying him as he reaches for the wallet, calls the Bartender over. He's surprisingly... smooth. Confident.

GARY (CONT'D)  
What would you like?

SHEILA  
Oh... I don't know. Um... A..  
Cosmo?

GARY  
(at Bartender)  
A cosmo for the lady and another  
IPA for me.

Bartender nods. Gary throws a 20 on the table like he's fucking Tom Cruise. (Meaning, like he **is** Tom Cruise, not like he's fornicating with Tom Cruise.... You get it.)

GARY (CONT'D)  
So I take it you're not a sports  
fan?

SHEILA  
How do you figure that?

GARY

Well, first tell - you called them  
"the good guys."

SHEILA

Ha. Busted.

GARY

So you just here... picking up  
guys?

SHEILA

You got me. Just one though.

GARY

Who?

SHEILA

You.

GARY

Is that right?

They both smile at each other. Things are flirty and new and exciting!

GARY (CONT'D)

Well tell you what. Ain't no way  
our guys are coming back from this.  
What do you say we get out of here,  
go get a bite to eat?

SHEILA

Let's do it!

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Sheila and Gary walk down the street.

SHEILA

So where do you wanna go? There's a  
bunch of Indi--

GARY

There's a new Italian place right  
across the street I've been meaning  
to try. What do you say?

SHEILA

Oh. Yeah, sure!

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

Gary and Sheila sit at a corner table in a romantic cozy Italian restaurant. Sipping on wine.

It's like the cover of ROMANCE MAGAZINE. Everything is perfect. Elegant. Classy. Cozy. Intimate.

GARY

So what do you do, Ms. Sheila?

SHEILA

Oh. I'm uh. I'm an executive assistant producer.

GARY

Wow. Sounds serious.

SHEILA

Like cancer. What about you? What do you do, now that I fixed yo-- What do you do, Gary?

GARY

I run a small start-up. About 15 people right now. Hopefully more soon.

SHEILA

Wow! That's pretty badass.

GARY

If we can secure this year's investments, it might just be.

SHEILA

So you're a fancy mister CEO man?

GARY

(laughs)

I guess I am.

Silence.

SHEILA

(suddenly serious)

Are you happy, Gary? In life, I mean?

GARY

Yeah. I mean, yeah. Sure. Why not? Life is complicated. But I'm here for the good parts.

SHEILA  
I like that.

Sheila feels very proud of herself. She fixed Gary!

Then a silence falls on the table. Huh. That's never happened before.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
So um...

GARY  
Uh...

Sheila suddenly feels a little lonely.

She catches herself looking over Gary's shoulder.... For old Gary.

GARY (CONT'D)  
So uh... What do you like to do for fun?

SHEILA  
(blurts out)  
I'm from the future, Gary.

Gary laughs.

GARY  
OK...

SHEILA  
It's true.

GARY  
Why'd you travel back here?

SHEILA  
For you.

GARY  
OK...

SHEILA  
It was an accident at first. But then I fell in love with you. And started spending time with you. 372 days straight to be exact. I loved everything about you. Everything. But then... I didn't. I mean, I did. I still love everything about you. Just... There were just a few little things... I had to change.  
(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
For everything to be great. I  
mean... It happens in all  
relationships, right? No one's  
perfect. You can't love 100% of  
everything about someone.

Gary's eyes start to dart between this crazy woman and the Waiter. He does the "can we get the check?" motion.

GARY  
(stalling till the check  
comes)  
OK... So... Let me get this  
straight... You... "changed me"?  
How, exactly? I didn't know you  
could change people.

SHEILA  
Well, here's the thing, Gary. You  
know how I always tell you the time  
machine in the nail salon is a dud  
and can only go 24 hours into the  
past?

GARY  
No. You never told me that.

SHEILA  
(not listening)  
Well I gotta come clean with you  
Gary. I may have lied about that.  
In reality--

CUT TO:

INT. NAIL SALON - BACK ROOM - FLASHBACK

Chul-Soon shows suicidal Sheila the time machine for the first time.

CHUL-SOON  
It no tan machine. It time machine.  
It can go anywhere in the past.  
BUT!

SHEILA  
But?

CHUL-SOON  
Only for 24 hours. Then ZAP! You're  
back here.

SHEILA

That's a cool story, Chul-Soon but  
I'd like to go commit suicide now.

CHUL-SOON

Maybe before you... off yourself...  
You go in there?

SHEILA

Why would I travel to the past?  
Why? A week ago, five years ago -  
it's all shit. That's the problem,  
Chul-Soon. My life's always shit.  
Also, I have a sensitive stomach.

CHUL-SOON

It's a second chance. Those are  
rare. You should take it. Maybe  
you'll see things different on the  
other side. And if you don't - you  
can always kill yourself later.

Sheila considers this. She looks at her pretty nails. Then up  
at Chul-Soon's kind face.

SHEILA

Oh fuck it, why not. Maybe I'll get  
shit out on the other side of the  
rainbow.

CHUL-SOON

(confused)

That's the spirit!

Chul-Soon helps Sheila lie down on the time machine bed.

CHUL-SOON (CONT'D)

When would you like to go to?

SHEILA

Surprise me!

She hits a few cryptic looking buttons, then everything FADES  
TO WHITE.

END FLASHBACK

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONT'D

SHEILA

And here I am! 24 hours in the  
past.

GARY

Wow. Wow.  
(thinks)  
Wow. That's... Wow.

SHEILA

I know!

GARY

So you could travel to literally  
any point in the past, and you  
chose..... Yesterday?

SHEILA

I mean, technically Chul-Soon chose  
for me. And sure, when I first came  
out I was like - "What the fuck  
Chul-Soon? Yes my whole life is  
shit but I don't need a reminder of  
my most up-to-date version of shit,  
you know? Would have preferred a  
more distant nostalgic shit part of  
my life." But then I thought -  
alcohol. So I stumbled into a bar.  
And then I met you. And everything  
changed.

GARY

0... OK. And that was... a year  
ago?

SHEILA

Well technically yesterday. But  
yes. We've been seeing each other  
for a year. We've been doing  
tonight for a year. Our  
anniversary, Gary!

The check comes, not soon enough. Gary gratefully takes it  
and pays quickly.

GARY

Shall we?

EXT. STREET - LATER

They emerge from the restaurant.

SHEILA

Thank you for dinner. It was  
delicious!

Gary is torn. On one hand, he can't wait to get the FUCK AWAY FROM THIS BATSHIT INSANE WOMAN HE JUST MET.

On the other, he's fascinated with and creeped out by her story. And he has just about a million questions.

They start walking.

GARY

So I still don't get the part how you... changed... me?

