

WASTED TIMES

"Pilot"

Written by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

A shooting star blasts across the starry night sky.

MARIO (V.O.)

There are two kinds of people in this world. First, there's the type who say they have no regrets because their mistakes have shaped them into the wonderful people they are today. I call bullshit, but whatever.

EXT. VALDEZ RESIDENCE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Two story suburban house with basement and garage.

MARIO (V.O.)

And then there are those who, like me, have a number of regrets. Whether it's *not* following your dreams, or letting the one who got away *get away*, or staying with the one you should've avoided altogether -- for *us*, there's always at least one life-altering moment we would do differently if we could go back. But, that's not really an option ... *is it?*

A STREAK OF TRIPPY RAINBOW LIGHT -- a portal -- appears a few feet off the ground. Two men materialize within and drop to the dark lawn with a THUD. They groan.

A LIGHT TURNS ON INSIDE --

INT. VALDEZ RESIDENCE - GARAGE - NIGHT

MARIO ROSE VALDEZ (26), a fun-loving cynic, sneaks in from the hallway, opens a filing cabinet, and pulls out a large heart-shaped "chocolate box." He frowns at it.

INT. VALDEZ RESIDENCE - MARIO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Messy room. Rock and metal band posters everywhere.

Mario locks his door and takes the box to his desk. He opens it to reveal a complete heroin kit: a hypodermic needle, cotton balls, a spoon, rubber hose, lighter, white powder, and illustrated IKEA-like instructions.

MARIO (V.O.)

And, even if we could go back, who's to say that we *should*?

Mario folds a handwritten note beside the box and scribbles something on the page.

MARIO (V.O.)

I mean, shit -- who are we to interfere with the natural order of things?

QUICK MONTAGE: SETUP

- Mario adds the powder to the spoon.
- Lights the lighter.
- Filters mixture through cotton.
- Ties off his arm with the hose.
- Pushes air out of the needle's barrel.

BACK TO SCENE

Mario presses the needle to his median cubital vein.

The SOUNDS OF RETCHING, followed by a TRASH CAN GETTING KNOCKED OVER, seep in from OUTSIDE.

MARIO (V.O.)

Then again --

Mario sets the needle down and goes to glance out the window. He scans the front yard -- nothing of interest. He returns to his desk, takes a seat, and sighs.

MARIO (V.O.)

-- Those of us who have regrets are notorious for doing shit we're not supposed to be doing.

Through glassy eyes, Mario looks at the needle beside his folded note, which is labeled: "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN". He picks up the needle.

MARIO (V.O.)

But, does that mean we don't deserve a second chance? I mean ... doesn't *everybody*?

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**FADE IN:****BEGIN MONTAGE -- "THE 27S":**

Images of musicians who died at the age of twenty-seven, including Brian Jones, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Ron "Pigpen" McKernan, Kurt Cobain, and Amy Winehouse, overlap across the screen.

MARIO (V.O.)
Hendrix. Joplin. Morrison. Cobain --
so many more.

A CLASSIC ROCK SONG from one of the "27 Club" FADES IN.

MARIO (V.O.)
They all had two things in common.
First, their contributions to music
changed the world and defined the
sound of their generations.

The photos speed up; colors fade to black and white.

MARIO (V.O.)
And two, after making music history,
each one of them died at the ripe
young age of twenty-seven.

Photos of mourning fans overlap one another.

MARIO (V.O.)
It is for this morbid reason that
so many musicians strive to be
successful and in the prime of their
career by the time they turn twenty-
seven ... you know, just in case.

FLASH TO WHITE

MARIO (V.O.)
Just a few months shy of my own
twenty-seventh, I can confidently
say ...

A MEDIOCRE LIVE HARD ROCK COVER SONG FADES IN AND
REPLACES THE CLASSIC ROCK VERSION, LEADING US TO --

INT. SIXSHOOTERS - NIGHT

Mario rolls his eyes back and bites his lip as he hammers
out a rough bassline onstage.

SUPER: 17 HOURS LATER ...

The song comes to an energetic end. Mario sticks his tongue out and flashes the "horns" hand gesture.

MARIO (V.O.)

... I don't have to worry about
dying at twenty-seven in the prime
of my career.

Behind him, DEVIN (27), the free-spirited heartbreaker, pops off a few more cymbal hits on his drums and brings the show to a close.

GRADY (25), smirks, pleased with his guitar work, and whips his greasy hair back to see the audience; his smirk fades into a scowl. He takes off his guitar.

The sound of ONE PERSON CLAPPING is heard from --

THE CROWD

-- Which is a ghost town, save LISA JOHNSON, (42) a handy, but very O-C-D MILF. She cheers emphatically.

Her bubbly daughter, ASHLEY (17), claps along, disingenuous, and Lisa's son, LEONARDO (16), a preppy home-schooled millennial, looks on unimpressed.

MEMO (38), a portly, heavily-tatted bouncer, eyes Lisa. He shakes his head and resumes sweeping the floor.

HELMUT (19), a lanky stoner and barback, wipes a table where SILLY MILLY (70s), lays passed out among empty beer bottles. She pops her head up.

SILLY MILLY

Yeah! *Free Bird!*

It wasn't *Free Bird*.

Milly slumps down. Helmut takes her bottles, nonplussed.

ON STAGE

CHRISTIAN (26), a pocket-sized lead singer in lifts, flexes his buff, vegan body, and leans into the mic.

CHRISTIAN

Yeah! Thank you! We are SuhDisDick!
We got Grady Scott on guitar --

GRADY

(grabbing himself)
-- Suh-DIS-Dick, bitches!

Christian rolls his eyes.

CHRISTIAN
Devin Powell on drums.

Devin puckers his lips in a flirtatious kiss and flips a drumstick in the air. He misses the catch.

CHRISTIAN
Ya boy, Mario Valdez, on bass.

Mario strums the bass; it's poorly setup strings produce a HORRENDOUS NOISE.

MARIO
So glad all three of you could make it out tonight. Really.

SILLY MILLY (O.S.)
I love you, Channing Tatum!

MARIO
Oh -- four of you. Sorry, Milly. Didn't see you there.

CHRISTIAN
And I'm your voice of choice, Christian Valentino. Make sure you grab some stickers before you --

GRADY
-- Yeah, nobody gives a shit.

Grady walks offstage.

Christian sulks. Mario pats him on the back.

MARIO
I'll get us some beer.

CHRISTIAN
Light?

MARIO
Not even a little bit.

He hops offstage. Devin breaks his drum set apart.

Lisa approaches the stage; her kids follow, aloof.

LISA
That was so good! Even better than last time!

DEVIN
Thanks, Lisa. Glad you liked it.

Ashley clears her throat.

LISA
Oh -- Devin, these are my kids,
Ashley --

Ashley smiles and waves.

ASHLEY
-- Hi! I'm Ashley.

DEVIN
(smirk)
'sup.

LISA
... And my son, Leonardo.

DEVIN
Dude! Like the *Ninja Turtle*!

Leonardo tilts his head at Lisa in a "handle this" way.

LISA
Um ... no, like da Vinci ... the
painter.

Ashley snorts back a laugh. Leonardo glares at her.

LEONARDO
I am named after Leonardo di ser
Piero da Vinci, who was a painter,
a sculptor, an inventor, an architect --

DEVIN
-- Yeah! That's who the *Ninja Turtle*
was named after! Radical.

Leonardo stares at him, coldly.

Christian passes them with cymbal stands and exits the building. A second later, he bursts back in, wide-eyed.

THE BAR

KAYLA (25), the *bad girl next door* bartender, sets two pitchers in front of Mario.

KAYLA
Twelve.

MARIO
Really? You're gonna charge me,
after I just rocked the house like
that?

Mario slides some cash between the pitchers. Kayla smiles, glances at the empty room.

KAYLA

Oh -- did you play? Hadn't noticed.

MARIO

Sure you did. Your panties didn't soak themselves.

KAYLA

Oh, really?

She leans in and caresses Mario's cheek.

MARIO

(huge smile)

Yeah.

KAYLA

Then, maybe ... you should stop ... wearing them.

She shoves him away by his forehead and walks off.

MARIO

You're a peach, Kayla. A peach emoji.

She smirks back at him.

Mario smiles and pours a beer.

Christian races to the bar.

CHRISTIAN

Dude -- your cousin's outside!

MARIO

Sounds about right. The show ends, and then my family rolls up.

CHRISTIAN

Nah, man -- it's Kai.

MARIO

Kai ... ? Where?

CHRISTIAN

Outside. He's talking to Grady!

MARIO

Ah, shit.

Christian speeds off.

Mario chugs half of the pitcher, slams it on the bar, wipes his mouth with his hand, and hurries to the door.

AT THE STAGE

Christian flies up to Devin.

CHRISTIAN
Kai's here!

DEVIN
No shit? Kai Wolfe?

Christian darts outside.

ASHLEY
Kai Wolfe ... as in, Malachai Wolf?
Lead singer of *Six Six Five*?!

DEVIN
Yup. He's our bass player's cousin!

ASHLEY
Oh-em-gee! Mom! Can we meet him?

LISA
I don't know ...
(to Devin)
... Think you could arrange that?

DEVIN
(through his teeth)
You're my boss. How could I possibly
say no?

Ashley squeals with delight and runs off to --

INT. SIXSHOOTERS - WOMEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Band stickers, graffiti, and wadded up paper towels.

Kayla cleans up the sink as the door swings open.

Ashley approaches, breathing heavily. She empties some makeup out of her purse and applies lipstick. She takes a deep breath, relaxes her posture, and smiles.

KAYLA
Beautiful.

SILLY MILLY (O.S.)
Gorgeous!

They look back to see Milly, who sits on the toilet of an open stall.

She kisses her fingertips; they drift to the sky.

KAYLA

Go home, Milly.

(to Ashley)

So, is it prom night, or somethin'?

ASHLEY

Oh, no ... I'm going to meet Malachai Wolfe. I'm an aspiring actress, and I want to make a good first impression.

She pulls her phone out and snaps "cute" mirror selfies with her bedazzled iPhone.

KAYLA

Looking like that ... in this scene?
How old are you?

ASHLEY

... Eighteen ... why?

KAYLA

Because you're serving up *Hermione* when you should be selling *Furiosa*.
May I?

She motions for the makeup. Ashley hesitates, nods.

Kayla finds some eyeliner and applies it to Ashley.

EXT. SIXSHOOTERS - NIGHT

Mario and Christian exit to see MALACHAI "KAI" WOLFE (36), a self-made rock star with a wicked facial scar, signing an autograph for Helmut. Grady swigs from his "Pussy Slayer" flask between them.

GRADY

... All I'm sayin' is, you're famous, and we want to be famous, so throw a dog a bone or some shit, ya know?

Mario and Christian approach.

MARIO

Hey, Grady, why don't you shut the fuck up and go pack.

GRADY

Because we're having an A-to-B conversation --

KAI
-- Grady, go away.

Grady blinks, taken aback.

GRADY
I'd love to finish this chat, but I
got shit to do. So ...

He makes the "call me" gesture.

CHRISTIAN
Come on, Grady.

He leads Grady back inside.

MARIO
Sorry about that. Grady doesn't
speak for the rest of the band. Or
anyone but himself, for that matter.

KAI
(laughing)
Oh, believe me, I've played plenty
of shows with guys like that.
Remember Connor Wood?

MARIO
(laughing)
Yeah. Everybody knows Captain Clap.
But, still, sorry about Grady. I
understand why we have to do this
on our own for now. We gotta pay
our dues. We gotta earn our way to
the top. Just like you did.

Kai looks grim.

MARIO
And, I feel like we can this time.
This is the most mature band I've
ever been in.

KAI
... *Suh-Dis-Dik?*

MARIO
Clever, right?

Kai smirks.

MARIO
Anyway, I respect your reputation,
and I'd never waste your time with
anything less than super dope.

Kai puts his hands on Mario's shoulders.

KAI
Primo. We're family. You know
I'll always be here for you, no
matter what.

Mario nods.

KAI
But, for me to interfere now would
deprive you of the most character-
defining moments of your life.

Kai moves away, avoids eye contact.

KAI
I had to make some serious sacrifices
to get to where I am. From roadie
to headliner in just under a decade
and a half. Trust me. Just work
your ass off. You'll get there.

Mario subconsciously adjusts a bandage crudely wrapped
around his left elbow and median cubital vein.

MARIO
Do you have any regrets?

KAI
A few. But I learned how to make
peace with them along the way ...

Devin leads Lisa and Leonardo to them; Ashley follows.

DEVIN
Kai. What's up, what's up?

They exchange a handshake/bro-hug.

DEVIN
This is my boss, Lisa, her daughter
Ashley, and her son, Leonardo --
but not like the *Ninja Turtle*.

The female Johnsons smile and wave; Leonardo does not.

DEVIN
Ashley's a huge fan.

Lisa smiles, looks at Ashley, and notices her makeup --
double take -- Ashley's makeup makes her look a few
years older (and grittier). Her hair is down and top
two buttons are undone. Lisa's eyebrows furrow.

KAI

Always a pleasure to meet a fan.

He kisses Ashley's hand, oozing with charm. She blushes.

KAI

And a fan's lovely mother.

He kisses Lisa's hand, too -- she also blushes. As she slides her hand back, she notices a coda symbol tattooed on his wrist. Catching this, Kai quickly conceals it.

KAI

In fact, you should both come to the party.

MARIO

Party?

KAI

I was hoping you'd join me at *mi casa* for Whiskers' thirtieth.

MARIO

Tonight?

Kai nods.

ASHLEY

Mom, can we?!

LISA

Oh, no, honey. I have to work early tomorrow. Those cars aren't gonna rent themselves.

ASHLEY

Please! We may never get this chance again -- it's *Six Six Five*!

DEVIN

It's *Six Six Five*, Lisa. Let her come. I'll have her home by two.

KAI

I'll let you negotiate.

(to Mario)

Give us an hour?

MARIO

Sure.

Mario walks Kai to a shiny BMW nearby.

