

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. SCREENING ROOM - BEFORE DAWN

GABE, early 40's, wiry, disheveled but bright-eyed, sits on the floor against a wall. He wears a denim jacket with the words "TIME BOSS" embroidered on it.

The room is roughly the size of a guest bedroom, wood floors, old school radiator, blankets spread out bed-like on the floor. And 14 video screens of varying sizes and shapes, all of which display footage of different versions of Gabe, many of which also feature a thick, medium dark-skinned MAN with dreadlocks. Each screen is tagged with a different colored sticky note reading something like "Met when he was 20, I was 30" and "Him-23, Me-33".

Gabe rises, phone in hand. He texts while pulling every tag from each screen. He puts the notes in a FOLDER he pulls from behind the radiator. In the folder is a hand-drawn chart of the screens, each labeled the same as the sticky notes.

GABE

Today's the day. For... something.

He taps every pocket on his body, approaches the door, surveys the entire room, takes a deep breath, then starts legit bouncing up and down, then lightly pounds his chest.

GABE (CONT'D)

I got this.
(looking at a screen)
We got this.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAWN

Gabe walks with ALMA, early 20's, perky, put together. They are flanked by businesses, but nearly no one else is around.

ALMA

So, let's say I do it, does that mean I can see every possible outcome? All the time?

GABE

I never get a say in *what* I see, but more screens pop up over time. Once you have access, you can watch any timeline whenever you want.

ALMA

Wait, *screens* like what?

GABE

Exactly what it sounds like. Ugh, I'm sorry I don't have more time, and I might be gone after today--

ALMA

You're gonna decide today?

GABE

Maybe. Either way, you'll have somebody to talk to before you choose your person. *If* you decide.

ALMA

How do I--

GABE

You'll get another weird letter in the mail with an address that seems like it shouldn't exist.

Alma laughs.

GABE (CONT'D)

Get as close as you can, and somebody will be waiting to take you to your room.

ALMA

Did it help?

They stop.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Being able to see so many *what ifs* play out? Did anything you saw change the way you live now?

GABE

Everything. Forever. Whatever I get out of this, there are things that make sense now because I've communed with so much that makes no sense at all.

They reach a MINT GREEN MOPED.

GABE (CONT'D)

This is me. I'm so sorry, but it's just about late enough to not be rude to wake somebody up.

ALMA

Oh, it's fine. You've been a lot of help. You really have.

GABE

Hey, You're under no obligation to answer this, but I get the feeling that you're one of those rare cases where you're not considering a former romantic partner?

ALMA

Oh, no. Not at all. It's... more story than you have time for.

GABE

It seems like you know what you're doing. And who knows, maybe we'll get to discuss this again.

ALMA

Well, good luck either way.

They hug and part ways.

Gabe mounts his moped, sends a text, drives off.

INT. SONDRÉ'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Staccato knocks from the front door. SONDRÉ, the Man from Gabe's screens, stumbles to the living room, adjusting his dreadlocks and pajamas.

SONDRÉ

(hushed)

Coming, coming!

The knocks cease. Sondre eyes the peephole and sighs.

SONDRÉ (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Door opens to Gabe, bag, plastic knife, manic energy.

GABE

Good morning! And I'm sorry. I sent a couple texts, and I tried calling-

SONDRÉ

Phone's shut off.

GABE

Listen, you know I wouldn't be here
if it wasn't undeniable. And I
brought bagels.

Gabe indicates the bag, smiling. Behind Sondre, SOME DUDE
emerges from the bedroom, clothed. He looks staggeringly like
Gabe, but a good eighty pounds heavier and kinda hit in the
face. Gabe waves to him.

GABE (CONT'D)

Mornin'! Bagel?

SOME DUDE

I'm good. Thanks, Bruh.

SONDRE

(to Some Dude)

It's cool.

Dude returns to bedroom. Sondre whispers.

SONDRE (CONT'D)

Give me five minutes. And a bagel.

Gabe joyfully digs through the bag, producing a tissue wad.

GABE

Sun-dried tomato, veggie shmear. It
didn't touch mine. You're welcome.

Sondre can't hide the smile overtaking his face.

SONDRE

Still got the same standing order?

GABE

Onion with a salmon shmear.

Sondre cringes.

SONDRE

Fuckin' omnivores.

GABE

Figured it'd keep us from making
out. Probably.

Sondre's expression fades to annoyance again.

SONDRE

Five minutes. Wait downstairs.

GABE

Can it be more like three? It's pretty pressing. And the line at Bagel Works was crazy long--

Sondre swings the door shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Gabe eats his bagel atop his moped. Sondre exits, zipping bag, locking door and devouring bagel. Approaching the moped, he loosens into a canter, smiling.

SONDRE

This is new. Cute.

GABE

It's super fuel-efficient. Keeps me good and minimalist, ya know?

SONDRE

Still workin' off a DUI, huh?

Gabe hops on and motions for Sondre to join, which he does.

GABE

DUDE, only twenty-nine more days 'til I can drive a real-person car again. Been eying up a used Fiat.

SONDRE

And you say you're not a hipster.

GABE

Hipsters don't want me. You don't see card-carrying hipsters over 40 years old or 200 pounds. Rules us both out.

SONDRE

True. You're not accepted into their clubs...

GABE

And you're not accepted into their jeans. Helmet?

Gabe holds up his one helmet as an offering. Sondre grabs it.

SONDRE

Thanks. Sure it'll fit?

GABE

Oh yeah. It's been dread-tested.
Many, many times.

Sondre winces. He puts the helmet on. The two take off.

INT. GABE'S SCREENING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gabe enters the room, Sondre following. All of the screens are on, most featuring a version of both Sondre and Gabe. They stand amid over a dozen images of themselves in action.

Sondre wanders across each wall, looking at every screen.

SONDRE

So, what's happening exactly?

Gabe approaches a screen-covered wall, casually sloughing his jacket onto a chair.

GABE

Right. I currently have access to the most timelines that I can on my own. Actually, I have way more screens than I thought I would without you. No pressure, obvi.

SONDRE

Eh, you don't have *that* many.

Gabe raises an eyebrow, smirks.

GABE

Compared to what?

SONDRE

Oh, how I imagined it, I guess.

GABE

Uh huh. You know that it's okay for you use your chamber, right? Encouraged, in fact.

SONDRE

Oh yeah, I know. I just started to focus on moving on.

GABE

Well, then you might not know that new screens pop up the more you watch. Obviously, I've been logging a lot of hours.

Sondre nervously kicks his feet, eyes on the floor.

SONDRE

But, uh, that's not the only way
that new screens come up, right?

GABE

Nope, that's it. Other stuff pops
up over time, too. Furniture,
shelves-- screens evolve, too. I
got some with picture in a picture.

SONDRE

(nervously)

Huh.

Gabe silently waits for Sondre to say ANYTHING else. Nope.

GABE

You never come here, huh?

Sondre shrugs.

GABE (CONT'D)

Okay, does the awkwardness mean
this is too much? Change of subject
for a second? 'Cause I totally have
an unrelated question for you if
you want a distraction for a sec.

SONDRE

I mean, I'm fine. But shoot.

Who did the painting above your
desk? That's not yours, is it?

SONDRE

Oh, that's one that Chazz did.

Gabe chokes back a shudder.

GABE

And Chazz is Dude?

Sondre turns away, shrinking.

SONDRE

Uh, yeah.

GABE

It's good you found another visual
artist. Really.

SONDRE

Yeah...

(pointing to screen)

Hey, where are we in that one?

GABE

Thailand.

SONDRE

Ah! That explains how the Buddha statue looked.

Gabe turns to the Thailand screen, puzzled.

GABE

That version of us hasn't been to the Buddha statue in months.

SONDRE

We're not together.

GABE

Oh, shit. What?

SONDRE

Chazz. We kinda broke things off last night. He was too drunk to leave... my bed. We said we'd talk in the morning.

GABE

Oh. Dre, I'm sorry. Really.

SONDRE

It's all good. It was coming for a while, I guess.

GABE

Well, go easy on yourself. Breakups are the worst. You know that.

Silence.

GABE (CONT'D)

Well, thank God I lightened the mood, huh?

