

IN THE NICK OF TIME

A time-bending film by

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SAMPLE

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FADE IN:

1 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

1

A watch TICKS around the wrist of PENELOPE (21). TICK. TICK. TICK. TICK. TICK. *Something WISPS by her.*

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She scans, nervously, as she walks through the warehouse. It scurries around the old furniture. Gone.

As she stops to survey, something, too dark to make out, rises up behind her, growing and darkening UNTIL it trips and falls to the ground.

WINSTON (O.S.)

CUT!

The figure stands up, removing a mask to show HENRY (20). The director, WINSTON (20), walks out from a COLLEGE FILM CREW set up behind a camera.

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WINSTON (CONT'D)

Alright, that'll work.

HENRY

But I tripped?

Winston shrugs. Henry pulls himself up.

WINSTON

Eh, we'll fix it in post.

He smiles at the both of them then turns to the full crew.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

See you nerds Friday. Eight thirty on the dot!

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The crew have tiny celebrations and mosey their way to their bags. DAKOTA, 21, looks at Penelope and smiles, throwing up a peace symbol.

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Away from everyone else, Penelope kneels to put things in her bag. As she does this, her watch falls and cracks on the ground.

She surveys the damage, flipping it over to see an engraving: "ARIA + PENELOPE." She rubs her thumb over "ARIA", as if trying to sand it away.

HENRY

Penelope?

She jumps, stuffing the watch into her pocket.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Oh, super sorry I didn't mean to-

PENELOPE
Uh, you're good.

HENRY
I think you might've dropped
this... It was on the ground next
to your bag.

He hands her a folded piece of worn card stock.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Also, me and some of the other crew
were gonna hang out... maybe get a
bite to eat at the diner?

PENELOPE
I'm sorry, I'm just like super
tired and-

HENRY
No need to apologize!... I'll see
you Friday.

He gives her a smirk and walks off.

She flattens the paper out to see it's a flyer: "*THE NICK OF TIME: FIX THE PAST, SECURE THE FUTURE.*" She stares, longingly. *Something moves* in the shadows of the room.

2 EXT. STREET BY PENELOPE'S APARTMENT - SOME TIME LATER 2

PENELOPE and DAKOTA walk down the dark, vacant street.

DAKOTA
But, like, it's just breakfast for
dinner... What's got your shivers
timbered?

PENELOPE
I just don't think they want me
there.

DAKOTA
Henry asked you, though.

PENELOPE
Just to be nice.

DAKOTA

Penny, bro. How many times do I
have to say it: Everybody doesn't
hate you-

A CRUNCH of the leaves nearby. Penelope spins to it. Eyes
locked on the dark.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Uh, you ok?

PENELOPE

(Slowly)

Yeah, I've just had this weird
feeling like-

DAKOTA

What's in your pocket?

She looks down at the paper, takes it out, and opens it: *"THE *
NICK OF TIME: FIX THE PAST, SECURE THE FUTURE. HAVE REGRETS? *
CRY OVER THEM NO MORE AND EXPEL THE DEMONS CAUSING YOU PAIN."* *

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Wicked.

She fidgets with the etching on the watch.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

That's seriously some comic book
level weirdness... Anyway, su casa!

They stop in front of an apartment building.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Hey, turn that frown upside-
dizzidy!

He pushes up the corners of her mouth to make a smile.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

You actually have really nice eyes.

PENELOPE

Are you trying to flirt with me?

DAKOTA

Nah, you're not my type.

She sighs. Dakota falls into deep thought.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

You know, there's a lot in a
person's eyes...

(MORE)

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Their truths, trusts... Who they are, what they want. It's like all emotion, floating around in two little marbles.

She looks around, weirded out. He snaps back to reality as if nothing happened and lets go of her face.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Well, if you change your mind about the diner, it's just down the street!

She nods. He throws up a peace symbol and heads on down the road. She whips the flyer out once again. "330 STINE ST." **

3 EXT. STINE STREET APARTMENTS - NIGHT 3

She looks up at the door. 330. She pauses to knock but the door is already open. **

4 INT. THE NICK OF TIME'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 4

The room is mostly empty except for an empty wine glass, a couch-bed thing, and a TV playing *Scooby-Doo*.

She scans the area, eyes landing on an *incredibly ominous door*. Green and violet lights emit from its cracks in thick clouds of hazy smoke. She moves closer. A brass sign reads: "THE NICK OF TIME: THE ANSWERS ARE IN THE PAST." *

A shadow wisps across the room. She snaps her head up. Eyes beaming around. Nothing. **

PENELOPE

Hello? Nick?

She explores. Behind the TV. In the kitchen. Around the corner. Deep breath. A hand reaches out and grabs her.

She spins around to no one again. Her breaths now rapid. The sound of a distant voice reverbs off toward's **the door**.

KNOCK. A very light one. Ear to the wood: Silence. The only sign of life is the glow from beneath.