

TITLE

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INT. LIVING ROOM, MIDNIGHT

In the sofa ERIC (25-30) is half sleeping. On the big TV on the screen in front of him Reservoir Dogs is playing. In the middle of Michael Madsen's dancing/ear scene the power cuts out. As it does Eric jolts awake.

He takes a sip from his beer as he gets himself in a seated position in the sofa. He places his beer on the table, and locates his cellphone. There's some calls/texts that he ignores and quickly turns on the flashlight. Staggering to his feet he looks out the window and catches a glimpse of two eyes staring straight at him. Not really noticing, he continues towards the kitchen.

After a couple of steps he freezes.

After some hesitation he turns around slowly with his flashlight in hand. Seeing only his reflection in the window, Eric lets out a sigh of relief. Realizing why his reflection is there he quickly turns off his flashlight, and sure enough there is a set of eyes looking straight at him.

Eric lets out a comedic shriek.

The man outside looks like an older man, not really malicious looking, nevertheless he is creepingly looking inside the window in the middle of the night. He starts to tap the window a couple of times.

Eric is still standing there, mouth open and in disbelief. He starts to shake his head, mouth still open.

The man taps again, starts waving to Eric now.

Eric shakes his head, mouth open slightly open in shock.

The man taps yet again, and waves him over more enthusiastically this time.

Eric though shakes his head, and tries to shoo him away.

The man nods and points to his right. He disappears to the right, towards the front door.

Eric stands, still at the same place, dumbfounded, looking out the window. After a couple of seconds there is three knocks on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, MIDNIGHT

Eric is standing in front of his door, another three knocks. He looks out the peephole.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT STEPS, MIDNIGHT

The old man more visible now. He's wearing a black suit, black hat, and a beard. He's looking straight at the camera. His hand raises, and knocks again.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, MIDNIGHT

Eric seems nervous, looks down at the floor, and back again at the door. He bites his lip.

ERIC

What do you want?

He looks out the peephole again, waiting for a response.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT STEPS, MIDNIGHT

Without a beat he answers.

THE MAN

My name is Garfunkel, we need to speak to you. It's really important.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, MIDNIGHT

Eric looks at his phone.

ERIC

If you don't leave you're gonna have to explain to the cops, Garfunkel-man. I called them several minutes ago.

Eric seems pleased with his tactic.

THE MAN

(VO)

We both know you are lying. Please  
open the door, I mean you no harm.  
We have spoken many times before.  
This is all very complicated to  
explain through a wooden door.

Eric is at a loss.

ERIC

Okay man, but if you're gonna rape  
me with a sharpie or something I'm  
gonna be really disappointed with  
you.

Eric begrungily opens the lock, waits a moment and opens the  
door. In front of him stands a middle aged man, bearded,  
glasses, a dark suit and a black hat. They stare at each  
other for a while.

THE MAN

I have a good feeling about this.

He walks right in. Pretty much ignoring Eric, he hangs his  
coat on the hanger. Then he walks straight for the kitchen,  
and opens the refrigerator. He grabs two beers. Meanwhile  
Eric stands confused in the hallway. He slowly paces towards  
the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, MIDNIGHT

THE MAN

Here you go.

The Man hands Eric one of the beers, already opened. The Man  
looks at his beer.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Always beer in the refrigerator,  
still a 100% accuracy,  
unbelievable...

Eric is still gathering his thoughts but accepts the beer.

There is a silence, while The Man takes some big gulps of his  
beer.

ERIC

I'm sorry.. What the fuck is going  
on here?

The Man looks at him with a glint of mirth.

THE MAN

Excuse my manners, but I have a good feeling about you, I have to say.

ERIC

Okay, that's good. So what the fuck, you know, exactly is going on here?

THE MAN

That's a good question, buddy. What happened with the power? That's never happened before..

Eric, still holding his cellphone with the flashlight one realizes the power is still off.

ERIC

..You didn't do that?

The Man has finished his beer, and grabs another from the refrigerator. Eric has yet to take a sip.

THE MAN

Hm.. That's.. That is peculiar.

Eric is shaking his head.

ERIC

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT?

THE MAN

Ah, yes, of course. I'm sorry. Maybe if we sit down first, this is probably gonna be a lot to take in. Trust me, you should sit down.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MIDNIGHT

As they sit down in the sofa, the power comes back on, and the movie resumes.

THE MAN

Ey! Would you look at that.. Amazing. What are you watching? Is this Reservoir Dogs? Are you serious? Haha! I can't believe it, that's a first, you have to be the one.

(beat)

I love this movie..

Eric takes his first sip of his beer, collecting his thoughts, again. He takes a deep breath.

ERIC

Okay. You're in my home right now, right? You crept through my window, like a fucking weirdo, however I still let you in. Now..- I,- I think that is enough for an explanation. Can you *please* tell me what you want?

The Man looks at him seriously now, like it's back to business.

THE MAN

I'm sorry man. The factoid is, I'm kind of, sort of..- You know, so to speak a time traveler. Now *I know how that sounds*. It sounds like a new series on Netflix, but bear with me here..

Eric lightens the mood with a chuckle here.

ERIC

No, you bear with me here please, can you be so kind and shut the fuck up, and please leave my house, or I will call the cops for real this time.

THE MAN

I understand how you feel, trust me. I've been jumping from timeline to timeline, from universe to universe to find the *right* version of you. Not to say that the other versions of you aren't quite as good, they usually are, honestly, really good. You got a couple of bad ones, there was this one Eric who chopped the legs of dogs and put them in malls alive, but that's nothing. You got a good thing going Eric. But none other has what you have. Or..- At least we think - or really, really, really hope.

Eric seems a bit intrigued, but still on guard. Before he can say anything The Man stands to his feet.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Let me guess: you have four bottles  
of cheap Amarone in the cupboard  
above the sink?

The Man winks, and walks with intent back to the kitchen.

ERIC

I don't drink Amarone...

INT. KITCHEN, MIDNIGHT

The Man opens the cupboard, as he has done dozens of times  
before, but there is no Amarone. There is two bottles of gin,  
and a bottle of Malbec.

THE MAN

This is promising. This is really  
promising Eric. I'm excited!

He takes a bottle of gin and the Malbec, and opens the  
fringe.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Hah! Russian water instead of  
tonic, I dig it.

He grabs a bottle of russian water, a couple of glasses, ice  
cubes, limes, and heads back to Eric, who looks like he has  
seen a ghost.

INT. LIVING ROOM, MIDNIGHT

The Man sits down again in the couch.

THE MAN

Gin and russian is kind of better  
though, isn't it? Dangerously  
refreshing, am i right?

The Man pours, slices, and smiles to Eric.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

The thing about time travel you  
see, the alcohol helps. A lot. It  
sounds idiotic I know, "how can you  
travel through time but you need  
alcohol?". Don't argue with me  
Eric, it is essential, I know this.

The Man finally gives room for Eric to say something.

ERIC

Okay.. If you're gonna stab me or whatever, just do it quick, but can you please tell me what's going on first? *Please?*

It looks like Eric is desperate now, he's at a loss.

The Man sits himself next to him, arm around his shoulder, and gives him one of the glasses, which looks really refreshing.

THE MAN

I can tell this is a lot to take in, I understand that. The brass tacks is, we need you to do something for us. That's an understatement actually, we need you to do something to save the future of everything---for us. And I don't mean everything like you and your family and friends, and the rest of the world, but *everything*. All the dimensions, all the timelines, everything seems to depend on you. Even that fucked up Eric with the dogs, but still, it's worth it..

Eric looks apathetic.

ERIC

What - do - you - need?

The Man clinks glasses with Eric, with approval almost.

THE MAN

It's quite simple actually: All you have to do - until further instructions - is *stay alive*.

Eric looks at him in the eyes now.

ERIC

Okay, this has been cool, you've made a quite intriguing impression honestly, and a hell of a gin/russian, but I have to ask you to leave now.

Erik stands up from the couch, and holds up his arm, like he's trying to guide him to the door.



## THE MAN

I understand Eric, completely. Just think how all those other you's felt, and they weren't even fundamental, just fucked up for all eternity by that one encounter. I think about that a lot actually, kind of messes with my head... But i'm on a mission! You have to just push it away, the greater good, and all that..

(beat)

Anyway!

The Man seems to be getting a little buzz.

## THE MAN (CONT'D)

It's simple. Stay alive, but for gods sake, stay to your routine, and do what you do, but for gods sake man, stay alive. You will get further instructions within two months, just be sure to check your mail. Or e-mail. Maybe twitter as well, just to be sure. Okay?

The Man looks at him just to check that he's still all there.

## THE MAN (CONT'D)

Okay friend. This has been a pleasure, truly. The best one so far!

The Man starts to hulk down the bottle of Malbec, like there's no tomorrow. Eric looks at him while he's doing that.

## ERIC

I seriously think you should leave.

In a blink of an eye The Man is gone, and the Malbec with him. No trace.

Eric looks around in shock, mouth open. There is nothing though, the only thing going on is Reservoir Dogs playing on the TV.