

IN A PERFECT WORLD

Written by

Todd Koble

INT. HOME - NICOLAS' BEDROOM - MORNING

The door opens when MONICA (F/34), wearing pajamas, peers in and slowly tiptoes over to NICOLAS' (M/8) bedside and pets his hair.

MONICA
(softly)
Nicolas. Nicolas. Come on buddy,
let's get ready.

Nicolas slowly wakes up.

INT. HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Monica pours cereal when Nicolas walks out of his room, now dressed for school, grabs a spoon, and sits at the table when Monica brings the bowl to him.

NICOLAS
Thanks mama.

She kisses him on the head and walks to her room.

INT. HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

Monica quietly opens the door to see her husband, JACKSON (M/37), only in shorts, lying on his back on the left side of the bed, awake.

MONICA
Good Morning Jacky.

JACKSON
Morning.

Monica starts to put on her work clothes, noticing Jackson still isn't moving.

MONICA
Hopefully it's only a few more
weeks.

JACKSON
(with a sigh)
Yeah...

Jackson forces himself up and starts to get dressed.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Today's the start of the quota
expectation, so probably won't even
be a few weeks.

MONICA
Oh, that's today?

Jackson walks in the bathroom, closing the door behind him as he continues to talk.

JACKSON
Yup. Can't leave until you've reached five sales.

INT. JACKSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

In the kitchen, Monica is making lunch for Nicolas as he pours another bowl of cereal for himself.

Jackson walks in, all ready for work, and pours a cup of coffee.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
(pouring coffee)
I mean, I would understand expecting veteran sellers to hit those kinds of goals but it's been, what, almost two months. I hardly have any connections and last week, you know what my daily average was?

MONICA
(making a sandwich)
Wasn't it like... three-

JACKSON
Three. Rounded up. Shit just fire me at this point. Feels like an attack, honestly. Oh, and Casey, the whole reason I wasn't able to get the fourth sale was because he-

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLE - DAY

Jackson is sitting at his desk on the phone with a customer, annoyed, unable to get a word in as the customer is on an angry rant about the company's pricing options.

While the customer continues, Jackson gets distracted by his computer monitor getting very bright. He dims the screen, but now the colors of the desktop are distorting.

Jackson blinks a few times when the lamp beside his computer is melting. Then the walls start expanding. The computer getting brighter. The ceiling drooping. His desk bubbling.

Jackson starts to hyperventilate and lets go of the phone and as it drops-

EXT. CONVENTION - FRONT STAGE - DAY

Jackson drops to the ground, his ears ringing, spotlights blinding him.

As his eyes and ears adjust, the noise gets louder and louder until he sees tons of people in front of the stage staring at him, cheering. Jackson scoots back, overwhelmed when he bumps into something behind him.

He turns around to see four floating pylons, still coursing with electricity, drawing power from the floor below on a large, metal disk.

A MAN, SYLAS STANFORD, M/59, dressed in professional attire, steps onto the disk and approaches Jackson, offering him a hand.

SYLAS
(whispering)
It's ok, we'll tell you everything
very soon.

Confused, Jackson takes Sylas's hand and stands up. Looking out into the crowd, he sees they're in a large park, and in the distance are multiple skyscrapers with impossible architecture, each with its own unique glow.

Sylas' voice booms from the stage, startling Jackson.

SYLAS
This is history!

The crowd roars with excitement.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
And history now will no longer be
hypotheses, archeology, or
theology, nor will any mystery be
unfound. For now, history is simply
a conversation. A conversation with
the progenitors of the Renaissance,
America's founding fathers, the
Roman Empire, or even...

Sylas extends his hand to Jackson.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
Someone like Jackson Tesha.

Jackson stands a little taller with the mention of his name.

SYLAS (CONT'D)

Born on July twenty-fifth, nineteen eighty-six, on September seventh, two thousand twenty-three, he was at his desk job in Mappa County, Colorado when we decided to bring him here, and now with his experiences and knowledge of his time and his life, he can give us an insight that no history book could ever achieve.

The crowd roars again as Jackson stares out at the crowd, unmoving, as all this information is too much for him to process.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jackson follows Sylas backstage as a large group of people with medical instruments and other tools surround Jackson, stopping him in his tracks.

Jackson steps back, looking like he's about to fight someone. He looks over at Sylas.

JACKSON

Hey! What is this?

SYLAS

We need to make sure your vitals are unaffected by-

JACKSON

I feel great.

Sylas smirks.

EXT. CONVENTION FIELD - AFTERNOON

Sylas and Jackson walk out onto a large field of grass, the park blocked off to the public who are crowding at the edges, but Jackson takes little notice.

He stares out at the crystal clear sky above with shining metal pathways reaching out from the park, connecting to futuristic buildings, complexes, and other structures that Jackson does not recognize.

SYLAS

You're in the year twenty-one oh six. And we've finally created the technology to translocate anything from the past into their future; our present.

Jackson stops in his tracks.

JACKSON
Time travel?

SYLAS
Kind of. Like we reach into the
past, grab something, then bring it
here.

JACKSON
Time kidnapping.

Sylas cringes at this.

SYLAS
Sure, we do it without you knowing,
but we won't keep you here, and if
I'm being transparent...

Sylas waves Jackson onto a small, metal disk at the end of
the field. Jackson stabilizes as gravity increases and the
transport disk floats away toward a large complex on its own
metal foundation in the sky.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
We investigated people from your
time and chose you on purpose. We
thought you might enjoy the
opportunities presented here.

EXT. LARGE COMPLEX - AFTERNOON

The transport disk reaches the large complex and slots into
its ground. Sylas steps off.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
If you want to call it time travel,
then YOU are the first time
traveler, and that's quite a title.
You're a trailblazer.

Jackson steps off with a smirk, taking in the awe of the
magnificent complex.

JACKSON
Well, I didn't really do much.

Jackson catches up to Sylas.

SYLAS
Doesn't matter. You're a symbol
now, whether you stay or not.
(MORE)

SYLAS (CONT'D)
I'm just giving you a chance to
enjoy the opportunities that come
with it.

Sylas extends his hand.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
We're basically paying you to be a
celebrity.

Jackson smiles and shakes his hand.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
We're called the Time Blazers.

Jackson scoffs.

INT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Jackson follows Sylas in and is greeted by a grand, open
lounge, rising multiple stories high, with many hallways
sprawling out.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
Let's make you a citizen of your
future.

Sylas takes the lead as Jackson follows, still scanning the
enthraling interior.

INT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - SYLAS' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

In a sleek, glass-covered office with a metal disk embedded
on the floor. Sylas sits behind his desk and motions for
Jackson to step forward.

When he steps on the disk, it lights up and projects
holographic windows circling Jackson, asking for
fingerprints, a retinal and body scan, a social security
number, and other personal information.

JACKSON
Whoa whoa, what's it doing?

SYLAS
You're standing on a computer, and
those holograms are what you
interact with. You were only about
seven or so years away from its
discovery, I think.

JACKSON

And do all your computers present
your social when they're on?

SYLAS

No, Jackson. Since this isn't your
time, you get a unique opportunity
to reidentify yourself.

Jackson hesitantly puts his hand on the fingerprint
holographic and leans into the retina scanner.

SYLAS (CONT'D)

Plus we need document proof that
we're employing you. Don't worry,
the IRS is still around...

The disk begins a full body scan of Jackson.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

CARSON (M/19) unlocks the front door to a nice, futuristic
apartment room and hands Jackson the keys.

SYLAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We'll take care of your housing...

INT. STORE - MORNING

Jackson walks down one of the aisles, confused why every
item is locked in a clear cubby.

He approaches a loaf of bread when a small screen beside it
lights up, showing Jackson's robust account, subtracting how
much the bread costs, and how much money he'll have left.

SYLAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And of course a gracious wage will
be yours for your dedication with
us.

Jackson opens the cubby and grabs the bread when another
loaf shoots out of the back to replace it. The screen plays
a little animation as it takes money directly out of his
account.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jackson lays in bed when he turns off the light and rolls
over, instinctually staying on the left side as the other
half of the bed is left untouched.

EXT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - DAY

Jackson arrives on a transport disk and is quickly swarmed by a crowd of fans and paparazzi, all trying to touch him or ask him questions. Security runs to cover Jackson, who is completely overwhelmed and doesn't know what to do.

SYLAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Don't sell yourself short. This is
a crowning achievement of humanity,
and everyone will want the
exclusive.

Security helps Jackson up the steps and into the building, but he suddenly stops and turns around, looking down at the line of security holding back a horde of people

SYLAS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then that's when you do your thing.

Jackson walks back down the steps to approach the crowd.

INT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - SYLAS' OFFICE - DAY

Sylas pushes a tablet across his desk when Jackson's body scan finishes.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
Now how does that sound?

END MONTAGE.**INT. APARTMENT - MORNING - WEEKS LATER**

Jackson is laying on his back in his bed, staring up at the ceiling but still only on the left side of the bed.

He looks over at the right side.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jackson goes to pour his coffee and sip it. He turns to look at the rest of the kitchen. Dead silence.

EXT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - MORNING

Jackson takes a metal disk up to the base of the building, and once he reaches it, there is a larger crowd waiting to ambush him, already kept at bay by security.

When Jackson steps off, he stares down and continues walking straight to the building.

INT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - MORNING

Once Jackson steps in, Carson strides up beside him.

CARSON
Whoa man, what're you doing here?

JACKSON
What? Do you have a special booked
or-

Jackson stops in his tracks.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
Oh shit, is today...

CARSON
Yeah. They're gonna start rehearsal
I believe in like twenty minutes.

Jackson zones out thinking, then he starts to nod.

JACKSON
Is Sylas still here?

CARSON
He shouldn't be. Last time he was
there early to make sure-

Jackson turns around and strides out of the building.

INT. CONVENTION - BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jackson arrives backstage when CREW MEMBERS swarm him.

CREW MEMBER
After rehearsal, head straight for
room forty-four for makeup. Here
are your lines if you still need to
practice.

JACKSON
And Sylas?

CREW MEMBER
He's already on stage.

Jackson strides off.

EXT. CONVENTION - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Sylas is standing in the middle in front of the machine,
mumbling to himself as he reads his lines. Jackson walks out
through the back curtain and Sylas sees.

SYLAS

Hey! You excited or mad you won't be the only one anymore?

JACKSON

Excited **because** I won't be the only one anymore.

SYLAS

Haha, I get it.

Jackson walks up to Sylas, talking a little quieter now.

JACKSON

Real quick, I wanted to talk about what happens after.

SYLAS

Jackson, no matter how many people we translocate, you'll always have your status as the first, so you don't have to worry about any-

JACKSON

Of course, but since there'll be another after today and more after that, I was wondering if you could send me back?

There a couple second pause. Sylas visibly confused but thinking.

SYLAS

You agreed to stay.

JACKSON

I agreed to participate for you. You said it yourself, this isn't my time.

SYLAS

It wasn't. Now it is. I see every day you're getting-

JACKSON

I don't have my family, Sylas.

Sylas is surprised, stepping back.

SYLAS

Your... What?

JACKSON

I'm grateful for the generous accommodations, but I'm out of place. Or time. And I feel it.

Sylas is still in shock, but when the crew starts setting up lights and sound, Syllas stands straighter.

SYLAS

Okay, I get what you're saying. Let's talk about this in greater detail tomorrow. Right now, let's make sure she has a comfortable entrance.

JACKSON

Awesome, thank you.

Sylas walks over to his spot and Jackson moves over to his.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENTION - MAIN STAGE - NOON

Standing on their spots, the crowd roars in excitement as Jackson and Syllas wave at them and the crowd quiets down.

JACKSON

Sorry Syllas, but I think this is my show now.

SYLAS

Whoa, you take one trip through time, and now you think you can take my job?

The spotlight hits Jackson.

JACKSON

Yes I do.

The crowd laughs and Syllas steps back.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Soon, you will meet Destiny Amoka, forty-one years old, living in Rhode Island from the year nineteen ninety-seven.

The crowd moans in awe.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Every activation is a test to take
a few steps back into the past,
testing the limits of what is
beyond our reach, safely being able
to pluck from the past without
effect, as time is indefinitely
cemented, changing only our future.

Jackson looks over at Sylas with a nod and Sylas nods back
then walks backstage.

Jackson moves away from the machine as it begins to whirl.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Welcome with open arms, the past
brought to the present.

As electricity courses between the pylons and the area
between them starts to blur, creating an outline of a woman
until with a flash, DESTINY drops to the ground.

The crowd goes wild.

Sylas cheers and claps.

Jackson stares at Destiny, blinded by the spotlight and
breathing hard. The sounds of the crowd fade away as Jackson
stares, reactionless.

EXT. CONVENTION FIELD - EVENING

Destiny stares out into the distance, taking in the breath-
taking architecture with a smile on her face.

Sylas and Jackson are a few steps back as Sylas is proud to
see this kind of reaction, Jackson is visibly offput by it.

DESTINY

So what about next time? How far
back are you going to go?

Sylas steps closer to Destiny, whispering as if he's keeping
it a secret.

SYLAS

Well, if your journey worked, which
it seems like it did wonderfully,
we're thinking sixty-one.

DESTINY

The sixties?! Oh, that was a
beautiful time.

SYLAS

Haha well. I'm glad you're excited.

Destiny reaches the end of the park, stopping right before the transport disk.

DESTINY

So... what now, are you going to send me back?

SYLAS

Well... do you want to?

Destiny takes a second look around her and shakes her head.

DESTINY

I ain't got much I'm working for and if you got a place for me-

SYLAS

Done.

JACKSON

But I mean...

Jackson steps up.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Destiny, this can be a little overwhelming at first. I'd recommend taking a few days to really soak up-

SYLAS

We're glad you're excited, and we're anxious to show you more, to be more comfortable in your new time.

DESTINY

Perfect.

Sylas puts his hand on Jackson's shoulder, turning him around as Destiny takes in the sights again.

SYLAS

(whispering)

Don't do that again. If we come off as uncertain, how comfortable will that make her?

JACKSON
Well, deciding to live in a
completely different time shouldn't
be made in less than an hour.

SYLAS
You did.

JACKSON
Exactly.

Destiny glances over and Sylas stands starighter.

SYLAS
I see... Let me work with Destiny,
then we'll have our talk.

Sylas catches up to Destiny, instantly striking up a conversation and leaving Jackson, not happy with Sylas's response.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jackson slowly walks into his apartment. Dark and empty.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

When he lays in bed, he rolls over and stares towards the right side of the bed, wide-awake.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Jackson lays on his back, still wide awake.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jackson slowly awakens when he turns over and slowly opens his eyes.

He's laying on the right side of the bed.

He scuttles out of bed and stands beside it, the right side covers all messed up.

Tears from in his eyes when his sadness turns into anger.

INT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

In random, thrown on clothes, Jackson strides through the entrance when he slows down at the sight of Destiny with Carson. They both look over.

DESTINY
Jackson!

Destiny jogs over to Jackson and Carson chaotically runs over.

CARSON
Jackson, I didn't think you were
scheduled today.

JACKSON
Oh I'm not.

He looks over at Destiny.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
But she is?

DESTINY
Sylas said that these "Time Trials"
are pretty popular, and if I can be
like a publicist of sorts, he'd
pay. Said it's like "paying me to
be a celebrity". Haha

Jackson just glances at Carson who meets his glance but
looks away without a word.

JACKSON
Huh... and what going back?

DESTINY
(scoffs)
No reason, I was just living in a
shitty apartment with a shitty job
with no weekends. Surprised this
place even knew I existed honestly.

Jackson's eyes go wide. Carson walks between them.

CARSON
Well, Destiny, there's a lot to
show you about this new time, so
let's-

JACKSON
Is Sylas here?

Carson thinks of an answer.

Jackson quickly strides off.

INT. TIME BLAZERS BUILDING - SYLAS' OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Jackson bursts in Sylas' office, startling him.

SYLAS

Jackson. What are you doing here?

JACKSON

Me and Destiny got to talking about the time machine and-

SYLAS

The "Time Blazer".

JACKSON

Yeah. And we were wondering how you even knew about us. I mean, I wasn't doing anything incredible, and Destiny was totally unhappy so we wonder... You purposefully chose us, didn't you?

SYLAS

Yes we did.

JACKSON

How?

SYLAS

Jackson, there's still a lot I can't say about the Time Blazer.

JACKSON

You rip us from our lives, and you can't even tell us HOW you found us?

Sylas leans back in his chair with a deep breath.

SYLAS

We purposefully looked for individuals in specific times that... didn't have much, or any, effect on history. So the less information there was about someone. the better.

Sylas leans forward.

SYLAS (CONT'D)

But there was an oversight Jackson. We didn't know you had a family, we really didn't.

JACKSON

Then send me back. Destiny is a much more enthusiastic publicist.

SYLAS
We can't do that Jackson...

JACKSON
Then bring my family.

SYLAS
(scoffs)
If we had the resources to use the
time blazer as much as we wanted,
we'd be much farther along on our
plans.

Jackson stands in silence, glaring down at Sylas, thinking.

JACKSON
She's not taking my job, is she?

SYLAS
No Jackson I told you, you ARE part
of history now.

JACKSON
So I'll still be ushering in the
new travelers?

SYLAS
Absolutely.

JACKSON
(nods)
Okay.

Jackson turns and storms out.

INT. CONVENTION FIELD - DAY - THREE DAYS LATER

Jackson is floating down to the convention on the transport disk, tightening his suit, unfazed by the horde of people surrounding the disk slot.

As it touches down, he smiles large and greets the crowd, giving autographs, shaking hands, and posing for pictures.

Once he reaches the stage, the guards let him in when the crowd quickly pivots to Destiny, floating down on a different transport disk as they all swarm her.

Overwhelmed, she struggles to keep up with everyone fighting for her attention, but she keeps a sweet and positive attitude until she reaches the stage and enters with Jackson.

INT. CONVENTION - BACKSTAGE AREA - DAY

Walking in, Destiny is already winded.

JACKSON

I thought you'd learn by now you
can't answer everyone.

DESTINY

I know, but it's like a rush, you
know? They're all clamoring for me
and hang onto every word I say. I
love it.

JACKSON

Haha, well if you say so.

DESTINY

Don't you?

Before he can answer, Sylas appears behind them with a huge grin.

SYLAS

Number three! From nineteen sixty-
one! You ready for your first
presentation Destiny?

Destiny pulls out her lines from her pocket.

DESTINY

Yessir.

Sylas looks over at Jackson.

SYLAS

You've already got it down, no need
to worry, right?

JACKSON

Not at all. I'm just going to go
over my lines one last time, then
I'll meet you at the stage.

Jackson walks off and just before the backstage, he descends down a small staircase that leads into the stage and opens the door at the end.

INT. CONVENTION - BACKSTAGE AREA - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Jackson enters and sees that the room goes much deeper into the ground than he thought. Four giant pylons circle in the middle of the room, powering the Time Blazer above it.

Tons of monitors and workers manage the computers and devices.

Jackson walks down the steps where an ENGINEER meets him at the bottom.

JACKSON
Are we good?

The Engineer pulls out his phone and holds it between them. Jackson looks at it and brings out his phone, opening his bank account and showing all of his money. He taps the Engineer's phone with his.

Jackson's money transfers to the Engineer's phone, he double checks. He nods and walks to a monitor. Jackson follows.

The monitor shows the place and time set to when Jackson was translocated.

ENGINEER
We translocate by setting a very specific set of coordinates to the microsecond we intend to extract our target.

The Engineer types and the time goes up by ten microseconds.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)
We'll send you back at almost the exact time you left so it seems as though nothing happened.

JACKSON
That's all I need to hear.

Jackson walks back towards the entrance and notices everyone is staring down at them. He turns back, and the engineer addresses everyone.

ENGINEER
You'll all get your cuts. Just stick to the story. We're still making history!

Jackson watches all the workers quickly turn to adjust their instruments and computers.

The crowd is heard above them and Jackson looks up and runs to the door.

EXT. CONVENTION - MAIN STAGE - DAY

Jackson runs out on stage to a roar from the crowd, Sylas and Destiny already out.

JACKSON
Great job Destiny. You did better
than me.

The crowd laughs.

SYLAS
Maybe my job *is* in danger.

Another laugh from the crowd.

SYLAS (CONT'D)
Shall we begin?

Jackson and Destiny both nod.

Sylas steps near the backstage entrance. Destiny is beside the Time Blazer as Jackson is beside her.

DESTINY
As we continue our outreach through
our unbelievable mastery of time.
Welcome Katie from nineteen sixty-
four!

Destiny nods at Sylas.

Sylas nods to someone in the back.

INT. CONVENTION - BACKSTAGE AREA - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

The pylons start to spin as massive amounts of energy start to build around them. All the engineers are watching the status on their computers.

EXT. CONVENTION - MAIN STAGE - DAY

The machine activates as the pylons whirl and spin, the area between them distorting.

Jackson takes that as his sign and makes a run for it.

The crowd gasps as he jumps between the pylons.

The colors around him start to mix, the light shining brighter, and Jackson sways, becoming light headed.

He can slightly make out the forms of Sylas running up to him with Destiny behind.

Shapes meld and reform to create-

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLE - DAY

Jackson falls into his chair with a gasp, breathing hard. He has returned to the very second he left.

He hears a faint talking. He looks down and finds the phone that he dropped when he left, still the ranting customer. Jackson goes wide-eyed and runs out.

EXT. JACKSON HOUSE - DAY

Monica is walking with Nicolas to the car as Jackson's car swerves into the driveway.

Jackson throws the door open and runs to Monica.

MONICA
Is everything okay?

Jackson embraces Monica and Nicolas with a large hug.

THE END.