SHEILA

Oh! Right. Sorry. I forgot. So I uh... You know. I know you pretty well by now. You really opened up to me over the past year. Heard all your stories. Past relationships. Childhood stuff. Traumas. Regrets. Disappointments. Heartbreak. Etc. Etc. And I've isolated the moments that I think were pivotal to the decline in your mental health. The "where things went wrong" moments, I like to call them.

GARY

(cynical)

Oh, is that what you like to call them?

SHEILA

Yep. And let's chill it with the sarcasm, OK, Gary? It's our anniversary, after all. Anyways. So I traveled to those pivotal moments. To fix them.

GARY

Like... What? Give me an example?

SHEILA

OK... Like...

EXT. GARY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - PORCH - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jersey. A quaint suburban house. Porch.

We see A MAN'S BACK as he knocks on the front door.

Gary, 12, opens the door. He's dressed in 80's-90's nerd fashion. He's holding an Ursula K. Le Guin paperback in his pale hands.

GARY  
Yes?

The man speaks in a low old man's voice--

MAN  
Good afternoon, young man.

We turn around and see the MAN for the first time.

**It's Sheila in a baseball hat, thick rimmed glasses, a fake moustache and padded menswear.** She slumps forward, faking the posture of an older man.

She has her hands behind her back, holding... something.

SHEILA  
(old man's voice)  
My name is Charlie. I just moved in  
across the street.

GARY  
OK.

SHEILA  
And I was wondering if I could  
interest you in...

She dramatically brings her hands forward to show Gary what she's holding - A BASEBALL MITT IN EACH HAND.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
A friendly game of catch?

Gary's face lights up when he sees the baseball mitts, but then he shrinks in place.

GARY  
I'm not supposed to talk to  
strangers.

SHEILA  
Well, we're not strangers. I live  
across the street. You're... Gary,  
aren't you? And you know I'm  
Charlie. You can even call me Uncle  
Charlie if you'd like.

Gary still debates, standing by the door.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Can I tell you a secret, Gary?

Gary nods.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I lost my son in a boating  
accident. And I miss him very, very  
much. He was... Why, I'd say he was  
just about your age. More or less.  
You know... It would mean the world  
to me if you just played a little  
catch with me right here in your  
yard. Just for a minute or two.  
What do you say, champ? Just right  
here, outside.

Gary debates. Finally he nods. Smiles.

GARY  
OK!

EXT. YARD - LATER

Gary and Sheila in old man drag play catch.

They've warmed up. Gotten into a groove. Friendlier now.

SHEILA  
So how's school these days, champ?

GARY  
(shrugs)  
It's OK.

They throw the ball back and forth.

SHEILA  
Oh yeah? Not a fan, huh? It's OK, I  
wasn't either.

Silence.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
So whatcha reading back there?

Then - Gary's face lights up.

GARY  
It's a story about a man. In  
another planet. But he... He can  
also be a woman. He can change.  
However he wants. Whenever he  
wants. He can change.

We FADE OUT SOUND and show them laughing and talking and  
bonding.

Just a boy and a man playing catch.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. NYC STREET - PRESENT TIME

Gary stops. Shocked.

GARY  
Wait wait wait wait wait.

SHEILA  
What?

GARY  
YOU were Uncle Charlie?

Sheila bows, like an actor at the end of a Shakespeare play.

SHEILA  
It was I.

GARY  
You're fucking crazy. That's  
fucking crazy.

SHEILA  
What? We just played a little catch  
one time. So what?

GARY  
Sheila, I played catch with Uncle  
Charlie every Sunday afternoon for  
THREE YEARS.

(thinking)  
Until he died in a boating  
accident. Which to be honest, I  
always thought was strange  
considering his son died in a  
boating accident three years  
earlier. Would figure the man would  
stay away from boats.

(pauses to reflect)  
BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT. The point  
is I fucking played catch with that  
man for three fucking years.

SHEILA  
What can I say, Gary? I'm  
methodical. OK? I'm thorough. I  
went back a bunch to really make a  
difference in your life. SUE ME.

GARY

(reeling)

That's fucking crazy. You don't even get it.

SHEILA

What?

GARY

I LOVED Uncle Charlie. I fucking loved that man. He was like a father to me.

SHEILA

I know. That's the point.

GARY

No that's not the point. The point is it's not your choice. It wasn't your choice to make. To cram a positive influence into my life like that.

(digesting)

Oh god. Oh god. What else? Tell me. What else did you change?

SHEILA

(sheepishly)

Oh... Not a whole lot. Just... little things.

**MONTAGE OF MOMENTS FROM GARY'S LIFE**

INT. GARY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - BEDROOM - EVENING

Gary, 17, a nerd in the height of puberty and boy it ain't pretty, sits on his bed, in a PROM TUX, on the phone.

GARY

Oh. You can't make it? Oh man. Flu huh? That's OK. I didn't wanna go anyways. Yeah, well OK, so feel goo- - Hello? Kelly? Hello?

He hangs up the phone. Sniffs. Wipes something from his eyes.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

INT./EXT. GARY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gary opens the door, eyes still red. But not from crying, crying's for pussies.

Standing there is Sheila in a blonde wig, puffy turquoise prom dress, light blue colored contact lenses and a metric shit ton of make-up.

SHEILA

Hi there. I'm a Canadian exchange student from Canada. Will you go to prom with me?

Gary looks her up and down.

GARY

You look old.

SHEILA

It's the dry air. You know, up in Quebec. Also, I was held back a year or two. Because I'm special!

Gary considers this.

GARY

Well my date did just bail...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - PROM - NIGHT

In a sea of hormonal teenagers, Pubescent Gary and Sheila the Canadian exchange student from Canada slow dance.

"TIME AFTER TIME" by Cyndi Lauper or a less expensive copyrighted song about time loops plays in the background.

Sheila leans in close, gently lays her head on pubescent Gary's shoulder. TWO OTHER NERDS a few feet away give Gary the thumbs up. He smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY NYC CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Skyscraper. Top floor. Conference room. Floor to ceiling windows. Killer view. These people have money. A shit ton of it.

SIX MEN in expensive suits, ages 30-50 sit around a conference table looking through a series of FILES spread out on the table. Each file has a MAN'S NAME at the top.

The leader of the pack, boss man HENRY, 50's, turns to a chair faced away from us.

HENRY

Now, Gloria, you've only been at the company for a week now. But your reputation on candidate selection precedes you. Which of these, in your estimation, is worthy of our substantial financial investment?

The chair slowly swivels, revealing - Sheila, in a killer POWER SUIT, padded shoulders, short black wig, sitting there, looking like a billion dollars. She dramatically removes a pair of fake glasses.