ASHLEY

Please, mom? I'll go help you tomorrow -- I'll arrange the keys in the lockbox, perfect, just like you like them.

Lisa eyes Ashley, considering.

LISA

(sigh)
Okay. But home by one.

ASHLEY

Yes!

She hugs her mom.

LISA

And you're taking your brother.

ASHLEY

What? Mom, no!

LEONARDO

Why? What'd I do?

LISA

I don't know what kind of party this is, and *Six Six Five* doesn't exactly sound like part of the *Now That's What I Call Christian Rock* family.

ASHLEY

Mom!

LISA

No arguments. You're a pretty girl. I'd just sleep better knowing my two favorite guys were keeping an eye on you.

Leonardo glares at Devin, seething ...

LISA

Now button up your shirt and go get your coats before I change my mind.

ASHLEY

(sigh)
Come on.

Ashley and Leonardo head to --

THE STATION WAGON

ASHLEY

(out of Lisa's earshot)
 Not a word to mom about anything
 you see tonight, or I'll tell her
 about your girlfriend.

LEONARDO

You wouldn't.

ASHLEY

I would. And don't embarrass me
 tonight.

LEONARDO

Don't embarrass me tonight. I may
 be president someday.

ASHLEY

I mean it. No condescending people,
 no corrections -- and no boners!
 This could be the night I get
 discovered. I could be in a *Six
 Six Five* video!

Leonardo rolls his eyes.

LEONARDO

One, they're called *sex tapes*, and
 two, no. No, you couldn't.

She punches his arm. He grimaces from the pain.

LEONARDO

Oww. Shrew.

BACK TO SCENE

Lisa crosses her arms.

LISA

I don't know. You sure it's okay?

DEVIN

Of course.

LISA

And, you know this guy, right? I
 don't want my kids exposed to sex
 and drugs -- or underage drinking!

DEVIN

At Kai's? Nah, Kai's a class act.
It'll be chill. Trust me.

CUT TO:

INT. KAI'S HOUSE - GAME ROOM - NIGHT

A punk snorts a line of coke off a stripper's ass.

Leonardo gapes at the scene from the doorway.

ASHLEY

Leonardo! Gross!

Leonardo catches his sister's alarming stare beside him
and follows her gaze to the pitched tent in his pants.
He gasps, covers himself, and waddles after her.

His head pokes back in for one last look ...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. KAI'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kai's house is three stories, loaded with bitchin' artwork, marble countertops, framed records, and display cases for trophies and rare instruments.

Guests mingle, make out, and smoke. A few strippers perform lap dances. Mario, Christian, Devin, Grady, Ashley, and Leonardo peek into every room they pass -- the jam room, recording room, and home theater.

CHRISTIAN

This party's lit!

They file into the semi-crowded living area with bar and kitchenette and squeeze onto two couches. Leonardo grabs a throw pillow and discreetly covers his boner.

GRADY

Yeah. Just think, if Mario wasn't such a bitch about getting us on Kai's tour, we'd be at lit parties all the time.

MARIO

Hey, just think, if we didn't have such a mediocre guitarist, we'd be on Kai's tour, and be at lit parties all the time.

CHRISTIAN

Oooooooh.

DEVIN

Burn!

GRADY

Fuck you. Fuck all of you.
(pointing at Leonardo)
You, too. Bitch.

Leonardo looks from side to side -- *he's talking to me!*

GRADY

(squinty)
Yup. Fight me, you little bitch.

MARIO

I'm too sober for this shit.

Mario sucks down his last sip and heads to --

THE KITCHENETTE

Mario pours himself a whiskey and Coke (the beverage).
 RYAN DE SPADA (23) approaches with an empty cup.

RYAN
 Oh, hell yeah. The good stuff.

He pours himself a drink.

MARIO
 Kai spares no expense when it comes
 to a party.

He squints at Ryan.

RYAN
 ... What?

MARIO
 I know you ... Brian?

RYAN
 (says this a lot)
 My name is Ryan.

MARIO
 Shit. Sorry man.

RYAN
 It's okay. Happens a lot.
 (returning the squint)
 Do I know you?

MARIO
 Mario. We met at a *Six Six Five*
 show a couple years ago. Showcase
 Theater.

RYAN
 Right, right. Mario!

They exchange a slap-n-punch handshake.

MARIO
 What brings you to Denver?

RYAN
 (grim)
 Just had to get away. Then this
 guy offered me a couch to sleep on
 till I get on my feet.

Kai approaches with DANNY "WHISKERS" MISKER (30), a
 superstar drummer with a foot-long goatee.

WHISKERS

Anything to sweeten the pot. This kid's the next Satriani.

MARIO

Yeah? You still play guitar?

RYAN

And anything else, when I can.

KAI

Hey, man. I'm sorry to hear about Giovanni. Your brother was a good dude.

RYAN

Thanks, Kai.

Ryan looks away, uncomfortably; Mario catches this.

WHISKERS

To Vonnie.

They raise their cups in tribute. Mario awkwardly follows suit.

KAI

You ever need anything ...

Ryan nods. Kai pats him on the back and disappears into the crowd with Whiskers.

RYAN

What about you? You still jam?

MARIO

Hell yeah. Played a gig tonight, actually.

RYAN

Good shit.

MARIO

Yeah. I dunno. It might be time to replace our guitar player ...

IN THE LIVING AREA

Christian has a seat by Devin on the empty couches.

CHRISTIAN

Where are your kids?

Grady plops down between them -- and partially on them -- forcing them to pull themselves free to make space.

GRADY

Probably stuck in your mom's esophagus like usual. Oh -- were you talking to Devin?

DEVIN

If you're referring to Ashley and Leonardo, they had to check in with *El Jefe*, and let her know they're still alive.

CHRISTIAN

What's the deal with her, anyway?

DEVIN

What do you mean?

CHRISTIAN

She's a dime piece, and she obviously digs you, but you're gonna sit here and perv on her daughter instead?

DEVIN

It ain't even like that. Lisa's my boss. I'm the best employee she's ever had, so she comes out to support the band and show her ... uh ...

He snaps his fingers, looking for the right word ...

CHRISTIAN

Appreciation.

DEVIN

(another snap)
Word.

GRADY

Nope. She's testing you.

DEVIN

What do you mean?

GRADY

She wants to see if you're a good *daddy* to her kids.

DEVIN

I could be a good *daddy* to her daughter tonight, if all you fools would quit cock-blocking me.

Ashley and Leonardo return and sit on the couch across from them.

LEONARDO

She said to take us home now.

Ashley shoves Leonardo's head aside.

ASHLEY

No she didn't. She just asked if we were okay, and if you're sure we have a designated driver, we can stay till two!

Christian turns his red cup upside down.

CHRISTIAN

Only had one. I'm good to go.

LEONARDO

See, Ashley? It is possible to have one drink without becoming a total strumpet.

ASHLEY

Shut up, Leonardo!

GRADY

(laughing)

Your name's *Leonardo*?

Leonardo's face clenches with pure rage.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Who do I have to do blow with to get a drink around here?

CHRISTIAN

Oh, no.

Devin covers his face as though, "ugh, not him."

DEVIN

Great.

ASHLEY

What? Who is it?

GRADY

Scene royalty.

DEVIN

Connor Wood. My musical nemesis.

CHRISTIAN

He's fun, but he can be a real ass hole when he's drunk. Like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hide.

DEVIN

Yeah. Mr. *Hyde* your wife, *Hyde*
your kids, *Hyde* your husband.

CHRISTIAN

Only the most vile of creatures
could be friends with that douche.

CONNOR WOOD (29), rocking a green mohawk, tattoos,
piercings and scars, and a loose muscle shirt that says,
"It's okay, I'm a drummer," enters the room.

CONNOR

What up, *mutha fuckas*?

Grady hops up, grinning from ear to ear.

GRADY

What up, Connor?

The two do an elaborate fraternity-like handshake, as
though they've been best friends for years.

LEONARDO

(to Christian)

Your hypothesis is valid.

CONNOR

You're still hanging out with these
fools, huh?

GRADY

They keep begging me to stay.

CONNOR

Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Connor.

CONNOR

(snarling)

Devin.

DEVIN

(snarling)

Connor.

CONNOR

(to Ashley)

And, who do we have over here?

ASHLEY

Hi! I'm Ashley. I'm an actress.

DEVIN
And that's her brother --

LEONARDO
(watching a striptease)
-- I'm not in this.

Connor extends his hand, takes Ashley's ...

CONNOR
Ashley *the actress*. I'm Connor
Wood, drummer extraordinaire for
Denver's own, *The Danger Bangers*.

Devin mouths along with Connor in unison:

CONNOR	DEVIN
You may have heard of	(silently)
us. We're kind of a	You may have heard of us.
big deal.	We're kind of a big deal.

ASHLEY
(nervous smile)
I haven't ... sorry.

Kai and Whiskers enter the living area.

KAI
What the fuck is Captain Clap doing
in my house?

Connor winces, slowly turns to face him.

CONNOR
That's never been proven, and --
hey, Kai! What's up?

KAI
Get out.

CONNOR
You still mad, bro? ... How's Jenna?

KAI
(livid)
Connor ...

CONNOR
Dude -- let's just go to your office.
We can talk this out and squash it
right here, once and for all --

KAI
-- No! You stay the fuck away from
my office.

Grady looks toward the ceiling, a look of contemplation.

KAI

In fact, if you don't take your scrawny ass out of my house right now, Whiskers will do it for you. Don't test me.

WHISKERS

(growl)
Test him.

Two fans come by for a better look at Connor.

FAN #1

Holy schnikes, it is him! It's Connor Wood!

FAN #2

Dude! You're the guy that failed the duct tape challenge on the balcony at the Blue Bird.

CONNOR

(whispering to Ashley)
Told you.
(to fans)
That's me. I was almost out, too, but some cock-nozzle pushed me, right when I got my arm free. I bet if I did it again I woulda fucked that shit up.

WHISKERS

Try a higher balcony next time.

CONNOR

Yeah? Whadda' ya say, Kai? I take the duct tape challenge from your roof, and if I succeed, you let me stay?

Kai studies Connor.

WHISKERS

(whispering)
Might be worth it to see him fall.

KAI

(nods)
Okay. But no law suits.

CONNOR

Boners.

Leonardo shifts the pillow, self-consciously.

CONNOR

Let's do this.

Connor marches toward the stairs, confidently.

Devin and Christian look at each other, shrug, and follow along. Ashley sneaks discreet selfies with Kai in the background. She looks at Leonardo, who watches a couple in a hot-and-heavy make-out session nearby.

ASHLEY

Are you coming?

LEONARDO

No, but I think he is.

Ashley rolls her eyes and follows the herd.

INT. KAI'S HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

An excited crowd of people, including Squad, emerge from the basement and cheer Connor on. Most exit to the patio, while Connor and Kai head upstairs. Whiskers PEELS DUCT TAPE and follows them with a smile.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Hey, Grady, you comin'?

GRADY

In a sec. I gotta see a guy about dropping a mix tape.

Grady slips out of the crowd, stops in front of Kai's office, starts whistling, pulls a lock pick set out of his wallet, and gets to work on the lock.

EXT. KAI'S HOUSE - PATIO - NIGHT

Mario and Ryan find Christian, Devin, and Ashley. Christian records the spectacle on his phone.

MARIO

Dude, are you seeing this shit?

CHRISTIAN

I'm live-streaming it.

Mario pulls out his cell phone and records.

MARIO

My phone's about to die, and I really shouldn't waste battery life on this, but ... I'm gonna.

ASHLEY

(starts recording)
How does this work?

DEVIN

Well, Kai's wrapping Connor up like a mummy with duct tape, and Connor has to try to free himself without falling off the roof.

RYAN

I wonder if we can throw rocks.

ASHLEY

(to Ryan)
Hi! I don't think I met you yet.

MARIO

Oh, my bad. Ryan De Spada, this is our singer, Christian, our drummer, Devin, and his -- uh -- yeah, this is Ashley.

ASHLEY

(smiling)
Hi!

MARIO

Ryan's this bad ass guitar player from California, and we should probably recruit him before Kai does.

DEVIN

A'ight. I'm down.

CHRISTIAN

Sure. But, what about Grady?

MARIO

Fuck Grady. We need this.
(looking around)
Where is that chud sucker, anyway?

Grady sneaks up to the squad, suspiciously. His hoodie is filled with liquor bottle-shaped items.

GRADY

Bitches. Let's go.

CHRISTIAN

Now? The show just started.

Mario sees the suspicious bulges in Grady's hoodie.

MARIO
Grady. What did you do?

GRADY
I clogged the toilet. Let's bounce!

MARIO
Ugh.
(to Ryan)
That's our cue. See ya around?

RYAN
For sure.

They trade another slap-and-punch handshake.

CONNOR (O.S.)
Shit -- fuck!

The crowd watches as Connor plummets to the bushes with a CRUNCHING THUD. The crowd GASPS.

Squad shrugs and heads back to the house.

GRADY
(toward the bushes)
Connor! After-after party at my
place!

Connor groans. A "thumbs up" raises out of the bushes.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Weed-green siding, unkempt yard, zombie garden gnome.
A CLASSIC ROCK BALLAD EMITS FROM INSIDE ...

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grady battles Devin on Guitar Hero. Christian stands behind them, cheering Devin on.

Ashley watches from the couch. Connor, scraped, swollen, and wearing many bandages, sits beside her and smiles -- one of his front teeth is missing from his bloody mouth.

Leonardo reads a book beside him, a pillow on his lap.

CONNOR

So, Ashley *the actress*. What'chu up to tonight?

ASHLEY

Just going home. I gotta work for my mom in a few hours.

CONNOR

(wiggling eyebrows)
I can give you a ride.

Ashley smiles, nervously.

Christian puts a hand on Devin's shoulder.

CHRISTIAN

Hey, I'm gonna crash out until you're ready to go, a'ight?

DEVIN

Sounds like a plan.

CHRISTIAN

(whispering)
Don't do anything I wouldn't do ...
and if you do -- record it!