SONDRE

Yeah, thanks. So, you were explaining, all of *this*.

GABE

Right! After a certain point, we can opt to make anything that's happening in every timeline also happen in this one.

SONDRE

Anything like...

GABE

Was it around 3:30?

SONDRE

What?

GABE

When you guys- when you and Chazz broke things off?

SONDRE

I don't know, maybe. Why?

GABE

How many screens do you have in your room?

SONDRE

I don't know...

GABE

You got a second one last time I was in here with you, and that's been years.

SONDRE

Gabe, I don't know. I've got a lot going on, and I really don't--

GABE

You know I have access to your room, right? Out of respect, I've left it alone, but if every Sondre and Gabe in there is a couple, we have a chance.

SONDRE

At what?

GABE

Kind of a do-over. Not at us specifically, but at life.

SONDRE

I have about as many as you.

GABE
Screens? So you got your own door?

Sondre nods.

GABE (CONT'D)
Figured. If you had to come through here, I'd have seen you. Since we're confessing, I'll tell you- I've been taking up squatter's rights here.

SONDRE
You've been living here? Oh, Babe, what happened? You were booking college gigs.

GABE
A lot of stuff fell apart, I guess. I've been through some things, but I'm still kickin'. I've got plans.

SONDRE
Like starting over?

GABE
Maybe.

SONDRE
Which timeline's your favorite? The one where we run the food truck?

GABE
Yeah. You a fan of Thailand?

SONDRE
I do like that one. I'm mad skinny in it, too.

GABE
Fish and rice, I guess. You look really good now, though. Really.

SONDRE
Thanks.

He takes out his phone, scrolls it to Gabe.

SONDRE (CONT'D)
In answer to your question, this is a text I sent this morning.

On the phone screen is a text sent to *Laura* at 3:28am. It reads: "Chazz just dumped me. Told u."

Gabe quickly reads beyond, seeing a glimpse of an exchange featuring Laura's line: "did u tell him about your blast from the past dreams?"

Sondre snatches it back quickly.

GABE

3:28 am. My last Sondre and Gabe
officially got together at 3:30
this morning.

Gabe points to a screen on which a Sondre and a Gabe sleep next to one another. Sondre sighs and looks down.

GABE (CONT'D)

Shit, I'm sorry. This is so much.
For real, Sondre, if I had known
about the two of you, I wouldn't
have come--

SONDRE

We're together on all mine, too.

GABE

Every screen?

SONDRE

For months.

Gabe sits against a wall on the floor, silent. He pulls a lighter and a joint from his jacket.

GABE

I know you go back and forth on
whether or not you engage, but if
you'd like to join me in an
existential toke...

SONDRE

I don't know. It's not even 9am.

GABE

Oh, I'm sorry, I thought we were
both literally surrounded by images
of how amazing life with an ex
could be well before we've even had
our first coffee poop of the day.

He strikes the lighter.

GABE (CONT'D)

And that's grounds for wake-n-bake.

SONDRE
Can I have the green?

GABE
Of course.

Sondre sits next to Gabe, who leans in, face to face.

They share a moment, still wordless, eye to eye.

Gabe smiles, Sondre reciprocates.

Gabe holds up the lighter, gently rests the joint against Sondre's lower lip.

Gabe lights. Sondre inhales, passes, coughs.

Gabe laughs, puffs, coughs.

SONDRE
It's okay for you to smoke? With
your recovery or whatever?

GABE
Nah, it's just alcohol. I stopped
everything at first. This is the
only thing I still do.

SONDRE
How long?

GABE
A hundred ten days clean today.

SONDRE
Wow. Congrats. I'm really proud of
you, G.

Sondre pats Gabe's shoulder. Gabe puts his arm around Sondre, who is stiff at first. Gabe gently pats him, Sondre softens, rests his head against Gabe's shoulder.

GABE
You're lucky your new friends don't
know what I look like.

SONDRE
Wait, why? Oh.

Gabe passes the joint back.

GABE

Ya Boy looks like you found a version of the Gabe doll that came in "brooding lumberjack".

SONDRE

God, I knew you were gonna let me have it on that.

GABE

Did nobody call you out on the fact that you were dating tubby, chewed-up me?

SONDRE

Oh yeah. Laura and Cyrus.

GABE

Aww, how *is* Cyrus?

SONDRE

He's the best. He's gotten me through... a lot.

He takes a hit.

GABE

I hate that we couldn't be friends.

They both sit in that statement for a moment.

SONDRE

No, I'm sorry. I think sometimes I act like you're a part of my past--

Gabe laughs, regarding the screens.

GABE

Dude, I'm a part of *all* your pasts.

SONDRE

I shouldn't have shut you out.

GABE

I shouldn't have *freaked* you out. For whatever it's worth, I dream about you, too.

Sondre pulls from the joint rather than reacting.

GABE (CONT'D)

Real talk, I taught myself to dreamwalk just to see if we could have a neutral place to talk.

SONDRE
Oh shit. That was you.

GABE
Yo, I been dreaming that grocery store since I was a kid!

SONDRE
You're always in the magazine aisle.

GABE
I wanted you to find me.

Sondre half chokes, half laughs.

SONDRE
ALWAYS. I feel like a got damn homing pigeon.

GABE
Do you ever figure there's something to that?

SONDRE
Something to what?

GABE
We're never really finished with each other.

SONDRE
Yeah. I think about that.

GABE
I've moved on so many times. I go for stretches barely thinking of you. Then I end up single again, or I hear you're single again. A drive past your gallery or a drunk text...

SONDRE
Dude, I don't even have a drinking problem, and I had to cut myself off because EVERY. SINGLE. TIME. I got tipsy, I started missing you.

GABE
Missing you is like a physical part of me. I don't know why. Nothing else in my life is like it. I don't just stay actively missing people, not for nine years.

He indicates a screen on which Gabe gives Sondre a backrub.

GABE (CONT'D)

Sometimes I think we could look like this.

SONDRE

After Chazz and I got in our first fight, I came here, and the last Gabe and Sondre were together.

GABE

You came *here* after a fight with your new boyfriend? Wow.

SONDRE

Shut up. Cy called me out on it. Not coming here, but just being hung up or whatever. He said we're like an Adele album on repeat.

GABE

We both spend a lot of time here...

SONDRE

Yeah...

GABE

I wonder if we both do something else.

He lifts the joint, in Sondre's hand, to his lips, inhales.

GABE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna ask a personal question. I'm totally willing to answer, too. Have you ever--

SONDRE

Yup.

GABE

In *here*?

SONDRE

Yup.

GABE

To footage of us?

SONDRE

Sometimes. Four. Four times.

GABE

Me too. Probably more than four.
Absolutely more than four.

SONDRE

Did you put a radiator in here?

GABE

It popped up after I started
staying here.

SONDRE

And are you cooking hot dogs on it?

GABE

I'd like to request that this space
be honored as one free of judgment.

SONDRE

Fair.

GABE

Sometimes when new features appear,
I swear this room is reading me.

SONDRE

Ha. The reading room.

GABE

For real, though. What's in yours?

SONDRE

My what, my room?

GABE

Yeah. I mean, you already know I'm
rybbin' one off in front of, a file
system, a ton of bedding and some
HVAC action. What's in your room?

SONDRE

A few things have turned up. No
radiator, though.

He stands up, piqued, and walks across the room.

SONDRE (CONT'D)

I do have a mini fridge like this
one though. May I?

GABE

Of course. Bring me some hummus and
carrots?

Sondre digs through the fridge with stoned fervor.

SONDRE

Oh wow, Babe. You've got Nutella?
You *hate* Nutella.

Gabe has been frozen since *Babe*. He shakes out of it.

GABE

Oh. Somebody knew you were coming?

Sondre returns with a stack of strawberry pints, hummus containers, bags of chips and veggies.

SONDRE

Drinks! What you drinkin'?

GABE

Juice. Please.

Sondre heads back to the fridge.

SONDRE

So, what happens now?

GABE

I don't know. I think we need to
open the door and merge the rooms.

SONDRE

Like, would that make the whole
restart thing official?

Sondre returns to the floor where Gabe lays out a blanket.
They set up food and drinks and sit side by side again.

GABE

Honestly at this point, you know as
much as I do. I have no idea. For
all I know, we may have already set
up something irreversible.

He dips two baby carrots in hummus, offers one to Sondre and
eats the other.

GABE (CONT'D)

For now, I'm gonna just enjoy our
picnic in the Multiverse.

SONDRE

Do you really think we've done
something irreversible?

GABE

Nope. We'd feel it. And I bet we'd see something change in the other timelines, ya know?

Sondre relaxes again.

SONDRE

Yeah. Yeah, you're right. Picnic in the Multiverse!

They eat quietly for a moment.

GABE

Are all yours the same as mine?

SONDRE

Been trying to figure that out.
(pointing)
That one doesn't look familiar.

GABE

That one came up recently. They've been together the whole time I could see 'em, but their timeline only popped up a couple months ago.

SONDRE

It's weird. You're not an alcoholic in any of the futures. But *I* am in one of them.

GABE

Yeah, I know which one you're talking about. I can't tell if that Sondre is full-blown alkie or not. I do wish we could hear them.

SONDRE

Oh. Uh, yeah.

GABE

You ever dub in your own dialogue?

SONDRE

Uh, no. I've never done that.

Gabe puts an arm on Sondre's shoulder and points to a screen.

GABE

Hunh. I do love the restaurant, but this one's my for real favorite.

SONDRE
Dude, that's the only one that
isn't familiar.

GABE
You have all the other ones?

SONDRE
I think so.
(pointing)
I have Thailand, restaurant, the
four gallery ones, the three school
ones, the Canada one...

GABE
Whatever we have to do...

SONDRE
Yeah?

GABE
I think it has something to do with
both of our rooms.

SONDRE
(apprehensive)
Yeah...

GABE
What?

SONDRE
Nothing. You're right.

GABE
But...?

SONDRE
I need to go in there by myself
first. It's not personal or--

GABE
Hey, I get it. You think I haven't
been discretely hiding shit in here
since first thing this morning? Do
whatever you need.

SONDRE
Cool. I also don't think we should
open the shared door yet.

GABE

Oh, thank God. Me too. Something about it seems so official. Come on. I'll wait in the hall.

They exit. Suddenly noise is audible from the screens.

One of the Gabes, in bed next to a Sondre, dips a strawberry into a jar of Nutella and dances it toward Sondre's mouth.

SONDRE (ON SCREEN, FILTERED)

Aww, Babe you got me Nutella.

GABE

Of course I did.

Sound emerges from all of the screens simultaneously.

INT. SCREENING ROOM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Sondre puts his hand on the doorknob to his Screening Room and closes his eyes. He turns the knob and looks to Gabe.

GABE

Take whatever time you need.

SONDRE

Thanks. It might be like five minutes or so.

Sondre cracks the door and peeks inside.

SONDRE (CONT'D)

Eh, maybe ten minutes.

GABE

Do you. I'm here.

Sondre closes the door behind him. Gabe sits on the floor.

Footsteps.

WHITNEY, 40's, brisk, business casual, leads BEN, 40's, lawyer-y, to the door next to Sondre's. Gabe nods.

GABE (CONT'D)

Hey.

WHITNEY

Oh, hey.

Behind Ben's back, Gabe mouths "You okay?"

Whitney nods, gives a hesitant thumbs up.

BEN

Man, I might need to crash out on a couch or something for a minute. Got mad tired all of a sudden.

Whitney opens the door, makes a dubious face at Gabe.

WHITNEY

Yeah, we'll get you all set up.

They enter the room.

INT. WHITNEY'S SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Whitney shuts the door behind herself and Ben.

There are five screens on the wall. A single wooden chair sits facing the screens, next to a radiator. Beyond this, there is a full-sized refrigerator and an enclosed cubicle in a corner. There is no other furniture.

Ben staggers to the chair and plummets onto it. Within seconds, his eyes can't stay open, then his head can't stay up. Then he's out cold.

From her purse, Whitney removes a note and several wire ties. She places the note in Ben's lap, then begins fastening wire ties from his arms and ankles to the chair and radiator.

WHITNEY (V.O.)

After you finish trying to get out of the room, you can't by the way, help yourself to anything in the fridge. Don't worry, it's not drugged like your morning coffee.

One of the screens shows Whitney on what looks like a date with Ben at a restaurant. Another shows the two in bed.

WHITNEY

After you figure out what's on the screens, you'll probably try to destroy them. I don't blame you. I wouldn't want to watch myself ruining someone over and over again.

A screen features Whitney balled on the floor, sobbing.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

You won't die. You'll get out eventually. You won't ever be able to take anyone here. You can't destroy the footage. None of it happened in our reality anyway.

Smirking, she tousles his hair and heads to the door.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

All you need to know is that your control is limited. Must be tough.

She exits.

INT. SCREENING ROOM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Whitney enters the hallway, silent. Gabe slowly rises from the floor, approaching her.

GABE

How you holdin' up?

She says nothing, but her faces turns to tears.

Gabe runs to her. He holds her as she collapses.

GABE (CONT'D)

You're okay. You're okay, Boo.

Sondre enters the hallway from his room, three paintings of varying sizes under his arms. He exchanges a silent look with Gabe, then stands in the doorway.

Whitney catches herself, straightens and separates from Gabe.

WHITNEY

(to Sondre)

I'm sorry.

(to Gabe)

Thank you. I'm okay. I just need to get out, that's all.

GABE

Sure. Whatever you need.

She hugs Gabe again, nods to Sondre and leaves.

SONDRE

Intense.

GABE

For real.
 (indicating paintings)
 Those originals?

SONDRE

Yeah. You've been using your spot
 as a house, I've been using mine as
 a studio.

GABE

That big one is freakin' magical.
 So much purple! You never used to
 use purple. It's lovely.

SONDRE

Thanks. I don't have enough art on
 my walls. Think we can fit these
 on the moped? It's not far.

GABE

Challenge accepted, my friend!

SONDRE

Hey.

Gabe takes a step back.

GABE

What's up?

SONDRE

Can we do this part another time?

GABE

This part? Like going in there?

SONDRE

Yeah. The one crisis was averted,
 but I'm kind of freaking out.

GABE

What one crisis?

SONDRE

There used to be a min-bar in
 there. It's gone, though.

GABE

Huh. Interesting. So, what's the
 other issue?

SONDRE

This is a lot.

GABE

Yeah. And this is newer for you.

SONDRE

Can we have a few days of hanging out in *this* reality?

GABE

Oh, oh yeah. Of course.

SONDRE

Cool. It's been a while. I mean, it doesn't feel like it...

GABE

Nah, I get you. It's all good. We don't have to decide anything.

SONDRE

You got any more of those joints?

GABE

Yeah. Wanna go back in my spot?

SONDRE

Let's go to *my* place. You can help me hang these.

GABE

Oh. Oh, sure. Your place. Yeah.

Gabe takes the largest painting from Sondre. They exit.

INT. SONDRE'S APARTMENT - LATER

Sondre and Gabe sprawl out on the couch, passing a joint. The three new paintings hang about the common areas, the large, purple painting where Chazz's hung earlier.

GABE

That big purple guy looks so good over the desk.

SONDRE

Yeah, that spot's been empty as long as I've lived here.

GABE

Has it? I feel like I remember...

SONDRE

You're right, though. About the purple. I've been doing a lot of stuff I *never* do.

GABE

It's stunning. Different, but it's still you.

SONDRE

Thanks, Babe. I'm gonna go pee and get changed. Whatchu doin'?

GABE

No plans, I guess.

SONDRE

Word.

Gabe watches as Sondre walks to his closed bedroom door, enters, returns with a change of clothes, leaves the bedroom door open and enters the bathroom.

Gabe looks out the living room window to a street corner a block away. He sees Whitney, approached by Alma.

Whitney gestures to a building a cross the street. Alma nods and crosses.

SONDRE (CONT'D)

(emerging from the hall)

Hey, you alright?

GABE

Oh yeah. Of course.

Gabe continues to watch. Sondre stands behind him, close enough to touch. They both stare out the window.

GABE (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Replaced.

(louder)

It's happening.

Sondre takes Gabe's hand, leading him down the hallway.

FADE TO BLACK.