

FATALITY

"Pilot"

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A HORSE, desiccated and dying, walks across the dunes of a barren desert. It stumbles and rights itself, using the last ounces of its strength to trudge through the blank expanse.

It stares through the hot sun. In the distance, palm trees and green plants line a small, crystal blue oasis.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Come on. You can do it.

The horse inches closer.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Only a little further. Do it.
You're so close. Die. You can do
it. Die.

The horse takes a sip of water.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No!

NASIRA HADDAD (25), a bubbly woman, appears as though from nowhere. She pulls a knife from her belt.

NASIRA

(muttering)

I could've gone home early if you
just died an hour ago by that big
dune like you were supposed to.

She approaches the horse with her knife aloft. The stallion looks at her with big eyes. She melts. She runs up and pets it.

NARISA

Aww, you're just a thirsty guy,
aren't you?

She holds the knife up to it's neck, reconsiders, lowers it, and strokes its mane. Her belt vibrates. She pulls her phone out and picks up the call.

INT. OFFICE - CAROL'S DESK - DAY

GEORGE "CAROL" SAUNDERS (30), prim and proper, sits at an assistant's desk outside of a large office. He's on a bluetooth headset.

CAROL
(into phone)
Complete your mission.

NASIRA (O.S.)
(over phone)
What's this horse scheduled for?

CAROL
(into phone)
He was a brutal dictator in a past life, so reincarnation and painful death about --
(checks paper)
13 million more times.

NASIRA (O.S.)
(over phone)
Isn't there anything we can do?

CAROL
(into phone)
We? It's protocol. Remember last time you breached protocol?

NASIRA (O.S.)
(over phone)
But that was different!

CAROL
(into phone)
A horse, your father, what's the difference?

NASIRA
(over phone)
Fine.

Over phone, the sounds of a horse NEIGHING and a loud THUD.

CUT TO CREDITS.

ACT ONE**FADE IN:****EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY**

A sunny day. The beautiful house sits on an idyllic street. Next door, JAMES JOYCE gardens, wearing a sun hat and an eye patch.

JAKE BALLAST (27) exits his house and breathes in the fresh air. Joyce waves at him.

JOYCE

Hello my intransigent friend. It is I, your mendacious neighbor.

JAKE

Hi, James Joyce.

JOYCE

Is today the beginnings of your post-mortem career? Your fragile questing into the disputed and diligent lands of whatever it is you may do?

JAKE

Yeah it's my first day of work. Since I died. Fate Department, whatever that may mean.

JOYCE

Good luck. If you see any angels, tell them Joyce sent you as you plunge the knife deep into their sternum.

Joyce tends to his flowers, smiling.

EXT. FATE DEPARTMENT - ESTABLISHING

A squat brown building. Might as well be for an insurance company. The parking lot is bigger than the building.

INT. OFFICE - CAROL'S DESK - DAY

MARLA CADENCE (32), harried looking, marches over to Carol.

MARLA

Carol. Horse situation.

CAROL
 (sneering)
 Marla. My name is George. And it's
 solved, thanks to me.

MARLA
 Is Nasira in office?

CAROL
 You know she's not.

MARLA
 Who's going to do the paperwork?

CAROL
 Not my problem.

She HUFFS and walks off.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 And call me --

MARLA (O.S.)
Carol.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

The SECURITY GUARD pats Jake down.

JAKE
 It's my first day of work.

SECURITY GUARD
 (Russian accent)
 Who do you verk for?

JAKE
 I just told you, it's my --

SECURITY GUARD
 Who do you verk for?

JAKE
 I work here.

The Security Guard looks into the office and locks eyes with Marla sitting at a desk. She NODS. He gestures for Jake to pass. Jake, confused, walks away.

SECURITY GUARD
 (vengeful)
 I will find who you verk for.

INT. OFFICE - CAROL'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Carol types at his computer. Jake stares down at him.

JAKE
I'm supposed to see --

Carol holds one finger up. Jake waits. SILENCE.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Maybe you can help me. I'm the new
intern, and --

CAROL
(interrupting)
Newly deceased?

JAKE
Yes.

CAROL
(without looking up)
They always stick us with
inexperienced vermin.

JAKE
What?

CAROL
(without looking up)
Grack is not in office at the
moment, thank you, good bye.

Jakes narrows his eyes and walks away.

INT. OFFICE - MARLA'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Jake wanders by Marla's desk, which is covered in file folders and old food. She waves him down.

MARLA
Over here new guy, hurry up.

Jake obeys.

MARLA (CONT'D)
(hurried)
Welcome to orientation, hello, I'm
Marla the office manager. That
lovely cretin you just spoke to is
Carol. As an intern you will be --
(looks up)
You're listening. Good.
(MORE)

MARLA (CONT'D)

(looks down)

Working with whoever needs help.
First up, one of our writers, he's
over there somewhere. Ben. Ben
Fortan. Is that a last name?
Fortan. Sounds like a juice.

She makes a vague hand gesture.

JAKE

Okay. What exactly is it we do
here?

MARLA

Ben. Speak. You. Ben.

She hurries through more paperwork. Jake walks in the
direction she was pointing.

INT. OFFICE - BEN'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Jake approaches BEN FORTAN (30, balding), who sits at a desk
covered in papers with his eyes closed. A long tube juts out
of the ground next to him.

JAKE

Hi, are you Ben?

Ben slowly opens his eyes. He SIGHS.

BEN

Yeah. Sit down, intern.

Jake takes a chair beside him.

JAKE

It's Jake.

BEN

Okay, whatever. I'm a writer, Jake.
So what we do, umm... So you know
fate? Like, destiny? We do that.

Ben searches under his desk. He reemerges with a huge manual
and hands it to Jake.

BEN (CONT'D)

There's many different types of
fate. Behavioral determinism.
That's one. Genetic. It's all in
the manual, though I've heard it's
hard for mortals to fully, you
know, "get."

JAKE
Mortals?

BEN
Yeah. What? Did you just die?

JAKE
Yeah, yesterday.

BEN
Fall asleep on your heating pad?

FLASHBACK: BUNGEE JUMPING PLATFORM

Jake stands tethered to the platform. An INSTRUCTOR stands behind him, impatient. Jake WEEPS.

INSTRUCTOR
Dude, you're gonna be fine. Nobody gets hurt. Your friends are all here!

JAKE
(sobbing)
I don't have any friends! I hate them all!

INSTRUCTOR
Don't worry! It's very safe. All you have to do is --

The Instructor shoves him off the platform.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
Believe!

He stares at Jake's falling body, smiling broadly. SNAP. THUD. The Instructor's face falls.

BACK TO SCENE

Ben looks fascinated.

BEN
What was dying like?

JAKE
Painful?

BEN

Glad angels don't die. Marla thinks we missed out, and who the hells knows what Grack thinks. I'm happy to be eternal, thank you very much.

JAKE

Huh. So you write destiny? Did you write me dying?

BEN

(defensive)

I write all sorts of stuff.

(sigh)

Mostly tigers.

He picks up a piece of paper.

BEN (CONT'D)

Tiger eats. Tiger growls at other Tiger. Tiger sleeps.

(puts paper in tube)

People downstairs sort it out.

The tube hums and shoots out another rolled up paper. Ben grabs it, takes off the rubber band, and reads it.

BEN (CONT'D)

William Boris. A person. I got a person!

JAKE

Is that rare?

BEN

(defensive)

No, of course not, I do people all the time!

He puts the paper on his desk and reads it over.

BEN (CONT'D)

(to self, writing)

Okay, put this here, put that there. He'll get coffee at three thirty, then he'll meet Laura, and -

-

Two COOL WRITERS in fashionable clothing walk by.

COOL WRITER 1

Ben, whatcha got there? A King? I just did a Duke.

COOL WRITER 2
It's another leopard.

BEN
Tiger. And this is a person.

COOL WRITER 1
Ooh, a person! Ben got a person for once!

COOL WRITER 2
Remember Ben, people don't maul gazelles.

The Cool Writers LAUGH and walk away. Ben shakes with anger. Jake watches him.

JAKE
You all right?

COOL WRITER 1 (O.S.)
Your takedown of Ben was so on point, Russell!

BEN
Fine, I'm fine, don't ask.

Ben fidgets. He hits a coffee cup with his hand and it pours onto the page. He brushes off the liquid.

BEN (CONT'D)
It's fine, don't worry about it.

We see the "0" in "3:30" is smudged. Ben rolls it up and puts it down the tube.

BEN (CONT'D)
(frazzled)
I'm fine, I mean it's fine, I'm, it's all fine.

Ben gets up and walks away.

INT. OFFICE - MARLA'S DESK - DAY

Jake approaches Marla. She looks busy.

MARLA
(without looking up)
Joleanne Krumpkey. Watcher.

She points. Jake turns around, almost bumping into Nasira, who looks nervous.

NASIRA
Watch it, new guy.

JAKE
Sorry!

NASIRA
It's fine! I was only joking to
indulge my secret fantasies of
power.
(holds out hand)
Nasira, field agent. When you guys
mess up, I fix it!

JAKE
(shakes hand)
Jake Ballast, intern. No idea what
I do.

NASIRA
That's funny. Say, where do you
live Jake Ballast, intern?

JAKE
On Paradise Lane. Why?

NASIRA
Number?

JAKE
230.

NASIRA
That's a great number Jake, thank
you.

She rushes off.

INT. OFFICE - CAROL'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Carol watches, eyes narrowed, as Nasira sprints out of the office.

INT. KRUMPKEY'S ROOM - DAY

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY (40), unwashed and bird-like, sits eating chips with her face too close to a monitor. The room is cramped and filled with monitors playing different scenes of animals and people.

Jake sits next to her. The monitor shows a WOMAN changing a BABY.

JAKE

And you make sure that fate is
going the way we want it --

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

Shush. This is the best part.

The Woman finishes changing the Baby.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY (CONT'D)

(enraptured)

Yes!

Jake looks at a different monitor. It's video of a TIGER walking around. A subtitle reads "Writer - Ben Fortan."

JAKE

Hey, that's Ben's tiger!

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

My tiger. They're all mine.

The Tiger takes a sip of water.

JAKE

Whoa. To think, I watched Ben write
that, and there it is happening.
How strange.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

It's not strange, you're strange.
Shut up.

Ben looks around. He spots a monitor with the same subtitle. On screen, WILLIAM BORIS rushes through a city. A clock on screen reads 3:28.

JAKE

Okay, so he gets coffee at 3:30.
This is actually pretty dull. You
watch this all day?

Joleanne nods without looking away from the screen. On screen, William dodges a car and YELLS at the DRIVER. He walks towards a coffee shop and opens the door. He makes it into the shop at 3:31.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Huh. A minute late.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

(terrified)

A MINUTE LATE?! Oh my God, I WAS
SUPPOSED TO LEAVE TEN MINUTES AGO.

She storms out of the room.

JAKE
(calling after her)
So do I do your job while you're
gone, or...?

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Jake trudges down the street towards his front door. James Joyce still gardens. They wave to each other.

JOYCE
Auspicious beginnings, Jacob?

JAKE
Don't want to talk about it, James
Joyce.

Jake enters his house.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Jake moves through the living room, grabs a bag of chips from the kitchen counter, and plops into a chair. He looks through glass sliding doors into the backyard.

He sees Nasira with a horse. He drops his chips.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**FADE IN:****EXT. JAKE'S BACKYARD - DUSK**

Nasira and Jake stare each other down. Joyce pets the horse lovingly.

NASIRA

Carol says she'll be killed again and again, over and over for thousands of years. Do you want that? How could you look Twittlecup in the eye?

JOYCE

He's a strong lad.

JAKE

But my backyard?

(beat)

Twittlecup? Never mind. Get her out of here.

NASIRA

Fine. Just remember, you had the opportunity to help a beautiful, vivacious horse, and you failed her.

JAKE

I don't care.

NASIRA

Also, she has to stay here tonight.

JAKE

Why?!

NASIRA

I have bowling practice. Bye!

Nasira walks out.

JOYCE

Twittlecup certainly won't stand for beggars.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake lays facedown in bed. The horse WHINNIES outside.

JOYCE (O.S.)
 Oh you've got some fight in you.
 Well, have at thee!

Jake GROANS and covers his ears with a pillow.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

Jake trudges into the office, tired. The Security Guard puts his hand up.

SECURITY GUARD
 Who do you verk for?

Jake pushes his hand aside and keeps walking.

INT. OFFICE - BEN'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Jake plops down next to Ben, who is busy writing.

JAKE
 Everything okay with William?

BEN
 It'll be buttoned up in a minute,
 just had a few hiccups with the
 first six rewrites.

JAKE
 What if the re-writes fail?

BEN
 They won't. I don't know. Go see
 Krumpkey, she can show you. I'm
 busy.

INT. KRUMPKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Krumpkey watches screens and eats chips, Jake beside her. On screen - William Boris walking towards the coffee shop.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
 He gets coffee, meets his future
 wife, they have a son --

On screen - Will and LAURA with a baby.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY (CONT'D)
 Son becomes first man on Mars.

On screen - SON fights MARTIAN.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY (CONT'D)
That's before you screwed up.

JAKE
How could you possibly pin this on me?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
You're here?

JAKE
I can't deny that.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
Here's what happens instead.

The monitor rewinds. William dodges the car and enters the shop late. LAURA, inside, speaks to TOM, an impossibly cool guy.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY (CONT'D)
Laura marries that guy, Will meets some lady named June.

JAKE
So what? Somebody else can go to Mars.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
Not after June poisons America's water supply.

JAKE
Jesus.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
Yup. Butterfly effect. She's a bad lady. Here she is kicking a clown.

Monitor shows exactly that.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY (CONT'D)
Delicious.

JAKE
How could things go so wrong?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
We're off-script. Anything could happen. The poison water is just one possible future.

JAKE
So it could be a better future!

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
 Maybz. But those angels out there?
 Total control freaks.

JAKE
 What's the worst they could do?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
 You see Henry James around here?

JAKE
 The writer? No.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
 He used to work here. Remember
 Vietnam?

JAKE
 The war or the country?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
 Both. They were his fault.

JAKE
 What'd they do to him?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
 Ate him. I don't know. Either way,
 he's gone.

Ben pokes his head in.

BEN
 Hey, so not to, like, alarm you,
 but all the re-writes failed and I
 can't fix it.

He retreats and slams the door shut. Krumpkey LAUGHS.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
 My work here is done.

INT. OFFICE - TRANSPORT ROOM - DAY

Jake stands in front of two pods as an ENGINEER fiddles with some dials. Nasira bursts into the room wearing a bowling shirt.

NASIRA
 I can't take one afternoon to go
 bowling?! Hi, horse hater. I
 suppose this is being turned into a
 quote-unquote learning opportunity?

JAKE
That's what Marla --

NASIRA
Let's get this over with, I have a
pottery class at two.

They step into the pods. Nasira waves at the Engineer.

NASIRA (CONT'D)
Thirty eighth and tenth, please!

The Engineer gives a thumbs up. He hits a dial. A HUGE BOOM.
Jake and Nasira are gone.

BEAT. The Engineer hits a button. The transporter whirs, and
BOOM. The tiger from earlier stands in the room.

ENGINEER
Hello, again.

The tiger looks scared.

EXT. NEW YORK COFFEE SHOP - DAY

PEOPLE rush to and fro on the busy street. Nasira and Jake
appear out of nowhere. Nobody seems to notice.

NASIRA
We're not really supposed to go
back in the timeline.

JAKE
Then how do you fix things?

NASIRA
Usually you don't have to, which is
how I have time to be on a bowling
team.

JAKE
It wasn't my fault.

NASIRA
I don't believe you, horse hater.
Look, all we have to do is --

RING. Nasira picks up her cell phone.

NASIRA (CONT'D)
(into phone, genuine)
Hello, this is Nasira! Whoever you
are, I love you!

INT. OFFICE - BEN'S DESK - DAY

Ben, on the phone, grimaces.

BEN
 (into phone)
 Please stop picking up the phone
 like that, it gives me the creeps.

NASIRA (O.S.)
 (through phone)
 Never.

Ben watches Carol glide out the door on a segway.

BEN
 (into phone)
 I just thought you should know,
 Carol is leaving the office right
 now on his stupid segway. Muttered
 something about you and a horse.

EXT. NEW YORK COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Nasira looks petrified.

NASIRA
 (into phone)
 Oh my god!

She hangs up.

NASIRA (CONT'D)
 Sorry, Jake. Hands on learning!
 Throw you into the fire! Don't burn
 your feet, ha ha, okay bye!

She clicks a button on her belt. In a FLASH, she's gone.

JAKE
 Well. Fun.

INT. OFFICE - BEN'S DESK - DAY

Nasira rushes over to Ben.

NASIRA
 Ben, Ben, Ben, please help. I don't
 know what to do, and I saw the
 Engineer with a shaved --

BEN

Calm down.

NASIRA

You calm down! Sorry, that was unnecessary. But please, calm down Ben.

BEN

What's happening?

NASIRA

(embarrassed)

I sort of breached protocol and am, uh... hiding an illegal horse.

BEN

Jesus. If Grack finds out, he'll eat you, or whatever it is we do.

NASIRA

What?

BEN

Angels. Like me.

NASIRA

Shouldn't you know?!

BEN

What do I look like, king of angels? That's God, Nasira, or whatever.

NASIRA

Does anyone know the William Boris thing is your fault?

BEN

(defensive)

What? How dare you --

She glares at him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Fine. Blackmail me. Whatever.

Nasira takes out her phone, dials, and waits.

NASIRA

We'll see who gets eaten.

(into phone)

James Joyce? Hi, this is Nasira!

(MORE)

NASIRA (CONT'D)

The woman whose horse you're in love with? Listen, I have a favor to ask. Could you hide the horse?

INT. JAMES JOYCE'S HOUSE - DAY

James Joyce sits on the horse in his living room, both wearing Napoleon hats.

JOYCE
(into phone)
That can be arranged.

EXT. NEW YORK COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jake spots William Boris about to cross the street. He rushes over and pushes William across, just as a car goes by.

WILLIAM
What the hell! What was that for?!

JAKE
You were gonna get hit by a car!

WILLIAM
No I wasn't! Who does that? Freak.

William turns and enters the coffee shop. Jake checks his watch. 3:32.

JAKE
Oh.

Jake takes out a cell phone and dials.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hi, Marla? Umm, listen, I know it's my second day, but I've got sort of a little big problem.

INT. OFFICE - MARLA'S DESK - DAY

Marla does paperwork as she speaks into the phone.

MARLA
(into phone)
Was Nasira distracted by something shiny?

JAKE (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 She sort of had to leave.

MARLA
 (into phone)
 You're alone? Jesus. Not that I
 think you're some kind of idiot,
 but honestly I don't know you well
 enough to say you're definitely not
 some kind of idiot.

JAKE (O.S.)
 (beat, over phone)
 Yeah. Can you come help?

INT. NEW YORK COFFEE SHOP - DAY

William takes his coffee from the BARISTA. He smiles at her. She looks insulted. In the corner, Laura speaks with Tom the cool guy.

Jake enters. He spots Tom and approaches, interrupting their conversation.

JAKE
 Hi. Uh, are you Laura?

LAURA
 Yes. How did you...

JAKE
 Somebody told me I have to do this,
 I'm sorry.

Jake takes a step back, then takes a running leap into the Tom, who goes flying. William's eyes widen. Two COPS eating in the corner slowly get to their feet and walk over.

COP 1
 Random act of violence. Ya see
 that, Jim?

COP 2
 Do I, Larry.

COP 1
 Man on lady. Favorite of mine, Jim.

COP 2
 Me too, Larry.

Cop 1 grabs Jake by the lapel while Cop 2 handcuffs him.

COP 1
Just looking for some action, huh?

Jake watches as Laura rubs Tom's damaged head. William leaves the shop.

JAKE
I thought I was helping.

COP 2
So did I when I told Larry to go through with the divorce. How'd that go, Larry?

COP 1
Sad every day, Jim.

COP 2
(to Jake)
Sad every day, Jim. Hear that?

INT. JAMES JOYCE'S HOUSE - DAY

Nasira and Ben sit on the couch. Joyce sits atop the horse, craning his neck so his head doesn't hit the ceiling.

NASIRA
Carol must be checking everywhere. He's bound to show up here soon.

BEN
There's a portal for animal reincarnation on the other side of town. We could ask them to make the horse something nice.

NASIRA
I've never heard of that.

BEN
It's new. City council put it in to get rid of those dead cats.

NASIRA
And it works?

BEN
Is this town rat infested?

NASIRA
We just have to get it across town?

BEN
Without Carol seeing.

NASIRA
(eyes narrowed at Joyce)
I guess we can't keep it here.

JOYCE
(petting horse)
She makes her debut in the fall.

BEN
I don't trust this guy.

JOYCE
Must the gracious deeds of man and
horse be scorned?

He pats the horse on the butt. It whinnies.

JOYCE (CONT'D)
My word! This horse is made of
steel!

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY

Carol tiptoes to the house. He peers through a window.

Next door, Ben stares out the window, wide-eyed.

Carol shuffles to the backyard gate and cranes his neck to see over.

CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP. Down the street, Nasira rides the horse away. Carol spots them. He takes off running. He runs out of breath and stops.

CAROL
Damn you, Carol. That's what
happens when you don't stretch.

He runs to his segway and gets on.

INT. NEW YORK CITY JAIL - DAY

Jake sits in a cell, a GUARD staring at him through the bars.

GUARD
You're a criminal. I hate
criminals. That's why I got into
this business.

JAKE

To stare at criminals?

GUARD

To hate start at criminals.

A FLASH. Jake is gone. The Guard looks dazed, then recovers.

GUARD (CONT'D)

(oblivious, sad)

I wish there was a criminal for me
to hate stare at.

INT. KRUMPKEY'S ROOM - DAY

Jake flashes into the room. Marla and Krumpkey watch the monitors.

MARLA

Good, you're back. Thought you
could use a little punishment.

JAKE

Tackling him was your idea!

MARLA

It was just a suggestion! And now
I'm stuck with... her.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

If you didn't want anyway, you
didn't have to have any.

MARLA

You shoved it in my mouth.
(to Jake)
She shoved cake in my -- you know
what, never mind. The Earth is
doomed!

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

To eternal darkness. In every
possible Universe.

JAKE

What?! Can't we fix it?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

Probably not.

MARLA

Probably not, says the cake woman!

Jake YELPS.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

Hey. I told you. I made that cake
special for today.

(beat)

It's cake Wednesday.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**FADE IN:****INT. KRUMPKEY'S ROOM - DAY**

Jake stares at the monitor. Krumpkey scribbles on some paper.

JAKE

We're screwed. It's over. I'm eaten.

MARLA

Yep. Right now, the future you made has three clones of Hitler and a baby massacre in Geneva. Geneva for God's sake.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

There might be a fix.

MARLA

Faster, guy.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

I've run six hundred thirteen trillion projections.

JAKE

(surprised)

You're good at this?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

I'm good at your mom!

MARLA

Joleanne, that's why people don't think you're good at this.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

There's only one timeline where Jake doesn't get eaten.

JAKE

How do we make sure it happens?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY

Laura's sister is getting married. The groom is a booze hound. Like how I'm a hound for --

MARLA
(interrupting)
Stop.

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY
Get the groom drunk. Make sure
William is there. Get him invited
to the wedding.

JAKE
That's it? Sounds easy.

THE PROJECTIONIST
Also, you have to murder Will's new
girlfriend.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

Nasira races down the street atop the horse. She looks wild
with joy, until she spots a road block surrounded by TRAFFIC
COPS. The horse grinds to a halt.

NASIRA
Hi! I need to go through right now!

TRAFFIC COP
Sorry, road work.

NASIRA
The roads are perfect! This is
heaven, or heaven-ish, the roads
can't not be perfect.

TRAFFIC COP
They have to give us something to
do. Otherwise, we'd lose our jobs.

Nasira HUFFS. The Traffic Cop looks at the horse.

TRAFFIC COP (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

NASIRA
(beat, confused)
A horse?

TRAFFIC COP
Oh my god. I haven't seen one of
those in three hundred years.

CAROL (O.S.)
I'm 90% certain they're around
here, sir.

Nasira panics, kicks the horse's side, and rides into a nearby alley.

TRAFFIC COP

(in awe)

Ride on, you glorious beast.

Carol and GRACK (50), an imposing angel with a bag of golf clubs on his shoulder, ride up on segways.

GRACK

You ripped me from the tenth hole with tales of crimes and misdemeanors. I rented a segway. What in hell are we looking for, Carol?

CAROL

You just have to see --

GRACK

I have to see nothing. I am your boss, not your friend. Though I am friends with some of my employees. Not you. Yet. Probably not for a while. I don't know you very well, Carol. I'm leaving.

He wheels around.

CAROL

But sir! There's an illegal horse, and --

TRAFFIC COP

A horse? I've seen a horse!

GRACK

(wheeling around)

Are you certain it was a horse and not two men in a horse suit?

TRAFFIC COP

(beat)

Yes.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - DAY

Jake and Marla stand on the corner wearing sunglasses.

JAKE
 (take-charge)
 All right, let's fix this! First
 I'll need a gun.

A COP stands across the street buying a hot dog.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Perfect!

Jake marches over, punches him out cold, and takes the gun from his belt. The HOT DOG VENDOR is unfazed. Jake returns to Marla brandishing the gun.

MARLA
 Or...

She raises her hand and a gun materializes in it.

JAKE
 (disappointed)
 Oh. Okay. What's step one?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - LATER

Jake and Marla, having changed clothes, stand on the corner. Marla stares at her watch. Jake is on his phone.

MARLA
 Step two. William walks by in
 eleven seconds.

JAKE
 (into phone)
 No, listen to me! Ugh.

Jake puts his phone away.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 All Carol said was "don't fuck it
 up."

MARLA
 Why are you so testy?

JAKE
 Because of step one!

FLASHBACK: JUNE'S APARTMENT

Jake stands in the apartment, covered in blood, a shell-shocked look on his face. He SHUDDERS.

JAKE
(holding back tears)
And you promise she was a bad
person?

MARLA
You've got to get over the whole
"life is precious" thing.

Marla brushes some brains off her shirt.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake looks pained.

MARLA
Carol says "don't fuck it up?" So
don't fuck it up in three. Two.
One.

William walks by. Marla pushes Jake right into him and they
both fall to the ground.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Oh my God, honey, are you okay?

She grabs William's hand.

MARLA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry about my husband, he's
such a stupid klutz. How could I
make it up to you? Say no more! A
drink! Come on!

WILLIAM
Actually I have to go to work in...

She leads him into the bar. Jake watches them enter, SIGHS,
and follows.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The GROOM sits at the bar, drinking a beer, alone. Marla
ushers William onto the stool beside him. Jake takes a stool
far away.

MARLA
Oh look, a new friend, hi new
friend!

GROOM
 (confused)
 What?

MARLA
 (deadly serious)
 Shake hands and be friends.
 (beat)
 DO IT!

Terrified, William and the Groom shake hands.

MARLA (CONT'D)
 (to Bartender)
 Fifteen beers, please.

Marla walks over to Jake.

MARLA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Okay. Now we wait.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DAY

Grack and Carol ride segways side by side. Grack sips a milkshake.

GRACK
 I see no horse.

CAROL
 Maybe if you hadn't stopped to get
 that milkshake --

GRACK
 (intimidating)
 Tread lightly.

CAROL
 I, uh, we will find them.

GRACK
 Somehow I doubt it.

Grack sips his milkshake.

GRACK (CONT'D)
 Damn straw. The heavens above can't
 design a straw fit for a milkshake?

CAROL
 Don't you mean the heavens around,
 sir?

GRACK

I say what I mean and I mean what I say. But also yes.

He takes the straw out and fiddles with it. The milkshake tips over and spills onto the segway. SPARKS. It stops moving. Carol stops his segway.

CAROL

Sir, that's a rental!

GRACK

My patience is a rental! And now, it's overdue.

CAROL

Respectfully sir, that doesn't really work.

Grack throws his milkshake at Carol's segway. It SPARKS. Carol SCREAMS.

GRACK

I will see you in the office.

Grack climbs off and walks away.

CAROL

Fine. I'll do it myself. On foot. Then you'll see. You'll all see! But mainly Grack! He'll be the main one seeing!

INT. BAR - DAY

William and the Groom sit, crying and hugging.

GROOM

Will you... I want... I need you to be my best man.

WILLIAM

Yes! Yes! A thousand times, yes!

Marla and Jake smile at each other.

EXT. MYSTERIOUS PORTAL - DAY

Nasira races the horse towards the portal, a big glowing oval atop a hill. The coast is clear. She pumps her fist in the air, victorious.

Carol walks out from behind the portal and blocks the way. Nasira grinds the horse to a halt.

CAROL

(maniacal)

Ha. Ha ha. Ha ha ha! You thought you could breech office protocol and get away with it! Not this time. This time, Carol -- George -- is victorious. Finally! Karma has caught up with you, and with me! I win! And from here on out, I'll be winning a hell of a lot more! No more Mr. Nice Carol -- George -- you won't get away with this, or anything else, ever again!

He LAUGHS like a maniac. Nasira stares at him. She climbs off the horse and pats it on the butt. It WHINNIES, and races towards the portal. Carol, jaw dropped, dives out of the way. The horse runs into the portal and disappears.

Carol picks himself up.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Huh.

Nasira puts a hand on his shoulder.

NASIRA

Back to the office?

CAROL

Sure.

They walk off together.

INT. OFFICE - BEN'S DESK - DAY

Jake and Marla rush by. Ben turns in his chair to address them.

BEN

Hey Jake, how's your little problem

--

They keep walking.

INT. OFFICE - MARLA'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Marla plops into her chair and starts on paperwork.

JAKE
I don't know what I would've done
without you.

MARLA
You're gonna have to figure it out.
I'm not helping you again. Too
busy. You are dismissed.

Jake stares at her, then takes a step away.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Oh, and Grack doesn't need to know
what happened. If he asks, you did
great today.

Jake smiles and walks off.

INT. OFFICE - CAROL'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Jake approaches Carol's desk. Carol looks depressed.

JAKE
(defeated)
Is Grack in?

CAROL
(more defeated)
Yes.

JAKE
Really?

CAROL
Yeah, go right in.

Carol drops his head into his arms on the desk. Jake walks past him into the office.

INT. GRACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Grack sits at a desk, staring up at the ceiling. Without looking down, he gestures to a chair. Jake takes a seat.

GRACK
Get used to not seeing me much.

JAKE
Done already.

GRACK

No sass. I run a very tight ship around here, in that I don't run the ship at all.

Grack sits up and stares at Jake with fiery eyes.

GRACK (CONT'D)

Yet I hear there is disaster on my ship.

JAKE

(terrified)

What?! What kind of disaster?!

GRACK

Krumpkey and I were roommates for three hundred and something years. Nothing sexual. Never was, never will be. What were we talking about? Right, the disaster. William has forgotten about the wedding. He's not going. He won't meet Laura, and the amount of Hitlers has just quintupled.

Jake puts his head in his hands.

JAKE

Oh my god.

GRACK

Oh my God is right. Do you know what happens when my employees screw up this monumentally? Well, I call it "knife punishment," but it's officially called "the Harrower."

JAKE

Oh my god, oh my god.

GRACK

God? None of us have ever seen him. Don't even know if he's real. Either way, the Harrower seems beyond his control.

BUZZ. Grack holds down a button on his intercom.

GRACK (CONT'D)

(into intercom)

What is it?

JOLEANNE KRUMPKEY (O.S.)
(through intercom)
Ben sent William a text message to
remind him. He's at the wedding,
we're good.

Grack lets go of the button.

GRACK
You are dismissed.

Jake stands up, dumbstruck. He turns to leave, but Grack
COUGHS.

GRACK (CONT'D)
Also welcome, you know, that whole
thing.

JAKE
Thanks.

Jake leaves.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE