



"Pilot"

by

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Revised Third Draft  
3.31.2017

TEASER

**INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT**

The vaulted museum lobby is abuzz with puffy TUXES and GOWNS swarming around a catered spread, enclosed by walls of art.

TITLE OVER: THE PRESENT.

A middle-aged socialite in cat eye glasses, PATSY CONTESSA, grabs a drink from a pop-up bar top. She saunters over to one of the neighboring paintings, sipping class.

Other pieces claim a gaggle of admirers. Alone she takes in:

A nine-foot painting of a modern, pantsuited business woman reaching out to a bulging man in olden peasant garb bursting through an exploding clock. A placard reads: "Love in Time."

PATSY

I would totally travel through time  
for a guy like that.

Giggling at herself, she loses grip of her glass.

Careening through the space between her and the wall, the drink threatens to spill on the unframed painting just as --

CLINK.

A bejeweled hand scoops up the glass! Not a drop lost.

Patsy straightens her glasses to size up her savior: a striking young woman with mysterious features, mid-30s or a tight 40, wearing an impossible shimmering metallic seamless dress. Looks like she stepped right out of the future.

This is NELLE SPARKS.

PATSY

Thank goodness! Disaster averted.

NELLE

Wouldn't want to stain history.

PATSY

Wasting a drop of this would be the  
real shame. That thing? It's fake.

NELLE

You sure someone would fake that?

PATSY

Oh, yes. It's my business to know.  
What about you?

NELLE

You won't believe me, but I'm going  
to tell you anyway.

PATSY

Okay, I'll bite. That's the best  
intro in small talk history.

NELLE

My name is Nelle Sparks, and I'm a  
matchmaker.

PATSY

Not so shocking, with these folks.

NELLE

Not for them. For you.

PATSY

I'm revoking your small talk award.

NELLE

Yes, I've been watching you, but as  
I suspected, tonight you said --

Nelle taps the front of her oversized wristwatch.

PATSY (V.O.)

(Recording.)

"I would totally travel through  
time for a guy like that."

NELLE

What are the odds your perfect  
match was born in the same time  
period? Come with me. I can show  
you your future. What do you say?

PATSY

No way. José!

Patsy waves and Nelle looks confused until a uniformed  
SECURITY GUARD grabs her arm to escort her out. Nelle tries  
to make eyes at him.

NELLE

Hello ... José, is it?

SMASH CUT TO:

ACT ONE**EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT**

Huffing it in heels, Nelle turns a corner into the shadows of a brick alleyway. Briefly awash in FLASHES of red and blue, a police car RACES down the street past her.

She rests against the dank wall, catching her breath.

NELLE

Damn ... the opiate lipstick  
usually works ...

She places her thumb to the face of her wrist watch, from which a HOLOGRAPHIC INTERFACE projects in front of her.

NELLE

(Into the watch.)  
Watcher, where am I?

A smooth, gender-neutral voice emits from her watch:

WATCHER

Have one too many, Ms. Sparks?

NELLE

Are you AI or AA? Just get me back  
to the pod, please.

A navigation screen loads, pinpointing her current position with a flashing arrow. A dotted line weaves through a maze of streets to a nearby park, where a clock icon rests.

She follows the path with her finger, trying to take mental notes. Just as she's about to land on her destination --

BUZZ!

The navigation map is overtaken by a flashing screen:

INCOMING CALL FROM H.U.B.

Panicked SHUSHES at the buzz, she swipes to reject the call.

NELLE

(Teeth gritted.)  
Not. Now.

She takes one final look at the map before retracting her holographic display and dashing out of the alleyway.

Her watch BUZZES again, louder this time.

She dashes underneath an awning in front of a shop to escape the gaze of the streetlamps.

NELLE  
C'mon, guys. Uh-oh ...

The "Caller ID" now displays a name: DR. NAKODO

GULP. The distant SQUAWK of a siren jolts her into action. She swipes the hologram away, rejecting the call.

NELLE  
Time to get down to earth.

She bends over and pulls a tab on the back of her shoes. With a FLICK, the heels fold inward, converting into flats.

SIRENS blend with the BUZZING of her watch for a third time.

Panicked, she quickens her pace and tries to reject the call as she turns to look behind her --

She accidentally swipes to accept the call!

The holographic face of DR. NAKODO, a stern Japanese woman in her fifties, materializes around Nelle's wrist.

DR. NAKODO  
Sparks? Where are you?!

The digital countenance bounces around as Nelle continues to run down the street.

Her sweaty hand slips against the watch face, unable to end the call. She tries to snuff out the hologram by shoving it into her dress, but it automatically repositions itself.

Fumbling with the watch strap, her foot CATCHES a grate --

NELLE  
Fuuuuuuuuu --

She FALLS down a sloping embankment beneath a pedestrian bridge, landing in a bush with a THUD. Her dress torn, she pulls a dangling ribbon of fabric and TEARS it free.

Snuffing out the confused Dr. Nakodo, Nelle wraps the fabric around her watch, suffocating the projection emitter.

The glowing light beneath dims as the call cuts out.

**EXT. ARTISANAL CAFÉ - DAY**

Nelle's makeup from the museum gala is now streaked across her cheeks. The collapsible heels have fallen loose, leaving her limping down the sidewalk.

The strip of fabric around her wrist loosens and falls to reveal her watch.

She looks down, distracted as she fumbles to tighten it, TRIPPING over a man hunched in front of an A-Frame sandwich board, hand-lettering from his chalk palette.

This is REMY, 30s, hipster personified.

NELLE

Seriously?! I'm so sorry.

He helps her up and wastes no time producing a business card from the billows of his leather document holder.

REMY

Remington Ness. Hand-Letterer.

NELLE

That's your JOB?

REMY

It is today.

He fans through his document holder like a game show gal.

NELLE

(Under her breath.)

Man, how far back did I go ... ?

He can totally hear her.

REMY

Ha! I get it. By hand. Low-tech. But I like the old way of doing things. I've always been something of a man out of time.

That got her attention.

NELLE

What makes you say that?

REMY

Honestly, I say it too much. Modern day might take it as an insult.

NELLE  
Insults are honest. Who doesn't  
want an honest man?

REMY  
I HONESTLY forgot my manners. What  
do you do, Ms. ... ?

NELLE  
Sparks.

REMY  
Name? Or firework salesperson?

NELLE  
My name is Nelle Sparks, and I ...  
(Reconsiders.)  
... don't think I'm ready to tell  
you what I do just yet.

REMY  
I can respect that. My vocations  
are disposable. Freelancer's lot.

He leans down to pick up his fallen palette.

NELLE  
It was nice meeting you ...  
(Checks card.)  
Remington Ness.

REMY  
Please, I ask my friends to call me  
Remy. And I'd appreciate if you got  
that started.

NELLE  
Alright then, Remy.

She waves goodbye and turns to continue down the sidewalk.

REMY  
Uh, you too -- Don't let that card  
get cold, now!

He instantly rolls his eyes at himself, hand to forehead.

She turns around and catches him, rubbing his card between  
her hands quickly to warm it up. He musters a nod and self-  
depreciating smile through a fence of teeth.

NELLE  
Keep it cool this time, Sparks.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

A dark warehouse has been partitioned into a maze of open performance spaces. At the center of each sits a cylinder with a metallic doughnut-shaped ring perched atop.

From the far corner, a single walled-off space announces itself with the lonely glow of a work light.

Remy straps on a tool belt and hugs one of the rings.

REMY

What's ailin' you, Zeusy?

Across the room, unnoticed, Nelle shows herself in. Now dressed in a smart, angular suit, she's clearly had a chance to clean up since their last meeting.

She watches him work, again perplexed.

Remy slings a few tools off his belt, making a quick adjustment inside the ring before returning it to its holster. His head leans to the metal, listening.

REMY

Alright, you king of instruments,  
that should do it.

He turns from the device, and Nelle shrinks further behind one of the partitions to remain undetected.

Remy follows a series of bundled chords from the cylinder base to a nearby console. He turns a knob and a powerful THRUMMING sound begins to swell. What the hell?

He cracks his knuckles and hovers his hands over the board.

Nelle leans in to try and get a better look at the controls, just as Remy finishes his deliberating and lowers his hands onto a piano keyboard.

ZZZZT!

A massive bolt of purple energy arcs from the device's ring, producing a ... musical note? A TESLA COIL that PLAYS MUSIC!

Remy continues, plunking out the notes to "Chopsticks".

NELLE

HA!

Nelle throws her hands over her mouth to silence her laugh.



Remy turns to look in her direction, powers down the console and whips out a flashlight. Spots her immediately.

REMY  
Ms. Sparks? What brings you here?

NELLE  
I'm, uh ... in the market.

REMY  
For a Zeusaphone?

NELLE  
Is that -- I thought you were a sign painter?

REMY  
Today, I'm a Zeusaphone Tuner.

He produces a fresh business card from his document folder.

NELLE  
You are a ... singular talent.

REMY  
Hardly. What brings you here? Show room doesn't open for hours.

NELLE  
Ah, well, this was sort of a ... Tesla Coil emergency.

REMY  
You throw some weird parties.

NELLE  
You'd never believe the guest list.

REMY  
Well, I'm all done here and I need to make myself scarce before opening --

NELLE  
Oh, yes, of course. Well, here's hoping for future happenstance.

REMY  
Shame to leave it at that, but then I don't have two of YOUR cards.

He smiles and unbuckles his tool belt, sliding it over his shoulder as he flicks off the work light.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Remy checks in at a security booth, receiving a badge which he clips to his shirt before waving thanks and entering the cemetery. A wooded path leads him up a hill.

Through the trees, Nelle watches him walk, crouched low. She's blatantly stalking him at this point.

He emerges from the wooded area, overlooking a sprawl of grave markers. She observes him GATHERING SHRIVELED FLOWERS from the base of the tombstones and BAGGING THEM.

She can't help herself, popping out of the bushes to ask:

NELLE

Let me guess? Today you're a ...  
grave cleaner? Flower retriever?

REMY

Potpourri Entrepreneur --

She SWATS the card out of his hand before he can offer it.

REMY (CONT'D)

Alright, what's your deal? At the cafe, I'll admit it was nice to be bumped into. You catch me tuning a Zeusaphone, and that's a crazy coincidence. But three times?

NELLE

(Face scrunched.)  
Would you believe a really, really  
crazy coincidence?

REMY

I would not. Spill it, creeper.

NELLE

Okay, but the last time I jumped the gun on my full pitch didn't go so well. You could probably tell by the state of me the morning after.

REMY

Take it slow. The dead can wait.

She takes a deep breath of consideration before offering:

NELLE

For now, let's just say I'm a ...  
non-traditional matchmaker.

REMY

As you may have noticed, I don't consider myself very traditional.

NELLE

Thing is, my clients are required to travel ... a long way. And I'm not really supposed to tell you --

REMY

I'm in.

NELLE

Ha! I wish it was that easy. See, I'm not really supposed to approach you without, um ...

REMY

Permission? Don't worry. It'll be our little secret.

NELLE

Something like that. But maybe I could get away with asking a few questions. Prompts.

REMY

Shoot. Prompt away.

NELLE

How far would you go to find the perfect match?

REMY

As far as it takes.

NELLE

How might you say that, if you were being very dramatic?

He holds his gaze on her for a second before answering.

REMY

I would circle the world. The galaxy. The universe. Nay ... I would tear across time to find her.

She smiles a Cheshire grin.

NELLE

I think I can help you, Mr. Ness.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

Nelle guides Remy through a wall of underbrush into a forgotten, vine-covered corner of an aged park.

REMY  
This isn't one of those immersive  
theatre pieces, is it?

NELLE  
If it is, don't you want to see how  
it ends?

REMY  
Cheapest front-row seat in town.

NELLE  
Now where did I --

She looks at her watch but stops herself from activating it.

REMY  
Is that it?

Remy tugs at a hasty pile of fallen branches to reveal:

A bell-shaped METAL POD, round top sloping out at the base,  
with a hatch on the front just big enough to walk through.

NELLE  
Ah, yes! Well, I had a small speech  
to prepare you, but ... here it is!

The hatch responds to her touch, opening with a HISS. She  
gestures to the darkness within. Remy cocks an eyebrow.

REMY  
You want me to get IN that thing?

NELLE  
Won't work if you don't.

REMY  
Look, I'm sure you're a nice lady,  
but you're not giving me a lot to  
go on here. What's your deal?

NELLE  
I've risked a lot. Coming this far.  
I can't go back empty handed.

With a reluctant grumble he takes her hand for support and  
hobbles over the threshold into the pod.

**INT. POD - CONTINUOUS**

REMY

This is a cozy ... death knell.

NELLE

Here, swallow this.

She hands him a pill.

REMY

What is it? Like a seasick pill? I need you to tell me right now if this thing is a submersible.

