

THE POWER OF FOUR

"Pilot"

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EXT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - DAY.

We see ROGER, an angry landlord, outside of CALEB'S apartment door. He looks furious. ROGER is slamming his fist into CALEB'S door, trying to get in. He is brandishing a knife.

ROGER  
(angrily)  
Hey! Open up! I know you're in  
there, I can hear you!

We hear CALEB mumble something to ROGER from behind the door. It's completely indiscernible.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
What?!

Once again, we hear CALEB mumble something to ROGER... but it's a little louder, now.

ROGER (CONT'D)  
Wait, what? What?! You have to  
speak up--

CALEB interrupts ROGER by opening the door.

CALEB  
(matter-of-factly)  
Well, then I guess you CAN'T hear  
me then, can you?

Immediately, CALEB slams the door back shut.

ROGER  
Goddammit, Caleb! Your time is up!  
You're behind on your payment, and  
you know what THAT means... your  
SHINS!

CALEB  
Why can't you just evict me like a  
normal person?

ROGER  
Oh, that ship sailed a LONG time  
ago, baby!

CALEB  
The Buchanan Drive is almost  
complete, I swear! Leave my shins  
out of this!

Amidst all of the ruckus, ALLIE hurriedly enters the hallway and walks up to ROGER.

ALLIE  
Excuse me, WHAT about his shins?

ROGER looks slightly embarrassed.

ROGER  
Mrs. Buchanan! Listen, I mean no offense, but... really, this is between me and your husband--

ALLIE lifts her hand, revealing an absence of a wedding band.

ALLIE  
--it's actually Ms. Kelly now, thank you.  
(beat)  
And he may owe you some money, but he owes ME an explanation.

ROGER backs down.

ROGER  
Ah, Jesus. Alright. Do your thing.

ALLIE  
Now, if I may...

ROGER nods.

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
(angrily, à la ROGER)  
Hey! Open up! I know you're in there, I can hear you!

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - DAY.

ALLIE and CALEB are seated at CALEB'S dining room table. Both of them are drinking coffee. ALLIE looks concerned. CALEB's mind is somewhere else.

CALEB  
Thanks for getting Roger off of my back. I know I'm on the verge of a breakthrough with this time machine I'm working on, I just need--

ALLIE  
(interrupting, firmly)  
More time?

CALEB sighs.

CALEB

Yeah.

ALLIE doesn't like to see CALEB like this. She tries to lighten the mood.

ALLIE

Well, you might want to start development on a money machine, while you're at it. He seemed pretty serious about your shins.

CALEB

Let him have them!

(beat)

Those grow back, right?

ALLIE

They'll give just about anybody a doctorate in Quantum Physics now, won't they?

CALEB

Hey! I'm being serious.

ALLIE

As am I, Caleb Buchanan! I'm sitting across from you, doing my best to meet you halfway and work on repairing our friendship.

But you have to meet me, too. And using me to convince your bloodthirsty landlord into giving you an extension on your rent is NOT that.

(beat)

And, just so you know, this chaotic, disorganized lifestyle that you have is honestly a big part of the reason that we--

CALEB

(interrupting)

Allie, trust me. It's almost there. I just... I just need--

ALLIE

(interrupting)

Time? Well, Caleb, I'm sorry-- but we're running OUT of time--

CALEB  
No, it's not TIME! I need, I need  
...

Suddenly, the television somehow turns itself on.

ALLIE  
Did that just turn itself on?

CALEB  
Shh, shh, shh...

The television displays the morning news. A young man seems to be giving an acceptance speech in front of a large crowd of people. The news station has superimposed some text in front of him. It's his name: CALLAGHAN KEVANY.

CALLAGHAN  
Ladies and gentlemen, I'm proud to say that as the youngest... and, if we're being honest, potentially cutest... recipient of the MacArthur Fellowship grant, I will be using it to develop... THE KEVANY DRIVE.

