

THE GOD SQUAD

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY- DAY

REX FOSTER, a suave and impeccably dressed businessman waits impatiently for the elevator outside an ultra lux reception area. And waits. And waits. Checks his watch. And vanishes.

EXT. SIDEWALK ENTRANCE TO TOWERING OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A mile-long limo waits curb side. The driver stands at the rear passenger door. Rex suddenly appears from nowhere and gets in.

EXT. AERIAL TRACKING OF LIMO - DAY

The limo winds its way from Wall Street toward the Battery Tunnel.

REX V.O.

The very, very few who know about us call us "The God Squad" because you might say, we're situational engineers. We make things happen, or un-happen, as we might do for the prick I'm going to meet.

EXT. THE 2ND DECK OF A SUPER YACHT - DAY

PRESTON QUINN, an imposing, scowling hawk-nosed mogul on his cell phone paces back and forth, and surveys an out of control party of international VIP's, sheiks and topless beauties on the expansive fore deck below as the yacht cruises off the coast of Mykonos.

REX V.O.

Second wealthiest man in the world. Some say the wealthiest. You never know about these guys how much they actually have, how much they hide, how much they deny they have. One thing I do know about these men, they don't want to give up one fucking penny of what they have connived, stolen, cheated, and yeah, made, but too often on the sweat and brains of some poor soul.

Preston hold his phone out and screams at it...

PRESTON

Listen, Sid, if that technology isn't ready for the shareholders meeting I am going to personally bring some dogs to your house and make a video of them screwing your wife in front of your daughters and then I'm going to post it on your family's Facebook page. Would you "Like" that, Sid?

(Beat)

Everything, and I mean everything better be ready for that meeting.

...then hurls the phone into the sea.

EXT. AEGEAN AIRLINES JFK TERMINAL - DAY

Rex steps out of the limo headed inside.

REX V.O.

Everything. That's why Mr. Wonderful and I need to meet.

INT. AEGEAN AIRLINES BOARDING GATE - EARLY EVENING

Rex stares at the flight information board at the gate: FLIGHT 401 6:30 PM - DESTINATION ATHENS - CANCELLED. Then his gaze turns to a stewardesses as she exits the plane and smiles seductively.

REX

(Now to the camera)

I don't *need* to fly. But I do love those gorgeous Greek girls and the big luscious Greek olives in the First Class martinis.

(Beat)

And the Mile High Club. Oh, yeah, shit still happens.

And then he vanishes...

EXT. YACHT FORE DECK - DAY

...And appears in the middle of the party, totally out of place with his bespoke suit and attache case. But, hey, the girls don't seem to mind.

REX

Does anyone know where Preston is?

INT. ENTRANCE TO OWNER'S CABIN BELOW - DAY

Preston opens the door to the spacious over the top bedroom.
A young greek god waits for him on the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YACHT OUTDOOR DINING AREA - MORNING

Preston and Rex are having breakfast in paradise.

REX

Preston how can we be of service to
you?

PRESTON

I know one of your other clients
who shall remain nameless, and I
understand that you performed a
miracle for him. And I need a
miracle. But I don't know exactly
what and how you do what you do.

REX

Well I can't speak specifically to
your problem, but know we have ways
of reorganizing your past history,
or restructuring your future.

PRESTON

What the fuck does that mean.

REX

It means we are time travelers and
we can alter your past or future to
create certain outcomes in your
favor.

PRESTON

Time machine stuff?

REX

So to speak, yes. But we don't need
a time machine necessarily.

PRESTON

That stuff is total bull shit. You came all this way to tell me that crap.

REX

Not really Mr. Preston.

(Beat)

Our mutual acquaintance who shall remain nameless has a big mouth. And I *can* speak to your problem. Your \$35 billion dollar problem. Where can we talk in complete privacy where no one can hear this conversation. No wires, no listening devices.

EXT. THE OPEN AEGEAN SEA - DAY

Rex and Preston are in nothing but swim suits in a dingy floating 50 yards off the yacht, the small engine roaring.

BUT SOMETHING DOESN'T SEEM QUITE RIGHT WITH THE PICTURE

REX

We know that you are secretly considering a divorce which means a 50-50 division of property and assets. And if this is exposed before, during or after your upcoming shareholders meeting, that bad press together with the settlement, well, let's not talk empty pockets.