SHEILA

Appreciate the confidence, Henry. Well gentlemen, I've combed every one of these files. As you know, I'm a stickler for details.

Everybody nods, full of respect.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

And after weighing all the micro pro's and con's of each prospect, I've come to the conclusion that this man--  
(pushing one file forward)  
Is your winning candidate.

Henry grabs the file and takes a look. The name "GARY" on top. The other men gather around Henry, looking over the file.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Allow me to explain my choice. Is this man the smartest of the bunch? Hardly. The most well adjusted? Unlikely. But he's got that... that extra something Henry, that you learn to spot, having done what I do all these years. That X-factor that you can't put into words. He's a wild card, Henry. An outside the box thinker. A savant. You know who else was? Every great inventor in the history of mankind. Think about it.

With that Sheila stands dramatically.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(nods)

Gentlemen.

She power stomps out of the room. The men stare at her. At the file. Shrug.

HENRY

OK. You heard the woman. Gary it is.

**END MONTAGE OF GARY'S LIFE**

EXT. NYC STREET - PRESENT TIME

And we're back with Sheila and Gary arguing in the middle of the street.

GARY

(realizing)

Oh my god. You're the reason I got the green light. Oh my god. No. No. No.

SHEILA

So I changed your life a little. Gary. OK? And in turn, that changed you. So what? Who hasn't changed you? Your parents changed you. Your teachers changed you. Friends. Past girlfriends changed you. Maybe freakin' Amber, even, if you still dated that lifeless sack of passive aggressive excuse for a woman in your current version. What's the difference between that and what I did? It's all just a bunch of shit that shaped you!

GARY

The difference is those people were organic. They were an organic part of my life.

SHEILA

Organic is overrated, Gary. Have you ever tried organic bananas? Tastes exactly the same as regular bananas!

GARY

Well, I don't know what to say, Sheila, I'm not a banana!

SHEILA

Well that's debatable.

GARY

(what?! anyways-)

You invaded my past. You violated me. You violated my childhood. My memories.

SHEILA

To make you better! To make your happier!

Two old ladies walking by, ETHEL and GERTRUDE, 70's, stop to see what all the fuss is about. They're snacking on popcorn - probably just came back from one of those four-quadrant old people movies, like "Something's Gotta Give" or "Just Go With It" or "It's Complicated" or "The Bucket List."

They slowly eat while watching the fight unfold, their heads going back and forth like watching a tennis match.

GARY

It's not up to you. You can't change people. And if, according to your batshit story, you love me as much as you say you do, which again, feels psychotic considering I just freakin met you and honestly, I'm not even feeling the so-called great chemistry we allegedly have - but if you really love me so deeply in your insane messed up brain - you should accept me the way I am.

Ethel and Gertrude slowly take a seat on a bench a few feet away and continue to watch, snacking on popcorn.

SHEILA

Well to be honest with you, "Gary", I feel like you're overreacting a little, paradoxically, on account of you being a wholesome emotionally healthy man now, and having a stronger radar for red flags, an emotionally stable man that I'VE SINGLE-HANDEDLY CREATED, mind you, ironically, and to be totally honest, I don't feel such a great connection between you and me here either. I mean, would I travel back in time to spend another night with THIS Gary? Un-fucking-likely.

(thinks)

OK. Maybe.

(looks him over)

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
OK probably. Like 7 times.  
(thinks)

23 tops. But not 374 times like I did for Old Gary. Nope. He was my man. He was my everything. And I ruined it. And that's on me. But that's not the point. The point is you're overreacting, and old broken insecure weird OCD Gary, MY GARY, he would understand where I'm coming from.

GARY

Um. OK. Sure. Cool. Cool story. Maybe in some other bonkers universe there's another bonkers Gary who buys your bonkers story and loves you for it. But over here on planet earth there's only one Gary, me, and I, for one, think you're certifiable.

SHEILA

Fine. Cool.

GARY

Cool.

SHEILA

Cool story.

GARY

Really cool story.

SHEILA

Cool.

They stare at each other, full of anger and fire.

They could walk away from each other right now. But for some reason they don't.

Damnit, there's just something between these two that apparently nothing, not even the most profound violation of trust, can destroy.

LOVE AM I RIGHT?

Ethel leans in towards Gertrude.

ETHEL

(hushed)

What's with all the shouting?

GERTRUDE

(hushed)

I think she violated his uncle when  
he was a child.

ETHEL

Oh no, that's terrible.

GERTRUDE

I know.

ETHEL

Then why doesn't he just walk away?  
Or call the police?

GERTRUDE

I think he's pretending to be angry  
and violated but secretly he's  
touched that someone would care  
about him so deeply to go back in  
time and try to take all the pain  
from his life away.

ETHEL

(nods, understanding)

That is a pretty grand romantic  
gesture.

GERTRUDE

It is a pretty grand romantic  
gesture.

ETHEL

Doesn't get much more grand than  
that.

GERTRUDE

Sure doesn't, Ethel--

Suddenly Sheila turns to face the old ladies.

SHEILA

HEY. Ethel, Gertrude. I've been trying to have this fight properly with New Gary for 5 days straight now, and you ladies are always here, and all up in my shit, pardon my French, and while your side commentary is oddly spot-on, and in general I am very pro old ladies, and that's important for me to state, you're still really killing the dramatic tension of what I'm trying to do here, and I would really appreciate if you stopped.

ETHEL

Sorry!

GERTRUDE

Sorry, we'll be quiet.

Ethel and Gertrude mime locking their mouths and throwing away the key.

ETHEL

Not another peep from us.

SHEILA

Thank you. Much appreciated.

Sheila turns back to face Gary, who is still reeling with anger and disbelief, pacing back and forth.

GARY

My prom date!! Canadian foreign exchange student from Canada my ass... I knew you looked familiar. I KNEW it. Fuck.

Gary kicks a pole.

SHEILA

Relax, Gary. Geez. This whole alpha male thing, I'm not sure it suits you.

(winks)

Might have to go back to the ol' time machine, do a few more tweaks to Gary's olll' emotional history.

GARY

Unbelievable. Un-fucking-believable! You're a straight up selfish psychopath.

SHEILA

Hey, no. Wait. That's not fair. Did I change you to make us work better? Selfishly? Maybe. But I also did it because I've heard you talk about your pain and the pain in your past so many times, Gary. Night after night after night. And I care so much about you... it broke my heart. I have... The rare gift... The rare chance... To take that pain away from you. It was an act of kindness. It was an act of love. Ethel and Gertrude get it.

GARY

IT'S NOT YOUR PAIN TO TAKE AWAY!  
How would you feel if I went back in time, messed with your childhood? With your memories?

SHEILA

If you did it for the sake of us - I'd let you! I would trust you to be responsible. And I would cooperate. Willingly.

GARY

Bull-SHIT.

Suddenly, he smiles a wicked smile.

GARY (CONT'D)

How would you feel if I went back in time and erased your obsession with this night? Made sure you didn't meet me? So you'd never enter this insane psycho time loop??

Her face falls. She shakes her head violently.

SHEILA

No. You wouldn't do that.

GARY

Maybe I will. Hey, you told me where this magical nail salon is. I could go right now. Pay a little visit to our old pal Chul-Soon.

SHEILA

No. NO. You wouldn't. YOU WOULDN'T.

Sheila is on the verge of tears. He just smiles. A beat.

GARY

Relax. I would never. That would be stooping to your despicable low. So I'm just gonna walk away now, and try to deal with the lie that is my life, and hopefully, in time, and with a lot of alcohol, I will convince myself that this was all just a bad dream. OK?

Sheila breathes a huge sigh of relief. He's not gonna erase himself from her memory. Their sacred night is safe. Their sacred night is safe.

Then, with her relief and gratitude, comes a wave of guilt. Of recognition of what she's done.

SHEILA

(softly)

Look. I'm sorry, Gary. I'm sorry. I.. I know it was wrong now. I get it. But it came from a good place. It did.

GARY

Yeah well. So did the Holocaust.

SHEILA

No actually I'm pretty sure the Holocaust came from a bad place.

GARY

In any case, I will now bid you goodnight.

Gary walks away.

SHEILA

Oh you're just gonna leave?!

(a beat)

Yeah well, screw you, New Gary! You suck! Old Gary rules!

Sheila watches him till he disappears around the corner, a desperate look in her eyes.

GERTRUDE

Forget him.

ETHEL

You deserve a man who would fight for you.

GERTRUDE

That's right. A man who would go back in time and violate *your* uncle just the way you did his.

SHEILA

Thanks ladies. That means a lot.

GERTRUDE

What are you gonna do now?

SHEILA

I'm gonna go back in time, undo all the shit I did, get my Old Gary back and we'll work it out from there.

ETHEL

Sounds like a solid plan. Good luck!

GERTRUDE

Invite us to the wedding!

CUT TO:

**QUICK MONTAGE - OF SHEILA ELIMINATING ALL HER PAST SELVES BEFORE THEY CAN CHANGE GARY --**

EXT. GARY'S CHILDHOOD HOME - PORCH - DAY

Sheila dressed like Uncle Charlie climbs the porch steps, smooths down her fake moustache and prepares to knock on the front door for the first time.

SHEILA

(old man voice)

Testing testing. Old man voice. Old man voice. I am an old man. I eat oatmeal. Testing. Arthritis. Oatmeal. Testing.

Meanwhile, Sheila, in her current modern day clothes, sneaks up behind Uncle Charlie Sheila, and STABS HER before she can start the door knock.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - LATER

Modern-day clothes Sheila drags stabbed Uncle Charlie Sheila to an alley behind a shut down WOOLWORTH STORE.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - EVENING

In a fitting room, Canadian Exchange Student from Canada Sheila adjusts her turquoise prom dress and applies heavy make-up.

SHEILA

Aboot. Aboot. Soory. Aboot.

SWOOSH! The curtain opens. Modern day Sheila walks in. STAB!

EXT. ANOTHER DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Modern-day clothes Sheila drags stabbed Canadian Exchange student from Canada Sheila to an alley behind a shut down SBARRO'S.

INT. NYC OFFICE BUILDING - BATHROOMS - MORNING

Power suit wearing investment analyst Sheila adjusts her wig in a bathroom stall.

A HAND REACHES IN FROM ANOTHER STALL - STABS HER IN THE LEG.  
(Spoiler alert - It's modern-day Sheila.)

EXT. ANOTHER DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

We now see **SUPER QUICK CUTS** of Sheila dragging MULTIPLE SHEILAS IN MULTIPLE CLOTHES IN MULTIPLE TIME PERIODS TO ALLEYS BEHIND MULTIPLE STORES. (3rd grade teacher Sheila who always believed in Gary when no other teacher did, fake Chinese pen pal Sheila who Gary would confide in when he had no friends, etc. etc.)

Bottom line - BITCH PUT IN SOME SERIOUS WORK.

And with that - Sheila has fully erased all her meddling from Gary's life. At least, theoretically.

**END MONTAGE**

INT. NAIL SALON - NIGHT

Sheila emerges from the time machine, exhausted, panting. A particularly disheveled mess.

Chul-Soon is there, reading a magazine.

SHEILA

I did it, Chul-Soon. Or rather, I undid it. And now I have my Old Gary back. Hopefully. And we can go back to our good old routine!

CHUL-SOON

You mean your good old one-night loop that you've grown completely frustrated with and no longer enjoy?

SHEILA

Nonsense! I just needed a wake-up call. To realize the treasure I had. And I got it. Now I'll be happy forever.

Chul-Soon sighs, massaging her temples.

CHUL-SOON

Sheila, in your 391 days at this shop, did you ever stop to ask about me? About what my life might be like?

SHEILA

No. To be honest, Chul-Soon, I've been pretty self-obsessed. And I'm not proud of it. I'm really not.

CHUL-SOON

Alright. Well. Did you know Chul-Soon was a man's name?

SHEILA

Boy, I sure did not. Strike two. Guess I'm self-obsessed AND ignorant. Thanks, Chul-Soon, so far this is a great pep-talk.

CHUL-SOON

(ignoring her)

Well, Chul-Soon IS a man's name. My parents... they always wanted a boy. They really really really wanted a boy. They wanted a boy so much, that when I came out, they still gave me a boy's name. Tried to raise me like a boy. Like a man.

SHEILA

Oh, Chul-Soon. Those bastards!

CHUL-SOON

So when I got old enough to be my own person - I murdered both of them.

SHEILA

Wow. OK. Cool. Wait, really?

CHUL-SOON

No, not really, Sheila. But I did move to Bed Stuy with a woman who is now my wife, so in many ways, I did murder them.

SHEILA

Good for you, Chul-Soon. Thanks for sharing.

CHUL-SOON

Do you get what I'm trying to say with this story?

SHEILA

I sure don't.

CHUL-SOON

I'm trying to show you that you can't control people anymore than you can force a situation. It's like trying to fit a square peg into a round hole. It won't fit. Do you understand?

SHEILA

No. I mean yes, but I refuse to apply it to my situation.

CHUL-SOON

Why?

SHEILA

I dunno, Chul-Soon. I just feel like too often people apply other people's lesson to their lives willy-nilly. You know? We keep doing that, and before you know it, BOOM!

CHUL-SOON

Boom?

SHEILA

Trump is president. You know?