The game ends. Devin groans and pulls off his guitar.

GRADY

Yeah, bitch. This is my house.
Maybe come back when they make a game called Drum Hero. Next!

DEVIN
 (to Ashley)
 You're up.

ASHLEY
 That's okay. I just like to watch.

DEVIN
 (to Leonardo)
 How about you, little man?

LEONARDO
 (still reading)
 Absolutely not.

Devin offers the guitar to Connor.

CONNOR
 Hell yeah. It's on like *schlongy-kong*.

He hops up, puts on the guitar, and takes his position.

ASHLEY
 What are you reading, anyway?

LEONARDO
 The closest thing I could find to literature in this veritable outhouse.

GRADY
Fifty Shades of Grey. Spanish Edition. I gave it to my maid for Christmas, but then she quit, so it's just a door stop now.

ASHLEY
 She quit ... because of the book?

GRADY
 No, I uh ...

DEVIN
 He got her a few souvenirs from the book to go with it.

Ashley gapes.

GRADY
 Hey -- it was a Christmas bonus, and she left those behind, too.
 (looking back at her)
 Wanna see?

DEVIN

(whispering to Ashley)

Yo. Wanna get away from these creepers till it's time to go?

Ashley remains fearfully fixed on Grady, but allows Devin to lead her away. Leonardo scowls at Devin.

EXT. GRADY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

Mario smokes a bowl on the patio and looks at the calendar on his smart phone; a day in early April is highlighted. The battery icon flashes in the corner.

Mario takes a hit and skips ahead to July, where a birthday cake icon appears on the 1st. The note below reads: "MARIO - 27TH BIRTHDAY." The phone DIES.

He pockets the phone, takes out his hand-written note, frowns, and returns his attention to the stars.

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Devin enters and quietly shuts the door. He locks it.

DEVIN

Damn it. I spilled some beer on my favorite shirt.

(taking it off)

Hope you don't mind if I --

He stops in front of the bed and gapes; Ashley sleeps soundly, and fully clothed, in the Queen bed. Devin grimaces, disappointed, at the discovery ...

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mario stands his note on the sink and frowns at his reflection in the spotty mirror.

His bandage catches his eye. He adjusts it, sighs, and snatches the note ...

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Messy. Empty cans, hookahs, and bongos. Music gear.

Mario passes a couch with three bodies: Grady and Connor, passed out drunk with game guitars strapped to them, and Leonardo, who sits between them, reading.

MARIO

Shit. Last man standing, huh?

Where's your sister?

LEONARDO

With your corny drummer.

MARIO

Who, Devin? Who doesn't like Devin?

LEONARDO

A mediocre drummer who agrees to supervise us, and then preys on a drunk teenage girl instead? Gee, I can't imagine.

MARIO

What do you care? They're two consenting adults.

LEONARDO

False. For one, she's seventeen, and for another, *adult* is hardly the word I'd use to describe your corny drummer --

MARIO

-- Seventeen? Are you sure?

Leonardo raises an eyebrow as if to say "duh."

MARIO

Does Devin know?

LEONARDO

(cleaning his glasses)

After a contrived two-minute conversation with that airhead, I can't imagine he knows much of anything beyond *Ninja Turtles* trivia.

Mario sighs.

MARIO

That's a tomorrow problem. Tonight we celebrate.

Mario heads to a table full of liquor bottles and overturned "red cups."

He sets his note down and paws through the spirits: several near-empty bottles of rare, super-premium booze, and a bottle of dark rum adorned with a frayed rope around its neck. A small skull, carved from bone, with a Coda symbol etched into it, dangles from the rope.

MARIO

Come on.

He sniffs empty cups, looking for two clean-ish ones.

LEONARDO

I don't. Drink.

MARIO

Yeah? You got something better to do, or what?

Leonardo looks at the drunks beside him. Grady vomits. Leonardo retches and jumps to his feet to escape it.

MARIO

Come on. Don't make me drink alone.

Mario uncorks the rum and pours two shots. Leonardo is slow to join him.

LEONARDO

I'd wager that it wouldn't be the first time.

MARIO

Sheeeit. It wouldn't even be the first time today, son!

LEONARDO

(glib)

What is it you're celebrating, exactly?

Mario's eyes drift to the note.

MARIO

Life.

(raising cup)

Here's to the best days of our lives, whether they lie ahead or fall behind. And if only the bad ones lie ahead, then fuck it -- never mind! Salute.

Mario downs the shot. Leonardo sniffs his cup, winces, takes a sip, and shakes it off.

LEONARDO

No.

MARIO

Why?

LEONARDO

It's poison.

MARIO

No, it's not.

He looks at the bottle, jerks, and turns it to prevent Leonardo from seeing the skull.

MARIO

But, okay. Whatever. It's just -- you're starting to sound like Devin now. He's a real pussy like that.

Leonardo squints at Mario. He shakes his head and takes the shot. He immediately coughs from its potency.

MARIO

Ha-ha, stupid. Devin drinks like a drunk fish.

LEONARDO

You're such a douche bag!

MARIO

Yeah. So, why don't you drink?

LEONARDO

For one, I'm sixteen, so it's illegal, and more importantly, it kills brain cells and can cause irreparable damage to the liver and --

MARIO

-- Wait -- sixteen?

LEONARDO

Yes. What of it?

MARIO

Nothin'. You just act so ...

LEONARDO

Mature?

MARIO

Annoying, in that polo shirt-country club sort of way.

LEONARDO

(smoothing hair)

You're just jealous, because you know --

Mario picks up the rum -- Leonardo snatches it and pours himself another shot.

LEONARDO

-- I'm more of an adult than you
and your entire band combined.

He downs half his shot. He coughs, but toughens up.

MARIO

Yeah, prolly. But you'll always
look like a bitch in that shirt.

LEONARDO

At least mine's clean.

Mario subtly sniffs his shirt, then pours himself another
shot. Leonardo downs his other half, clenches his jaw
to keep it down, and, points at his cup.

MARIO

You sure?

Leonardo points again, emphatically.

MARIO

(shrug)

It's your liver and brain cells.

Mario pours another round.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - TABLE - LATER

Mario and Leonardo squint at each other. Mario tries
to cork the rum, but he's too uncoordinated.

MARIO

Nooo. Bullshit! The Terminator
would shred Albert Einstein's ass!

LEONARDO

(slurred)

Impossible! Listen to yourself --
the Terminator doesn't exist!
Einstein wins by default!

MARIO

Einstein's dead! For all you know,
the Terminator went back in time
and killed him!

Leonardo scoffs. His eyes land on Mario's note.

LEONARDO

So stupid. Hey -- what's that?

He reaches for it -- Mario clumsily snatches it first.

MARIO

It's nothin'. Just another fuck up --
another thing I fucked up. You
ever fuck up ... uh ...

Mario stares blankly.

MARIO

... Sorry, what's your name again?

LEONARDO

No. You just want to laugh at me.
Rude. That's just rude -- it's --
my name is Leonardo.

MARIO

(chuckling)
Nardo? Your name is Nardo!