PRESTON

Yeah, and you got the number right. \$35 billion, give or take a hundred mill.

REX

May I ask, why the divorce?

PRESTON

My wife's not my cup of tea anymore. Actually, I switched to coffee.

THIS PRIVATE MEETING IS BEING RECORDED VIA SATELLITE--

INT. DARK HIGH TECH CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

A team of people watch a jumbo screen, an old wizened and almost alien-looking man, **JACOB**, is at the controls.

PRESTON

How?

REX

For a price, I will take you back to the moment before you met your wife, and you can unmeet her so your eventual "I do" becomes "I don't." And the wife problem goes away.

(Beat)

However, any children?

PRESTON

None. That shit's not for me. So, you're going to take me back in time? Fucking impossible.

REX

Let's say it is possible. Are you interested?

PRESTON

Maybe. How much?

REX

In cases of monetary savings, we charge ten percent of the amount saved.

PRESTON

\$3.5 billion?! Get lost. Make it five percent, I might consider it.

REX

To remove your wife without harm, save you \$35 billion and preserve your company.

(Beat)

Ten percent. Firm. Before we make the trip.

Rex and Preston lock into a stare down. Then--

PRESTON

Yeah, OK. Ten percent. But how do I know you can go back and forth?

REX
Well, for the moment, let me go
sideways.

Rex vanishes from the dingy.

EXT. YACHT FORE DECK - DAY

Rex yells and waves to Preston, stunned and suddenly alone.

Rex hears in his ear...

JACOB
Rex, we have our verbal contract.
We're good to go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. YACHT TOP DECK - NIGHT

Rex and Preston wait in the heliport lounge area drinking champagne as a chopper slowly moves toward the yacht through the starlight sky.

PRESTON
When do we do this? The clock is
ticking for me. Got about a week
before the meeting.

REX
No problem.

PRESTON
Yeah, well, there is a problem. I
want to go on a test trip with you
first.

REX
That's not part of the deal.

As the helicopter slowly lowers onto the landing pad --

PRESTON
It is now.

A beautiful late 40's elegant woman - let's not call her a Cougar - steps out of the chopper and walks into Preston's arms. Kiss, kiss on both his cheeks.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
Rex, meet "Ronnie," my wife.

As she and Rex shake hands.

VERONICA

Veronica.

LATER

Two bottles of champagne gone, another in the ice bucket. Preston's new cell phone rings, he walks away to talk. Veronica and Rex are relaxing and enjoying each other -- perhaps a little too much.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Are you one of Preston's new investors?

REX

We're about to do some business.

VERONICA

(Jokingly)

Keep your back to the wall. And your hands over your balls. You've been warned.

REX

So I have. I'm curious when and how did you and Mr. Wonderful meet?

SHE REMEMBERS --

INT. HARVARD RATHSKELLER PUB - NIGHT

Young Veronica and her girlfriends are at the bar.

VERONICA V.O.

I was in a bar, kind of quiet, until a crowd of guys came in after there was some kind of commotion outside.

Preston and a geeky kid tagging behind follow the crowd and randomly roam. Sucking beer bottles. Until Preston spots young Veronica).

VERONICA V.O. (CONT'D)

Preston and I were both at Harvard, and so was Sid, who Preston also met that night. Sid is the tech genius behind Preston's software company.

(Pause)

(MORE)

VERONICA V.O. (CONT'D)
 Preston just came over to me and
 his kind of bully confidence melted
 me a little. There was a much
 softer side to him then -- before
 all the money.

LATER, ALL THREE AT A TABLE

PRESTON
 If you could travel into the
 future, what kind of life would you
 like have?

Veronica smiles. Seriously?

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 Really.

VERONICA
 Well, I want to be with someone who
 really cares for me and protects
 me.

PRESTON
 Sid, write all this down.
 (Beat)
 Check.

VERONICA
 Someone who loves life.

PRESTON
 Check.

VERONICA
 I want my own career.

PRESTON
 Of course. Check.

VERONICA
 A really, really handsome guy.

PRESTON
 (Puffed up)
 Check. Check!

Preston takes the checklist from Sid and writes his number on
 the paper. And gives it to Veronica.

PRESTON (CONT'D)
 If that's the kind of life you
 want, call me, and we'll go there
 together.

BACK TO PRESENT

REX

When exactly did you meet?

VERONICA

Friday, January 11, 1985. About two AM.

REX

Well, that's definitely "exactly."

VERONICA

What woman doesn't know the exact date and time she met her husband?

(Beat)

Why do you ask?

REX

Just curious how long --

VERONICA

(Cutting in)

-- I've put up with this character?

Preston returns, incredibly pissed. Swigs from the champagne bottle, sulks, roams the deck.

PRESTON

Slimy mother fuckers! My pussy competitors are spreading rumors that our new technology sucks and the stock is starting to tank. Lousy mother, dick-sucking fuckers!

REX

(Leaning into Veronica)

So how's that checklist working out for you?

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT MAIN DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rex and Preston sit a table having dinner in the center of the most imposing dining room in New York City with it's 40 foot ceilings. But they are the only two there.

PRESTON

I bought out the room for the night. I don't like to be crowded. Now, let's discuss the test run.

REX

I didn't think you were serious.

PRESTON
Dead serious.

REX
We don't do that.

PRESTON
You do now if you want my \$3.5
billion before we go back to
Boston, baby.

INT. DARK HIGH TECH CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Jacob and others in the shadows watch the conversation.

In Rex's ear--

JACOB
Absolutely not! That is outside the
rules.

BACK TO THE DINNING ROOM

REX
(Actually answering both
Jacob and Preston)
I would consider it because quite
honestly I would love to blow past
my quota for the year. \$3.5 Bil.
Very nice. Very, very nice.

BACK TO THE CONTROL ROOM

JACOB
Kill the deal. Too risky.

REX (ON THE SCREEN)
Yeah, yeah. Let's do it. This one's
on the house. Part of the plan.

BACK TO THE DINING ROOM.

REX (CONT'D)
C'mon, let's take a walk.

EXT. EAST RIVER WALKWAY - NIGHT

Rex and Preston walk along the river through the late night
shadows and drizzling rain.

REX
Where do you want to go?

PRESTON

To my Uncle Sy's house in summer of 74'. I was at a July 4th party with my parents that afternoon. So how does this work?

REX

My family goes back several thousand years. My people are on the walls of prehistoric caves and the hieroglyphics in pyramids. And this is what we know to be true: all time - everything that *has* happened and *will* happen already exists - and we know how to enter the time flow forward or backwards. More important, we know where the portals are. It's like knowing where you can get four bars on your cell phone, times a million.

PRESTON

Bull shit.

REX

Yeah?

Rex takes Preston by the arm and together they step into a shadow area along the river walk, and vanish.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

9 year-old Preston is doing his best to cut chunks of watermelon on the kitchen table. Through the kitchen window, the rest of his large family sit around a picnic table in the back yard. Uncle Sy heads toward the house.

Young Rex stands in the shadows of the pantry. Watching.

Uncle Sy comes into the kitchen and "rough houses" with Preston who resists as best he can. But Uncle Sy persists. Head lock. Nuggies. Tickles.

And then he reaches into Preston's camp shorts and fondles him.

UNCLE SY

What cha' got down there, little man?

Preston grabs the watermelon knife and cuts a deep gash across Sy's arm, hitting an artery.

A geyser of blood sprays over the table and across Preston's face as he yells from the kitchen door --

YOUNG PRESTON
Uncle Sy cut himself bad!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DARK HIGH TECH CONTROL CENTER - NIGHT

Rex and Jacob watch a high speed history of Preston's life.

JACOB
I warned you. We've seen his temper many times. Can't be trusted.

REX
But he can be controlled enough for this journey because he doesn't want to get even with anybody, he wants to get free. That trip locked him into this one, and the payment. Remember, I need the information about the commotion that Veronica mentioned outside the Rathskeller that night.

INT. PRESTON'S WALK IN BEDROOM CLOSET- EARLY EVENING

It could be a boutique. Huge. Endless. Pants, shirts, jackets, shoes organized by seasons, colors, textures. Still in his jockey shorts, he can't find what he wants.

VERONICA (O.S.)
Where are you and Rex going, again?

PRESTON
The Knicks are at the Garden.

IN THE BEDROOM

Veronica sits on the end of the bed. Preston comes out of his closet wearing jeans, carrying a shirt and jacket.

VERONICA
Jeans? Where did you have those, in a time capsule? I haven't seen you in jeans since...

Preston puts on a buttondown shirt and bomber jacket.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

You sure you're not going to the quad on campus?

PRESTON

(Unusually upbeat)

Yeah, yeah, it's been awhile since I've been in these. Whatever. Okay, I'm outta here.

They hug and have a quick kiss. But Preston holds on longer than usual. What's this?

VERONICA

You OK?

PRESTON

Yeah, yeah, babe.

Preston's gaze at her is overly long and awkward.

EXT. SIDE WALK IN FRONT OF THE RATHSKELLER - NIGHT

Loud, tipsy college kids drink outside the bar. The crowd ebb and flows off the sidewalk into the street and back again. Pushing, shoving, laughing, posturing.

College age Preston and college age Rex slowly walk toward the crowd. Past the mob, Veronica and a few of her friends approach the Rathskeller and duck inside.

Preston and Rex step into the street away from two kids wrestling and spilling toward them. Rex looks over his shoulder back at the street.

From behind a car speeds around the corner and races toward the crowd in the street. One kid has wandered too far into the street. Rex pulls him out of harm's way, at the same time knocking Preston in front of the car.

Preston is crushed under the wheels. Dead. Instantly. The hit and run drive burns rubber out of there.

The crowd explodes in total pandemonium. Rex calmly walks into the bar.

INT. RATHSKELLER - LATER

Rex chats up Sid, buying him a beer. They connect talking tech, shouting over the crowd at the bar.

REX

You heard of Nicola Tesla? He was my mother's cousin. We have a lot of scientists in my family, but that's not where my head is. I like travel.

SID

I don't even know why I'm at Harvard. I should be interning in Silicon Valley or knocking on Microsoft's door.

REX

If you ever decide to go in that direction, man, we should talk.

LATER

Rex spies Veronica, orders two beers, throws his arm around Sid, and drags him toward the pretty girl smiling at him. Rex chats her up.

REX (CONT'D)

If you could travel into the future, what kind of life would you like live?

INT. DARK HIGH TECH CONTROL CENTER - SAME

Jacob sits alone. He can only smile while he shakes his head.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NEW YORK PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

The ultimate shareholders meeting. No rows of chairs. Instead, a sea of beautiful white tablecloth tables groaning under the lavish flower arrangements and exquisite china and crystal. Five hundred people eating like it's their last meal.

A huge sleek banner hangs over the podium on the stage at the front of the ballroom: **FUTUREWARE**

Sid takes the stage and stands at the podium. Applause thunders through the room.

SID

Welcome to the 35th Annual
Shareholders meeting of Futureware.

(MORE)

SID (CONT'D)

As the Chief Technical Officer I am very pleased to bring to the stage the man who personally paid for everything in this room today so you don't have to worry that you are eating company profits.

((Pause))

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the Chairman of our company, Rex Foster.

The audience welcomes Rex to the podium with a standing ovation and endless cheers. Finally the room settles down.

REX

I have seen the future of software, and you and I have an unequalled history of delivering it to the world. Once again this year, we are the number one software company in history!

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

The doorman blows his whistle to get Rex a cab. No luck. Rex waits impatiently. And waits. And waits. He checks his watch. Just before the doorman waves over a cab, Rex vanishes.

INT. ENTRANCE TO YACHT OWNER'S CABIN BELOW - DAY

Rex appears at the end of the hallway and makes his way toward the cabin door and shouts --

REX

And where would I find Mrs. Foster?

He opens the door to the spacious bedroom.

Veronica waits under a cool sheet. He turns to us.

REX (CONT'D)

(To the camera)

Remember those men, who don't want to give up one fucking penny of what they have connived, stolen, cheated, and yeah, made, but too often on the sweat and brains of some poor soul. You have to admit, I'm the best of them.

FADE OUT