A mechanism capable of traversing the space-time continuum with ease, taking a person where he has never gone before... or, rather... WHEN he or SHE... or THEY has never gone before!

The crowd cheers, and the screen goes black. CALEB turns to ALLIE.

CALEB  
I need Callaghan Kevany.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. CALLAGHAN'S MANSION - DAY.

CALEB is standing at a gate outside of CALLAGHAN'S huge mansion. In front of him is an intercom unit.

CALEB  
Hello?

CALLAGHAN (V.O.)  
Hello... this is MacArthur Grant recipient, Dr. Callaghan Kevany. May I ask who this is?

CALEB rolls his eyes.

CALEB

Callaghan, my name is Dr. Caleb Buchanan. I'm on the verge of finishing my time machine... THE BUCHANAN DRIVE. And I think that if we worked together, we could--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting)

Excuse me, before you go any further... did you set an appointment?

CALEB

What? Listen, I don't have time to bother with appointments, this is something much bigger--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting)

Well, perhaps, Mr. Buchanan--

CALEB

(interrupting)

Excuse me, Callaghan. That's DOCTOR Buchanan. And--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting)

Excuse ME, DOCTOR Buchanan. That's MACARTHUR GRANT RECIPIENT, DOCTOR Callaghan Kevany.

A man who does not respect appointments does not respect structure. And perhaps it is your lack of structure that has led to your pitiful failure that is the BUCHANAN DRIVE.

Horrible name for a device, by the way. Just dreadful.

CALEB

Hey, listen here--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting)

Good day, Mr. Buchanan!

CALEB lets out a deep sigh as CALLAGHAN terminates their conversation.

CALEB

Great.

CALEB picks up his phone and dials ROGER.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Hey, Roger... I think we should  
meet. Let's do noon, the alleyway  
behind Tumby's Pizza...

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. TUMBY'S PIZZA - DAY.

CALEB and ROGER are standing in the alleyway behind Tumby's  
Pizza. CALEB looks upset.

CALEB

(dramatically)

Alright, let's do it. Just... make  
it quick.

ROGER

Caleb.

CALEB

Yes?

ROGER

I'm not going to break your shins.

CALEB

Oh, thank God. You know, I KNEW you  
cared, deep down--

ROGER

(interrupting)

Whoa, whoa, whoa... I mean, I AM  
gonna break your shins. I'm just  
not going to break them TODAY.

(beat)

Your ex-wife made a payment on your  
behalf.

CALEB

(embarrassed)

Oh, jeez...

ROGER

Yeah, you're telling me. Usually  
they're the ones paying me TO break  
someone's shins.

(beat)

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

Listen, man... when are you gonna get your life together? I mean, do you think I LIKE carrying around this shin-smashing pipe around all day? Because I don't. It's actually QUITE heavy.

CALEB

I'm this close to finishing my time machine, HONEST. But this guy, the missing piece of the puzzle... Callaghan Kevany... he won't even meet with me.

ROGER

Honestly, Caleb, for better or for worse, you really did have me sold on this whole "time machine" thing.

I mean, a little break from all of this shin-breaking business? Sounds like a good time to me. I mean, I wouldn't have allowed you to defer your payments, otherwise.

But I'm nearing the end of my rope. And at the end of the rope is, uh, well... your shins.

CALEB

It's this Callaghan guy's fault, I swear. I mean... maybe you could threaten to break HIS shins? You wouldn't have to actually--

ROGER

(interrupting)

Caleb. I'm not going to break his shins. Besides, even if I wanted to, he's got a pretty sturdy front gate.

(beat)

Wait, why won't he meet with you? Is it like a religious thing, or...?

CALEB

(interrupting, confused)

No, it's not that. Well, actually... I mean, maybe... I don't know...

(beat)

No! I mean, what happened was...

(MORE)



CALEB (CONT'D)  
he said that I couldn't meet him  
without setting an appointment,  
which is just SO pretentious--

ROGER  
(interrupting)  
That's it? An APPOINTMENT? You  
realize that you're putting  
yourself on the line just because  
you won't go out and buy a daily  
planner?

CALEB  
It's just not in my nature.

ROGER looks at CALEB in total disbelief.

ROGER  
Caleb, you DO realize that YOU  
CALLED me and asked me WHERE and  
WHEN I could meet you, right? Me--  
the guy who has it out for your  
medial tibials?

CALEB  
My WHAT?

ROGER  
Your shins. Jesus, they'll give  
just about anybody a doctorate in  
Quantum Physics now, won't they?  
(beat)  
Anyways... that THING you did? With  
the phone, and the time... and the  
place? THAT'S scheduling an  
appointment. And you did it just  
fine, you mush.

CALEB slowly begins to nod his head.

CALEB  
Wow. I guess you're right. The  
appointment was inside of me, the  
whole time.

ROGER  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Now, go schedule  
your appointment with that  
Callaghan guy.

And, uh... word to the wise?  
probably sooner rather than later.  
Allie only bought you an extra day.  
After that...

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)  
the next appointment you'll be  
making... will be an appointment  
with DEATH.

CALEB  
I thought you were just going to  
break my shins!

ROGER  
Oh... oh, yeah. Well, anyways.  
I'll, uh... see you tomorrow.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. CALLAGHAN'S MANSION - NIGHT.

We see a gorgeous, ornate mansion. CALLAGHAN and CALEB appear to be in CALLAGHAN'S study. There are bookshelves surrounding them. The two scientists are seated across from one another. Both of them are awkwardly drinking coffee.

Finally, CALEB breaks the silence.

CALEB  
You know, you looked a lot taller  
on TV.

CALLAGHAN smiles and nods his head. He is genuinely amused by CALEB'S remark.

CALLAGHAN  
I'll have to admit, Dr. Buchanan...  
I'm surprised. But you actually set  
an appointment, and a damn fine  
one, at that.

CALEB  
Thank you, once again, for meeting  
me on such short notice. I know  
you're a busy man, so I'll make  
this quick.

You're a brilliant scientist, and I  
really do respect your structure...  
and composure. Truth be told, those  
are qualities that I sometimes  
lack.

CALLAGHAN  
I appreciate your kind words.  
And... to be honest, during our  
initial meeting, I truly did indeed  
enjoy your energy and passion.

(MORE)

CALLAGHAN (CONT'D)

That sort of thing is often lacking in our area of study, wouldn't you agree?

CALEB

Well, that's what I'm getting at. We both have a common goal: time travel. And I think, together, we can do it. You control the order--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting, happily)  
And YOU control the chaos!

CALEB

Exactly! We COMPLETE each other. Thomas Edison had Lewis Latimer, John McClane had Carl Winslow, Paul McCartney had--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting)  
Michael Jackson, yes!  
(beat)  
You might just be on to something. Alright, Dr. Buchanan... I'll bite. I must say, you are growing on me.

CALEB

One might say that I was inside of you, the WHOLE time.

CALLAGHAN stares at CALEB blankly, unsure of whether or not CALEB was implying something of a filthy nature.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Wait, what I meant was--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting, uneasy)  
Let's just get to work, okay?

INT. CALLAGHAN'S LAB - NIGHT.

An entire twenty-four hours have passed. CALEB and CALLAGHAN look absolutely overworked. They are standing inside of CALLAGHAN'S personal laboratory.

CALEB

And, if I can just get this to synchronize with the rotation of the crankshaft...

We hear the satisfying sound of machinery in motion.

CALLAGHAN

You've done it! I never thought I'd see the day. Brilliant work, Dr. Buchanan.

(beat)

The Kevany-Buchanan Drive lives.

CALEB

(cheerfully)

Please, call me Caleb.

(beat)

And actually, I was thinking "Buchanan-Kevany Drive" would actually sound a little--

CALLAGHAN

(interrupting)

We'll workshop it. Anyhow, there's only thing left to do, my friend--

Suddenly, ROGER breaks into the laboratory. He looks extremely angry.

ROGER

(interrupting)

Break some goddamn shins!

CALEB looks very distraught. ALLIE enters the laboratory, too.

ALLIE

Caleb, look out!

CALEB

How did he get past the gate?!

ROGER

I set an appointment, you jackass!

CALEB

(angrily)

CALLAGHAN!

CALLAGHAN

I mean, it's a matter of principle: if someone goes out of their way to properly schedule an appointment, who am I to--

ROGER

Enough! You're out of time, Caleb Buchanan. And I'm not taking any more of your lunch money, either.

ALLIE

Excuse me?

ROGER

Sorry. EX-lunch money.

(beat)

If I don't make good on my threat, none of this means anything. Sorry, Caleb. You gotta take a knee. Because I gotta take your shins. Now, come to Daddy.

CALLAGHAN

Caleb, the time machine can wait. Go to Daddy.

ALLIE

NO ONE IS GOING TO DADDY! Now, listen, Roger... I understand you're a miserable little bug who only finds satisfaction in hurting others--

ROGER

(interrupting, angrily)

He owes me over ten-thousand--

ALLIE

HE OWES ME A MARRIAGE THAT WASN'T DESTROYED BY AN CATASTROPHIC OBSESSION WITH TIME TRAVEL!

ALLIE takes a deep breath and collects herself. Everyone is speechless.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

This machine has cost me so much. So very, very much.

And now it's time to see, Caleb. It's time to see if it was all worth it.

Go ahead, fire it up.

CALEB looks very sad, increasingly aware of the damage he has done to ALLIE.

CALEB

Allie, I...

ALLIE holds up her hand. She's not in the mood for a half-assed apology. CALEB stops talking. He nods.

CALLAGHAN

You heard her, Caleb. Do the honors. Go to Time Daddy.

CALEB

Well... I guess I have no choice.

In case something goes wrong...  
just know that I really do love you  
guys.

(beat)

Except for you, Roger. No offense.

ROGER nods his head and knowingly shrugs. CALEB presses the activation button for the time machine. The lights begin to flicker.

ROGER

What is HAPPENING?

ALLIE

What's going on?!

CALLAGHAN begins to laugh wildly.

CALLAGHAN

Not what... but WHEN?!

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. THE VOID - NIGHT.

Our heroes find themselves awakening in a black void.

ALLIE

Where... where are we?

CALLAGHAN

If our calculations are correct...

CALLAGHAN looks over to CALEB, who finishes his sentence.

CALEB

... we're in the No-No Land.

CALLAGHAN

I mean, well, I was actually thinking, "The Edge of Time and Space", but--

Suddenly, a mysterious voice interrupts. Our heroes don't know it yet, but it belongs to an entity that calls itself KRONOS. All we hear is its disembodied voice.

KRONOS (V.O.)

Uh, I... I actually prefer "No-No Land." It's less pretentious.

CALEB, CALLAGHAN, ALLIE, and ROGER are all speechless. The figure emerges from the darkness. Its physical form is that of a female human.

KRONOS

Anyways... I'm Kronos. And, wow... you four really picked a crazy time to show up here.

You see, the entire fabric of time and space is actually, as we speak, in grave danger.

I think you already know who's gotta save it.

And yeah, I know... you four aren't exactly the "hero" type... but you are the "we have a time machine" type. Which, actually, is a lot harder to come by.

I know you're scared-- but you're going to have look inside of yourself and find the person who'll answer the call.

CALEB

Kronos...

KRONOS

Yes, Caleb?

CALEB

(heroically)

You got a daily planner?

KRONOS

(confused)

Uhh, I mean... maybe? I'd have to--

CALEB  
(interrupting)  
Because I'd like to make an  
appointment.  
(beat)  
An appointment... with TIME.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.