LEONARDO

(slurring)
See? I knew it! No -- my name is
Leonardo. L-E-O -- wait -- N ...

MARIO

Nardo! I thought my parents were
fucked up! They are, but -- anyway,
have you ever fucked up, Nardo?
Like, fucked up so bad you didn't
even want to wake up the next day?

LEONARDO

No. I only take calculated risks.
(hiccup)
... What, you don't?

Mario looks at his note and frowns.

MARIO

Not so much. Truth be told, last
night, I was up in my room --

Mario stops himself. His eyes become glassy. He takes
his last shot. As he tilts back in his chair, he loses
stability -- Leonardo grabs his wrist in an attempt to
prevent the fall -- too late ...

CUT TO:

EXT. VALDEZ RESIDENCE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT (THE PAST)

Suburban neighborhood. Two story house with basement
and garage. A STREAK OF TRIPPY RAINBOW LIGHT appears.

Mario and Leonardo appear out of thin air and fall to the lawn with a grunt -- the red cup goes flying. Mario sits up and looks at the house.

MARIO

Hey ... this is my house. Fuck,
dude. How much did we drink?

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. VALDEZ RESIDENCE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Mario climbs to his feet.

MARIO
Fuck -- you let me drive like this?!

LEONARDO
Screw you. I wouldn't trust you to
drive sober.

Leonardo squints at the sky above -- it's spinning.

LEONARDO
Whoa ...

MARIO
Well, my car's here, and I know you
sure as hell didn't drive. Get up,
Nardo! I need to figure this out!

Mario kicks Leonardo, who lays, motionless in the grass.

LEONARDO
(grunt)
Don't kick me!

He kicks Mario's leg.

LEONARDO
Neanderthal.

Mario heads toward the house. Through the garage window,
he sees A LIGHT TURN ON inside. He stops in his tracks.

MARIO
Who the fuck's in my garage?

Mario sneaks up to the window and peeks in --

Inside, *YESTERDAY MARIO* sneaks in from the hallway,
opens a filing cabinet, and pulls out a large heart-
shaped "chocolate box."

MARIO
What ... the shit ...

Leonardo trudges to the window.

LEONARDO

Ugh. There are two of you? Is this what drunk people mean by seeing double?

Yesterday Mario glances toward the hallway, listens ...

LEONARDO

What are you -- *he* -- doing?

MARIO

Making sure no one's around.

LEONARDO

Well, he is not very observant.

MARIO

Shh.

Yesterday Mario stares at the box. He pauses, frowns, turns out the light, and heads back into the house.

LEONARDO

What exactly is happening right now? And why is candy such a secret in your house?

Mario pulls his handwritten note out of his pocket.

MARIO

Not candy. Heroin. I'm about to write this note and try to overdose.

LEONARDO

What?!

MARIO

This happened last night. We're seeing last night.

Mario sees his bedroom light go on upstairs.

LEONARDO

That's impossible. To travel through time, we'd have to be able to move faster than the speed of light. Do you know nothing of Einstein's special theory of relativity?

MARIO

Okay, look at the date, it's --

Mario pulls out his cell phone -- it's dead.

MARIO

Ugh. My phone's dead. Check yours.

Leonardo pulls out an outdated flip phone.

MARIO

Is that a flip phone? Shit -- how many years did we go back?

LEONARDO

Screw you! It's the only kind I'm allowed to have. My mom thinks the --
(air quotes)
-- *Interwebs* will taint my brilliant mind.

MARIO

Doesn't your sister have an iPhone?

LEONARDO

Case in point.

MARIO

Whatever. What's the date?

Leonardo studies the display.

LEONARDO

It's ... blurry.

Mario snatches it and looks ...

MARIO

See? It's yesterday!

LEONARDO

Then it's a network error. I told you, time travel's impossib--*blehh!*

He vomits, knocks over a trash can, and doubles over.

MARIO

What're you doing? That was the good shit. Quit acting like a bitch.

Upstairs, *Yesterday Mario* peeks out through the window.

MARIO

Fuck -- I heard us.

Mario ineffectively hides behind a tree.

Yesterday Mario disappears from the window.

MARIO
Come on. Let's go.

Mario drags Leonardo out of the yard by his leg.

LEONARDO
(pulling himself up)
Where?

MARIO
Your house. If we see another you,
we know it's time travel ... or,
we're ghosts, or some shit. Can
you get an Uber on this thing?

Mario displays the flip phone. Leonardo glares at him.

EXT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

As modern and upscale as a middle-class home can be.
Two stories, five bedrooms, and a nice yard with a
garden. All the lights, save the porch light, are out.

A taxi pulls up a few houses away.

Mario and Leonardo stumble out/to the DRIVER's window.

DRIVER
Let's call it sixty even.

Mario looks at Leonardo, sheepishly.

MARIO
All I got's my card.

LEONARDO
Are you serious?

Mario makes no moves.

LEONARDO
(sigh)
You're paying me back for this.
All of this.

Leonardo pulls out his wallet, yanks out a few twenties,
and angrily presents it to the Driver, who then pulls
away. The unlikely duo stares at the house.

MARIO
Dope.

Leonardo shakes his head and leads the way to --

EXT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE - WEST SIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Leonardo climbs up the trellis to the clerestory.

LEONARDO

(whispering)

I'm gonna settle this once and for all, and then you're going to leave and never come back. You can mail me a certified check for all the --

He freezes; all the color rushes from his face.

LEONARDO

Wait -- what time is it?

He peeks into the moonlit room as Mario climbs.

Leonardo gasps, then turns to make a "shush" gesture as Mario reaches the top of the trellis.

LEONARDO

(whispering)

Okay, so ... we time traveled.

MARIO

(whispering)

I fuckin' told you!

LEONARDO

(whispering)

Irrelevant! Regardless, the next step is figuring out how to get back.

MARIO

(whispering)

Maybe it's like *Ground Hog Day*. We gotta learn how to play the piano or some shit.

LEONARDO

(whispering)

You're so useless. There has to be a scientific explanation ...

He glances through the window.

LEONARDO

(whispering)

I have some books on quantum physics.

MARIO

(whispering)

All right then. Get 'er done.

Mario moves toward the window -- Leonardo blocks him.

LEONARDO
(whispering)
Wait -- I'm not asleep.

MARIO
(whispering)
Oh, really? 'Cause your light's
out, and --

Mario maneuvers around him and peeks in; he clenches his eyes shut and jerks back as though he just looked directly into the sun.

MARIO
UGHHHH!

LEONARDO
SHHH!

MARIO
What the fuck, dude?

LEONARDO
(whispering)
Lower your voice!

MARIO
(whispering)
You're in there, punchin' the
munchkin, right fucking now!

LEONARDO
(whispering)
No, I'm not!

Mario wipes the winced tears from his eyes and looks intently at Leonardo.

MARIO
(whispering)
I'm not going to look again. But
yes, you fucking are.

Leonardo sighs.

LEONARDO
(whispering)
I'm an insomniac, okay? It's the
only thing that relaxes me enough
to fall asleep --

MARIO

-- Nope -- don't want to hear another word about it.