CHUL-SOON

I don't think that's an accurate cause-and-effect statement to make.

SHEILA

Tomato-tomato. Anyways. I got a date with my favorite man in the world - Old Gary. RIP New Gary - Deuces! Not gonna miss ya, Buddy. Chul-Soon - a pleasure as always.

She slowly enters the time machine.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

See you tomorrow. Love you!

She hits some keys.

**QUICK MONTAGE OF SHOTS:**

- TIME MACHINE LIGHTING UP.
- FINDING OTHER SHEILA. STAB. STAB. STAB.
- SHEILA DRAGGING OTHER SHEILA TO ALLEY BEHIND RADIO SHACK.

**END MONTAGE. And we're back at the --**

INT. BAR - EVENING

East Village dive bar. Winter. 6PM.

Two strangers - a man and a woman - sit at opposite ends of a bar.

Other people sit at the bar too, but they're not important. They watch sports on TV.

Gary is arranging a set of coasters in an impressively symmetrical shape. Sheila sees this and her face lights up.

Bartender Phil stares at her with amusement. Before he can open his mouth--

SHEILA

He's back, Phil! Old Gary is back!  
And he's all mine! And everything  
is good now!

Phil, who never met this woman in his life, stare at her, confused.

BARTENDER

Cool...

But Sheila is already halfway over to Gary's. She takes a seat by his side.

SHEILA

Hi, I'm Sheila. That's an impressive coaster set-up!

Gary looks up at the strange woman. Smiles.

GARY

Why thank you.

**MONTAGE OF THEIR NIGHT TOGETHER - OLD GARY IS BACK AND THIS IS THE MOST MAGICAL NIGHT OF ALL 402 MAGICAL NIGHTS THEY'VE HAD TOGETHER**

STILL AT THE BAR

Bartender places the drinks down in front of them. They both turn to face him.

SHEILA (CONT'D)	GARY
(awful Australian	(awful Australian
accent)	accent)
Cheers, mate!	Cheers, mate!

The three of them exchange glances, freaked out by this. Bartender laughs, mouths "meet cute." Leaves.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Heh. Pretty crazy.

SHEILA  
(laughs, a little too  
much)  
Yeah, what are the odds! Ha ha ha.

A beat.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Actually the odds are pretty good.  
I need to come clean with you,  
Gary. I'm a time traveler. From the  
future. So I knew everything you  
were going to say.

Gary raises an eyebrow. More amused than weirded out. She's fun, and he's in a playful mood.

GARY  
Dinner?

SHEILA  
Yes please!

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary and Sheila walk down 2nd avenue.

GARY AND SHEILA  
(dramatically)  
"God, grant me the serenity to  
accept the things I cannot  
change... Courage to change the  
things I can... and the wisdom to  
distinguish the one from the  
other."

They laugh together, a real bond forming.

EXT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

AMIT  
(yells)  
CHAD F. ON TRIPADVISOR.COM WRITES -  
FIVE STARS - "If you have not eaten  
here - your life is garbage."

Sheila and Gary grab menus and enter.

INT. INDIAN RESTAURANT - LATER

We don't even need to hear their conversation anymore. They laugh and joke and surprise and challenge each other, and it just fucking looks like love, OK?

Even goddamn Susan at the other table can see it, and she knows deep in her heart that no amount of stolen Prada bags from Bergdorf Goodman will ever fill that deep dark hole.

EXT. ST. MARKS - VINTAGE STORE - LATER

Sheila picks out the mechanic "Gary" shirt. He laughs and puts it on, models it for her. She claps, loving it.

INT. HIPSTER ICE CREAM SHOP - LATER

CHAI

(deadpan)

We got a new dessert special. It's called "College." Basically it's ramen noodles twice cooked in lukewarm Coors Light, with a dollop of emulsified Nyquil-flavored Nachos.

GARY

Wow. That sounds disgusting. We'll take two.

EXT. NYC STREET - LATER

Gary bumps into an OLD LADY, causing her to drop a bag of groceries, items flying everywhere. He helps her salvage what can be salvaged. Apologizes profusely.

Then he enters one of his rage episodes.

GARY

Fuck. Shit. FUCK. FUCKING DOGSHIT.

Sheila holds him close. Whispers that magical sentence in his ear.

He relaxes. Exhales.

Then he kisses her deeply.

They sit down on a bench, just holding each other. He caresses her face.

GARY (CONT'D)

I really like you, Sheila. I know its crazy to say after one night, but it's how I feel. So... Let's be real. You can drop the whole time travel shtick now. It's funny, but... that's enough.

SHEILA

But Gary... everything I told you is real.

GARY

Right.

SHEILA

Look, it doesn't matter. I'll just see you here tomorrow and we can do this all over again.

GARY

How many times has it been now?

SHEILA

402.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

You know, I keep thinking you're making this whole thing up. But I've been feeling a weird feeling in my stomach all night.

SHEILA

Yeah, cuz of the magic between us.

GARY

No. Like I'm stuck. Like I'm in purgatory. I know I can't possibly know it for sure, but I feel.. Something... Off. Like... Like a ghost in the machine type thing. I feel like a prisoner. I feel stuck.

SHEILA

(shrinks)

I'm sorry. Fuck. I'm sorry.

Gary stands, needing clarity. Distance.

GARY

Why can't you just... see what tomorrow brings? Why can't we just... see where this goes? Like normal people?

Sheila stands too, frustrated.

SHEILA

I told you like a billion times, Gary! Tomorrow you get back together with Amber. Or you get decapitated by an Uber. Or a pack of mangy polar bears attacks New York City ripping everybody to shreds in a global warming twist no one saw coming. Tomorrow just doesn't work out for us, Gary!!

GARY

Really?? Sheila? Really though?? Or is this just one of the billion things you need to come clean to me about every five minutes?

Sheila's eyes fill with tears. She's speechless for the first time since she met him. She stomps the ground, angrily.

SHEILA

You don't understand, Gary. I've been so... so very sad. For so long. Since I was a child... Since... Maybe since forever. And you... You saved me. In one night. Just by existing. This night saved me. And... I'm so afraid... What if this is a one time thing? What if I never feel this way again? What if it's back to sadness from here on out?

GARY

So... Wait. You've never actually tried to see what happens tomorrow?!

SHEILA

Well. No! I mean! Gary! What if the time machine fails tomorrow? Or disappears? What if you change your mind? About me? And I never see you again? I can control things now. And I can control things yesterday. And five years ago. But I can't control tomorrow. And I don't want to risk it.

GARY

But... Sheila... That's just a chance you have to take! It's part of the human experience!

SHEILA

Fuck the human experience!

GARY

You can't freeze time.