NELLE

We are not going underwater.

REMY

Good, because I'm really not into the whole mermaid thing.

NELLE

Try to keep an open mind.

She guides him to a upright padded gurney and starts to strap him in. Clamps a vital monitor on his ring finger.

REMY

I'm beginning to think I should've asked to see your ID or something.

Nelle WHIPS up her wrist, her holographic ID file projecting from her watch. Remy's jaw literally drops.

NELLE

Satisfied?

She lowers a sheer radiation veil over his gobsmacked face.

REMY

Uh ... where exactly are you from?

NELLE

Better if I show you.

Nelle secures herself into the gurney opposite him. She clamps on her own vital monitor, both of their wires linked in a central processing console.

She taps the face of her watch and the pod ROARS to life. Bands of energy cycle increasingly faster as a RUMBLE shakes the entire capsule.

The skin on Remy's face PULLS against his skull with extreme force. He can't help but let out a high-pitched SCREAM.

The bands of energy STROBE to seizure level until ...

Remy's scream fades into total SILENCE. The pod sits dead. The straps around them have fallen loose automatically.

SHHHHK.

The pod door opens, and a white light floods in. Remy's eyes adjust as he leans in to see:

A bustling lobby of gleaming chrome.

THE FUTURE.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. THE HUB - "DAY"**

The shining, open lobby is almost too bright for Remy to look at. He fumbles for a pair of sunglasses from his pocket. Nelle grabs his elbow to guide him.

NELLE

You get used to it.

Eyes relieved, he looks around to get the lay of the land.

Pod bays like the one they emerged from encircle the main floor of the multi-level space. Walkways and conveyors weave across the seemingly endless reach of the upper levels.

REMY

Oh my god. Is this ...

NELLE

The future? Not exactly.

REMY

Do I want to know?

NELLE

You might. But first let's make sure you made the trip alright.

REMY

No offense, but I'm not going to be prodded by anybody until you give me some idea of where we are.

She gestures widely to the lobby, leading him through a crowd of fantastically diverse AGENTS and their CLIENTS.

NELLE

Mr. Ness, welcome to the HUB. Home to the continuum-famous Time Travel Dating Service.

REMY

What's HUB stand for? All the signs have periods in between.

NELLE

Most people ask about the Time Travel bit first, but I would expect no less from an occasional hand-letterer such as yourself.

REMY

You're dodging the question.

NELLE

If you must know, it stands for  
Horological Uplink Base. And it  
exists neither in your future nor  
my past. Temporally neutral space.

REMY

Sorry I asked.

A voice SCREECHES out, echoing in their direction:

KAMERON (O.S.)

There she is!

Stomping across the lobby with two GUARDS is KAMERON, 20s,  
high collar with an even higher voice. She's furious.

NELLE

Kameron! A welcoming party? That's  
so unlike you.

KAMERON

Don't play coy. You're coming with  
us. Dr. Nakodo wants to see you.  
And she's not happy.

Nelle smiles awkwardly at Remy. Turns back to Kameron.

NELLE

Why don't you tell her I'll pop in  
for tea just as soon as I've --

KAMERON

No way! Are you kidding? You're --

NELLE

This client has not been profiled.  
We can't have that, now can we?

Kameron concedes with a scoff. To her guards:

KAMERON

Escort them to the Holo Station.  
Don't let her out of your sight.

REMY

Should I be worried?

NELLE

Nah. She was born like that.



**INT. PROFILING BOOTH - "DAY"**

Remy is plopped down into a tall-backed chair in the middle of a spherical cage of camera sensors, capturing him from every angle. He winces as his sunglasses are removed.

The guards stomp to cover the booth's only door.

Between crisscrossing struts of the cage, Remy sees Nelle take a seat behind a short desk with a monitor attached.

NELLE

Thank you for your understanding during that brief interruption.

REMY

Is this like a future prison cell?

NELLE

Ha! No. You are sitting in a Holographic Profiling Rig. I'll ask you a couple of basic questions from our patented Voight-Romp personality test, then your virtual identity will be uploaded and matched for compatibility against Three Hundred Billion clients.

REMY

BILLION? With a B?

NELLE

Transtemporal Database. Lot of lonely souls till the end of time.

REMY

I like my odds.

Nelle taps the monitor, and the irises on all of the mounted cameras RATCHET open to stare at Remy like a bug.

NELLE

If you're ready, we'll begin. Please state your name.

Remy sits up straight and smooths out his waistcoat.

REMY

My name is Remington J. Ness. But all you space ladies can feel free to call me Remy.

NELLE

You don't need to reference anyone directly, by type ... or gender. The algorithm may surprise you.

REMY

My optimism has its limits, but okay. Fair enough.

NELLE

Please state your era of origin.

REMY

Well, uh, I was born on May the Twenty Fifth, Nineteen Eighty Four. Is that what you mean?

NELLE

Your choice. Some don't care to give their specific age.

REMY

No qualms. I'm thirty three, or at least ... I was.

Nelle giggles.

NELLE

You still age here. It's not Eden.

REMY

You laugh as if I should have some basis of knowledge. I'm totally off the edge of map.

NELLE

Now you're getting it.  
(Clears throat.)  
Question one: If you were a turtle --

REMY

Sorry. I'm sorry to interrupt, but is there going to be a restroom opportunity soon? Or are there some fancy ... future catheters?

Nelle glances back at the guards. Nothing. Back to Remy:

NELLE

I'll be quick. Skipping to question One Nine Four: imagine your ideal partner is a sandwich --

**INT. TECH STATION - "DAY"**

The sound of a TOILET flushing. A door slides open to a satisfied Remy, who enters a cluttered tech station.

REMY

Sorry about that. Long trip.

NELLE

Don't worry, you did great.

(Turns away.)

Am I right, Smitty?

Nelle addresses the back of a chair facing a dangerously overcrowded desk. It swivels around to reveal SMITTY, 40s, living proof that the future hasn't changed tech support.

SMITTY

You skipped too many questions.  
She's got nothing to go on.

NELLE

That's alright, we'll just have to  
go back in.

Nelle turns toward the door to the booth, but is physically blocked by the two guards. Not going to happen.

SMITTY

Looks like you have an appointment.

NELLE

Dr. Nakodo. Long overdue promotion,  
no doubt. Would you mind, Smitty?

SMITTY

Anything for you, Nelle.

NELLE

Thanks, luv.

(To Remy.)

I've got to chat with my boss.  
Smitty here will get you all  
finished up.

REMY

Good luck. Sounds like you need it.

NELLE

Well, gentlemen, shall we?

She shoves her hands around their unwilling arms and disappears through a sliding exit door into the lobby.

Smitty stares down Remy from his chair. Awkward silence.

REMY

So ... should I head back in?

With a superior snort, Smitty spins around in his chair and back again gripping a box with his sausage fingers.

SMITTY

No need. That rig is overkill.

He pulls out a single sensor attached to a six-legged stand.

REMY

Suppose I should sit.

SMITTY

Whatever. Looks like Nelle skipped most of the obligatory responses.

REMY

What do you think of her? Nelle.

SMITTY

I think you haven't earned the right to call her anything other than Ms. Sparks.

REMY

Worked with her a long time, I take it? Can I ask --

Smitty fires up the machine, ignoring him.

SMITTY

What is your primary vocation?

REMY

Ooh, that's a tough one. I --

SMITTY

Limit your response to ten seconds.

REMY

You got it, buddy. Jack of few trades, master of some. Next.

SMITTY

Do you more often relive the past or imagine your future?

This one stops Remy cold in his tracks. He takes a moment to roll it over in his mind. Swallows hard.

**INT. NAKODO'S OFFICE - "DAY"**

Nelle saunters into Dr. Nakodo's immaculate office.

There she sits, live in the flesh: Dr. Nakodo wears a crisp salt-n-pepper asymmetric bob that matches her rigid posture.

NELLE

Suzy! Thanks for seeing me.

Nelle slides into the chair across from Dr. Nakodo's desk.

DR. NAKODO

Drop it. You know why you're here.  
Explain yourself.

NELLE

What would you like me to explain?

DR. NAKODO

What the hell you're doing.

NELLE

I'm working.

DR. NAKODO

Really? More than a decade prior to  
the first possible opt-ins?

NELLE

Can you blame me for wanting to  
expand my client base?

DR. NAKODO

Yes. I can. That's not your job,  
Sparks. Stick to the database.

NELLE

Much as I delight in endless data  
mining, there's got to be another  
way. I need --

DR. NAKODO

There is no other way. Our by-laws  
exist for reasons more complex than  
you could possibly fathom.

NELLE

Don't throw me that timey-wimey  
crap. I'm not some junior agent. I  
took a calculated risk, and I  
covered my ass. Look ...

Nelle throws a holographic document from her watch to the hovering display area next to the desk.

Dr. Nakodo leans forward in her chair to examine.

DR. NAKODO

What's this?

NELLE

Each person I approached. Spoken documentation that meets every requirement of written consent.

DR. NAKODO

Verbal opt-ins. Fascinating.

NELLE

I figured that window between the machine being turned on and the company going public must have been teeming with enough dreamers that some were bound to wish out loud.

DR. NAKODO

The board will need to review this.

NELLE

I look forward to it.

Nelle turns to leave.

DR. NAKODO

The boy. Until the ruling, he'll need to go home. Full wipe.

NELLE

Give me a day. You owe me that.

DR. NAKODO

Perhaps. Answer me one question.

NELLE

Fair trade.

DR. NAKODO

How long were you back there?  
Listening?

Nelle smiles.

NELLE

A lady never tells.

**INT. NELLE'S OFFICE - "NIGHT"**

Nelle leans in the door frame to her office facing Remy, who stands in the empty hallway.

NELLE  
I promise it doesn't usually take  
this long.

REMY  
Not even your all-seeing algorithm  
can pin me down.

NELLE  
(Smiles.)  
Something like that.

REMY  
I consider it a badge of honor.

NELLE  
You would. I'm sorry I can't escort  
you to your room myself. I've got  
to finish up a few things here.

REMY  
Still? C'mon. It's ... night?

NELLE  
A matchmaker doesn't get quality  
clients like you without working  
through a few simulated cycles.

She hands him a pocket hologram projector. Activates a map.

REMY  
For me? You shouldn't have.

NELLE  
Just follow the dotted line. I  
pulled some strings and upgraded  
you to the Heisenberg Suite.

REMY  
Keen to find out what that means.

NELLE  
Sweet dreams, Mr. Ness.

She taps the panel beside the door and it slides shut.

Nelle strides to the center of the room, lost in thought.

With a SWIPE of her watch, a full-scale holographic image of Remy appears in front of her.

NELLE

Hello, again.

She twists a translucent ring around his waist which allows her to cycle back and forth through his responses:

SMITTY (V.O.)

Limit your response to ten seconds.

Nelle shakes her head and cradles it in her hand.

NELLE

Smitty, you calloused mutt.

REMY

You got it, buddy. Jack of few trades, master of some. Next.

SMITTY (V.O.)

Do you more often relive the past or imagine your future?

Nelle perks up at the pregnant pause.

REMY

All due respect to your and your team, but I've never put much stock in the future. And it's not that I relive the past, either. That would imply that I lived it in the first place. Like nostalgia for a time I never existed, if that makes sense. Maybe it's the soft focus of history, but I often dream of a simpler time. A kinder time.

Nelle pauses the recording, freezing him like a statue.

NELLE

Let me see what I can do for you, Remy Ness. Watcher? Run analysis.

An affirmative BEEP sounds instantaneously.

WATCHER

Profile Analysis complete.  
Potential matches tabulated.

NELLE

Let's see the top contenders.



A BUXOM BLONDE materializes next to Remy. Nelle sizes her up before checking the compatibility score:

93.254% COMPATIBLE.

She selects another from the list. A QUIRKY REDHEAD appears.

97.862% COMPATIBLE.

She repositions the redhead, inching her closer to Remy for a last look before tapping her out. Remy stands alone.

NELLE

Not Bad. Respectable scores. But I think I can do better.

WATCHER

I quite agree. I've added a personal suggestion to the roster.

A holographic copy of HERSELF digitizes next to Remy.

NELLE

Very funny. You know the rules about personal entanglement.

WATCHER

If my input isn't being considered, I'll shut down for the night.

NELLE

I wish you would.

Her watch goes dead, taking the holograms with it. An extreme YAWN overtakes her. Glancing at her watch for the first time to actually check the time, she turns away.

Catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, she brushes her hair behind her ear. A moment of curiosity.

Dammit. She fires up Remy's profile.

Hesitating, her finger hovers over her profile entry. With a breath, she selects it, and her holographic self reappears next to Remy. She checks the score:

99.999% COMPATIBLE.

NELLE

I'm in trouble.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. HEISENBERG SUITE - "DAY"**

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP!

Limbs comfortably tangled in sheets, Remy wakes to a blinking notification from the pocket projector.

He instinctive TAPS it, summoning Nelle's holographic head.

NELLE

Morning!

Remy modestly pulls the sheets up to cover his bare chest.

REMY

Uh ... g'morning, Nelle's head.

NELLE

I'm afraid we don't have any artisanal café's available for your ritual caffeine injection.

REMY

Hey, I don't have a dog in that race. I just letter the signs. Never touch the stuff.

NELLE

That's surprising. I chalked your behavior up to a coffee addiction.

REMY

I'd like to say I'm full of surprises, but that's about it.

NELLE

Generate yourself some breakfast, I'll meet you in the HUB.

Nelle's likeness disappears.

Remy slides on his shirt and ambles over to a microwave-sized food generator. He scrolls through a menu of options, accidentally selecting a flight of parfaits.

Before he can correct his error, the lineup APPEARS.

REMY

Is that a flight of parfaits?

**INT. THE HUB - "DAY"**

Remy finishes off his last parfait, the cup and spoon automatically decomposing in his hand.

REMY

That's handy!

NELLE

Isn't it? When I first visited your time, I was shocked to not find it submerged in waste.

REMY

What you must think of us.

NELLE

You've challenged my assumptions, to say the least.

REMY

Being an emissary for a century is kinda daunting. Too big to chew.

NELLE

You're doing great.

REMY

What's on the docket this morning?

NELLE

Thought I'd show you the sights. Our little bubble extends further than the HUB. There's grav-hiking, cloud gardens, crystal fields ...

REMY

Sounds great, but shouldn't a matchmaker be pushin' some matches?

Nelle stops, trying not to look too deflated.

NELLE

You got it, boss. Up for a trip?

REMY

Where to?

NELLE

You really want to know?

REMY

Lead on.

**EXT. FUTURE CAFÉ - DAY**

A storefront covered in wires that spread like vines sits astride a transparent road. Beneath, snaking lanes of hover traffic zip past in a blur.

In the wire garden just beside the Café, a RUMBLE and a POP announce the arrival of Nelle and Remy. They enter steaming.

NELLE

Cough it out. Your date is waiting.

REMY

With a time machine, you'd think we could get here a little earlier.

NELLE

Her name is Gabby, and heads up, she is a Lifelogger. Don't ask.

Nelle shoves Remy into the gated porch, taking her own seat within listening distance on the other side of a shrub.

Remy immediately bumps into GABBY, 30s, strobed to paleness wearing a bright fascinator hat with an antennae clip that suspends a miniature camera in front of her face.

GABBY

Omigawd, you're Remington! You are MUCH cuter than your holotar!

REMY

Hello, Gabby? You're so much ... brighter than yours.

GABBY

Charmer! Ooh, before I forget -- can you swipe this waiver to appear on my channel?

She throws up an auto-scrolling holographic contract.

REMY

Uh, sure. What's your channel?

GABBY

I'm my channel! People tune in from all over the globe. Right now we've got ... fifteen hundred viewers.

(Into camera.)

What do you all think of Remington? Comment and let me know.

Behind the shrub, Nelle's watch BUZZES.

NELLE  
Not now, Watcher!

WATCHER  
Apologies for interrupting your eavesdropping.

NELLE  
Excuse me? It's my job.

WATCHER  
TiTraDS Protocol does not permit matchmakers to --

NELLE  
Don't quote policy to me!

WATCHER  
Your vitals are elevated. Should I report you for emotional entanglement?

NELLE  
If you do, we're going to have a little chat about that AI you've been networking with in R&D.

WATCHER  
Do proceed. Unlike humans, I'm not capable of lying to myself.

The display deactivates just as Remy rounds the corner.

REMY  
Time to go.

NELLE  
(Feigning surprise.)  
Already?!

REMY  
I think she's watching us.

Indeed, she is. Gabby glares through the shrub at them.

GABBY  
Might want to give that algorithm a tuneup, Nelle. This guy's archaic.

Nelle waves a quick goodbye as she pulls Remy back into the garden, and they are gone with a piercing POP.

**INT. THE HUB - "NIGHT"**

Remy rushes out of the pod hatch before Nelle.

REMY  
Was that really the best you could  
come up with?

He helps her out.

NELLE  
You can't expect every match to --

She clambers to a harsh stop as she sees what's facing them:

Six BOARD MEMBERS flank Dr. Nakodo, each in a black suit  
with a silver pocket watch dangling from their lapel.

DR. NAKODO  
We've been waiting, Ms. Sparks.

NELLE  
The entire board? I'm flattered.

DR. NAKODO  
We have reached a determination  
regarding your transgressions.

REMY  
Transgressions?

DR. NAKODO  
He doesn't know?

NELLE  
I may have ... bent a few rules  
traveling to your time.

DR. NAKODO  
You should not be here, Mr. Ness.  
But seeing as you have already been  
profiled, you will be permitted to  
complete your matching process. Ms.  
Sparks, on the other hand --

REMY  
I don't want to make any trouble.

NELLE  
Remy, there's nothing you can do.

REMY

Not for you. If you want to take risks with you career, that's fine, but don't mess with people's lives. This isn't a good fit. The future is too much for me. When I started to suspect what you might be up to, I was imagining a trip in the other direction. Now it sounds like even I was too far back.

DR. NAKODO

The machine can only travel back to the date of its first activation. Even approaching that is incredibly dangerous, which is why we take these violations so seriously.

NELLE

Wait, that's what this is all about? Not picking him up, but going back that far?

DR. NAKODO

As I said, Mr. Ness is welcome to stay.

Nelle can't let this one go.

NELLE

But why would you be worried about that? We go further forward than that all the time.

DR. NAKODO

We can discuss the particulars at a more appropriate time, but you would do well not to question this.

Dr. Nakodo steps toe-to-toe with Nelle, grabs her wrist and removes her watch.

WATCHER

Goodbye, Ms. Sparks.

DR. NAKODO

Well said.

Dr. Nakodo turns to leave and the Board Members follow her.

Nelle takes a moment, running her hand over the pale band around her empty wrist.

**INT. LAUNCH BAY - "DAY"**

In a private single-pod launch bay, Remy and Nelle face Smitty, who furiously punches keys on a control console.

SMITTY

Don't worry. You'll be back where you belong in no time.

NELLE

Sure I can't convince you to stay?

REMY

You convinced me to come. That was a mistake. Not sure I can survive another one of your matches.

NELLE

I'm sorry I misled you.

REMY

That's the hard bit. Now I'll never know what my life would've been.

NELLE

Sure you can. You think you're the first to get cold feet?

She tosses him a disc the size of a communion wafer.

NELLE (CONT'D)

Eat that. I'll plop you back exactly where I found you, as if none of this happened.

REMY

Really? I won't remember --

NELLE

Any of it. It'll be like I never tripped over you. You'll feel like you lost a few days on a bender.

The pod hatch opens. Remy steps inside. Nelle follows.

SMITTY

Wait, what are you -- ?!

NELLE

I'm escorting him back, Smitty. Calm down. I cleared it.

Smitty's face turns red as the hatch HISSES shut.



**INT. POD - DAY**

This pod is more luxurious than the one Remy arrived in. Sleeker, with a mirror finish that reflects their conversation into infinity.

REMY

What's his problem?

NELLE

The going theory is some kind of paradox disorder.

Nelle and Remy hold leather straps hanging from the ceiling.

The pod WHIRS to life. A low, soothing HUM and slowly pulsing lights indicate the start of their trip.

The both avoid eye contact. Remy breaks the silence.

REMY

Back at the HUB. The Board Members. I got the feeling there was something they didn't want you to know. It's probably nothing, but --

NELLE

(Interested.)  
What did you see?

REMY

Maybe they just have vintage taste, but their watches were old. Like, older than me. Nineteenth century.

NELLE

(Can't help it.)  
I'm trying to not be distracted by the image of you as watchsmith.

REMY

Antique consignor.

NELLE

Those watches looked brand new. Are you saying --

REMY

Not saying anything. Just thought you might want to know, before ...

He fiddles the memory wafer between his fingers.

NELLE

That's not possible. They couldn't.

REMY

I get it. I'm as far back as you  
guys go. Forget about it.

He unwraps the wafer and places it to his lips just as --  
WHAM. The pod shakes with a violent CRASH. Lights go dead.

NELLE

What the hell?

She forces the hatch open, her jaw dropping along with  
Remy's as they catch a glimpse of where they've landed:

A PRIMEVAL WASTELAND, steaming with primordial life. A ROAR.

They look at each other, realization dawning.

Sabotage.

END OF SHOW