LEONARDO

(whispering)

Fine. But we can't really do anything until I finish up and fall asleep.

MARIO

(whispering)

Well, when the hell's that supposed to be?

Leonardo peeks in.

LEONARDO

We're good. I'll sneak in through the back door.

He makes his descent down the trellis.

MARIO

Bet it won't be the last time you say that to a dude.

LEONARDO

What? ... Ugh. I have a girlfriend, you ignoramus.

MARIO

Is it Rosie or one of her five sisters?

Mario shakes his head and follows him down.

INT. JOHNSON RESIDENCE - LEONARDO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tidy room. Puzzle games on a computer desk. Telescope near the window. Bookshelf full of texts (Science, Literature, Philosophy, and video game strategy guides).

The door slowly opens. Leonardo flicks on the light and closes the door halfway. He peeks at his double.

In bed, *YESTERDAY LEONARDO* sleeps peacefully with a smile on his face and earbuds in his ears.

Leonardo breathes a sigh of relief and heads to the bookshelf. He fills an empty backpack with tomes ...

LEONARDO

I am never drinking again.

The door creaks open. Leonardo jumps, loses a couple of the books -- they hit the floor with a CRASH.

He looks at *Yesterday Leonardo*, who sleeps soundly, and then at Mario, who enters with a fifth of Scotch.

LEONARDO

What the hell are you doing? I told you to wait outside!

MARIO

There wasn't any whiskey outside.

LEONARDO

Where did you get that?

MARIO

I acquired it.

LEONARDO

From my dad's liquor cabinet?

MARIO

I can neither confirm, nor deny, these accusations.

LEONARDO

You idiot! My mom has major O-C-D! She'd notice even the slightest drop missing!

MARIO

Chill. We'll top it off with water. I've been doing it since I was 12.

He approaches the bed. He picks up an above-average-sized glitter-filled water tube toy laying beside it.

MARIO

Did you find the book, or --

He rolls the toy and stops to squint at it. He clasps and unclasps his fingers -- they're tacky. He squeezes it; milky fluid oozes out.

Leonardo winces.

MARIO

Nardo ... what is this?

LEONARDO

That's, uh ... that's my girlfriend.

Mario shrieks and spikes the toy at *Yesterday Leonardo* -- it pegs him in the face, making a SQUISHY THUD, and

waking him with a start. He sees Mario, rips his earbuds out, and screams.

YESTERDAY LEONARDO
Who are you?! What are you doing
in my room?!

His eyes dart to Leonardo at the bookshelf.

YESTERDAY LEONARDO
What the fu--

Mario socks him, knocking him the fuck out.

LEONARDO
What the hell?!

MARIO
Great question, you nasty fuck!

A light turns on in the hallway.

LISA (O.S.)
Honey?

LEONARDO
That's my mom!

MARIO
Should I hit her?

LEONARDO
No!

LISA (O.S.)
Leonardo?

Leonardo frantically snatches a pajama shirt out of his drawer and throws it on.

THE HALLWAY

Lisa, wearing a robe and heavy eyelids, nears the door.

Leonardo pokes his head out.

LEONARDO
Yes?

LISA
Is everything okay?

LEONARDO
Of course. Why?

LISA
I thought I heard yelling.

LEONARDO
No. No yelling. I thought I heard
a weird vibrating sound, though.

Lisa blushes.

LISA
Must've been ... the wind. Get
some sleep, honey ...

Lisa gives him a suspicious look, turns to go, and stops.

LISA
What happened to your face?

Leonardo touches his cheek -- it swells as though having
been punched yesterday ...

LEONARDO
(stuttering)
I was reading in bed ... must've
gotten drowsy ... dropped the book
on my face.

Lisa nods, eyebrow raised.

LISA
Okay. Put your headphones on and
go back to sleep.

She returns to her room down the hallway.

Leonardo blinks -- *did I just get away with that?* He
shuts the door.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**FADE IN:****EXT. POUNDIN' DONUTS - NIGHT**

Outdated dive of a shop. ELEVATOR MUSIC PLAYS inside.

INT. POUNDIN' DONUTS - NIGHT

Mario and Leonardo sit in a disheveled window-side booth.

Leonardo flips pages in his Quantum Physics textbook to a chapter on Negative Energy Density. He sets his coffee beside a stack of other books, magazines, and a donut.

MARIO

You gonna eat that?

LEONARDO

Are you going to contribute?

MARIO

I got my contribution right here.

Mario pulls the Scotch out of his pocket, offers it.

LEONARDO

No, cretin. I need to be able to think clearly if I'm ever going to solve this.

MARIO

(spiking his own coffee)
More for me. But, serious -- you gonna eat that?

LEONARDO

We've stumbled onto the greatest discovery since gravity, and all you can think about is getting drunk?

MARIO

Drunk and high.

LEONARDO

We've inadvertently harnessed the power to change the history of the world as we know it! There's a chance we already did ... do you know what that means?

MARIO

I can go back in time and prevent myself from seeing your junk.

LEONARDO

We're on the verge of being able to go anywhere, anytime! Prevent future disasters, or relive the most significant moments of our lives. Why is this such a joke to you?

MARIO

Because, maybe not everyone's *most significant moments* are worth reliving, okay?

Leonardo shakes it off and opens another book. He studies it for a moment, then sets it aside.

LEONARDO

Why heroin?

MARIO

Why heroin, what?

LEONARDO

You were about to kill yourself with heroin. Why?

Mario stares at him a moment -- *what are you, Dr. Phil?*

MARIO

Just figure out how to get us back, huh?

Leonardo returns to his book.

Mario sighs, rolls his eyes into the back of his head.

MARIO

I'm sick of failing.

Leonardo gives him his undivided attention.

MARIO

I'm almost twenty-seven, and I've failed as a musician, as a son, as a brother, as a fiancée -- I failed at heroin!

He removes his bandage -- there's a large bubble near his vein. Leonardo winces.

MARIO

It was my first time, though, so not my fault, but --

Mario helps himself to Leonardo's donut.

MARIO

-- The fact that I'm here, right now, is a product of my failure. I just don't wanna do this anymore.

Leonardo glances at a magazine with a cover article that reads: "WHAT DOES SCIENCE SAY ABOUT DESTINY?"

LEONARDO

But ... what if you're exactly where you're supposed to be? Science does account for inevitabilities. Maybe everything that's happened in our lives has been leading to this.

Mario lights up (with excitement, not cheeba).

MARIO

Yeah. Maybe my fate ... is to change my destiny.

LEONARDO

What? No -- that's not what I --

MARIO

-- I can go back and fix everything. I get a do over!

LEONARDO

Absolutely not. Changing even the most seemingly insignificant event can have extreme consequences --

MARIO

-- I could have the greatest band in history!

LEONARDO

That's not what I meant! Look --
(somber)
-- You think there's anything I wouldn't change if I could?

Mario yawns -- not disrespectfully, but from exhaustion.

LEONARDO

Besides, I've heard your band, and not even science can fix what's wrong with it. Hell, your drummer alone ...

MARIO

(yawning)
Yo, why are you so threatened by him, anyway?