SHEILA

Well, clearly I can. And I have. And I will. It makes me happy, Gary. It's the only thing that makes me happy.

GARY

But it's selfish. And it doesn't even make you happy anymore. You have to stop.

SHEILA

No.

GARY

You have to.

SHEILA

NO.

Gary shakes his head.

GARY

Then I don't... I don't know what to say.

Silence.

GARY (CONT'D)

Look, this whole night has made my brain explode. I can barely even wrap my head around the logic of it all, much less the emotional insanity you've caused us both. I gotta go. I gotta go.

SHEILA

OK. Well. I'll see you tomorrow I guess!

Gary shakes his head, in disbelief. And walks away.

She watches him go. But unlike always, we stay with Gary.

OH MAN. I mean, the script is almost over, BUT WE'VE NEVER BEEN WITH GARY ALONE BEFORE! HOW EXCITING! A WHOLE NEW WORLD! WHAT'S HE GONNA DO? WHERE'S HE GONNA GO?

Oh. Home apparently.

Typical sad sack Old Gary. So timid and afraid. Grow a pair, Gary! Slouched, head to the floor, he just walks the NYC streets, feeling demoralized.

He stops by an intersection, waiting for the light to turn green.

A few feet away sits a STREET PERFORMER, manipulating a beautifully crafted WOODEN PUPPET, pulling on its strings and making it dance.

Gary watches the cheery performance. And gets TRIGGERED. And ANGRY AF.

(Get it?... cuz he feels like a puppet. With Sheila pulling all the strings. METAPHORS! You get it.)

GARY  
You know what? FUCK THAT!

He turns around and walks the other way - WITH A PURPOSE.

The Puppet's wooden "jaw" drops, he turns to look at the Puppet Master.

PUPPET  
Well that was uncalled for!

The Puppet Master nods in agreement.

BUT BACK TO GARY.

Angry, determined - he's walking with purpose. But where?

He reaches his destination.

EXT. "NAIL ME GOOD" NAIL SALON - CONTINUOUS

The nail salon is closed. OF COURSE IT IS, GARY, ITS FREAKIN' MIDNIGHT.

Doors are locked, lights are off.

Gary stares at the front door, mumbling angrily to himself.

GARY  
FUCK. HORSE NUTS. Of course the  
store is closed. IT'S FREAKIN'  
MIDNIGHT, GARY.

A WOMAN, 40's, and her DAUGHTER, 12, walk down the street. When they hear Gary yell at himself, the Woman puts a protective arm around her Daughter.

DAUGHTER  
Why is that man talking to himself,  
mama?

WOMAN  
Because he's a schizophrenic, baby.

BUT BACK TO GARY.

Gary slides his hand into his shirt, prepared to punch the front door open and break in.

Except this is New York freakin' city and the doors are thick as steel. What are you thinking, Gary?!

GARY  
(mumbles)  
Fucking breaking and entering,  
Gary. You don't do breaking and  
entering. What are you, some kind  
of riff raff? Fucking dogshit.

Luckily, before he gets a chance to severely injure himself,  
THE LIGHTS GO ON.

Inside the store - one woman. Chul-Soon. Pencil behind her ear. Notebook in her hand. Like she was just doing late night accounting stuff.

She sees Gary, walks towards the front doors, unlocks them and lets Gary --

INSIDE

CHUL-SOON  
Good evening. You must be Gary.

GARY  
Jesus Christ, does everybody know  
who I am?

She points at his vintage mechanic shirt. A knitted patch reads "Gary."

GARY (CONT'D)  
Oh. Sorry.

CHUL-SOON  
What can I do for you, Gary? You  
here for a midnight pedicure?

GARY  
No. I'm here because of Sheila.

CHUL-SOON  
(confused)  
Who?

Gary's face turns white.

Was it all a lie? Did he just buy Sheila's entire weird sci-fi story, hook line and sinker?

OF COURSE ITS ALL A LIE, GARY, YOU IDIOT. A NAIL SALON TIME MACHINE? ARE YOU FUCKING JOKING ME??

GARY

I'm such an idiot. She made it all up. Christ. I bought her insane story. And I came here. To a fucking nail salon... At midnight. Oh god. I'm so stupid. I'm so stupid. She made it all up. And I bought it. I'm such an idiot. I'm such an idiot.

Chul-Soon watches him, amused.

She lets him spiral for a beat for her own entertainment. Then -

CHUL-SOON

Relax, Gary. I know Sheila. You probably wanna go see the time machine.

GARY

(exhales)

Oh fuck. OK. Yes. I would.

She motions for him to follow her.

CHUL-SOON

Right here behind the curtain.  
Let's go meet the wizard.

GARY

Doesn't the wizard end up being just an old man on a bicycle?

CHUL-SOON

Are you calling me an old man on a bicycle? Also, spoiler alert.

GARY

Oh, have you never seen the Wizard of Oz? AND it's on your to-do list?

CHUL-SOON

Actually yes, Gary. It's on my Netflix cue.

GARY

My bad.

INT. NAIL SALON - BACK ROOM - LATER

Gary and Chul-Soon sit by the time machine. Gary tries to process all the insane time logic things happening. He's doing time math calculation stuff in his head.

GARY

Wait... How do you even know Sheila?  
She won't come in here till a few  
hours from now.

CHUL-SOON

Oh. Yeah. She dropped in from the past, left this giant novel-sized chronicle of everything that's been happening with you guys.

Chul-Soon points at an INSANE THICK NOTEBOOK on her desk.

CHUL-SOON (CONT'D)

She updates it regularly so I'm up to speed. Very meticulous, that one. She's got that OCD, but you know, like adorable OCD.

GARY

(lights up)  
Oh I have that too!

CHUL-SOON

... Cool.

Awkward silence. Gary turns his attention to the time machine. He caresses it, admiring it.

GARY

So this is the source of all my problems.

CHUL-SOON

Problems? Sounds like you had a pretty sweet night.

GARY

Yeah. Over and over and over again in permanent purgatory hell.

CHUL-SOON

So... Like, love.

GARY

No, Chul-Soon. It's... It's like a muddy sinking swamp shithole fire trash dumpster.

CHUL-SOON  
So basically, love.

GARY  
No, Chul-Soon. She forces me to spend all this time with her. Night after night after night. And the sick part is - I like it. Every time.

CHUL-SOON  
So, like a relationship.

GARY  
No! And like, I get emotionally invested every single night - and then I end up getting hurt.

CHUL-SOON  
So, like love.

GARY  
Christ, Chul-Soon. It's not like love. It's fake. It's orchestrated. It's a puppet show. It's... It's INORGANIC.

CHUL-SOON  
Organic is overrated. Ever had an organic banana?

GARY  
I'M NOT A BANANA, CHUL-SOON.

CHUL-SOON  
You're sweet though.

GARY  
Aw, thanks.

A beat.

CHUL-SOON  
Look, what's organic? Life is a series of shitty mess piles. We all fall into messes. And make bigger messes. And try to find happiness in the messes. You know? You can't blame Sheila for chasing happiness.

GARY  
I can if she's holding me hostage.

CHUL-SOON  
So what do you want to do, Gary?  
Huh? Why are you here?

GARY  
I want to travel back in time and  
prevent this night from ever  
happening.

Chul-Soon points at the time machine.

CHUL-SOON  
Go ahead.

Gary doesn't move.

GARY  
But...

CHUL-SOON  
But?

GARY  
Does that make me as bad as her?  
Morally speaking?

CHUL-SOON  
I don't know, Gary. I paint nails  
for a living.

GARY  
But I gotta end this. I gotta set  
us both free. She won't do it. So I  
have to. It's the humane thing to  
do.

CHUL-SOON  
Then go ahead!

GARY  
But... it would turn me into a  
monster like her.

Chul-Soon massages her temples.

CHUL-SOON  
Look, Gary, I feel like you want me  
to be your moral thermometer here.  
And I cannot provide that service.  
The only service I can provide is  
French manicure. Barring that, do  
what you will. You want to go into  
the past? Go. You want to maintain  
moral superiority? Don't go.

(MORE)

CHUL-SOON (CONT'D)

It makes no difference to me. Or the universe. Unless, you know, you kill Hitler. And even then. Who knows. OK? Have a good night.

She starts to leave.

Gary - timid flip flopping scared Gary who always needs to have everything in order - reaches a decision. THIS HAS TO BE DONE.

GARY

Wait. I wanna do it. I have to end this. I gotta meet a younger her, talk some sense into her. I gotta do... I don't know. Something.

CHUL-SOON

OK. Lie down.

Gary enters the time machine.

But then he gets last minute jitters.

GARY

Wait. Wait. When... How early should I even go?

CHUL-SOON

(shrugs)

1992? That seems like a good year.

She punches some buttons.

GARY

Wait!

A WHITE FLASH.

And Gary wakes up on the floor of a POLISH RESTAURANT.

EXT. NYC STREET - DAY

Gary stumbles outside. He is on the same New York City street as before. Except, very clearly, it is now 1992.

New York is grimier, edgier, weird. No sign of a Starbucks or Chase Bank.

He walks around in awe, dazed, looking at the people and the sights. Everything is different.

Sheila's voice echoes in his mind.

SHEILA (V.O.)  
Wanna hear something crazy? I used  
to live in that house right up  
there. 114 1st Ave, apartment 3B.

Gary makes his way to that address, enters the building.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - CONT'D

Gary climbs up the stairs.

HALLWAY

He stops outside Apartment 3B.

Takes a big breath. Shaking. He knocks on the door.

SANDRA, 40's, a DEADBEAT looking woman, trashy, big hair, too much makeup, cigarette in her hand, opens the door.

SANDRA

Yes?

Gary doesn't know what to say.

She squints at his vintage mechanic shirt.

SANDRA (CONT'D)  
Gary is it? You're late.

GARY

Wait. What?

SANDRA

Come in.

She ushers him into -

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONT'D

Inside he sees a very 80's living room. Shades of brown everything. Neglected. Sad. But not horribly sad. Not social services sad. Just... normal sad.

On the carpet in the corner, sits an adorable young girl playing with toys.

This is SHEILA, 8.

Against the wall - an old school TV. Bunny ears. WHITE SNOW.

But Gary doesn't even spot the TV - his eyes locked in on the adorable Sheila.

GARY

Fuck. I went too far back. She's too young.

SANDRA

Um, OK, Weirdo. TV's right there.

GARY

(still in a daze)

I was hoping to catch her at 16.  
17. You know, when her crazy is probably fully taking form. Then I could nip it in the bud. Talk some sense into her. But this early?! I can't yell at such a young child. I'll traumatize her. You know?

Sandra snaps her fingers in front of his face.

SANDRA

HEY GARY. You talk a lot for a cable guy. Why don't you just go back there and fix the goddamn TV, huh?

GARY

Oh. The.. The TV. OK.

SANDRA

Fantastic.

(at Sheila)

Sheila, don't bother the man while he works, OK?

(back a Gary)

Careful, she's got a mouth on her, that one.

With that, Sandra walks away into a bedroom, SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT.

Gary stands there, frozen, staring at Little Sheila, oblivious to him, playing with her toys.

He sits down by her side, to see what she's doing. Fascinated, despite himself.

She's trying to force a square wooden peg into a round hole.

Obviously, it won't fit. But you know Sheila - that's never stopped her before. (Or after, technically.)

GARY

Yeah. Um. You can't. Um. That  
won't. It won't fit. It won't--

But she tries and tries and tries with all her little girl  
might, making grunting noises, until suddenly --

WHAM! The wooden piece BREAKS IN HALF, and hits her in the  
face.

She stares at the broken mess on the floor, the pieces, now  
broken and worthless, and immediately... starts... to...  
CRY... HYSTERICALLY. THE CHILD CRY TO END ALL CHILD CRIES.

Gary panics. FUCK. HORSE SHIT. FUCK. This won't look good for  
him. He shoots a look at the bedroom door.

But it remains closed. Thank god for neglectful parenting!

He turns his attention back at Sheila who is crying like  
she's dying.

GARY (CONT'D)

Shh. Shhhhhh. Shh. Don't cry.

That has less than zero effect on her. She cries even harder.

GARY (CONT'D)

Shhh. Shhh. OK. Shhh.

(at himself)

Fuck. Dogshit. Fucking  
motherfucker.

He tries to caress her hair. No effect. He rubs her back. No  
effect. He pulls her in for a hug. No effect.

She cries and cries and cries.

GARY (CONT'D)

(mumbles quietly)

Fuck. Horse nuts dogshit  
motherfucker.

He takes a deep breath. FUCKING GET IT TOGETHER GARY.

He does. He does. For the first time, maybe ever - he gets  
himself together.

GARY (CONT'D)

(yells)

HEY!

She turns to face him, startled.

He tenderly grabs her little cheeks in his hands and turns her face to his with great urgency.

GARY (CONT'D)  
It's OK for things to be messy, OK?

She stops crying for a second, surprised by his bluntness.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Say it. Repeat after me. It's OK...

SHEILA  
It's OK...

GARY  
For things...

SHEILA  
For things...

GARY  
To be messy. Sometimes.

SHEILA  
To be messy. Sometimes.

He nods at her, approving.

And suddenly she does something weird.

She smiles.

Then she jumps forward and gives him a big hug.

With one sentence, he opened up the prison cell door.

Caught by surprise by all the emotion, Gary lets out a strange whimper. He hugs her back. His eyes well up. Fuck.

He begrudgingly understands that all this is bigger than him.

He accepts his fate, on some level - And it frees him.

He hugs her tight and caresses her hair.

GARY  
It's OK. One day you'll meet a nice man. And he'll make you feel free. And you'll make him feel free too. And everything will be alright.

Little Sheila looks up at him with increasing admiration and gratitude.

She stares at him with the intensity of a thousand suns.

MATCH CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON ADULT SHEILA.

At a bar. 6PM. Staring at Gary, with the intensity of a thousand suns.

She stares at him like she's been waiting her whole life to meet him. Since childhood. Since forever. But not in a bullshit manifest destiny rom-com kind of way. In a real way.

Bartender Phil opens his mouth to say something sassy but she cuts him off.

SHEILA

Phil, I wanted to thank you for your dedicated service all these months.

Phil stares at her - he's never seen her before in his life.

SHEILA (CONT'D (CONT'D)  
I've been thinking, Phil. About letting go of control. I think I might have to.

Suddenly she grabs Phil's hand tight. It's creepy.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
But I don't want to.

She stares longingly at Gary, who, as per usual, unaware of her stares, arranges coasters in a strange configuration.

BARTENDER  
Um... So... Do you... Want a shot?  
Or...?

But she shooes his words away like a fly, and gets back to staring at Gary. Getting ready to walk over. Maybe for the last time.

But before she gets a chance - Gary stands up.

Huh. That's new. He gets up and walks over. To Sheila.

He reaches her and extends his hand.

GARY  
Hi, I'm Gary.

SHEILA

Hi, Gary, I'm Sheila.

GARY

Can I buy you a drink?

SHEILA

I would like that.

They turn to the Bartender.

GARY

Aperol Fizz.

SHEILA

Aperol Fizz.

They turn to face each other - shocked.

GARY

What are the odds?!

SHEILA

What are the odds?! Actually the odds are pretty good, Gary, I gotta come clean with you - I'm from the future.

GARY

Me too.

SHEILA

No way!

GARY

Way.

Sheila doesn't know if he's fucking around or not.

GARY (CONT'D)

You know, I even took a page from the Sheila time traveling notebook.

SHEILA

Oh?

CUT TO:

**QUICK MONTAGE OF SHOTS:**

- Gary finds OTHER GARY, STABS HIM, crying all the while.

GARY

Oh god, why? Oh god! WHY??!

- Gary drags OTHER GARY to an alley behind a closed down CIRCUIT CITY.

**END MONTAGE**

Sheila laughs in wonder and disbelief.

SHEILA

You did it. You really did. You time traveled. Like me!

GARY

I did. Oh. But.

SHEILA

What?

GARY

I gotta come clean with you, Sheila. I didn't time travel like you do.

SHEILA

What do you mean?

GARY

Well. When I went to the nail salon, Chul-Soon was like --

INT. NAIL SALON - BACK ROOM - FLASHBACK

Gary sits on the time machine, returned from his trip to the past, panting, emotional.

Chul-Soon sits there, legs on the table, reading US WEEKLY.

CHUL-SOON

Welcome back, sport. All sorted out?

Gary sighs, despondent.

GARY

Not really. But in a way, yes. I've surrendered to my fate. I will live life in purgatory forever.

CHUL-SOON

Oh. Cool.

Silence. She loudly flips a page of her magazine.

Gary gets up to leave.

CHUL-SOON (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you earlier. I finally read the manual for this time machine. See that purple knob there at the bottom?

Gary looks for it. Spots it.

GARY

Yeah?

CHUL-SOON

If you press it real hard, you can go to the future instead of the past.

Gary's jaw drops.

CHUL-SOON (CONT'D)

I know. MANUALS! Who knew?!

Gary's too shocked to speak.

Chul-Soon flips the magazine to face Gary.

CHUL-SOON (CONT'D)

Oh my god, did you know they broke up?!

END MONTAGE

SHEILA

Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god.

Sheila's brain is spinning. She never knew this. She never knew this. Why didn't she know this?! She never knew this!!

SHEILA (CONT'D)

So you... You went to the future?  
Like the actual... future future?  
Like the actual future future  
future?

GARY

I did.

She swallows. She panics. She doesn't know what to say. The ground has dropped beneath her feet. She is no longer in control. Nothing is known from this point on.

SHEILA

And?!? What was it like?

GARY

Oh you know, it's pretty much the same.

Silence.

GARY (CONT'D)

Oh, except Hitler's back.

Sheila smiles. Tries to relax.

SHEILA

No.

GARY

Yes. He's like.

(basic bitch voice)

"What's up biiiiitches? Guess who's back biiiiitches? Fourth Reich biiiiitches. Let's do shots, I wanna dance!"

SHEILA

(laughs)

So he came back as a valley girl?

GARY

Basically. But don't worry. I hear there's a civil rights robot leader getting ready to fight him full force.

SHEILA

Oh my god... It can't be...

GARY

Yep. It's Mal-Com-Xz1049.

SHEILA

The hero we need.

GARY

But not the one we deserve.

They laugh. Then the laughter dies. A tense silence.

Sheila has something to ask. But she's afraid. So afraid. She shivers. Fights back the need to cry. Scream. She swallows hard.

SHEILA

So in the future... Did you... I mean... Did you.. Like.. See us? Or I mean - not us - not us - I mean..

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Me? I mean, not me. Did you like...  
See yourself though? Did you... I  
mean... what's that like?

He warmly puts his hand on hers to stop her from spiraling.

GARY  
I did. I saw you. And I saw me.

Sheila swallows hard again, so afraid of not knowing where this conversation is going. Of not knowing where any of this is going.

SHEILA  
... And?

GARY  
And...

He squeezes her hand. Winks.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I don't wanna fuck up your  
timeline.

But the way he says it, with warm confidence, makes her know that tomorrow is safe. That the future is happy.

She lets out a whimper. She starts to laugh. Confused and overwhelmed and hopeful. A few tears roll down her cheek. He wipes them away, and kisses her cheek.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Wanna go have dinner?

She's too overwhelmed to speak.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I mean, I came all the way from the  
future, so I'm pretty hungry...

She nods. Slowly first then violently.

They get up, holding hands, and walk out.

Phil the Bartender watches them go, shaking his head, like a crazy cupid who made it all happen. BUT HE'S NOT, OK? HE'S JUST A GODDAMN BARTENDER. Then his smile fades.

BARTENDER  
Hey. You didn't pay for those!

FADE TO BLACK.