

# THE 13TH HOUR



by  
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*Tempus fallere non potes.*

You can't cheat time.

EXT. CLIFF-SIDE STREET - DAY

Two SEAGULLS squabble over a piece of food on the sunlit asphalt, as—

TIRES SCREECH and an ENGINE ROARS. The birds scatter as an ultra-sleek, tricked out CONVERTIBLE barrels forward.

Behind the wheel is BLAKE, 18, rebellious and reckless, face lit with adrenaline. His eyes narrow at the dash—

*88 mph, 96 mph, 102 mph.*

He tears down the winding street as an obnoxious song BLARES from the speakers. He screams along with the lyrics, as his phone BUZZES in his pocket.

He pulls it out, looks at an unseen name flashing across the screen. He pockets the phone with a pained look.

Blake paws for a BOTTLE OF TEQUILA rolling around in the passenger seat. He uncaps it, takes a long swig, then CHUCKS the bottle out the side of the car.

It plummets over the cliff's edge before SHATTERING against serrated rocks.

Behind him, SIRENS sound in the distance. Blake's eyes narrow at the blue and red lights in his rear-view. He grins, and—

REMOVES HIS HANDS FROM THE WHEEL.

The convertible SWERVES this way and that, veering dramatically across two lanes of traffic.

The car DIPS towards the cliff's edge as Blake LAUGHS diabolically. The bumper SCRAPES against the protective railing and SPARKS FLY.

The COP CARS behind him edge closer.

COP CAR MEGAPHONE (O.S.)  
Pull over your vehicle! NOW!

The convertible RAMS into the railing again, and again, and again, until it BREAKS THROUGH.

In SLOW MOTION, the convertible careens over the edge as Blake—

UNBUCKLES HIS SEAT BELT.

He FLOATS UP from the seat, a wide grin spreading across his lips.

Blake stretches his arms out wide, throws up TWO MIDDLE FINGERS, and closes his eyes.

All of the noise – the music, the sirens – goes quiet, and Blake is left alone, weightless, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

A serene moment, until the car lands with a MASSIVE CRASH.

Blake's body SLAMS back into his seat, his bones breaking all at once with a sickening CRACK.

The car tumbles, flipping end over end before skidding onto its side.

Blake, broken and bloody – on the edge of death – cracks his eyes open. He glances at the CAR'S CLOCK: **12:59 pm**.

With his last remaining breath, his lips part–

BLAKE (SOTTO)  
Tick, tock.

And his body gives out.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER SOUND: The violent SIZZLE of an egg crackling in a pan.

OPEN BACK UP ON–

INT. KITCHEN – DAY

NELL, 18 going on 40, stands over an outdated stove in a rundown apartment, stress mooring her young face as she hastily makes breakfast.

**CHYRON: 4 MONTHS EARLIER.**

A tug on Nell's pant leg breaks her concentration. It's CORD, 5, a whirlwind of energy.

CORD  
Pancakes! I want pancakes.

NELL  
No time for pancakes. Where are your pants? We have to leave in five minutes.

CORD  
I wanna wear my Elsa dress!

NELL  
OK, then go put it on. Hurry!

Cord runs off as Nell's phone BEEPS in alarm. She abandons the eggs, tossing a spatula on the counter.

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

A cramped, untidy room. A single bed. A WHEELCHAIR.

Nell's father, HANK, 50s, is — or was — a salt-of-the-earth construction worker, now laid up in bed after a spinal injury on the job.

Nell pushes aside a hard hat on his nightstand and pulls a SYRINGE of liquid from the drawer.

Hank weakly waves her off with his one good arm.

HANK  
I got it, hun.

NELL  
How are you gonna do that?

Hank sighs as Nell moves the needle towards his arm.

HANK  
It won't be like this forever.

Nell nods, unsure.

NELL  
I know, dad.

She injects the liquid with practiced precision. Hank's brow creases—

HANK  
Do you smell that?

Nell's eyes widen and she races out of the room, still holding the EMPTY SYRINGE.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The eggs are blackened and smoking. She spins around, the needle in her grasp nearly colliding with—

Cord, wearing his Elsa from 'Frozen' dress.

NELL  
Shit, Cord. Watch where you're going!

CORD  
(mimicking her)  
Shit. Shit!

NELL  
Don't say that. It's a grown-up  
word.

CORD  
You're not a grown up.

NELL  
I'm more grown-up than you.

CORD  
Can I play your guitar?

Nell scrapes burnt egg into the trash, the stove still ON.

NELL  
Maybe later, after sc-

A blaring SMOKE ALARM cuts her off. Cord frowns. Nell rushes  
to open a window.

HANK (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
Everything OK in there?

NELL  
(yelling back)  
Yep!

She kneels down in front of Cord.

NELL  
How bout we grab McDonald's on the  
way?

Cord lights up with a toothy grin.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - DAY

In a mess of blankets and pillows is the twisted limbs of  
QUINN, 17, child-like and carefree. Her hot pink hair is  
splayed across a pillow like a burst of neon.

In her arms is WYATT, 18, the high school star quarterback,  
itching to graduate to the big leagues.

Photos of Wyatt and Quinn are scattered around the room: At  
a middle school dance, on vacation with her parents,  
grinning in matching Halloween costumes.

Quinn's fingers comb through Wyatt's hair—

QUINN  
You know in college we won't have  
to sneak around anymore. You can  
stay over all the time...

She smiles dreamily. Wyatt nods but his gaze is distant.

WYATT  
(unconvincing)  
Yeah. That sounds... nice.

QUINN  
We can wake up together, get  
coffee, walk to class...

WYATT  
When I don't have practice—

QUINN  
Well, sure, but you still gotta  
make the team first, right?

Annoyed, Wyatt pulls away from her.

WYATT  
I'm the starting QB, Quinn. I'll  
make the team.

Quinn laughs, trying to lighten the mood.

QUINN  
Just messing with you, relax.

WYATT  
It's not a joke. Football's  
everything to me.

QUINN  
Yeah, I know. We've been together  
since fourth grade, Wyatt. I've  
been to every game since flag  
football.

Wyatt takes a breath, loosens up.

WYATT  
Sorry. I'm not trying to be a dick,  
but uh, there's something I wanted  
to talk to you about.

QUINN  
OK...

WYATT

It's just— We spend all of our time together. Every free second of every day, and...

Quinn's face drops.

QUINN

What is it?

Wyatt swallows, chickens out—

WYATT

I just think maybe I should spend less time with you and more time honing my skills.

Wyatt raises a playful eyebrow before he ducks under the covers, makes his way down her body. Quinn laughs—

QUINN

Oh, your *skills* are honed.

The moment is cut short by a sharp KNOCK on the door.

QUINN'S MOM (O.S.)

Quinn! Are you up?

Wyatt scrambles out of the bed, hastily grabs his clothes.

QUINN

I'm getting dressed!

Wyatt pulls on his pants and unlatches Quinn's first story bedroom window.

QUINN'S MOM (O.S.)

...I know Wyatt's there.

He jumps over the sill as Quinn tosses his shoes outside.

QUINN'S MOM (O.S.)

Hi, Wyatt!

WYATT

Hi, Mrs. Green!

Quinn groans.

QUINN

Go!



INT. CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

LYLE, 16, painfully scrawny, is all elbows and knees - prime bully bait. His oversized backpack threatens to swallow him whole.

Lyle's stomach GROWLS as he scans rows of prepackaged foods. He grabs a cellophane-wrapped breakfast sandwich and trudges towards the counter, before-

HALTING. A lump in his throat as he eyes the SLUSHY MACHINE. Huddled around like a pack of wild dogs are MIKE MARNEY, 18, and his two goons, CRASH and STEVE.

Mike, with a shaved head and a permanent sneer, throws his shoulder into the machine, neon goo dripping onto his leather jacket.

MIKE  
COME. ON.

CRASH  
Lemme try.

MIKE  
I've got it, Crash!

Mike gives it another firm SHOVE and a cascade of blue slime pours out.

STEVE  
Sick!

Mike drops his head below the spout, practically unhinging his jaw as the slushy cascades into his mouth. Crash and Steve shove each other around to get their own pour.

Lyle DUCKS, quick-stepping towards the front door as fast as he can. He scurries past the checkout, as-

CHECKOUT GIRL  
You have to pay for that.

Lyle freezes. He looks to his hand, the cellophane-wrapped sandwich now coated with clammy sweat.

LYLE  
Sorry.

He tosses the sandwich on the counter and bolts outside.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - DAY

Lyle beelines through the parking lot. He looks over his shoulder, utter relief to see there's no one behind him. He turns back around as—

Mike towers over him. Lyle turns sheet white.

MIKE

Limp dick. Where's your breakfast?

Mike clutches an extra-large Slurpee in his hand. Crash and Steve stand on either side of him.

LYLE

I... uh... need to...

MIKE

What? Jack off to your Metaverse girlfriend?

LYLE

... Get to class.

MIKE

Oh. Well in that case, we're heading that way. Right, boys?

STEVE

Plenty of room in the truck.

LYLE

I'm uh, OK. Thanks.

CRASH

He said we have ROOM IN THE TRUCK, ass-wipe. C'mon.

INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY

Mike drives recklessly, heavy metal blaring. Crash and Steve, crammed in the front, laugh as Mike motions to the rear view mirror.

INT. TRUCK BED - DAY

Lyle is huddled in the corner, blue slushy icicles cling to his hair. He hugs his knees to his chest, shivering.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Blu-Rays of obscure foreign films, empty beer cans, and video game controllers litter the floor.

A history paper with a red "F" marked in bold is crumpled in the trash. The bed and desk are heaping with piles of dirty laundry.

Blake — the daredevil in the convertible — digs through the mess, looking for a shirt to wear, as—

His bedroom door opens, revealing SIMON, 16, Blake's brother and polar opposite — a straight A rule-follower dressed in a crisp polo, a textbook under his arm.

SIMON

Hey. Mom wants to know if you're coming to dinner.

BLAKE

They're in town?

SIMON

Get back this afternoon.

BLAKE

I didn't get a text.

(snarky)

Oh, right. They only talk to you.

SIMON

Are you coming?

BLAKE

Tell them I'm dead. In a coma.  
Abducted by aliens. I dunno, you choose.

Simon is unamused.

SIMON

Or you could forgo the tantrum and just come?

BLAKE

This is a trap, Simon. And I'm not gonna play bad influence to your golden boy again. If they wanna lecture me, they can call.

SIMON

Right, because avoiding them really helps your case.

BLAKE

What can I say? I'm a slow learner.

Blake sniffs the armpits of a dirty shirt, grimaces.

SIMON

You could at least try to make an effort—

BLAKE

Why? They've already made up their minds. You're the good boy. I'm the degenerate, remember?

SIMON

You're acting like a child.

BLAKE

You're acting like mom. And cosplaying as Young Sheldon isn't gonna make them come home any sooner.

SIMON

Yeah, well, racking up misdemeanors won't either. Seriously, Blake, what are you doing?

Blake throws a shirt over his head, heads for the door.

BLAKE

Throwing a pity party. You're welcome to RSVP.

Blake pushes past him out the door.

Simon sighs, pulls out his phone. He reads a text from mom:  
**Is Blake coming to your birthday dinner?**

Simon types a response: **No.**

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Sun glares off the chrome of Blake's tricked-out convertible.

Blake throws himself into the driver's seat, slams the car into gear and peels out of the driveway. The car SCREECHES down the McMansion-lined suburban street.

EXT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH - DAY

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS in backpacks and oversized sweatshirts make their way towards the evergreen-lined entrance of Oregon's Hollow Creek High.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

At the front of the class is MR. ELLIOTT VOSS - hungover and hating his life. He slumps against the desk, staring with an apathetic gaze as students trickle in.

Overachiever Nell claims a seat at the front of the class, her posture upright and attentive.

Lyle hurries to the back, quickly followed by Blake, who manspreads in the seat next to him.

Wyatt and Quinn enter last; Wyatt takes the seat behind Quinn in the middle of the room. He uses his feet to pull her seat backwards so their desks touch.

On the wall, a CLOCK ticks to 9 AM, and a BELL sounds.

Elliott begrudgingly forces himself up from his chair, passes out tests to students-

ELLIOTT

Alright. Let's get this over with.  
You've either A: paid attention  
this semester, B: pulled an all  
nighter, or C: accepted your D- and  
a life of mediocrity. Makes no  
difference to me.

Nell eyes the test in front of her with confidence.

ELLIOTT

Multiple choice, kids. A glorified  
guessing game. But hey, even a  
broken clock is right twice a day.

The students look at him, deadpan.

ELLIOTT

What are you waiting for? Begin.

Nell picks up her pencil and start bubbling in answers.

LATER: The overhead clock TICKS to 9:45 AM.

At Nell's desk, her phone buzzes in her pocket, shattering her focus. She slides it out, sees a pharmacy alert:

"Medications for Hank Clay are no longer covered by  
provider's insurance. Please contact us if you believe this  
is in error."

Dread tightens Nell's throat. Her fingers fly across the  
keyboard, a response forming.

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM, Lyle is hunched over his test as—

BLAKE (O.S.)  
(whispering)

Yo!

Lyle pretends not to hear him, focusing on his paper. Blake KICKS Lyle's chair, and Lyle sheepishly looks up.

BLAKE  
Lemme see your paper.

LYLE  
What?

BLAKE  
Your test.

LYLE  
I'm... I'm not even good at this!

BLAKE  
C'mon, man!

Lyle caves, slides his test over so Blake can see.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, Quinn, a sly grin on her face, nudges Wyatt's leg. He looks up from his test as she leans forward, offering Wyatt a glance at her hot pink thong.

Wyatt leans in close, grazing her ear—

WYATT  
I'm gonna rip that off you after  
class.

Quinn smirks.

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM, Elliott glances up at the OVERHEAD CLOCK, watching the seconds count down until—

BZZZ! The bell rings. Students stand, gather their papers.

ELLIOTT  
Tests on my desk. Nell, Lyle,  
Wyatt, Quinn, and oh joy, Blake.  
Stay for a chat.

Nell halts, indignant. The group — minus Blake — lingers awkwardly near the front of the class.

NELL

We have four minutes until the next bell. I have to get all the way to the 700 hall—

ELLIOTT

You'll be fine.  
(eying the door)  
BLAKE.

Blake, attempting a casual exit, freezes at the door. He sulks back towards Elliott's desk.

ELLIOTT

Detention. For all of you. This Sunday.

NELL

What? Why?

ELLIOTT

You were texting.

NELL

No, I wasn't. My dad's medication... I had to contact the pharmacy. It was an emergency.

ELLIOTT

I don't care, you were still on your phone.

NELL

Well I can't come Sunday. I have to take my dad to PT. If we can even afford it now—

QUINN

The American health care system is such a sham.

ELLIOTT

Oh, now you're listening. I thought only Wyatt could hold your attention.

Quinn and Wyatt exchange embarrassed glances.

ELLIOTT

And Blake. If you're gonna cheat, pick a better student. Lyle has a C- in this class.

LYLE  
(sheepish)  
I told you.

WYATT  
Yeah Blake, just cause he looks  
like a nerd doesn't mean he's  
smart.

LYLE  
...Thanks?

Blake crosses his arms.

BLAKE  
Well I also can't come on Sunday. I  
have... church.

Elliott glares at him: *Yeah, right.* He turns to Lyle.

ELLIOTT  
So Lyle, what gives? You just gonna  
let this guy cheat off your paper?

LYLE  
I... I, uh.

He's got nothing. Elliott shakes his head at the group.

ELLIOTT  
If I have to subject myself to  
teaching Hollow Creek's most  
entitled students, the least you  
can do is pretend like you care.  
It's a low bar. But, I'm sure the  
janitorial staff will appreciate a  
weekend off from cleaning the boys'  
locker room. See you Sunday.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Early morning light filters in through the blinds.

Nell sits on her bed with an acoustic guitar in her lap. Her  
phone is propped up on a stack of books, recording her as  
she strums a complicated, melancholic tune.

Nell closes her eyes, lost in the music, until—

Her door creaks open. Cord clutches his stuffed animal.

CORD  
I had a bad dream.



Nell sighs, sets her guitar down.

NELL  
You're OK bud, it's morning now.

CORD  
I'm still scared. Will you check my closet?

NELL  
Can I finish my song first?

Cord's face creases with the beginnings of a tantrum.

NELL  
OK, let's go.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Nell shoves a book into her bag as her dad sits in his wheelchair in front of the TV.

NELL  
I'll be back later. There's lunch in the fridge, Cord is next door at Mrs. Kim's house, and they'll come back at 1 to take you to PT. OK?

Hank is distracted by the loud TV.

HANK  
What'd you say, hun?

Nell sighs, marches in front of the TV—

NELL  
I'm leaving.

She starts off to the front door.

HANK  
Where are you going?

NELL  
Study group at school, remember?

HANK  
On a Sunday?

NELL  
Yeah. Dunno when I'll be back.

She trudges out.

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, LIBRARY - DAY

Nell walks into library, greeted by Elliott. He glances at the clock.

ELLIOTT

You came early to detention?

NELL

Beats the alternative. I thought we were cleaning locker rooms?

ELLIOTT

Janitor didn't get the memo about our volunteers, and as much as I'd love to watch Blake scrub toilets... figured the library could use our help. C'mon.

INT. LIBRARY STORAGE ROOM - DAY

Dusty sunlight claws through the cobweb-coated windows of the library's massive storage room.

The vast space yawns open like a forgotten tomb: Towering bookshelves, cardboard boxes, and stacks of forgotten curiosities create labyrinthine paths.

Elliott pushes the door open, Nell behind him.

NELL

Woah. It's huge.

ELLIOTT

Used to be part of the library, back in the '80s, but a broken window here, a creaking floorboard there... They decided it was cheaper to turn it into storage.

Nell runs her finger against a dusty volume.

NELL

So this is where they hide the good books.

ELLIOTT

No one's been back here for years, decades probably. Figured we could resurrect a few classics, return them to the shelves.

Blake walks in behind Nell and Elliott, equally as shocked by the space.

BLAKE

Jesus, it's like a vault in here.

Lyle, Wyatt, and Quinn soon follow. Quinn eyes the many dimly-lit passages, gives Wyatt a knowing grin.

Lyle coughs—

LYLE

Is it safe to breathe in this air?  
You wouldn't happen to know if  
prolonged dust inhalation can lead  
to, uh, pulmonary fibrosis?

BLAKE

Who are you talking to?

Lyle shuts up.

ELLIOTT

OK. Let's skip to the fun part.  
You'll be cataloging books. Grab a  
clipboard and a pen. Each book gets  
its own entry - title, author,  
publication date.

BLAKE

Fine. How long are we stuck here?

ELLIOTT

Until I release you. I'll be in my  
office grading papers, but when I  
come back, those sheets better be  
full. Got it? Nell's in charge  
while I'm gone.

BLAKE

Oh, goody!

Nell glares at Blake.

ELLIOTT

Well. Don't kill each other, and  
uh... enjoy your detainment.

Elliott exits, closing the heavy door behind him. The group immediately disperses in different directions.

LATER, AMONG THE BOOKS: Wyatt and Quinn make out, a steamy moment as Wyatt lifts Quinn onto a bookshelf.

IN ANOTHER AISLE: Lyle is hunched over an old, dusty book. He flips through the pages, pausing when a passage catches his eye. He reads it to himself:

LYLE (SOTTO)  
"Only cowards prey on the weak."

Lyle's eyes linger on the words.

A FEW AISLES OVER: Nell meticulously examines a book, carefully transcribes the title and author onto her clipboard. Her paper is nearly full.

Blake rounds the corner into Nell's aisle, a rolled blunt in between his lips. He tosses his clipboard onto a stack of books and sparks a lighter.

NELL  
You'll set off the smoke alarm.

Blake takes a rip, exhales into her face.

BLAKE  
This place predates electricity,  
you think its up to fire code?

Nell waves away smoke in annoyance.

BLAKE  
You know you don't get extra credit  
for cataloging the most books,  
right?

NELL  
This isn't supposed to be fun—

BLAKE  
Can't imagine you've done one fun  
thing your entire life.

Nell lowers her clipboard.

NELL  
I doubt your tiny brain can  
"imagine" anything, beyond what's  
on Zendaya's OnlyFans.

BLAKE  
Joke's on you, perv. Z doesn't have  
a page. Cause she's *classy*.

NELL  
Whatever. Why don't you find  
another aisle to burn down.

BLAKE  
Sure thing, boss.

Blake turns to leave, abandoning his clipboard.

NELL  
Your clipboard?

BLAKE  
I'm not touchin' that. Elliott  
can't make me do shit on the  
weekend.

NELL  
Uh, yeah, he can. Ever heard of  
consequences?

BLAKE  
Maybe for you.

He lowers his eyes at her, taunting—

BLAKE  
I make my own rules.

NELL  
Wow. Living the dream of zero  
accountability. Must be nice.

She rolls her eyes and walks away, retreating deeper into  
the room, ducking into a DUSTY ALCOVE.

A cobweb snags her hair as she navigates through stacks of  
old books and strange artifacts. Her eyes move over a boxy  
'80s TV, an antique typewriter, and a taxidermied owl with  
huge, vacant eyes.

Then, A GLINT of something shiny catches her eye. A POCKET  
WATCH, half exposed on a shelf. Nell is inexplicably drawn  
to it, her hand moving to pick it up.

The ornate clock is at least a century old, with roman  
numerals marking each hour. But in the center of the clock  
is something strange — the numeral XIII for 13, accompanied  
by a minute hand that counts an additional hour.

#### **A 13TH HOUR IN THE CENTER OF THE CLOCK.**

Nell doesn't know what to make of it. She turns the pocket  
watch over in her palm, inspecting it. But a COUGH  
interrupts her focus.

LYLE (O.S.)  
Should have brought a face mask.

Lyle sulks towards her, sees what she's holding—

LYLE  
What is that?

NELL  
An old pocket watch?

LYLE  
Weird. It's like a steampunk thing.  
I built something like it for  
FantasyCon. Does it work?

NELL  
I don't think so.

LYLE  
Hmm. See if you can turn the crown—  
this thing.

Lyle points to a small gold gear at the top of the watch.  
Nell tries to turn it clockwise, but it won't budge.

LYLE  
Guess it's broken.

But then, Nell turns the crown COUNTERCLOCKWISE, as the  
minute hand starts to tick BACKWARDS, passing each roman  
numeral. She turns the clock back ONE FULL HOUR.

NELL  
That did... something.

LYLE  
Does it open? On the back?

Nell flips the clock over and clicks open a hinged door,  
revealing a hundred delicate gears within.

LYLE  
Oh, that. Right there. Click that  
lever.

Nell uses her fingernail to click the lever forward, and  
suddenly the clock WHIRS to life in her hand, VIBRATING.

LYLE  
Cool!

Nell squints, notices faint WRITING on the inside door of  
the clock. Something in LATIN.

NELL  
Something's written on the inside.

She brings the clock closer, tries to make it out—

NELL  
 "Tempus fallere non potes."

And then—

**A FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT** emits from the clock, zapping the entire room in a shocking ORANGE GLOW. Nell and Lyle look around with wide eyes, puzzled.

LYLE  
 What was that?!

IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM: Wyatt and Quinn's faces pull apart. Quinn crinkles her nose: *Huh?*

ONE AISLE OVER: Blake looks at his blunt: *Am I that high?*

BACK ON NELL AND LYLE: Nell looks to the watch in her hand, on edge and unnerved.

NELL  
 I don't know what just happened,  
 but... we should put it back.

She cautiously sets the clock back down on the shelf.

NELL  
 C'mon.

But Lyle remains fixated on the clock. As Nell moves toward the front of the room, he quietly picks it up, hiding it behind his back.

And we CLOSE IN on the clock in Lyle's hand as it *tick tick ticks* to 12 PM.

Just as it does, the Roman numeral XIII in the center GLOWS ORANGE, illuminating through his fingers.

**THE 13TH HOUR HAS BEGUN.**

Lyle is none the wiser, and covertly slips the clock into his pocket.

AT THE FRONT OF THE ROOM, Blake uses a pocket knife to CARVE his name into a bookshelf. Nell rounds the corner—

NELL  
 Dude, come on.

BLAKE  
 What? Steinbeck, Austen, Tolstoy...  
 this is the shelf of legends. Gotta  
 leave my mark.

NELL

Yeah, cause nothing says 'legend'  
like defacing school property.

Blake blows on the wood, admires his completed name.

BLAKE

Loosen up, boss. There's room for  
one more.

NELL

Do you whatever you want. I'm not  
your babysitter.

She stomps away.

A FEW AISLES OVER: Quinn buttons her shirt as Wyatt zips his  
pants up. She runs her hand along his bare chest.

QUINN

God, I feel like I'm addicted to  
you.

Wyatt pulls away from her touch.

WYATT

Um. You know the other day, when I  
said I wanted to talk to you about  
something?

Quinn's face falls.

QUINN

Yeah... what is it?

IN ANOTHER AISLE: Nell rests her head back against a shelf,  
taking a moment to calm her thoughts, as something catches  
her eye: A BOOK that doesn't belong.

The leather cover is cracked and worn by time, its spine  
marked with a single symbol: **XIII**.

Nell pulls it from the shelf, cracks it open. Inside, the  
pages are yellowed with age, the text written entirely in  
Latin. Nell flips through the dense script. She stops,  
zeroing in on—

An ornate illustration OF MAYAN PRIESTS, their arms raised  
toward the sky, surrounding an ancient, elaborate SUNDIAL.  
On the dial is 12 distinct sections, and in the center is a  
13TH MARKING. Nell's breath catches.

ON BLAKE: He rounds the corner of his aisle, running  
straight into Lyle. Blake towers over him.



BLAKE

Move.

But Lyle just stands there.

BLAKE

Get outta my way!

Lyle holds his ground—

LYLE

(under his breath)

"Only cowards prey on the weak."

Blake stifles his laughter.

BLAKE

What was that?

LYLE

Nothing.

BLAKE

No. What'd you say?

Lyle looks up at Blake, defiant. Annoyed, Blake SHOVES him.

BLAKE

Speak up, twerp.

LYLE

I said ONLY COWARDS PREY ON THE  
WEAK.

BLAKE

(mocking)

Big words for a little guy. Now  
MOVE.

BACK ON NELL: Her eyes drift over another page, an intricate diagram of the sundial, surrounded by Mayan glyphs.

Her gaze locks onto a bolded Latin phrase, the same phrase inscribed in the pocket watch: ***Tempus fallere non potes.***

Nell's face morphs to recognition, as—

BLAKE (O.S.)

MOVE, IDIOT.

Nell looks up. She closes the book, shoves it back on the shelf, then hurries to the FRONT OF THE ROOM.

Just as she arrives, Blake SHOVES Lyle hard.

NELL  
Blake, stop!

ON QUINN & WYATT:

WYATT  
I've been thinking a lot about us,  
and um—

QUINN  
Ooh, look—

Quinn pulls A WRINKLE IN TIME off the shelf behind Wyatt.

QUINN  
Remember when we read this in  
middle school? We traded chapters  
back and forth—

WYATT  
I don't want to talk about middle  
school, Quinn. I—

Wyatt's attention snaps to the faint sound of Lyle and Blake fighting.

WYATT  
Do you hear that?

ON BLAKE AND LYLE: Blake SHOVES Lyle again. Wyatt and Quinn arrive—

WYATT  
Dude. Stop!

QUINN  
Blake, just calm down.

BLAKE  
I'm CALM!

IT HAPPENS IN AN INSTANT: Nell reaches out towards Lyle as Blake delivers a final SHOVE, and Lyle stumbles back.

His body slams into the sharp, broken edge of a RUSTY COAT RACK. The metal rod PIERCES THROUGH HIS CHEST.

Lyle is frozen in complete shock. Blood seeps from the wound, spreading across his shirt.

Quinn SCREAMS. Blake stares in disbelief.

BLAKE  
Shit. No. No, NO!

NELL  
I'm calling 911-

Nell fumbles for the phone in her pocket.

QUINN  
Oh my god, Wyatt! Do something!

WYATT  
Lyle, man, just, uh, stay calm.

BLAKE  
I didn't mean it!

Nell talks into her phone-

NELL  
Nell Clay, I'm with an injured  
student at Hollow Creek High. It's  
bad-

Lyle looks around, wide-eyed, the panic sinking in, as he  
PULLS THE RUSTY ROD out of his chest.

WYATT  
What are you- STOP!

A fresh surge of blood cascades down Lyle's shirt. He falls  
to his knees.

Nell remains collected and calm, speaks into the phone-

NELL  
He needs attention NOW. Please  
hurry!

Wyatt kneels beside Lyle, desperately tries to stem the flow  
of blood with his hands.

WYATT  
I can't stop the bleeding!

Tears stream down Quinn's face.

QUINN  
You have to help him!!!

WYATT  
I'm trying!

Blake is horrified as he watches Lyle struggle.

BLAKE  
It- It was an accident!

NELL  
 (into the phone)  
 Lyle. I don't know his last name.  
 There's a lot of blood—

With the phone to her ear, Nell's attention is drawn towards LYLE'S POCKET, which GLOWS ORANGE.

Nell's thoughts stall, momentarily hypnotized by the strange sight. She lowers the phone from her ear and kneels down, pulls the clock from Lyle's pocket.

BLAKE  
 What are you doing?!

Nell stares at the pocket watch, bewildered, just as Lyle's eyes roll back in his head, and his body goes limp.

BLAKE  
 FUCK!

Nell watches the dial of the 13th hour reach the top of the clock, and suddenly the pocket watch GOES DARK.

Now, Nell is inexplicably **THRUST BACK IN TIME**.

Everyone is. In fact, they're all standing in the exact place they were right before the pocket watch struck noon, ONE HOUR EARLIER.

INT. LIBRARY STORAGE ROOM - DAY (**TIME RESET**)

Nell, disoriented, takes in her surroundings. *What the hell just happened?*

She snaps to focus, back in the dusty alcove of the library. She spins around to see Lyle, walking behind her. He looks at the pocket watch in his hand, flabbergasted.

NELL  
 Are you OK?!

Lyle looks down at his shirt in disbelief. He lifts it up to reveal... Nothing. No wound. No blood.

LYLE  
 (dazed)  
 I have no idea.

Quinn, Wyatt, and Blake rush over, their faces a mix of relief and confusion.

WYATT  
 Did you guys—

NELL

Yes.

QUINN

Is everyone OK?

Lyle is still processing the lack of a gaping chest wound.

LYLE

Am I dead?

QUINN

You're fine. We all are.

Lyle frowns.

LYLE

Then I'm dreaming?

Blake pinches him.

LYLE

Ow!

BLAKE

Not a dream.

The group talks over each other, a cacophony of shock and confusion.

QUINN

I thought I lost you—

WYATT

I'm fine, babe.

LYLE

Should we call someone? The police?

NELL

And tell them what?

WYATT

There has to be an explanation for this.

BLAKE

...How much did I smoke?

Nell cocks her head—

NELL

Wait. What time is it?

Her eyes shoot to the wall on the clock.

NELL

12:06... that's not possible.

She motions to the pocket watch in Lyle's hand.

NELL

We found it a few minutes before noon, right? But it's been...

LYLE

At least an hour since then.

Nell and Lyle exchange confused glances.

WYATT

What are you guys talking about?

LYLE

Nell found this... pocket watch. It has the number 13 in the center. A thirteenth hour. Look—

He holds up the clock.

NELL

And at noon, the 13th hour, whatever it is, started. The middle of the clock like, lit up, all orange and—

WYATT

Noon? But that's what time it is right now.

NELL

I know. It makes no sense.

Blake is struggling—

BLAKE

OK. Rewind. You fixed the thing and then what?

LYLE

I freaking *died*.

BLAKE

You didn't die asshole, you're right here.

NELL

But he did. We all saw it. And then... he was fine. No wound. No scar. And I was back where I was right before the clock struck 13.

LYLE

Everything just... reset.

QUINN

I don't get it. The clock saved  
Lyle?

NELL

No. No, of course not. That's  
insane.

LYLE

Sane or not, I got stabbed in the  
chest, and now...

BLAKE

Hey, I didn't *stab* you!

Nell shoots daggers at Blake.

NELL

It's your fault he got hurt.

BLAKE

He's not hurt! Look at him!

LYLE

Maybe we all breathed in some toxic  
carcinogens or hazardous spores...  
Does anyone have a headache?

QUINN

Hang on. What if this is like a—  
what is it called— a collective  
false memory? Ms. Lundquist talked  
about how a group of people can  
remember something that never  
actually happened. Isn't that a  
thing?

WYATT

I think that only happens after a  
traumatic event—

LYLE

I mean I'm *pretty* traumatized!

Nell shakes her head.

NELL

But it felt so real...

WYATT

No way that wasn't real. It's  
almost like the clock gave us an  
extra hour.

Blake's eyes light up.

BLAKE  
...Without any consequences.

Blake YANKS the clock from Lyle's grasp.

LYLE  
Hey! That's not yours!

BLAKE  
Not yours either, bud.

NELL  
Blake. Stop. It's school property.

Blake guffaws.

NELL  
I'll tell Elliott!

BLAKE  
Like I give a shit. Let him fail me, expel me, I don't care. I'm keeping this clock.

QUINN  
Wait a second. The clock struck 13 at noon... So does that mean it will happen again at midnight?

The group considers it, minds racing.

WYATT  
(to himself)  
I guess I did get hit on the head pretty hard at practice...

NELL  
Maybe there's something about this room... Maybe we have to be here for it to work? Or maybe it only effects the person who has the clock with them...

LYLE  
I mean, this was probably a fluke, right? A one time thing?

Blake slides the clock into his pocket.

BLAKE  
Guess we'll find out tonight.



NELL

Wha- If it's gonna work for anyone,  
it'll be you. You have it!

Blake smirks.

BLAKE

Lucky me.

WYATT

C'mon man, that's not fair.

Blake walks towards the exit.

NELL

BLAKE!

Blake throws up a peace sign as he waltzes out the door.  
Nell shakes her head in frustration. Quinn pulls out her  
phone, hands it to Lyle.

QUINN

Put your numbers in. We should meet  
up tonight. You know, just in case.

INT. CORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nell finishes reading Cord a bedtime story, tucks him into  
bed.

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nell brings a load of clean laundry into her father's room.  
Hank sits, ready for bed, in his wheelchair.

Nell painstakingly moves her father into bed, one leg at a  
time, his good arm slung over her shoulder. It's exhausting.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The guitar rests at the foot of her bed. Sheet music on her  
desk. A few guitar picks scattered around.

With everyone's needs taken care of, Nell lies back on her  
bed, as her phone lights up with a text from Quinn: **R U  
coming?!**

She looks at her phone's clock in shock: 12:16 AM. *How'd it  
get so late?*

She hurriedly types back: **Sorry. Coming!**

EXT. HAYWARD PARK - NIGHT

Blake, Lyle, Quinn, and Wyatt gather around a swing set.

BLAKE  
What are we doing at a children's  
playground, anyways?

QUINN  
You know this is where Wyatt and I  
first met—

Blake snorts with laughter.

BLAKE  
When you were what, in diapers?

QUINN  
We were 8.

BLAKE  
That's so weird.

QUINN  
It's not weird. Wyatt—

WYATT  
I mean it's a little weird.

Wyatt grins at Quinn.

LYLE  
Alright, it's getting late. Where's  
the clock?

BLAKE  
I told you, I left it at home.

LYLE  
The whole point of meeting up was  
to do a test!

BLAKE  
I'm not gonna let one of you idiots  
take it from me.

WYATT  
Well then this is pointless.

From the edge of the park, Nell walks towards the group.

QUINN  
Nell, finally!

Blake points to Nell.

BLAKE

Nell's the one that said it'll work  
even if we don't have the clock  
with us-

NELL

I never said that, I just asked the  
question.

LYLE

Tick, tock people. It's...  
(looks at his watch)  
12:54. What now?

BLAKE

Let's break something. See if it,  
you know, magically repairs itself  
or whatever. I have a baseball bat  
in my car.

NELL

Or I could hit you in the face and  
we can see if it leaves a mark.

WYATT

Easy, Nell. If anybody's gonna hit  
Blake it should be Lyle, right?

LYLE

I'd be open to that.

NELL

Fine with me.

BLAKE

No one is touching my face!

Quinn's face lights up with an idea.

QUINN

We could hold hands.

BLAKE

I'm sorry, what kind of cult is  
this?

QUINN

If we're still holding hands at 1  
am, we know the clock doesn't work.  
But if we're not...

LYLE

Then the 13th hour is real.

Lyle's face lights up with excitement—

LYLE

And anything's possible.

A hard eye roll from Blake.

BLAKE

Don't come near me with those  
sweaty paws.

NELL

It's a good idea, Quinn.

WYATT

I'm in.

Wyatt grabs Quinn's hand. He takes Lyle's in his other hand.  
Lyle reaches his hand towards Blake, who folds his arms.

NELL

(mocking)

Masculinity is a construct, Blake.

Blake groans, reluctantly takes Lyle's tiny hand in his.

Nell takes Quinn's free hand, then steps next to Blake. They  
share heated eye contact, before Nell slides her hand into  
his. Blake swallows, an unexpected CHARGE sparks as their  
hands touch.

WYATT

OK. What time is it?

Lyle glances at his watch.

LYLE

11:59. Any second now.

The group exchange nervous looks.

BLAKE

This is the stupidest—

And they're THRUST BACK IN TIME.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (TIME REST)

Nell is right where she was before the 13th hour started,  
lying on her bed. She grabs her phone: 12:00 AM.

NELL (SOTTO)  
Holy shit.

Her phone lights up with a flurry of texts:

WYATT: It worked?!

QUINN: OMG OMG OMG ERKFJGNDDKMDAHHH

BLAKE: Oh it's OVER for y'all.

LYLE: I don't think I'm dead anymore!!!

Another notification: *Quinn changed the conversation name to "GROUNDHOG SLAY".*

Nell's lips curl into a smile. She shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

The school bell RINGS. In the busy hall, Nell, Wyatt, Quinn, Blake, and Lyle spot each other. Their eyes light up with excitement.

They converge in the middle of the hall, a mismatch of kids who would never normally intersect: Quinn squeals in excitement, jumping up and down. Blake fist-bumps Wyatt, and Nell and Lyle share a victorious grin.

Surrounding students watch, confused: *What are they celebrating?*

NELL  
We should meet up at noon. Set some ground rules.

BLAKE  
Rules? Handcuff me while you're at it.

QUINN  
Good idea, Nell. Where should we meet?

WYATT  
I know a place.

INT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The overhead clock reads: 12:46 pm.

Nell, Wyatt, Quinn, and Lyle crowd in the locker room, surrounded by metal lockers and a draft of steam wafting in from the showers. Blake is noticeably absent.

The group is mid-conversation, in a frenzy of excitement, the 13th hour nearly over. Nell eyes the BOYS SOCCER TEAM undressing a few feet away.

NELL

...You sure it's OK we're in here?

WYATT

It's the 13th hour. We can be anywhere.

NELL

Assuming it still works, there's no guarantees—

Lyle wipes steam from his glasses.

LYLE

It worked twice, so three times would be a pattern. Three times we can count on.

Lyle slides his glasses back on, zeroing in on one of the soccer players—

LYLE

You think if I started lifting right now I could have that kind of definition?

WYATT

No.

A freshly showered JOCK in a towel spots the group, grimaces.

JOCK

Uh... This is the men's room?

QUINN

Seriously? Gendered locker rooms are so outdated and exclusionary.

WYATT

We're having a team meeting, OK buddy?

The jock eyes the strange mishmash of kids.

JOCK  
...What's the team?

WYATT  
Mixed... ultimate...

LYLE  
Bowling.

JOCK  
Ultimate bowling?

WYATT  
Yeah. It's hardcore. Can you go  
now?

The jock tightens the towel around his waist, walks off.

QUINN  
So is this considered, like, time  
travel?

LYLE  
Technically, right? I mean, for an  
hour.

Nell looks up at the clock, sighs.

NELL  
Blake's not coming. We should stop  
waiting for him.

LYLE  
Yeah. Probably too busy... shaving.

Wyatt looks at Lyle: *What?*

NELL  
Let's set some ground rules. We  
don't know anything about the  
clock— why it's happening or how  
long it will continue to happen. We  
need to be careful.

BLAKE (O.S.)  
*Uuuuuuugh.*

Nell turns to see Blake sulking towards them.

BLAKE  
We get a free hour to do literally  
anything, and you wanna throw on  
the guardrails?

He saunters past the same annoyed JOCK, casually yanks the towel from his waist, snaps it against the jock's butt.

JOCK

Ahh!

NELL

Where were you, Blake?

BLAKE

You missed me? That's cute.

Nell scoffs.

WYATT

I think you're right, Nell. Coach says we have to respect the game—and right now, we don't even know the rules. We need a plan.

BLAKE

(mocking)

Oh, well if coach said so.

NELL

OK. Rule number one: We keep the clock a secret. No one outside this group can know.

LYLE

Not like anyone would believe us.

QUINN

And let's be kind, OK? No violence — to ourselves or others. Positive vibes only.

BLAKE

Why? No one can actually get hurt. Right, Lyle?

Blake punches Lyle's shoulder, a bit too hard.

NELL

We don't know that. It might work today but what about tomorrow? We can't forget that our actions still have consequences.

BLAKE

...Except they don't. Not for a whole ass hour twice a day. Like—



Blake pulls out a Sharpie from his pocket. He grabs Lyle's face, draws a massive dick on his cheek. Lyle flinches.

LYLE  
What are you doing?

BLAKE  
Relax. It'll be gone in...  
(glances at the clock)  
Four minutes.

LYLE  
I think this counts as violence!

WYATT  
OK I got one: We have to wrap up whatever we're doing a couple minutes before the hour is over. If we're in the middle of something crazy and lose track of time... Don't wanna any messy crossover, you know?

Nell, Quinn, and Lyle nod in agreement.

BLAKE  
Uh, sure. Well, this has been fun, but I've got date with some roman candles and my brother's college applications.

Blake pivots to leave.

NELL  
Wait! Give us the clock.

BLAKE  
No way.

NELL  
It's not fair that you have it. We should keep it somewhere neutral, somewhere safe.

BLAKE  
Why? It effects us all the same.

WYATT  
We voted, and—

BLAKE  
You voted?!

WYATT

Yeah, man. We voted. And you could have had a vote too if you got here on time. But given your track record, we don't trust you with it.

BLAKE

And who do you trust?

Silence.

BLAKE

Oh, come on! Her?!

Nell grins, loving it. She holds out her hand.

NELL

The people have spoken. Hand it over, hotshot.

Blake's jaw tightens, irritated. He pulls the clock from his pocket, holding it out teasingly.

Nell reaches for it, but he catches her hand, his fingers tightening around hers. To her surprise, Nell feels a hot flush rising to her cheeks as—

Blake is THRUST FROM THE ROOM.

INT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY (**TIME RESET**)

Nell, Lyle, Quinn, and Wyatt SNAP into slightly different positions in the locker room.

Nell looks to her hand, the pocket watch now gone.

EXT. BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Nell marches out of the locker room, eyes scanning for Blake. He steps out in front of her.

BLAKE

Looking for me?

Blake holds the pocket watch out towards her.

BLAKE

You voted, right? Who am I to interfere with democracy?

Blake slides the clock into the front pocket of Nell's jeans. She stiffens as his hand grazes her hip.

BLAKE  
All yours, boss.

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Nell enters numbers onto a combination lock, her locker clicks open. She sets the pocket watch safely inside.

EXT. NELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A single light is on in a top floor apartment unit.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nell lies on her bed, a light on her bedside table illuminating an unopened envelope in her hand. She fidgets with a worn edge. Finally, she takes a deep breath and opens it:

"Congratulations! We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted to Los Angeles College of Music. Your dedication and hard work have earned you a place in our incoming class."

But instead of elation, Nell looks disappointed.

Out of the corner of her eye, the clock on her nightstand ticks to MIDNIGHT.

She stands, sets the acceptance letter down on the floor in the middle of her room. She paces around it, determining her next move.

Then, she reaches for something inside her desk drawer. Nell's hand shakes slightly as she strikes a match, drops it onto the letter. The paper curls as it catches fire.

She watches the letter burn, a strange mix of emotions playing across her face.

The fire spreads quickly, licking at the nearby pile of clothes and books. She hesitates, torn between putting it out and letting it consume everything.

The fire grows, smoke fills the room. Nell's mind races as the flames dance higher, igniting her curtains.

The fire alarm above her bed BLARES, screeching as she's pulled back to reality.

Her bedroom door SWINGS OPEN, little Cord on the other side, clutching his stuffed animal, terrified.

CORD

Nell?!

Nell's eyes widen as she realizes the gravity of what she's done. She rushes through the smoke and out her bedroom door, grabbing Cord by the arm.

NELL

It's OK! I've got you!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Lyle coasts on his bike down the center of the dark street.

EXT. 7/11 - NIGHT

Lyle emerges from 7/11 with a brown bag full of items.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Lyle slows his bike outside a quaint suburban home. He drops his bike against a hedge, then pulls a carton of eggs from the bag.

With a swift throw, he HURLS an egg against a window of the house. Lyle looks around — no one saw him. With growing confidence, he chucks another egg. Then another.

FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, a light snaps on.

Lyle quickly ducks behind the hedge.

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN steps outside, peering around suspiciously. She spots the yellow yolks sliding down the side of the house, throws up her hands.

She retreats inside, emerging a moment later with a frazzled Mike in her grasp.

MIKE'S MOM

Is this because of you?! Michael, I swear to God...

MIKE

No, mom! I didn't do anything!

MIKE'S MOM

Clean this up. NOW.

Lyle stifles his laughter behind the hedge.

EXT. DAIRY QUEEN PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Quinn and Wyatt sit inside Wyatt's car, the moment heavy.

WYATT

You mean so much to me, Quinn. I mean, of course you do, but...

Quinn, anxious, gnaws on her lip. She glances at the car's clock: 12:03 AM.

QUINN

Wait. Just— hold that thought.

WYATT

What is it?

QUINN

I have an idea. Trust me, OK?

INT. DAIRY QUEEN - NIGHT

Quinn and Wyatt walk into the Dairy Queen. It's surprisingly busy for midnight: A few couples, teens, and a family with a young child.

They step to the counter. Quinn, with a devilish glint in her eye, scans the menu board. She addresses an apathetic, middle-aged EMPLOYEE.

QUINN

Hi. Could we get two chocolate soft serves, a large sundae, a caramel Blizzard with sprinkles, and an extra side of hot fudge?

The employee punches in the order, barely looking up. Wyatt raises a confused eyebrow at Quinn.

INT. DAIRY QUEEN - CENTER BOOTH - NIGHT

Quinn and Wyatt secure a booth in the center of the room, eying each other over a tray of cold sweets.

Quinn picks the cherry off her sundae, drags it seductively across her lips before biting off the stem.

WYATT

What are you doing?

QUINN

Just follow my lead.

She dips her finger into some caramel sauce, drags it down her cleavage.

QUINN

Want a taste?

Wyatt can't help himself. He grins, runs his tongue down her neck.

And now, we cue up Def Leppard's "Pour Some Sugar On Me" as Quinn and Wyatt take full advantage of the 13th hour:

They kiss passionately over the table. Desserts are spilled as they collide like primal animals.

Dairy Queen PATRONS take notice as Quinn and Wyatt's actions become increasingly sexual, their eyes widening in shock.

An ELDERLY COUPLE gapes, their hamburgers now forgotten. The Old Woman prods her husband—

OLD WOMAN  
Do that to me, Fred.

Quinn and Wyatt climb onto the table. They undress each other, ice cream melts down their bodies, a sticky strip tease.

A thrilled PRE-TEEN snaps a picture, as his mom yanks the phone from his hands.

Quinn grabs a handful of whipped cream from the banana split and smears it on Wyatt's chest, laughing as she licks it off.

Wyatt slides Quinn off the table as they shuffle BEHIND THE ORDERING COUNTER. The middle-aged woman who took their order is now wide-awake, grinning at the insane display.

At the SOFT SERVE MACHINE, Wyatt pulls the lever, ice cream flows out. Quinn catches it with her hands, running it down Wyatt's bare torso and dropping below frame, smearing it who-knows-where.

From the KITCHEN, a DAIRY QUEEN MANAGER emerges, furious.

MANAGER  
Hey!

Wyatt and Quinn ignore him.

MANAGER  
What are you doing?!

Quinn and Wyatt ramp up the heat. Florescent overhead lights leave little to the imagination. The Manager marches over, trying to keep his balance on the slick floor—

MANAGER

Stop that! Right now! Or I'll call  
the poli-

He HALTS mid-sentence as Quinn grabs his neck and LICKS IT, smearing chocolate everywhere.

ACROSS THE STORE, a worried FATHER picks up his wide-eyed TODDLER and heads for the door, but SLIPS in the mess of ice cream. The toddler breaks into laughter as we CUT TO-

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CRASH! A golf club slams into a massive flat-screen TV, sending a rain of shattered glass across the floor.

Blake grins like a maniac. He gives the club a playful twirl, does a little dance towards a GRAND PIANO.

BLAKE (SOTTO)

"I'm sorry Mrs. Miner, but your son  
has no natural skill or promise--"

THWACK! The club comes down hard on the keys, sending a clash of broken notes through the room. He hits the keys again, and again. More animated. More agitated.

Blake pirouettes away from the piano, spots a FRAMED PHOTO of him and Simon as kids, dressed in matching, oversized suits at some boring function. He hurls the club- SMASH!

He heads towards his parents' liquor cabinet - ultra expensive, top shelf shit. Blake takes a big swig from a TEQUILA BOTTLE, then lets it drop to the floor.

He winds up with the golf club, and BAM! Bottles explode, liquor drips down onto the floor. Blake grins at the mess.

SIMON (O.S.)

Blake! Wha- Oh my god!

Blake turns, sees Simon at the bottom of the stairs.

BLAKE

Sorry, bro. Thought you weren't  
home.

SIMON

What are you doing?!

BLAKE

Just letting off some steam.  
It's therapeutic. Try it.

Blake extends the golf club towards Simon.

SIMON  
You've lost your mind.

BLAKE  
Seriously, have a swing. You need it.

Blake shrugs with indifference, swings the club at another bottle. Simon jumps back.

SIMON  
Stop right now or I'll call the police.

BLAKE  
Oh not again, Simon! Surely you have another move up those perfectly ironed sleeves.

SIMON  
This is serious, Blake.

BLAKE  
Cause running to the cops is the only way to deal with your embarrassment of a brother. Thanks again for the MIP. Real brotherly love.

SIMON  
You were out of control! Lighting shit on fire *inside* the house. What was I supposed to do?

BLAKE  
It was one firework, relax.

SIMON  
Not like it mattered. Mom got your record expunged anyways.

BLAKE  
And you got to be the hero, like always.

SIMON  
Maybe I was just genuinely concerned about you. Maybe it's time to stop blaming everyone else for your bad behavior.

Blake sets the golf club down, steps towards Simon.



BLAKE

Being a puppet doesn't make you better than me. You'll do anything to keep mom and dad on your side. But guess what? They don't give a shit about either of us.

Simon shakes his head, furious—

SIMON

You know you could actually do something with your life, but you're too scared to even try. All you know how to do is destroy things.

Blake clenches his jaw, he's had enough.

BLAKE

Hey Simon, what time is it?

SIMON

What?

BLAKE

The time. Please.

Simon sighs, begrudgingly looks at his watch.

SIMON

12:54.

Blake smiles.

BLAKE

Perfect.

Blake THROWS A PUNCH at Simon's jaw.

Simon stumbles back, speechless. But then, he CHARGES Blake. Blake trips, but quickly regains his footing.

Simon and Blake wrestle through the house, knocking over furniture as they struggle, fists flying.

Blake tackles Simon, and the two crash THROUGH THE GLASS BACKDOOR, tumbling outside towards the pool.

Simon, furious and adrenaline filled, lunges at Blake, tackling him to the ground. They grapple, rolling towards the water.

With a violent PUSH, Simon forces Blake into the water. Blake gasps as he hits the water, but Simon jumps in after him, hands on Blake's neck, forcing him under.

INT. POOL - NIGHT

Blake struggles beneath Simon's surprising strength, Simon's hands tightening around Blake's neck.

Blake's vision blurs, his breath goes out, and just as Blake's eyes roll back into his head—

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT (TIME RESET)

BLAKE IS THRUST BACK IN TIME. Everything snaps back to how it was just before midnight.

Blake stands in the garage, his fist tightening around one of his father's golf clubs.

Blake drops the club, looks at his trembling hand.

EXT. NELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nell, fire ignited in her eyes, watches her apartment unit smoke, flames billowing out the window.

Beside her, Cord holds her hand, and Hank gapes up at the destruction from his wheelchair.

The other apartment tenants are outside, staring up at the mess in their pajamas. A team of FIRE FIGHTERS blast water through the window as—

NELL IS THRUST BACK IN TIME.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (TIME RESET)

Nell is back on her bed, the unopened acceptance letter in her hand. *Woah.*

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, BATHROOM - DAY

Quinn stands with her head bent over the sink. Behind her, Nell drags a barber's CLIPPERS through Quinn's long hair, sending hot pink tendrils tumbling into the porcelain bowl.

Quinn's phone BUZZES on the sink. She looks at a message from Wyatt: **We still need to talk, OK?**

Quinn frowns, pockets the phone. Nell finishes shaving her head, and Quinn stares at her new bald head in the mirror, grinning.

QUINN

I love it.

And then, she PULLS HER SHIRT OFF.

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Mouths gape as Quinn, COMPLETELY NAKED, saunters down the hallway. She skips, twirls, and blows kisses to everyone that passed. A free spirit, completely unhindered.

She finds Wyatt at his locker, surprises him with a big kiss. Wyatt eyes her up and down, in awe. He addresses the wide-eyed crowd:

WYATT

My girlfriend, everyone!

Quinn bites her lip seductively.

QUINN

So what'd you wanna talk about?

He gawks at her naked body.

WYATT

It can wait.

Quinn raises an eyebrow, yanks Wyatt's pants to the floor.

INT. SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Across the school, exhausted Nell walks into an empty, dark science lab. She pushes a few desks together and crawls on top, using her backpack as a pillow.

She takes a long exhale and closes her eyes, interrupted by-

BLAKE (O.S.)

You're using the hour to sleep?

Nell opens her eyes. Blake is in the corner of the room, hunched over on the floor, BUILDING SOMETHING.

NELL

Not anymore.

Nell grabs her backpack to leave.

BLAKE

Didn't think you were such a night owl.

NELL

Huh?

BLAKE

You have 60 minutes to do anything you want, and you choose a nap. So, what's keeping you up at night?

NELL

Nothing you would understand.

Blake shrugs.

BLAKE

OK.

He scrubs through a YOUTUBE "How To" video on his phone, adds more components to whatever he's building. Nell heads for the door, then—

NELL

What's it like... Not caring about anyone but yourself? I'm not trying to be rude, just genuinely curious.

Blake thinks about it—

BLAKE

It's pretty great, honestly. You should try it.

NELL

Yeah, well, I have people who rely on me.

Blake puts the finishing touches on his contraption. Satisfied, he slips it into his pocket.

BLAKE

Not right now you don't.

He stands, walks towards her.

BLAKE

Not for another...  
(looks at the clock)  
38 minutes.

He moves closer still, looking down at her.

BLAKE

You can do anything you want.

She looks up at him, their bodies nearly touch. An unexpected electric charge courses between them.

BLAKE

So what do you want, Nell?

He leans in closer, his eyes tracing her face, her lips. Nell's breath catches in her throat.

NELL

I...

She swallows.

NELL

...just want to rest.

The tension is broken. Blake takes a step back.

BLAKE

OK. You might wanna go somewhere else though. It's about to get pretty loud.

He walks to the doorway and extracts his creation from his pocket: A small, makeshift GRENADE.

Blake ROLLS THE EXPLOSIVE across the hall and into an EMPTY MATH CLASSROOM. A silent moment, then—

BOOM! It EXPLODES. Desks and chairs fly to the sides of the class as everything is engulfed in flames.

BLAKE

I hate pre-calc.

He walks down the hall.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Lyle, looking scrawnier than ever in a WRESTLER'S UNIFORM, stands in a line of TEENAGE BOYS, all bigger than he is.

Their COACH surveys the group.

COACH

Alright, whose left?

He spots Lyle, trying to stay invisible.

COACH

Lyle. You're up.

Lyle timidly steps forward.

COACH

Who wants to take on Lyle?

Everyone looks to the ground, afraid of snapping him like a twig. And then—

MIKE (O.S.)

I'll do it, Coach.

At the end of the line, Mike steps forward. He's twice Lyle's size, covered in muscles.

COACH

How about someone in his weight class?

KID

No one's in his weight class!

Lyle's shoulders slump.

COACH

Alright, you can go, Mike. Just...  
light pressure OK?

ON THE MAT, Lyle and Mike circle each other, a devilish smirk on Mike's face.

The other boys watch with a mix of curiosity and pity as Lyle and Mike step onto the mat.

The whistle sounds, and Mike LUNGES at Lyle, immediately overpowering him. Lyle struggles, clearly outmatched. Mike throws Lyle to the mat with a thud.

COACH

Easy, Mike.

Mike ignores the coach and continues his assault, twisting Lyle's arm painfully. Lyle winces, trying to hold on.

But then, in the midst of the struggle, Lyle notices a pained FLINCH from Mike as he twists his torso.

MIKE

Give it up, ass wipe.

Lyle tries to hold on, silently screaming in pain as the whistle blows, and Mike finally lets go.

Lyle crumples to the mat, breathless, clutching his arm. He rolls onto his back, staring at the ceiling, grimacing in pain, as—

LYLE IS THRUST BACK IN TIME.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY (TIME RESET)

Lyle blinks, inspecting his arm. It's the start of class.

COACH

Alright, who wants to go first?

Lyle steps forward.

LYLE

Me. And I want to go against Mike.

The kids look around, shocked. A few of them laugh.

MIKE

Fine by me.

COACH

Uh, how about somebody in your weight class, Lyle?

LYLE

I can take him.

ON THE MAT, the whistle blows, and this time, Lyle is prepared. He knows Mike's every move, and DODGES his attack.

Mike grabs his left arm, Lyle dodges right. He grabs at the back of Lyle's neck, and Lyle ducks, leaving Mike looking like an idiot.

The boys watch in shock and awe.

Now, Lyle lunges at Mike, slamming his fist against the weak spot on Mike's torso.

Mike SCREAMS in pain, but Lyle is relentless, delivering precise movements until Mike can no longer move. Lyle pins him to the ground.

The students watching go crazy—

KID

Oh, shit!!!

Lyle stares down at Mike, held underneath his body, as Mike winces in pain.

MIKE

(strained)

How'd you know where to hit me?

LYLE

Because we've done this before.

Mike's face twists in confusion, as—

COACH

One, two, three— LYLE WINS!

Lyle releases Mike as the rest of the students erupt in cheers.

And in this moment, something new flickers in Lyle's eyes — The feeling of winning. A taste of power.

Off his new-found high, we dive headfirst into a HIGH ENERGY MONTAGE featuring the various ways our group uses the hour.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

— Nell pulls a flyer off of a lamp post: GUITARIST FOR ROCK BAND WANTED. Nell texts the number for an audition, and a response comes through: "Can you meet at 1pm today?" Nell looks at her phone's clock, it's 12:03 PM. She types back: "No. But I can meet now."

Nell, ultra-nervous, auditions for the rock band in some dude's GARAGE. A LEAD SINGER covered in tattoos hands her an electric guitar. She nervously starts to strum, before the band cuts her off — *we've heard enough.*

— Quinn and Wyatt buy WHIPS and A COLLAR from a SPENCER'S STYLE STORE in the mall. They head for the door but Quinn stops, noticing a "piercings here" sign...

Quinn WALKS Wyatt, on his hands and knees, through the mall on a leash. She looks badass with a fresh lip and nose ring.

LATER, Quinn and Wyatt ravage each other on a spinning MERRY-GO-ROUND in the center of the mall.

— Blake sneaks up behind TWO COPS leaning against their cruiser. He quickly handcuffs them together, shoves them into the backseat of their own car, slams the door as they shout in protest.

Blake jumps into the driver's seat, speeds off. He yells to the backseat—

BLAKE

You know this is the first time this actually worked? You little piggies are usually quicker on your feet. Too many donuts today, Dale?



He TSK TSKs in disapproval, grabs the PA system—

BLAKE  
Attention, citizens!

Pedestrians on the sidewalk perk up.

BLAKE  
The end of the police state is  
nigh! I've already bagged two  
pieces of bacon. Who's hungry?

— Lyle torments Mike in a series of increasingly clever but cruel ways: He trips Mike into a trashcan in the school cafeteria, he slams Mike's nose into a locker, he broadcasts Mike's secrets over the school's intercom.

He takes Mike's phone and TURNS ON HIS LOCATION SHARING. Now, Lyle can stalk his every move.

— Nell throws a brick through the glass window of a MUSIC STORE. The OWNER yells at her as she steps over broken shards and pulls a Fender, signed by The Rolling Stones, off the wall and plays.

She closes her eyes — pure bliss — as blue and red lights of a nearing cop car reflect off the guitar's sleek finish. Then—

A POLICE STATION. Nell stands in front of the booking officer, unfazed. The camera flashes as she takes her mugshot, throwing up a rock and roll sign with a defiant grin.

— Blake stands at the edge of an open-air AIRPLANE, the wind whipping past him as he prepares to SKYDIVE. His pocket BUZZES. A text from Mom: **Thanks for your help. You're the only one I can count on these days.**

Blake's brow softens, his fingers hover over the keyboard, then another message comes through: **Sorry. That was for Simon.**

Blake CHUCKS the phone out of the plane. His SKYDIVING INSTRUCTOR takes notice—

INSTRUCTOR  
Woah! Everything OK?

BLAKE  
Sorry. Dropped something. Better go get it—

Blake LEAPS out of the plane WITHOUT A PARACHUTE. The Instructor PANICS.

INSTRUCTOR  
Wha- Your parachute?!

Blake FLIES through the air, a grin on his face, numbing the pain of the real world, until- SPLAT.

- Nell is back at the same garage band audition. She plays a little bit better this time. We think she's got it before the lead singer cuts her off: *Still not good enough.*

- Blake leads Nell, Quinn, Wyatt, and Lyle up the fire escape and onto the SCHOOL'S ROOF. Here, they play a game where they toss pieces of candy into each other's mouths right before the hour strikes 13. Then, when they're THRUST BACK IN TIME, they see who can catch the candy in their mouths without falling off the roof.

- Nell, who has never had a shred of disposable income, goes on a *Pretty Woman*-inspired shopping trip. She racks up her credit cards and wears the most insane, luxurious, over-the-top outfits.

- Quinn, with Nell and Wyatt's help, sneaks into the CITY ZOO. Quinn is resolved to free the animals, if only for an hour, and jumps into the TIGER PIT.

QUINN  
Here, kitty kitty!

She's immediately mauled.

- The group creates a makeshift FIGHT CLUB, taking turns hitting each other. Nell, who doesn't want to participate, accidentally gets lopped on the head by Wyatt. She shakes it off and lands a sucker punch to his jaw.

He laughs, impressed by her strength. Energized, everyone swings punches.

- The group sits in Blake's MANCAVE/BASEMENT, small clear bags of different colored powders and pills around them.

LYLE  
Even if we don't feel the effects  
after the hour is over, can we  
still become addicted? I mean,  
we'll remember what it feels like,  
right?

Blake BLOWS a handful of orange powder in Lyle's face. He coughs as the rest of the group cracks up laughing.

- Beneath the glow of chandeliers, the group, dressed to the nines, dines at an opulent, Michelin star RESTAURANT.

Their table, with crisp white linen and gleaming silver, groans under the weight of culinary indulgence: steaks, scallops, and a tower of lobster tails. They motion for the mouth-watering dessert tray.

- Nell, Quinn, and Wyatt lie back in a massage chairs, MANICURISTS painting their fingers and toes, SPA EMPLOYEES applying 14 carat gold facials.

- Wyatt, Blake, and Lyle sit on a couch in Blake's basement. Lyle is asleep, Blake looks bored out of his mind as Wyatt rewinds a football game on the screen for the nth time.

WYATT

Watch how the quarterback fakes the hand-off, drawing the linebackers in, and then BOOM! He pulls back and launches it down field. The timing, the precision, it's all about selling the fak-

Blake flips open his POCKET KNIFE and STABS it into Wyatt's hand. Wyatt SHRIEKS, and Lyle snaps awake.

WYATT

WHAT THE SHIT DUDE?!

BLAKE

Relax, hour's almost over.

Wyatt looks to the clock.

WYATT

Not for two whole minutes you asshole!

BLAKE

Whoops. Sorry.

Wyatt lets out a series of high-pitched WAILS. Blake shoots Lyle a look across the couch, both of them stifling laughter. Then-

They're THRUST BACK IN TIME. Wyatt scrambles across the couch and socks Blake in the face.

- Nell is back at the same garage band audition. But this time, she's all confidence. She struts to the lead singer, pulls the electric guitar off his neck, and absolutely SHREDS. The band stands there, slack-jawed, as she rocks their goddamn world.

**END MONTAGE.**

EXT. HILL - DAY

Blake, Lyle, and Wyatt stand on the edge of a slope on skateboards, a busy FREEWAY dotted with oncoming traffic at the bottom of the hill. Nell stands next to them, her phone's camera FILMING.

NELL

Whoever makes it furthest gets to  
choose what's next. No questions  
asked. Got it?

The boys nod in agreement, and take off down the hill, zooming dangerously fast on skateboards.

Lyle SCREAMS with excitement. But over his shoulder, Quinn appears, with a green mohawk this time, flying down the hill on her own board.

In front of them, Wyatt is taken out first, smashing against an SUV's windshield. Blake is next, tumbling beneath a BUSLOAD of screaming CHEERLEADERS.

Lyle grins, he's got a fighting chance. He navigates honks and screeching tires as he steals a glance at Quinn behind him, as- a MOTORCYCLE clips him.

He flies up into the air and - THUD! Out of the race. Quinn cheers triumphantly.

QUINN

I WIN MOTHER FU-

A GARBAGE TRUCK flattens her like a bug.

At the TOP OF THE HILL, Nell crinkles her nose: *Ouch*.

Then, EVERYONE IS THRUST BACK IN TIME.

INT. BLAKE'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY (**TIME RESET**)

The group is crammed into Blake's convertible.

QUINN

Did it work?!

Nell scrolls to her camera's videos - no footage remains.

NELL

Nope.

WYATT

Aw, man!

Blake shrugs.

BLAKE

Worth a shot.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Quinn sits in English class, her ancient TEACHER drones at the front of the room. She looks at a text chain on the phone in her lap.

**BLAKE:** I'm not doing this.

**NELL:** These are the rules, Blake.

**WYATT:** Yeah, my girl gets what my girl wants!

**BLAKE:** [barfing emoji]

Quinn grins, pockets her phone. She looks up at the clock as it *tick tick ticks* to 12 pm.

Quinn clears her throat, then beings to SING. She stands up at her desk, and BELTS her favorite song. The teacher is completely caught off guard.

Quinn steps to the front of the room and starts DANCING in practiced movements. Her classmates look around: *What is happening?*

As the song builds, the door to the classroom opens and Nell, Lyle, Wyatt, and Blake enter, DANCING their way into the room.

TEACHER

What is going on?!

LYLE

It's a flash mob! Like they do on cruise ships!

Quinn sings as the group performs a cheesy, SYNCHRONIZED DANCE with ultra corny, but not unimpressive moves. Blake rolls his eyes, apathetically hitting his marks.

They climb up on tables and chairs, the performance getting more elaborate by the second.

TEACHER

Get DOWN!

By the end of their routine, Blake is grinning. He grabs Nell for the dramatic finish, twirling and dipping her low, their faces a breath apart.

But the moment is interrupted as the students break into applause. Quinn takes a bow.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With the thrill of the 13th hour behind her, Nell is exhausted and overworked once again. She serves bowls of mac and cheese to her little brother and dad, seated at the table. Nell doesn't eat, finishing pages of overdo homework.

CORD  
I don't like cheese.

NELL  
You love cheese.

CORD  
Not anymore. It's too orange.

NELL  
Well this is what we're eating.

Hank takes a shaky bite with his good hand.

HANK  
Hey honey, do you think you could go to the bank tomorrow? I spoke to someone about a loan, but they need a signature in person. I told them you'd be coming.

NELL  
Sure, dad.

CORD  
I don't want MAR-CA-ROONI!!!

Cord FLIPS his bowl up, macaroni flying up and landing all over Nell's homework.

NELL  
CORD! Are you kidding me?!

Cord cowers, scared.

CORD  
Sorry.

HANK  
He didn't mean to, hun.

Nell gathers up her papers, trying not to explode.

NELL  
I'm going to my room. You can clean  
up.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn is sound asleep on Wyatt's chest, but Wyatt lies wide awake, staring at the ceiling. Gently, he peels her arm off him, grabs his clothes, and quietly slips out of the room.

EXT. BUTTE OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Wyatt parks his car at the top of the butte, overlooking the city below. He climbs onto the hood, and gazes up at the stars. Finally, a moment alone.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back in her bedroom, Quinn wakes up, sitting up with worry as she realizes Wyatt is gone. She reaches for her phone on the nightstand.

The lock screen shows a picture of her and Wyatt in matching Christmas pajamas. She sends him a text: **Where'd you go??**

EXT. BUTTE OVERLOOK - NIGHT

Wyatt reads the text, sighs, feeling suffocated. He types back: **Sorry. Early practice.**

INT. BANK - DAY

Nell stands with tired eyes, talking to a stick-up-his-ass, by-the-books TELLER.

NELL  
My dad said the papers are ready to  
go, I just need to sign them.

TELLER  
That's not possible. Your father  
wasn't approved for a loan.

Nell holds up her phone.

NELL  
I have the confirmation right here.

TELLER  
Well, whoever approved *that* didn't  
follow protocol. And he's on  
disability?  
(MORE)

TELLER (CONT'D)  
Should have been an automatic  
disqualification.

Nell takes a deep breath, bottling her rage once again.

NELL  
Is there anything at all you can d-

BANK ROBBER (O.S.)  
EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

Nell's breath catches in her throat. SHRIEKS echo through the room. Nell falls to the floor, making herself as small as possible.

BANK ROBBER  
HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD. EYES ON THE  
FLOOR.

Nell's heart thuds frantically. Her hands shake as she holds them above her head.

The ROBBER stalks forward, surveying customers. His big boots thud forward, until they stop- right in front of Nell.

BANK ROBBER  
YOU. LOOK AT ME.

Nell looks up cautiously. A man in a PORKY THE PIG MASK points A GUN at her. Nell braces for the worst, as-

BANK ROBBER  
Nell?

The robber peels his mask off. It's Blake, grinning from ear to ear.

NELL  
What are you doing?!

BLAKE  
Getting a bikini wax. What do you  
think?

Nell glances up at the clock, so consumed in her own problems, she hadn't noticed the 13th had hour begun.

NELL  
You know you can't actually steal  
anything, it'll just disappear  
after the hour is up.

Blake shrugs.



BLAKE  
I know. But *Point Break*'s my  
favorite movie. C'mon.

Blake helps her up. The teller's face contorts at Nell—

TELLER  
You know him?!

BLAKE  
SHUT UP!

The teller cowers. Nell is amused.

BLAKE  
What are you doing here?

NELL  
Trying to get my dad a loan. The  
teller won't give it to me.

BLAKE  
Hmm... I've got an idea.

Blake drags Nell to the BACK OF THE ROOM where no one can  
hear them talking, then places the gun INTO HER HAND.

NELL  
I'm not touching a gun!

BLAKE  
Pull the trigger.

NELL  
I'm not killing anyone, Blake, even  
if it's temporary!

Blake sighs. He pulls the trigger and WATER shoots out.

BLAKE  
Three bucks at Toys-R-Us. Now, do  
you trust me?

Nell looks at him sideways, unsure.

A MOMENT LATER: Nell stands back at the teller's counter.  
Blake gives her a reassuring nod, *You got this*. She takes a  
deep breath and—

JUMPS ONTO THE COUNTER, pointing the spray-painted water  
pistol between the teller's beady eyes.

NELL  
You're gonna do exactly what I say.

TELLER

Yes. Of course! I'll approve the loan!

NELL

No.

TELLER

No?

NELL

No! Listen to me! I know you're stealing money from the bank.

TELLER

(horrificed)

Wh- I'm not! I would never!

Meanwhile, Blake circles around the counter, stuffs his backpack with cash.

NELL

I meant... I know about your illegitimate child!

TELLER

What are you talking about? I don't have kids-

NELL

The affair! I know about the affair!

The teller's eyes grow huge.

TELLER

Who told you?

NELL

Doesn't matter. Look, I'm not here to judge. People make mistakes. But messing around with someone half your age while your wife, poor Sarah-

TELLER

Lois-

NELL

Lois, that's what I said. While Lois waits for you at home, wondering if you're OK?

TELLER

I- It's not like that! Scott and I have a connection!

NELL

A connection, huh? Well, tell you what. I'm willing to keep this quiet.

TELLER

Thank you. Oh god, thank you. What do I have to do?

Nell grins.

NELL

You've already done it.

She pulls the trigger, shoots water all over the teller's face.

Blake rounds the corner, his backpack exploding with bills.

BLAKE

Let's go.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Sirens sound as Blake leads Nell to his vintage, jet-black MOTORCYCLE parked around the corner. He hands her his backpack and she slings it on. Nell swallows—

NELL

Helmets?

BLAKE

You're kidding, right?

Blake hops on, and Nell climbs behind him, gripping his waist. Blake PEELS off the sidewalk, as they race haphazardly down the street, dollar bills flying out behind them like confetti.

Nell clutches Blake's waist, her cheek against his back as adrenaline spreads through her system.

Blake ZIGZAGS through traffic as Nell tilts her head back and SCREAMS, a primal release of everything she's held onto.

Blake looks back—

BLAKE

Feels good, doesn't it?

NELL  
Feels INCREDIB-

NELL IS THRUST BACK IN TIME.

INT. BANK - DAY (TIME RESET)

Nell is back at the bank counter, just as before-

TELLER  
Well, whoever approved *that* didn't  
follow protocol. And he's on  
disability? Should have been an  
automatic disqualification.

Nell narrows her eyes at the teller.

NELL  
I'm not asking anymore.

The teller SCOFFS.

NELL  
You'll give me the loan, or I'll  
tell Lois all about your sweet  
Scott.

The teller turns ghost white. Nell revels in the feeling of control.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Nell, a wide smile on her face, pushes the doors of the bank open, triumphant. She grabs sunglasses off the face of an incoming customer, slides them on, cool as ever.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nell strums her guitar with the expert of someone who's spent 10,000 hours practicing.

But mid-strum, the guitar pick slips from her fingers. She leans down to retrieve it when-

NELL (SOTTO)  
Ow!

A SHARP PAIN shoots up her back. She straightens slowly, rubbing the sore spot with one hand. *That was strange...*

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY

Nell walks towards her locker, halting when she sees-

Her combination lock is SMASHED OPEN, her locker ajar. She rushes towards it, swings the door open to find—

THE POCKET WATCH IS GONE.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Blake sits in the back of a classroom, hood drawn. He has an earbud hidden in his ear, watching a YOUTUBE VIDEO on the phone in his lap.

It's a video of Nell, playing the guitar. He watches her passionately move her fingers over the strings, and a smile grows on his face. Then—

A MESSAGE from Nell lights up his screen. He swipes to it.

Nell: **What did you do with it?**

Blake swallows. He clicks the video off and instinctively feels around for something in his pocket.

Another text from Nell: **Meet me on the roof. NOW.**

EXT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, ROOF - DAY

Nell paces on the roof as Blake makes his way to the top of the fire escape. She spots him—

NELL  
Where is it?

BLAKE  
Don't worry. It's safe.

NELL  
Show it to me.

Blake pulls it out of his pocket, holding it out of reach.

BLAKE  
Don't be upset. I just wanted to see if maybe there was a way we could extend the hour, have more time—

NELL  
Are you crazy?

BLAKE  
An hour isn't enough. We can't go anywhere outside of the city—

NELL  
An hour is all we have. And you're  
putting it in jeopardy!

Nell walks towards him. He takes a step back.

NELL  
Blake!

BLAKE  
It's OK.

NELL  
It's not OK! Give it to me.

Nell reaches for the clock again, but Blake's grip tightens, refusing to let go.

Tension builds as they engage in a physical standoff over the clock. Nell grows more frantic, while Blake becomes fiercely protective over the clock.

NELL  
BLAKE! Stop!

And then, the pocket watch flies out of Blake's grasp and SMASHES to the ground.

BLAKE  
No!

The clock skids across the roof, teetering dangerously close to the edge. Nell and Blake sprint after it, but just as it seems ready to plunge—

It stops, caught at the very brink. Two DEEP CRACKS fissure across the glass.

Nell snatches it up, pure panic on her face. She examines the clock as Blake peers over her shoulder.

The pocket watch still *tick, tick, ticks*— seemingly unharmed. Nell lets out a relieved breath.

NELL  
It's still working.

BLAKE  
I'm sorry. I dunno what I was  
thinking.

NELL  
At the bank, when I stood up to the  
teller...  
(MORE)

NELL (CONT'D)

It was the first time I felt like I had any sense of control. I can't lose that feeling.

Blake nods, understanding.

BLAKE

I'll be more careful.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn sprawls on her bed, sitting behind Wyatt, tracing his back with her foot.

QUINN

Remember when we were in 8th grade, and we snuck into the greenhouse to make out? I thought it'd be romantic, but the fertilizer smell really killed the vibe.

Quinn smiles at the memory. Wyatt frowns.

WYATT

Why do you always wanna talk about the past?

QUINN

What?

WYATT

We're not in middle school anymore. We're about to graduate, go to college, start our *real* lives.

QUINN

What's wrong with remembering the good times? We were so happy.

WYATT

Yeah. I know. I just... That was then. We don't know what the future holds.

QUINN

What does that mean?

WYATT

I just- we're together all the time, Quinn. We always spend the hour together. We spend every hour together.

QUINN

So?

WYATT

I dunno. Maybe we need to try something new.

QUINN

OK. Anything. I'll do anything you want.

WYATT

No... I mean, I think I just wanna be alone tonight.

Quinn swallows, throat tight.

QUINN

Um, I was actually thinking we could break into Autzen Stadium... You know, just the two of us under the stars, on the 50-yard line...

WYATT

Stop doing that.

QUINN

What?

WYATT

Whenever I'm trying to talk to you about something important you try and like, distract me.

QUINN

No, babe, I- I'm sorry.

WYATT

I just want to spend the night alone, OK? Clear my head.

Quinn's face knots, anxiety mounting, as Wyatt stands up and heads for the door.

QUINN

Wyatt-

But he's gone.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lyle stands outside Mike's bedroom window, his eyes cold and unblinking as he watches Mike sleep. Mike tosses and turns in bed, restless. A sudden BUZZ breaks Lyle's concentration.



He reads a text from Wyatt: **You busy?**

INT. BURLESQUE CLUB - NIGHT

The air is thick with smoke and the rhythmic thrum of bass. Wyatt and Lyle weave through a sea of bodies, finally landing at a table near the front of the club.

A spotlight bathes the stage, showcasing half-dressed DANCERS who make seductive movements towards the boys.

LYLE  
*Duuuude.* This is incredible. Why haven't we been doing this the whole time?!

Wyatt isn't having as much fun, his mind still with Quinn.

WYATT  
I dunno. Maybe this wasn't a good idea.

Lyle grabs TWO SHOTS off of the table next to them, the patrons distracted by the women on stage.

LYLE  
C'mon. No consequences, remember?

Lyle hands Wyatt a shot. Wyatt shakes off his ambivalence, downs the liquid.

MANY SHOTS LATER: A DARK-HAIRED DANCER grinds on Wyatt's lap. He grins, wasted.

A RED-HAIRED DANCER drops off the stage and circles to Lyle. She dances close, dropping her cleavage low. Lyle reaches out and GRABS her thighs.

LYLE  
You're mine.

A BOUNCER steps towards their table.

BOUNCER  
HEY! No touching.

LYLE  
Don't tell me what to do.

Lyle SQUEEZES the dancer's ass. She recoils.

BOUNCER  
Hands OFF.

LYLE  
You don't know who you're messing  
with.

Wyatt snaps to attention—

WYATT  
Dude, just... stop.

LYLE  
He can't make me. No one can make  
me do anything!

BOUNCER  
That's it. You're done.

The bouncer grabs Lyle's arm with a vice-like grip, drags  
him across the room.

EXT. BURLESQUE CLUB, ALLEY - NIGHT

The bouncer tosses Lyle into the alley, Wyatt trails behind.

LYLE  
Let go of me, asshole!

The bouncer releases Lyle, towering over him menacingly.

BOUNCER  
I'd be careful who you talk to like  
that.

LYLE  
You think I'm scared of you?!

Lyle lunges for an empty beer bottle, SHATTERING it against  
the concrete wall. With a savage twist, he drives the jagged  
edge into the bouncer's gut. The bouncer doubles over.

WYATT  
Jesus, Lyle!

LYLE  
I'm a fucking GOD!

Lyle drags the broken bottle against his own chest, CARVING  
OUT his skin.

WYATT  
What are you doing?!

A few nearby DANCERS on their break exchange uneasy glances,  
retreat down the alley. Lyle laughs, reveling in their  
discomfort.

LYLE

There's no consequences, man! We  
can do whatever we want!

Wyatt swallows, fearful.

WYATT

I'm going home.

Wyatt turns to leave, Lyle shouts after him—

LYLE

Fine! I'll just bleed out in this  
shitty alley alone!

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nell closes her bedroom door and exhales, savoring a brief  
moment of reprieve. She reaches for her guitar, but  
something in the neighboring mirror catches her eye.

She freezes, staring at her reflection. FAINT LINES appear  
around her eyes like crow's feet. *How is that possible?*

Her worry is interrupted by—

HANK (O.S.)

Nell? Honey?

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The clock on Hank's nightstand ticks to 12:06 am. Nell helps  
her dad from his bed into his wheelchair.

HANK

Thanks, Nell. I tried to hold it,  
but...

He shrugs, defeated.

HANK

It won't be like this forever.

Something shifts inside Nell. She can't push her feelings  
down any longer — and it's the 13th hour, why should she?

NELL

How do you know that?

HANK

Doctor says I'm making small  
improvements every day. I'll be  
back on a site in a couple months.

NELL

No you won't. You'll still be sitting on your ass in front of the TV.

Hank is taken aback—

HANK

Nell. I— I'm doing everything I can.

NELL

Maybe it's not enough.

HANK

I know this has been hard on you—

NELL

You have no idea what it's been like. I'm 18 dad, and I'm exhausted all the time. That's not normal! I can't keep everything together for everyone. I'm not Mom, OK? And I won't be here to take care of you forever!

She storms out.

EXT. NELL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nell hurries down the steps of her apartment.

She texts Blake: **What are you doing right now?**

EXT. SKYSCRAPER, ROOF - NIGHT

Nell opens the door to the roof, assaulted by a gust of wind. Blake walks along the ledge of the 60 story skyscraper.

NELL

Blake!

He turns, his grin as reckless as the way he stands, one foot dangling over the drop.

BLAKE

Hey.

He wobbles a bit before hopping down. Nell walks towards him, taking in the view: the heavy moon dips towards the city skyline.

NELL

Woah. This is... wow. Do you come here a lot?

BLAKE

First time. But I've been all over the city's rooftops. They're all sort of the same. Tall as shit, cool view, but... it can get lonely.

NELL

You ever jump off?

BLAKE

Couple times. The fall is incredible, it's like you're flying. You get this unbelievable rush, your whole body goes numb, but then I always panic in the last couple seconds. Even though it's not permanent, still freaks me out.

Nell hops up onto the ledge where Blake was. The wind whips her hair in all directions.

NELL

Does it hurt?

BLAKE

Not really. Or, not that I can remember.

NELL

Do you ever experience anything, you know, afterward?

BLAKE

What? Like do I get to kick it up in the clouds for a couple minutes before I come back?

NELL

You know what I mean—

BLAKE

Nah. Nothing like that. Though I did pee in a McDonald's ball pit once, so maybe I'm disqualified.

Nell laughs.

NELL

Sounds kinda nice.

BLAKE  
Peeing in a ball pit?

NELL  
The other thing.

BLAKE  
What? Dying?

NELL  
Yeah... like, being dead would be a great excuse to not be available to everyone all the time. If I'm gone, they have to figure it out themselves.

BLAKE  
That's pretty dark.

NELL  
I'm just tired. I need a break.  
From all of it.

Suddenly, Nell SLIPS, nearly falling off the edge. Blake rushes forward, grabs her hand. He holds it as she continues to traverse the edge.

BLAKE  
I sort of get what you're saying.

NELL  
You do whatever you want though, right?

BLAKE  
Yeah, but... it's just, you know-- all of that is just a distraction.

NELL  
A distraction from what?

BLAKE  
Um. Dumb family stuff.

NELL  
Like what?

BLAKE  
Sort of a long story.

NELL  
We have all the extra hours in the world.

Blake sighs, out of excuses—

BLAKE

Well. About six or seven years ago, my parents' law firm landed this huge account, way out of town. Ever since then, they're gone most of the time, so it's just been me and my little brother.

NELL

You two close?

BLAKE

Not at all. He's the good one—straight As, got his whole future mapped out. Reminds me of you, actually. But we don't get along. My parents are obsessed with him, their perfect son. And I'm just... the other one.

NELL

That's rough. I'm sorry.

BLAKE

Stealing cars, jumping out of planes— I get to feel... *nothing*. Even if it's just a minute or two. That rush, the adrenaline... I can release all the bullshit.

NELL

I get it.

BLAKE

Simon takes up so much space, it's like I'm invisible most of the time.

To Blake's surprise, Nell laughs.

BLAKE

...What?

Nell stops walking on the ledge, turns to face him.

NELL

No, sorry, it's just... You're Blake Miner. You're impossible to ignore. I can't imagine anyone ever making you feel invisible.

Blake shrugs it off, but it's nice to hear.

NELL

You could try and talk to him?

BLAKE

Uh... no.

NELL

Why not? You're both fighting for your parents' attention, right? He gets applause, you get reprimanded, but you want the same thing.

BLAKE

Um, thanks Freud.

NELL

I'm just saying, you might have more in common than you think.

Blake looks at Nell, feeling seen for the first time in a while. He steps up, joining her on the ledge.

BLAKE

You wanna try it?

NELL

Try what?

Blake smiles.

BLAKE

*Letting go.*

Blake's hands drop to her waist. Their eyes meet. Electricity courses between them. And then—

Their lips touch. A mind-blowing kiss. And when they pull apart, Nell grins.

She grips him tight and leans over the side of the building, both of them FALLING off the edge, bodies entwined.

The city rushes past them in a glorious, vertical blur.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (TIME RESET)

Nell is THRUST BACK IN TIME.

She's back in her room, standing in front of the mirror. The phone in her pocket BUZZES.

A text from Blake: **I think that might of been the best night of my life.**



Nell grins like an idiot, falls onto her bed, giddy.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Still high off her night with Blake, Nell makes a pot of coffee. Cord runs in wearing underwear on his head.

CORD  
Where's daddy?

NELL  
He should be up soon, bud.

CORD  
But the school bus already left.

NELL  
What? It's early—

She glances at the stove's clock: 9:13 am.

NELL  
Oh, shit.

CORD  
(mimicking)  
Oh, shit!

Nell abandons the coffee and rushes out of the room.

INT. HANK'S BEDROOM - DAY

Nell opens the door to see her father, lying on the ground, half dressed, struggling to get up. He has a BLOODY CUT on his head.

NELL  
Oh my god, dad!

Nell rushes to him, lifts him into a sitting position.

HANK  
I'm OK.

NELL  
What happened?!

HANK  
I was just trying to get in my  
chair—

NELL  
You should have let me help you!

HANK

I wanted to try it myself. After  
what you said last night-

NELL

What did I say?

HANK

It's OK, I understand where you're  
coming from.

NELL

Dad. What did I say?

HANK

You told me you can't be everything  
to everyone. And I get it, sweetie.

Nell's face contorts: *She said that during the 13th hour,*  
*how did he remember?* Nell tries to stay calm-

NELL

Whatever I said, I didn't mean it.  
OK? I'm here for you.

She examines the cut on his head, swallows back the shame.

EXT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, ROOF - DAY

Blake, Nell, Lyle, Wyatt, and Quinn gather on the roof.  
Quinn wears a TURTLENECK that completely covers her neck.

NELL

He remembered what I said during  
the 13th hour.

WYATT

How is that possible?

NELL

It's not- it shouldn't be.

Blake eyes Nell, noticing dark, hollow circles around her  
eyes. She looks worn-out, fragile.

BLAKE

Are you OK? You look-

Nell waves away his concern.

NELL

Bad night of sleep.

Quinn eyes the group, nervous.

QUINN

I... Um. I got a tattoo. During the hour. It's nothing I would have done any other time, I was just upset. But, it's still there.

LYLE

What's the tattoo?

QUINN

It doesn't matter.

WYATT

Babe, what is it?

QUINN

(bitter)

Don't call me babe.

BLAKE

OK, we gotta see this tattoo—

Quinn sighs. She pulls down the neck of her turtleneck to reveal big black letters that say "WYATT DUNN CAN SUCK MY—"

QUINN

It keeps going.

Lyle and Blake burst out laughing.

WYATT

Jesus, Quinn. What did I do?

She shoots daggers—

QUINN

You know what you did.

Nell shakes her head, distraught.

NELL

The tattoo, my dad... Something's really wrong.

Blake gives Nell a knowing look.

BLAKE

We should show them.

WYATT

Show us what?

Nell nods. She pulls off her backpack, extracts the clock.

NELL

We didn't want to freak you out,  
but...

She holds it up for them to see: The two CRACKS we saw  
before are now even deeper.

LYLE

What happened?!

Nell opens her mouth to speak but Blake cuts her off—

BLAKE

I dropped it. It's my fault. But it  
still works though, see?

The clock *tick, tick, ticks* like always.

QUINN

Then why do I have a neck tattoo?  
It's not working—

WYATT

Or it's half working. Nothing I did  
last night had any carryover.

LYLE

Same. Worked fine for me. I  
*slipped...* cut my chest. But now?  
No scar, nothing.

QUINN

So only certain things have  
consequences? Is there like a...  
pattern, something that links them?

LYLE

Not that I can tell—

NELL

It's almost like the cracks are  
letting random moments from the  
hour slip into our real lives...

BLAKE

That's messed up.

Lyle reaches out to touch the glass covering. The second he  
does, one of the cracks SPLINTERS FURTHER.

BLAKE

Dude, be careful!

LYLE

Sorry!

NELL

It's delicate. I thought maybe we could glue it back together or something, but every time you touch it... it gets worse.

WYATT

OK, so what do we do now?

QUINN

I mean we can't keep using it—

LYLE

Wait, what?

QUINN

Imagine if I had done something actually dangerous last night. You know, instead of a dumb tattoo?

NELL

Quinn's right. If we can't tell what will carry over and what won't, we shouldn't mess with it. Not until we have more information.

Quinn nods in agreement.

NELL

And maybe our time with the clock has run its course. I don't wanna let it go but... I hurt my dad. And I'm not that person.

LYLE

OK, but what if we don't do anything risky—

WYATT

Yeah, right. Like those "rules" we've been so diligently following? "Nothing dangerous?" That lasted about a minute.

BLAKE

The whole point of the clock is being able to do whatever we want. It's our hour. I'm sorry, but... I'm not giving it up.

LYLE  
I'm with Blake.

QUINN  
Guys, it's not safe! This isn't even a debate, we have to destroy it.

LYLE  
WAIT. Just wait, OK? We only have one instance of any sort of ramifications. It could be an outlier! A one time thing! We need a bigger sample size.

He glances at his watch: 11:37 am.

LYLE  
It's almost noon. Let's keep using it, just for one more hour, then we can assess next steps.

NELL  
I don't know, Lyle...

BLAKE  
It's a good idea. We need more information, this is how we get it.

QUINN  
Blake, come on—

BLAKE  
None of us want to give up the hour if we don't have to, right? So... One more test. And if anything else slips through the cracks, game over. We'll destroy it.

The group eyes each other, unsure.

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HALLWAY - DAY

The CLOCK hanging above the hallway clicks to 12:01 pm. Quinn storms down the hall, Wyatt follows.

WYATT  
Quinn. Quinn!

She whips her head towards him, anger rising.

QUINN  
WHAT?

WYATT  
Are you gonna tell me what's wrong?

QUINN  
You went to a strip club?!

Wyatt's face falls.

QUINN  
I tracked your location.

WYATT  
...Nothing happened.

QUINN  
Nothing happened? You told me you  
wanted to be *alone*—

WYATT  
I'm sorry, I just... There's no  
consequences during the 13th hour.  
None of it matters!

QUINN  
Are you kidding? It matters to ME!  
I've been nothing but loyal to you.  
But you know what, you wanted your  
freedom— now you have it.

Quinn grabs the arm of a hot, ARTSY GIRL and plants a big  
KISS on her lips. The artsy girl is stunned, but so into it.  
Wyatt watches, his heart breaking in real time. Quinn turns  
to Wyatt.

QUINN  
She might not remember this, but  
you will. We're done.

INT. LYLE'S CAR - DAY

Nell sits in the passenger seat of Lyle's car in the school  
parking lot. He starts the car.

NELL  
Thanks for the ride. Just wanna  
check on my dad.

LYLE  
Yeah, of course. My mom never lets  
me borrow the car. Gotta take  
advantage.

Nell nods. But Lyle's eyes narrow at something in the  
distance. He SLAMS THE GAS, jolting Nell back into her seat.

NELL

Woah!

Lyle doesn't react. His eyes are cold, focused. The car SPEEDS forward.

NELL

Lyle!

He grits his teeth as the car careens towards—  
MIKE and his GIRLFRIEND.

NELL

Lyle, SLOW DOWN!

IN THE PARKING LOT, Mike looks up, sees Lyle's car speeding forward. His eyes grow with panic as he thinks fast, pushes his girlfriend out of the way of the oncoming car as—

BAM! Mike SLAMS into the hood of Lyle's car.

INSIDE THE CAR, Nell freaks out—

NELL

OH MY GOD!!!

OUTSIDE, Mike lies still, motionless in the road.

IN THE PARKING LOT, Students rush towards the chaos. Among them is Blake.

INSIDE THE CAR, Nell paws for the door handle, falls out of the passenger seat and onto the pavement.

Blake rushes towards her, pulls her up.

Lyle emerges from the car with a cold gaze. He looks out at Nell, Blake, and the crowd of students— all staring at him in fear.

LYLE

Guys, c'mon... It doesn't mean anything! It doesn't count!

NELL

You don't know that!

LYLE

He'll be fine.

(angry)

He's always fine!



Quinn and Wyatt emerge from the school to see the commotion. Quinn brings a trembling hand to her mouth.

LYLE  
What are you all so afraid of?!

Nell's fists clench at her sides, anger building. She turns to Blake—

NELL  
I'll be back.

She BACKS AWAY from the crowd, but Lyle spots her.

LYLE  
(under his breath)  
No.

Nell pivots, runs back towards the school.

LYLE  
NOOO!!!

Lyle's eyes ignite with panic, and he sprints after Nell.

Up ahead, Nell, breathless, pushes the school doors open as—  
SHE'S THRUST BACK IN TIME.

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, HALLWAY - DAY (TIME RESET)

Nell regains her balance, standing in the middle of the busy hall, students trudging past. She frantically scans their faces, grabs the arm of a passing TEACHER.

NELL  
Have you seen Michael Marney?

TEACHER  
Oh, boy. What'd he do this time?

NELL  
Have you seen him?

The teacher shrugs, nope. Frustrated, Nell books it down the hall, searching.

NELL  
Mike! MIKE!

Students stare at her, confused by her panic.

NELL  
Mike Marney!

Finally, Nell spots Mike, at his locker with Crash and Steve. She rushes up to him, grabs his shoulder. He spins—

MIKE

Hey, what the— oh, hi. What's your name?

Nell inspects him, eying him up and down.

NELL

You're OK.

MIKE

Uh, I mean. I'm more than OK, sweetie—

NELL

Whatever. Sorry.

Relieved, Nell exhales, before she sees Lyle creeping down the far end of the hall. They make eye contact, and Nell takes off running towards her locker.

AT HER LOCKER—

Nell, fingers trembling, frantically dials the combination lock. With a CLICK the door swings open.

Her hand darts inside, searching. Her fingers close around the pocket watch, adrenaline surging.

A FLASH OF THE NEW NELL — at the bank, on the roof with Blake — flashes in her mind, before—

Lyle rushes forth, wild-eyed and out of breath.

LYLE

Don't do it!

Nell returns to the present moment. She hesitates no longer, dropping the pocket watch onto the hard floor. She raises her foot above it.

LYLE

NELL. PLEASE.

Nell brings her heel down hard, the glass splintering beneath her weight.

LYLE

NOOOO!!!

Nell PUMMELS the clock with her foot again. It caves in, the glass completely shattered. She STAMPS down on it again, and again, as—

Blake, Wyatt, and Quinn rush towards her locker. Nell delivers the final blow.

Lyle falls to the ground, staring at the shattered remnants, heartbroken. He delicately pulls the broken clock from the ground. The once relentless *tick tick tick* is now silent.

Quinn gives Nell a reassuring look — it was the right thing to do.

EXT. BLAKE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

Heavy rain pelts the pool, fat droplets bouncing off the floaties and patio furniture.

Blake and Nell sit beneath the awning, watching as water floods the backyard.

NELL

I'm sorry it had to end that way.  
Are you OK?

Blake glances through the sliding glass door into the living room, eying a collection of Simon's pristine, polished trophies. He shrugs—

BLAKE

It'll just be like it was before we found it. I survived then, I'll survive now.

NELL

I think I'll miss it. The feeling of control.

Blake nods, pushing his real feelings deep down.

BLAKE

So, you got any plans for next year?

NELL

I got into a music school, actually. In LA.

BLAKE

LA? Look at you, hotshot.

NELL

Haven't told my dad yet. If I go,  
there won't be anyone to take care  
of him.

BLAKE

He's an adult, he'll figure it out.  
Just talk to him.

NELL

Like you talked to your brother?

BLAKE

I'm just saying, don't you think  
he'd be proud of you?

NELL

I think he's scared that if I  
leave, I might not come back.

Nell exhales, brushing it off.

NELL

What are you doing next year?

BLAKE

Oh. You know me. I don't make plans  
past breakfast.

NELL

Mmm. You know I've heard LA has  
some pretty killer breakfast...

BLAKE

Oh yeah?

NELL

Eggs, pancakes, bacon... Everything  
a growing boy needs.

Blake gives her a playful shove.

NELL

(teasing)

Hey, no more fight club. You could  
hurt me for real now, remember?

Blake's face turns serious.

BLAKE

I won't ever hurt you.

He leans in close. They kiss, the moment intensifying. Their  
hands moving over each other's bodies as—

NELL AND BLAKE ARE THRUST BACK IN TIME.

EXT. BLAKE'S HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT (**TIME RESET**)

Nell and Blake are under the awning, seated in different positions, further apart.

NELL  
...It's still working?

BLAKE  
Holy shit.

They look at each other in pure shock. Nell's face transforms into worry, while a small look of relief flickers across Blake's face.

EXT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, ROOF - DAY

Nell, Wyatt, Quinn, and Lyle stand on the roof in a frenzy. Blake is noticeably absent. Quinn holds the smashed clock in her hand.

QUINN  
It's completely destroyed! Look at it.

NELL  
Maybe there's another piece or component we don't know about, outside of the clock itself-

WYATT  
We should search the library.

LYLE  
...Or maybe it can't be stopped, no matter what we do.

Nell anxiously types a message to Blake: **Where are you?**

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Simon sits at the kitchen counter, studying. Blake steps into the room, hesitating at the doorway.

BLAKE  
Hey. Can we talk for a second?

Simon doesn't look up, eyes fixed on the page.

SIMON  
Busy.

BLAKE  
It's important.

Simon sighs sharply, looks up from his book.

BLAKE  
I just wanted to see how you're  
doing. You know, check in.

SIMON  
(annoyed)  
I'm fine.

Simon returns to his book. But Blake just stands there,  
fighting the awkwardness.

SIMON  
What do you want?

BLAKE  
Nothing, man. I just uh... look, I  
know I haven't been the greatest  
big brother.

Simon looks at Blake, genuinely surprised for a moment.

SIMON  
No— you haven't.

BLAKE  
I know. I'm sorry. I think, maybe  
I've just been jealous of you... of  
how good you are at everything.  
Your relationship with mom and dad.  
But that's my shit. And it's not an  
excuse, I just want us to be on the  
same page again.

SIMON  
We were never on the same page.

BLAKE  
That's not true. Remember Friday  
nights? Back in middle school, we'd  
always vote for the same movie.

Simon softens slightly.

SIMON  
"If we have to watch *The Never  
Ending Story* one more time..."

BLAKE  
Dad hated that movie.

SIMON  
He hated us quoting it all the  
time.

BLAKE  
"Atreyu, call my name..."

SIMON  
Those were the days.

Simon smiles, nostalgia washing over him for a brief moment.  
But just as quickly, his walls come back up.

SIMON  
But then we grew up.

BLAKE  
Doesn't have to be so different  
now.

SIMON  
Things changed. You went your way,  
I went mine. Just how it is.

BLAKE  
I want to be there for you—

SIMON  
How? You can't even remember my  
birthday. You only think of  
yourself.

BLAKE  
I'll be better. I swear.

SIMON  
Don't worry about it. I don't  
expect anything from you. I've  
learned to take care of myself.

BLAKE  
Simon, please. We've already lost  
so much time—

Simon swallows, fighting vulnerability.

SIMON  
Some things you just can't get  
back.

He forces his eyes back to this book, pain covering his  
face. Blake stands there, his heart sinking, guilt and shame  
washing over him.

EXT. BLAKE'S CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Blake throws himself into the front seat of his convertible, tossing a bottle of tequila into the passenger seat.

He fights tears, cranks up the music to drown out his emotions. Blake punches the gas, and now we're-

**BACK AT OUR OPENING SCENE.**

EXT. CLIFF-SIDE STREET - DAY

Two SEAGULLS squabble over a piece of food on the sunlit asphalt, as-

TIRES SCREECH and an ENGINE ROARS. The birds scatter as Blake's CONVERTIBLE barrels forward. Blake's eyes narrow at the dash- *88 mph, 96 mph, 102 mph.*

He tears down the winding street as an obnoxious song BLARES from the speakers. He screams along with the lyrics, as his phone BUZZES in his pocket.

He pulls it out, looks at NELL'S NAME flashing across the screen. For a moment he's brought back to the present moment, but he fights against the vulnerable feelings, pockets the phone.

Blake paws for the BOTTLE OF TEQUILA rolling around in the passenger seat. He uncaps it, takes a long swig, then CHUCKS the bottle out the side of the car.

SIRENS sound in the distance. Blake's eyes narrow at the blue and red lights in his rear-view. And he-

REMOVES HIS HANDS FROM THE WHEEL.

The convertible SWERVES this way and that, veering dramatically across two lanes of traffic.

The car DIPS towards the cliff's edge as Blake LAUGHS diabolically. The bumper SCRAPES against the protective railing and SPARKS FLY.

The COP CARS edge closer.

COP CAR MEGAPHONE (O.S.)  
Pull over your vehicle. NOW!

The convertible RAMS into the railing again... and again... until it- BREAKS THROUGH.

In SLOW MOTION, the car careens over the edge as Blake UNBUCKLES his seat belt.



He FLOATS UP from the seat as a wide grin spreads across his lips. He stretches his arms out wide, throws up two middle fingers, and closes his eyes.

All of the noise – the music, the cop cars, his fight with Simon – goes quiet, and Blake is left alone, weightless, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

A perfect, serene moment, until the car lands with a massive CRASH. Blake's body SLAMS back into his seat, his bones breaking all at once with a sickening CRACK.

The car tumbles violently, flipping end over end before crashing onto its side.

Blake, on the edge of death, cracks his eyes open. He glances at the CAR'S CLOCK: 12:59 pm.

With his last remaining breath, his lips part–

BLAKE (O.S.)  
Tick, tock.

And then, his body gives out.

But we STAY ON THE CAR'S CLOCK, the seconds pass too slowly, until finally, the numbers switch to 1:00 PM. But this time–

Blake isn't thrust back in time. He lies there, lifeless.

No 13th hour to save him. No reset. Just the cold, hard truth: Blake is gone.

FURTHER UP, AMONG THE ROCKS, we find Blake's phone, glass cracked, as Nell's name flashes across the screen again.

EXT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH – DAY

Nell stands outside the school, phone to her ear, as she's confronted with Blake's VOICEMAIL MESSAGE. She hangs up with a worried look.

INT. BLAKE'S HOUSE – DAY

QUICK SHOTS:

An empty LIVING ROOM.

An empty KITCHEN.

Blake's BEDROOM, an unmade bed, stacks of obscure Blu-rays, a half-completed sketch of the city skyline where Nell and Blake stood days prior.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nell lies curled up on her bed, her back to the door. Cord knocks impatiently.

CORD (O.S.)  
Nell! Come play with me!

NELL  
(apathetic)  
I'm sick.

CORD  
You've been sick for weeks!

Nell sighs and rolls over, revealing her face: The lines around her eyes are deeper, and several GRAY HAIRS punctuate her hairline.

The PHONE on her nightstand BUZZES. A text from Quinn: **I know you're still upset, but we miss you.**

Nell stares at the message for a moment, then turns her phone face down, and rolls back toward the wall.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A somber expanse of tombstones stretch under a bleak, depleted sky. Rain assaults a circle of umbrellas, sheltering MOURNERS who surround Blake's casket.

Blake's MOTHER sobs, his FATHER is in pure shock. Simon wipes tears from his eyes.

At the back of the crowd is Lyle, Quinn, and Wyatt.

Further away, beneath the shadow of a distant tree, Nell stands away from the group. The hood of her raincoat is pulled down low, hiding most of her face.

Nell reaches into her pocket, pulls out the broken clock. She stares at it, her sorrow giving way to a fierce resolve.

UP AHEAD, Lyle glances over his shoulder and spots Nell slipping back into the trees. He pivots, runs after her—

LYLE (O.S.)  
Nell!

Nell quicksteps away, shoes plunging into mud. Lyle follows.

LYLE  
Wait. NELL!

Nell halts, lip trembling. She stares at the ground, face still covered—

NELL  
It could have been Mike, you know.  
Could have been any of us!

LYLE  
I never wanted anyone to get hurt.  
I was just... angry.

NELL  
So you hit him with your car?!

LYLE  
It wasn't real.

NELL  
Blake is DEAD, Lyle. It's real!

Nell squints through the downpour of rain—

NELL  
This thing is messing with us.  
Making us do bad shit. I let my dad  
get hurt. And you're not a bully,  
Lyle. Look at who we're becoming.  
Even if no one else faces the  
consequences, *we still do!*

The hood of her jacket falls, revealing the full extent of Nell's aging face. Lyle's expression turns to shock.

LYLE  
Nell...

Wyatt and Quinn arrive behind Lyle, equally as taken aback by Nell's features—

QUINN  
Nell— Are you OK?!

Nell is on the verge of tears, overwhelmed by all of it.

NELL  
I haven't been sleeping. Blake, my  
dad... it's too much. I'm falling  
apart!

LYLE  
This isn't just a lack of sleep.  
Nell, you're... old.

Nell looks at her friends, their faces filled with concern.  
Something clicks— a growing realization.

NELL  
(under her breath)  
Oh my god...

QUINN  
What?

NELL  
We have to go.

WYATT  
Where?

NELL  
The school— the library. Come on!

EXT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH - NIGHT

Nell leads the group around the back of the school, checking each window as they pass.

LYLE  
Here!

Lyle pushes an unlocked window open, motioning for Nell, Wyatt, and Quinn to climb through.

INT. LIBRARY STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The group uses their cell phones to cast light through the dusty space. Nell leads the group towards the back of the room where she first saw the old book marked with XIII.

NELL  
We thought the extra hours were a gift... a miracle, right? But time doesn't work that way.

Quinn hurries behind her.

QUINN  
What do you mean?

NELL  
Think about it. No one gets to live forever. Everyone has a certain number of hours. But with the clock...

LYLE  
We get more time.

Nell stops, scanning a familiar shelf.

NELL

Two extra hours a day. That's months, years – *decades* – more than anyone else.

QUINN

It's like we're cheating time or something...

NELL

That's what I thought. At first. But... I'm tired all the time. My muscles hurt. I have gray hairs, wrinkles. I thought it was just the stress of taking care of my dad, but...

Nell's eyes light up, eying the book marked with XIII. She yanks it from the shelf. She retreats to the floor, lays the book out for everyone to see. The group crowds around it.

WYATT

Woah...

Nell flips through the pages, stopping at various hand-drawn images. Each picture depicts a different civilization using a version of the clock across time:

ON THE PAGE: An ancient SUNDIAL marked with a 13th hour sits at the center of a ritual site, surrounded by glyphs and PRIESTS offering a BLOOD SACRIFICE beneath the moon.

NELL

This is what I saw before. It has to be the first time anyone used the clock—

She flips the pages to find—

A WATER CLOCK in a pharaoh's palace, adorned with hieroglyphs. A PHARAOH and his WIFE stand beside it as SERVANTS fill the 13th crevasse of the clock with water.

On another page: A brass POCKET WATCH is held by a CONQUISTADOR, its face reflecting FLAMES of a burning village. The hands of the watch hovers just past 12, frozen in the 13th hour.

Nell turns the page to see: PILGRIMS with hands clasped in prayer, sitting around a WOODEN MANTEL CLOCK, its face marked with XIII.

The table overflows with a bounty of fruits, vegetables, and meat, but an OLD WOMAN, frail and near death, sits among them, a sharp contrast to the abundance of the harvest.

On another page: In a rough-and-tumble saloon, a large mechanical CLOCK is mounted on the wall. A BARTENDER adjusts the gears as he manipulates a group of POKER PLAYERS.

Another page depicts: A World War I SOLDIER, who stands over the lifeless body of his enemy. He clutches the glowing POCKET WATCH in his fist, the same version the watch Nell has now.

The group looks up from the book, exchanges nervous glances.

QUINN

This is insane...

Nell flips to a final page: It's an illustration of a MAN seated beneath a withering tree – half of his face youthful, the other half aged and decaying.

Lyle points to a bolded Latin phrase at the top of the page:  
**Una hora = Unius hebdomadae sacrificium.**

LYLE

What does it mean? An hour... what?

Nell types the phrase into her phone, reads the translation—

NELL

"One hour equals one week's  
sacrifice."

Nell's face falls. Quinn instinctively reaches for her hand.

WYATT

Jesus Christ, Nell...

LYLE

There's something written in Latin  
on the inside of the clock, isn't  
there? Maybe it could help—

Nell pulls the clock from her pocket, hands it to Lyle.

LYLE

(reading the inscription)  
"Tempus fallere non potes."

Quinn types it into her phone. Her face turns to fear.

WYATT

What does it mean?

QUINN  
You can't cheat time.

NELL  
It was a warning. We should have listened. The clock gave us more time, but... it was never free. Time is taking what's owed.

WYATT  
But why would it take hours from you and not from us?

NELL  
Because I fixed the clock. I started the first hour.

She hangs her head.

NELL  
And now I'm a slave to it.

The group exchanges worried looks. Lyle's mind is racing, quickly doing the math in his head—

LYLE  
OK, so, one hour equals one week?  
That's 7 days. And we use the clock twice a day, so 14 days.

QUINN  
Times 5. There's five of us using the hour.

LYLE  
OK. That's uh, 70, then. 70 days are taken from Nell every single...

He stops, the gravity of what he's saying sinking in.

QUINN  
What day did we find the clock?

NELL  
February 8th.

LYLE  
About four months ago. That's roughly 121 days. 121 times 70...

Wyatt is already punching the numbers into the calculator on his phone.

WYATT

8,740 days total. Divided by 365—

Wyatt goes pale.

QUINN

What?

WYATT

The clock has taken 23 years and 5 months from Nell's life.

QUINN

No. No way. We're gonna figure this out. We'll destroy it, for real this time. Nell will be fine.

NELL

We already tried. The clock can't be physically destroyed. It won't stop. Not until it's power source runs out. Not until I...

LYLE

OK, let's just think. We need to... what? Sever the connection between Nell and the clock, right?

WYATT

How do we do that?

LYLE

I— I don't know yet.

QUINN

We could throw it in the ocean. Fly it to another country. Get it as far away from her as possible.

NELL

It won't matter. Whatever's keeping the clock going isn't something we can outrun. And as long as it's still working, someone else could get hurt. I've already put my dad through too much—

WYATT

OK, so we'll just be extra careful until we figure it out—

QUINN

Look at her, Wyatt! We have to stop it, NOW!



Nell brings a hand to her head, winces.

LYLE  
Are you OK?

NELL  
Yeah... I just need a break. I'm gonna go home and lay down for a while. OK?

QUINN  
Nell...

NELL  
What's one more night? Please, I need to rest.

The group exchanges weary glances.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Nell lies on her bed, looks at a photo of Blake on her phone — he has a wild grin, his hair disheveled. She blinks back tears and clicks her phone screen to black.

Nell stands, picks up the guitar in the corner of her room.

INT. QUINN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quinn gets ready for bed, as Wyatt appears, sheepish, in her bedroom doorway.

QUINN  
What are you doing here?

WYATT  
I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I messed up. I should have told you how I was feeling a lot sooner.

Quinn swallows, fighting emotions.

QUINN  
You tried to tell me, but I wouldn't let you.

She takes a deep breath—

QUINN  
I was so scared of what you might say, I thought I could just keep distracting you with, you know, my feminine wiles.

Wyatt grins.

WYATT  
Well, it definitely worked.

QUINN  
I dunno. We've just been together  
so long... you feel safe. Like the  
last piece of my childhood. I guess  
I thought if we broke up... I'd  
finally have to grow up.

Wyatt takes a step into the room.

WYATT  
Yeah. It's scary.

Quinn takes his hand, a deep breath—

QUINN  
Maybe it's time we figure out who  
we are without each other.

INT. CORD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A nightlight casts long shadows across the wall as Cord  
sleeps, clutching his stuffed animal.

Nell leans her guitar against the wall next to his bed.

NELL  
Love you so much, buddy.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lyle sits on his bike outside of Mike's house. He pulls out  
his phone and opens the Find My app. Lyle stares at Mike's  
tracked location, the same place he is now, and takes a deep  
breath.

He clicks on Mike's name and DELETES the contact. Mike's  
location disappears.

Lyle goes to pocket his phone before he notices something  
strange— Nell's location. She isn't at her house, she's AT  
SCHOOL. *Huh?*

Lyle texts Quinn and Wyatt: **What is Nell doing back at  
school?**

EXT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, ROOF - NIGHT

Wind rushes past Nell's face, her eyes trained downwards.  
Her face is flushed, eyes heavy with tears.

We EXPAND to see Nell is standing on the edge of the roof, a step away from plummeting downwards. She trembles, her teeth chatter from nerves.

Her body is no longer young, her face is framed with gray hairs, wrinkles across her forehead. She squeezes her eyes closed, and is accosted by a FLASHBACK:

EXT. SKYSCRAPER, ROOF - NIGHT (**FLASHBACK**)

Blake holds Nell on the edge of the skyscraper. The sprawling city glitters beneath them.

BLAKE  
Do you want to try it?

NELL  
Try what?

Blake smiles.

BLAKE  
*Letting go.*

END FLASHBACK.

Nell opens her eyes, now at peace with her decision. She steps onto the roof's edge—

QUINN (O.S.)  
WAIT.

Nell looks down. Quinn and Lyle gather below her.

QUINN  
Don't do this!

NELL  
It's the only way to stop the clock.

QUINN  
No! We won't let you.

NELL  
I can't let anyone else get hurt. I won't put my family in danger!

From behind, Wyatt rushes onto the roof. He creeps towards Nell as she teeters dangerously on the edge. He reaches out his hand—

WYATT  
Come here. I got you.

NELL  
I have to do this!

Nell grits her teeth, closes her eyes, and steps off the ledge, as—

Wyatt GRABS HER, yanks her backwards onto the roof. She fights against his grasp but he holds her firm—

WYATT  
It's gonna be OK.

Lyle and Quinn rush up the fire escape and onto the roof.

NELL  
We have to destroy it! Please!

QUINN  
I know.

Quinn looks to Wyatt—

QUINN  
We have an idea...

Nell looks up at Quinn through tears, a glimmer of hope.

MOMENTS LATER—

Nell, Lyle, Wyatt, and Quinn stand in a circle on the roof, the moon reflects off the broken clock between them.

QUINN  
Nell is connected to the clock...  
but what if we could transfer the  
connection to the three of us  
instead?

NELL  
It could kill you.

WYATT  
Not necessarily. If we divide the  
time between the three of us—

NELL  
It's too dangerous.

QUINN  
It's our only option. Lyle, are you  
in?

Lyle looks at the clock, unsure, then back to Nell—

LYLE  
 (pained)  
 We have to.

Lyle picks up the clock, turns it over in his hand. He pops open the back, and the familiar phrase written in Latin comes into focus.

LYLE  
 "Tempus fallere non potes." After  
 Nell reset the clock, she said  
 these words, and a light, this  
 blinding light—

WYATT  
 I remember.

LYLE  
 If we want to redirect the clock's  
 power, we should recreate that  
 moment.

Lyle grips the clock, closing his eyes as he remembers how it all began—

A QUICK FLASHBACK TO: Nell twisting the crown at the top of the clock, turning it counterclockwise by a full hour.

Lyle opens his eyes with resolve.

LYLE  
 OK. Here we go...

Lyle grabs the gold gear at the top of the clock. He twists it counterclockwise, rewinding the clock 1/3 of an hour.

He hands the watch to Wyatt. Wyatt twists the crown some more, then hands the clock to Quinn, who completes the hour, the minute and hour hands now alligned at the numeral 12.

LYLE  
 Now...

Lyle opens the back of the pocket watch and clicks the lever forward, just as Nell had done. Suddenly the clock WHIRS to life, VIBRATING in Lyle's hand.

LYLE  
 This last part we do together.  
 "Tempus fallere non potes." Ready?

Quinn and Wyatt nod.

LYLE

Here we go.

They each put a hand on the clock, and shout in unison—

LYLE/QUINN/WYATT

*Tempus fallere non p—*

LYLE

WAIT!

The group looks to Lyle, confused.

QUINN

What's wrong?

Lyle looks at Nell, then back to the clock, pure anguish on his face.

LYLE

I'm sorry, Nell... I can't.

Before anyone can react, Lyle snatches the clock off the ground and bolts for the fire escape.

WYATT

LYLE!

But Lyle is already gone, disappearing down the steps. Quinn gasps, Wyatt rushes to help Nell up.

ON THE GROUND, Nell, Wyatt and Quinn frantically search the school's perimeter for Lyle. Quinn spots an OPEN WINDOW.

INT. HOLLOW CREEK HIGH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Once inside, Quinn uses her cell phone to cast a light ahead as they cautiously move through the dark, empty hallway. Wyatt peers around a corner, hunting for Lyle.

INT. LIBRARY STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Nell, Quinn, and Wyatt share a knowing nod, then disperse throughout the room.

Nell walks as quietly as possible, peering through shelves, looking for any sign of Lyle.

UP AHEAD, Quinn moves through the dim passages, her phone casting long, eerie shadows.

QUINN

Lyle, where are you?!

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM, Wyatt creeps forward.

WYATT

Come on man, we need to talk!

Wyatt rounds the corner and freezes— there, at the end of the aisle, is Lyle. He clutches the clock in his fist, his eyes a mix of fear and desperation.

LYLE

I'm sorry, OK? I am. But I can't destroy it. I won't. I can't go back to being nothing!

Wyatt takes cautious steps toward Lyle.

WYATT

This isn't you, Lyle.

LYLE

You don't understand! You don't know what it's like to be tormented, to be helpless—

WYATT

Then tell me. I want to listen.

LYLE

Your life is perfect. You'll never understand!

Wyatt's face hardens as he realizes there's no reasoning with Lyle. He takes a breath, and LUNGES forward, tackling Lyle to the ground.

WYATT

Give it to me!

They struggle on the floor, Lyle refusing to let go of the clock as Wyatt tries to wrest it from his grasp. Books scatter around them as the fight intensifies.

ON QUINN: She perks up, hearing Wyatt's shout.

QUINN

Wyatt!

Quinn rushes towards the sound.

ACROSS THE ROOM, SOMETHING UNSEEN catches Nell's eye. Her face contorts as she kneels down to pick it up.

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM, WYATT AND LYLE continue to struggle over the clock. Lyle scrambles backwards, picks up a heavy metal bookend, raises it above his head, just as-

QUINN

WYATT!

Wyatt sees it just in time, dodges the blow as Lyle brings the object down. The two grapple further, as-

NELL (O.S.)

Lyle-

Lyle's eyes divert to Nell, who holds a piece of the RUSTY COAT RACK, the exact thing that killed Lyle during the first 13th hour. She takes cautious steps towards him.

Lyle's face contorts in anger-

LYLE

Are you going to kill me, Nell?! Is that how this ends?

Nell shakes her head.

NELL

*No. Only cowards prey on the weak.*

A QUICK FLASHBACK TO: Lyle, during the first 13th hour, fists clenched, standing up to Blake in the library-

LYLE

*Only cowards prey on the weak.*

BACK TO THE LIBRARY: Lyle looks at Nell, his anger suddenly weakened.

Nell takes a final look at her friends, then positions the metal rod at her abdomen.

QUINN

NELL-

It's too late, as Nell STABS THE SHARP END INTO HER STOMACH.

Quinn screams out. Wyatt scrambles up, rushes towards Nell.

Nell collapses, blood leaks from her stomach.

QUINN

Nell...

Lyle, eyes wide with horror, stumbles back. He watches in panic as the blood pools beneath Nell.



Wyatt presses his hands against her wound, but the blood seeps through his fingers, unstoppable.

WYATT

Hold on!

Lyle's eyes fix on Nell, the friend who gave up everything for them. A wave of realization crashes over him.

With shaking hands, he holds the clock out in front of him. He takes a sharp breath, then closes his eyes—

LYLE

*Tempus fallere non potes!*

**A FLASH OF ORANGE LIGHT** erupts from the clock, flooding the entire library in a searing glow.

Nell, barely clinging to consciousness, watches as Lyle's body convulses, as if seized by an unseen power. The pocket watch vibrates against the floor, its hands SPIN WILDLY.

Lyle, now bound to the clock, collapses to his hands and knees, his strength rapidly drained as the clock siphons his life force.

The clock's hands spin faster and faster until they're a blur of whirling metal.

Lyle's head drops to the floor, becoming weaker and weaker. And then—

The clock EXTINGUISHES, the bright light is gone, and the hold over Lyle ends. He collapses, unconscious.

On the ground, the CLOCK fissures, long cracks spreading like a spider's web. With a final, sharp crack, the pocket watch BREAKS APART, severing into multiple jagged pieces.

Quinn and Wyatt stare at Nell in shock. The blood beneath her has vanished. Her stomach is unscathed, her face is youthful again.

QUINN

Nell!

With new found strength, Nell rises from the ground and walks to Lyle. She turns him over, and her breath catches:

Lyle is now YEARS OLDER. The scrawny 16-year-old is gone, replaced by a man about a decade older, his features matured by time: Stubble on his face, a prominent Adam's apple.

Lyle stirs, slowly regaining consciousness.

NELL  
Hey... Are you OK?

Lyle props himself up, revealing his now fully grown figure.

LYLE  
Nell. I'm so sorry.

But to his surprise, Nell's lips widen into a smile.

LYLE  
What is it?

Nell grabs the polished metal bookend off the floor. She shows Lyle his reflection—

LYLE  
(stunned)  
Woah.

Nell helps Lyle to his feet. He now stands a few inches taller than Wyatt.

WYATT  
Holy growth spurt, Lyle. Puberty  
was good to you.

Lyle looks at Wyatt and Quinn with a somber face.

LYLE  
I'm so sorry. For everything.

Quinn, Nell, and Wyatt exchange glances, relieved everyone's OK. Wyatt breaks the tension—

WYATT  
Buy us a 12-pack and we'll call it  
even.

Lyle grins.

LYLE  
How about that Fight Club rematch?

Wyatt laughs.

WYATT  
No way, dude. Stay away from me.

Nell looks at her friends, overwhelmed with relief and gratitude.

EXT. NELL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Morning sun glints against Nell's window. A new day.

INT. NELL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Inside her bedroom, Nell stands with a new, confident resolve. She opens her desk drawer, extracts her college acceptance letter.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cord plays with LEGOS on the floor. Hank clicks to a football game on the TV. Nell enters, takes a deep breath—

NELL

Hey, can we talk for a second?

Hank turns down the volume on the TV.

HANK

What's up?

Nell glances at Cord on the floor.

NELL

Um. I know things have been hard since mom left. We all miss her, but—

CORD

I don't miss her. She doesn't miss me.

NELL

That's not true, Cord. Of course she misses you. But right now, she's just— she's not here. And... I can't take her place.

Nell swallows, holds out the letter.

NELL

I got into a music school in LA. And I'm gonna go.

CORD

You're leaving?

NELL

Yeah. But not forever. I'll come back and visit whenever I can.

HANK  
Music school... in LA.

NELL  
I'm sorry I kept it from you. I  
didn't want you to think I was  
abandoning you like mom.

Hank takes a second to process it all—

HANK  
It'll be a big change. But... I'm  
proud of you, honey.

Cord sniffs, his gaze downcast. Nell scoops him up.

NELL  
I'll miss you so much, C. But you  
can FaceTime me every day if you  
want. I can show you my new guitar  
tricks.

Cord buries his face in her shoulder. Hank reaches out and  
grabs Nell's hand, face lit with pride.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A rare, sunny day in the Pacific Northwest. Nell, Wyatt,  
Quinn, and Lyle stand in front of Blake's grave. A quiet  
moment of reflection.

Then, Quinn reaches into her bag. She hands Nell, Wyatt, and  
Lyle each a small box.

NELL  
What's this?

QUINN  
Something to help us stay in touch  
next year.

Nell lifts the lid to reveal a SMART WATCH tucked inside.

QUINN  
It only goes to 12. I checked.

Nell grins. And off this contented moment, we—

CUT TO BLACK.

BUT WAIT. Suddenly, we OPEN BACK UP ON—

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

The sounds of machines fill the air. Sparks fly, machinery CLANGS and WHIRS, processing a conveyor belt of SCRAP METAL. Chunks of steel and twisted gears move along the line.

Amongst the scraps, we see the unmistakable glint of old, early 1900s brass: the MANGLED REMAINS OF THE DESTROYED 13TH HOUR POCKET WATCH.

The twisted gears and broken face chug along until they are SWALLOWED by the conveyor.

ON THE CONVEYER BELT, the watch parts merge with other metal pieces. They are pulled, molded, and stamped by powerful machines, their form changes with each stage of the process.

We PULL BACK to reveal rows and rows of sleek, modern IPHONES, now completed, ticking down the conveyer belt.

A lone FACTORY WORKER picks up a finished phone, inspecting it. He wipes a bead of sweat from his brow and glances at a CLOCK hanging above the factory. It's 11:59 pm.

With an exhausted sigh, the factory worker clicks off the machines, and turns the lights off on his way out the door.

But we stay in the darkened room, moving over rows and rows of phones, until suddenly, one iPhone ignites with a strange ORANGE LIGHT, as its clock clicks from 11:59 pm to—

**13:00.**

THE END.