LEONARDO
Threatened? I am not intimidated
by that dunce in the slightest.

Leonardo takes off his glasses and rubs his eyes.

LEONARDO
Okay, look -- he's not good enough
for Ashley, let alone my mom. She
may be crazy and over-protective,
but she's a good person. Maybe she
hasn't been the same since my dad
died, but you know what?

He cleans a spot off of his lens and puts his glasses
back on to see the magazine.

LEONARDO
We're getting by just fine. I'm
the man of the house. I fix things.
I make the budget. I do the taxes.

His eyes become glassy.

LEONARDO
No one can replace my dad. Not
Devin or anyone else ... okay?

His eyes drift to Mario, who's asleep in a puddle of
his own drool on the table. Mario SNORES.

Leonardo wipes his eyes, shakes it off, and sorts the
books and magazines. He stops at a strategy guide for
a D&D-like video game called "MYSTICS & WARRIORS," with
wizards and barbarians battling each other on the cover.

Leonardo tosses it aside, picks up a science journal,
and stops. His eyes bulge. He snatches "MYSTICS &
WARRIORS" and studies the cover.

LEONARDO
Mario! I think I understand -- if
it's not science, it can only be --

He looks at Mario, who disappears before his very eyes.

LEONARDO
-- Mario?
(glancing around booth)
... Mario?

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**OVER BLACK**

DEVIN (O.S.)
Dude, wake the fuck up already!

FADE IN:**INT. GRADY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (THE PRESENT)**

Mario's eyes flutter open. Devin shakes him aggressively as he sits up at the table full of booze.

MARIO
I'm just resting my eyes!

DEVIN
Where the fuck have you been?

Mario sits up, glances around.

Grady plays a video game on the couch. On the TV, his cloaked "character" uses magic fireballs to kill enemies.

MARIO
(rubbing eyes)
Right here ... I think?

DEVIN
I was about to take Lisa's kids home last night, and lo and behold, I couldn't find Leonardo anywhere! So, I started looking around and, guess what -- you ghosted, too --

MARIO
-- Turns out we're not ghosts --

DEVIN
-- And then, here you are all of the sudden, like you just appeared out of thin air, and yet, still no Leonardo!

MARIO
He was just here, sorta. We were doing shots and --

DEVIN
-- Wait -- you let him drink?!

MARIO
Yeah. So the fuck what? We were drinking when we were half his age.

DEVIN

Lisa's husband was killed by a drunk driver. She freaks out about her kids drinking!

MARIO

Ah, shit. Wait -- Ashley drank.

DEVIN

That's different. So, where is he?

MARIO

I dunno. We were sitting here, and --

Mario pulls Lisa's Scotch out of his pocket and gapes.

MARIO

-- Dude ... I think we time traveled.

Devin shakes his head, disappointed, and searches the room. Christian enters from the patio.

CHRISTIAN

Any luck?

DEVIN

No! And Lisa's on her way right now! She left me all these frantic messages -- she said she's gonna use that helicopter parent app to G-P-S Ashley's phone --

(mind blown gesture)

-- she's never gonna trust me again! I'm gonna get fired!

MARIO

Yeah, that's not why you're gonna get fired.

DEVIN

What do you mean by that?

MARIO

Where's Ashley?

DEVIN

In the guest room.

Christian watches them volley, like a tennis match.

MARIO

(smarmy)

Yeah? You hit that?

Devin calms for a moment, smirks ...

DEVIN
Hell yeah, I did. I hit it with a
Wiffle Ball bat, son!

MARIO
Yeah? You got that shit good? You
smashed Ashley?

DEVIN
More like *Smashley*. That girl's a
freak.

MARIO
(stone faced)
That girl's seventeen.

DEVIN
(stone faced)
Nothing happened. I came back from
the bathroom and she was asleep, so
I fucked around on Facebook and
passed out on the floor.

MARIO
You sure?

DEVIN
I swear. You can ask her. Check
my feed --

Devin pulls out his phone -- IT RINGS. Lisa's name and
a seductive caller I.D. photo appear on the display.

DEVIN
-- Fuck me!

Grady pauses his game, gets up, and stomps past them.
He shoulder-checks Devin on his way to the table.

GRADY
Hey, I'm having a hell of a time
finding the magical Staff of Chronos
here, so if you bitches could keep
it down, that would be great.

CHRISTIAN
Dude -- forget your staff of crones --
a child we're responsible for is
missing!

Grady browses the liquor bottles on the table.

GRADY
Chronos!
(MORE)

GRADY (cont'd)
The magical Staff of Chronos! I
can't travel back in time without
it!

MARIO
A magic staff -- ?

Mario picks up and examines the game's case -- it's
called "Mystics & Warriors."

GRADY
(horrid grimace)
Yuh, duh.

MARIO
(to himself)
Not science ... *magic*. But, how
did we --

Mario spots Grady, who uncorks the magic bottle of rum
and takes a whiff.

MARIO
Let's get you a glass for that!

He drops the game case, snatches the rum bottle and
Grady's flask, and heads toward the kitchen.

Grady nods, like *damn right*.

GRADY
Better fix me some eggs, too, bitch.

DEVIN
Come on, dude! We gotta deal with
this, like, now!

MARIO
We will, and I think I know where
to find him. I just gotta --

Just as Mario ducks into the kitchen, someone POUNDS ON
THE FRONT DOOR.

DEVIN
Shit! It's Lisa!

Mario pokes his head out of the kitchen with alarm.

GRADY
Hey! Over easy.

MARIO
I ain't making you eggs, you fuckin' --

THE POUNDING intensifies -- LOUD and POWERFUL.

MARIO
I'll be back. Stall.

Mario disappears out the back door.

KICKS come from the front door --

CHRISTIAN
Has Lisa been working out?

THUD!

DEVIN
Yeah. She sends me gym selfies all
the time.

THUD!

GRADY
She got a dick in any of those
selfies?

THUD!

The front door is KICKED IN, breaking the lock.

Kai storms in with a custom revolver and aims at Grady.

KAI
Good morning, fucker. I think you
have something that belongs to me.

On Squad -- minus Mario -- looking like they're about
to shit themselves, we --

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT SIX

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. POUNDIN' DONUTS - DAWN (THE PAST)

A dog walker waits patiently for her dog to drop a deuce.
They depart.

MARIO (V.O.)

So, there it is. I literally
stumbled onto the power to *right* my
wrongs, fix my mistakes, and undo
my fuck-ups.

Birds chirp and ascend in front of the window.

MARIO (V.O.)

Instead, I'm fucking up more, and
it's starting to effect other people.

Inside, Leonardo watches -- his whole day summed up in
one action -- and then sets his head in his hands. He
takes a deep, frustrated breath.

MARIO (V.O.)

But, how can I fix anything when I
have to be drunk in order to do it?

A manager, DUNCAN (53), wearing a soda jerk hat and
apron, approaches the table. He crosses his arms.

MARIO (V.O.)

I mean -- that's kind of how my
life ended up here in the first
place ...

Leonardo hesitantly turns to face Duncan.

Leonardo sighs ...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW