

No December (Pilot episode)  
You May Say I'm A Dreamer

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE DAKOTA - MORNING - DECEMBER 8TH, 1980

A small crowd gathers outside of the historic Dakota building on West 72nd street, Manhattan.

They are full of excitement, bundled up in winter attire. Smiles paint their faces, ear to ear.

There is one person that stands out. MARK a chubby man of 25 with a long black coat.

He paces in a circle while reading a paperback novel. He mouths the words to himself, nods his head in approval, and giggles.

KEVIN a man in his late 20's, walks toward the crowd. He is dressed slightly different from everyone else. His overall appearance seems "off" and makes him seem almost alien. Many men have long or shaggy hair, but his is neatly groomed and shaved into a fade.

He receives a couple of puzzled looks, but his focus is on the weird guy reading the book.

Kevin stops next to Mark, but doesn't say anything at first. He looks at the book he is reading - CATCHER IN THE RYE.

KEVIN

Classic.

Mark does not hear him at first, but then stops. He then speaks in a soft, angelic southern accent.

MARK

I'm sorry?

KEVIN

Catcher in the Rye.

He points to the book. Mark glances at the cover, gives a quick nod and continues reading.

MARK

Oh. Yeah, my favorite.

Kevin gives a little smirk and responds under his breath.

KEVIN

Sure it is.

Mark looks up like he hears him, but keeps reading.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
They're all phonies!

Kevin laughs, but Mark looks confused, almost insulted.

MARK  
I'm sorry, what?

KEVIN  
Holden Caulfield? He thinks  
everyone in New York is fake,  
right? Isn't that the whole point  
of the book?

Mark keeps reading, barely responding.

MARK  
Yep...

Kevin snorts and pulls out a joint and lights it. People  
around him notice and laugh.

KEVIN  
You toke?

Mark is slightly irritated.

MARK  
No. No, I do not TOKE. I follow  
Jesus and don't partake.

Kevin does not hide his amusement.

KEVIN  
You follow Jesus, huh?

He points to one of the top floors of The Dakota.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
As far as I'm concerned, Jesus is  
right up there in that building.  
Our dumb asses are freezing our  
balls off waiting for him.

THE DOORMAN, an African American man in his 50's walks over  
to them. He has a surprised, yet angry look on his face.

DOORMAN  
Hey! Put that out! Are you  
kidding???

Kevin smiles at him mockingly and then takes another hit. He immediately stomps it on the ground.

He puts his hands up.

KEVIN  
All gone, now!

The doorman shakes his head, mumbles under his breath and walks away.

Mark heads toward the other end of the crowd.

Kevin follows.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Hey, sorry if I made you uncomfortable. It's just where I come from, people don't usually care. I forget that sometimes.

Mark ignores him and keeps reading.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, my bad. Not trying to bug you. You just happen to be reading my favorite book and we're both fans of-

MARK  
I met Sean today.

KEVIN  
Sean?

Mark gives a little bit of a smile while his eyes stay glued on the page.

MARK  
John's little one. I met him and his nanny this morning. Shook his hand.

Kevin's eyes widen with shock and excitement.

KEVIN  
No kidding? That's amazing!

MARK  
Well, umm. He is a nice kid. His nanny is also very nice.

Kevin nods and has a genuine smile on his face.

KEVIN

That's great, man. I'm sorry, here  
I am all rude. I'm Kevin, by the  
way. Nice to meet you.

He extends his hand to shake. Mark studies it and is at first apprehensive. He sighs, then shakes it.

MARK

Mark. Nice to meet you, Kevin.  
Sorry, but not too many people come  
up to me like you did.

KEVIN

Oh, no worries! I saw the book and  
I had to say something.

MARK

No worries, huh? Never heard that  
expression before. I like it.

Kevin nods and pulls something out of his pocket. A  
smartphone. He starts fiddling with it, which catches Mark's  
attention. No one else notices.

MARK (CONT'D)

What is that?

KEVIN

What? This?  
(holds up the phone)  
It's a phone.

Mark puts his book aside and looks at this foreign  
contraption.

MARK

THAT is a phone?

Kevin laughs and nods his head.

KEVIN

Yeah. Where I come from, things are  
very different. Not like Hawaii,  
though. Nothing comes close to  
that.  
(looks up at Mark)  
Right?

Mark nervously continues reading. His guard is back up.

MARK

Um, yeah. Nothing like it. Where  
are you from?

KEVIN  
Connecticut.

MARK  
Never been.

KEVIN  
You're not missing much. The governor taxes us to death, fucked us over during the pandemic, and it's almost impossible to afford an apartment let alone a home. Not a place anyone wants to live in.

Mark is clearly not paying attention. Just continues to read his book. He phones in his response.

MARK  
Oh yeah? That sucks.

Kevin is still messing around with the phone. Again, no one else notices.

KEVIN  
Hey, can I show you something?

Mark looks up and sighs in frustration.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sorry! Sorry! I swear it'll only take a second. I promise, you'll love this!

He clicks on a few more things with his phone and then shows Mark.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Your wish is about to come true, my friend!

Mark's eyes widen with shock. He keeps alternating from looking at the phone, then back to Kevin.

MARK  
Wha...how?...I-I um...

KEVIN  
Yeah, man. That's YOU!

He shows the infamous photo of John Lennon signing an autograph for a fan. The fan is Mark David Chapman, who then murders Lennon a few hours later. The same Mark looking at the photo in awe.

MARK

This - this is wrong. You're  
messing with me?

Kevin laughs and shakes his head.

KEVIN

Oh Marky-Mark. I'm not messing with  
you. I just know why you're here.

Mark is in utter shock and disbelief. Fear plagues him as he  
tries to speak, but words barely come.

MARK

I-I umm-

KEVIN

You're not originally from Hawaii,  
but you live there, right? Security  
guard?

He starts to power walk away from Kevin, across the street.  
The other people in line notice there is a bit of a  
commotion. They observe, but do not partake.

Kevin jogs after him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That accent, though. Definitely not  
Hawaiian!

EXT. WEST 72ND STREET - DAY

Mark David Chapman attempts to run away from Kevin, who is  
close behind, barely breaking a sweat.

A moment later, he runs out in front of him, blocking his  
way.

MARK

Leave me alone, okay?

Kevin's playful demeanor changes into anger.

KEVIN

You're right. Play time is over. I  
have something else to show you.

Mark tries to walk pass, but Kevin grabs him by the back of  
the neck and puts the phone in front of him.

At first, Mark tries to shove him off, but freezes. He is  
terrified.

MARK

No, no, no - it can't be!

KEVIN

What? You're mad because you did exactly what you came out here to do? You can't fucking handle it, now???

The phone shows a mugshot of Mark, with a caption that reads: Mark David Chapman - Charged with the murder of John Lennon.

He still has Mark by the back of the neck. He shoves him aside as he loses his balance and comically falls.

People walk by as if they don't see.

MARK

I'm getting the police!

KEVIN

Oh yeah? Please do!

Kevin taps on his phone a few more times. Mark gets up and tries to get away. Kevin easily blocks him.

MARK

What do you want from me, huh? I didn't do anything!

KEVIN

Not yet, anyway. That's why I'm here. I'm here to make sure nothing happens.

Kevin grabs Mark again, and leads him into an alleyway.

Bystanders look at them puzzled and uncomfortable, but move along.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Kevin shoves Mark forward, but he doesn't fall.

The alleyway has a dead end with a dumpster.

MARK

Stop! I swear I don't know what's going on!



KEVIN

Oh I know! Man oh man, that comment about being more popular than Jesus really shit in your cheerios, didn't it?

MARK

The Beatles are NOT bigger than Jesus! How could someone ever-

KEVIN

He's your hero. You're his number 1 fan, right? You love him - RIGHT?

MARK

Yes, but...I don't know. I wasn't gonna go through with it.

KEVIN

Yes, you were! You still are!  
(looks down at phone)  
The headline hasn't changed. You shot him 4 times in the back. 4 fucking times! He signed your damn record for you!

Mark starts to sob and cower like a child.

MARK

Please stop! I'll go home, I swear!

Kevin angrily taps on his phone and walks over to Mark, holding the phone to his face.

KEVIN

Look at what you did! Look! See what you did to his family? That sweet little boy you met this morning - look at his face! LOOK AT HIM!!!

He shows several images of people mourning for John Lennon after his death. Yoko Ono, Julian, and Sean Lennon are in a photo crying and holding each other.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We can't have that. We just can't.

MARK

Please! Please! He's my idol, I would never-

KEVIN

Oh bullshit! I bet if I were to go to your hotel room right now, you would have some interesting things that you left for the police. Am I wrong?

Silence. Mark is frozen.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

How about another copy of that book? You signed it Holden Caulfield, and that the book is your statement!

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

How? How did-

KEVIN

No more games, mother fucker.

Mark immediately cries out and covers his face.

MARK

Oh my god, please don't kill me, don't kill me!!!

KEVIN

You fucking pussy! Are you serious, right now?

(Laughs)

Come on, I know you have a 38 on you. Pull it out! I thought you were in the military? Look at you, crying like a little bitch.

Mark is sobbing and has his hands out in front of him, shaking.

MARK

Please, please, please! I swear I'll go home. My god, you can follow me to the airport!

Kevin looks down at his phone, impatiently waiting for something.

MARK (CONT'D)

Please! I'm begging you!

KEVIN  
Nothing's changed. How about 4  
bullets just like your hero?

Mark tries to respond, but...

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Kevin fires 4 shots into Mark. The booms echo through the alleyway, into the city streets. People hear the commotion and scream. Mark falls over to his side, still breathing.

Kevin looks back at his phone and smiles.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
No shit? Wow, that's pretty cool.  
(reads from phone)  
October 15th, 1983 - The Beatles  
Reunion Rocks a sold out crowd at  
Wembley Stadium.  
(look down at a barely  
breathing Mark)  
You hear that? Because of you, The  
Beatles got back together! Thanks!  
Oh wait... Ha! No way! He left  
Yoko's ass in the late 80's! This  
gets better and better.

Mark is coughing up blood and barely breathing. He struggles to stay alive, but takes his final breath and passes away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Well, that was fun. But what I  
really want is for my kids to see  
Pantera one day. Gotta go!

A loud voice interrupts the moment. Behind Kevin, red and blue lights bounce off the walls of the alleyway building.

COP  
Hold it right there!

Kevin puts the phone up to his mouth and speaks quickly.

KEVIN  
Arosa Villa Columbus Ohio, December  
8th 2004.

He closes his eyes. A rumble starts, followed by a subtle white light.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - PRESENT DAY

The rumble and white light strengthens, but fades out almost as quickly as it began. The soundtrack turns back into New York traffic, shocked onlookers and police.

COP (O.S.)  
DROP YOUR WEAPON!!!

Kevin opens his eyes and looks around confused. He looks at his phone puzzled and speaks again. This time a little more frantic.

KEVIN  
Arosa Villa - Columbus Ohio,  
December 8th, 2004!!!

Nothing happens.

COP (O.S.)  
Put the phone down and drop your  
weapon!

Kevin gasps. He thinks aloud.

KEVIN  
Phone?

He turns around to see 3 police officers with guns drawn. They are in modern day uniforms, with brand new squad cars behind them blocking the alleyway.

Nosy onlookers have their phones out, taking pictures and video.

On the ground lays a man in a pool of blood. Although chubby, roughly 25, and similar in appearance as Mark David Chapman - it is not him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Wha-what?

The cops get more aggressive. All of them shout demands.

COP  
I'm not gonna tell you again,  
asshole!

Kevin immediately holds both the phone and gun up to surrender. Fear overcomes him. The cocky, self assured man from before is gone.

KEVIN  
Officers, it's okay! I saved him!

He slowly places the gun and phone on the ground.

COP  
Put your hands behind your head!

Kevin complies. The cops run over and detain him.

KEVIN  
It's okay, guys! John Lennon is  
alive because of me! I can prove  
it!

Another officer is knelt over the dead body and pulls out a  
wallet, and then ID. He looks at it.

COP 2  
His name was Lyle Banes. Born  
2/24/99. He's from the upper west  
side.

The other cop gives Kevin the stink eye. Then begins reading  
him his rights.  
This enrages Kevin.

KEVIN  
NO! NO! That's Mark David Chapman!  
He's the man who murdered John  
Lennon! I am a time traveler. He's  
alive because of me! I'm trying to  
go to 2004 to save Dimebag Darrell!  
Let me go! I can show you on my  
phone!

COP  
Get moving, McFly.

Two officers escort Kevin to one of the squad cars. He keeps  
rambling about Lennon and being a time traveler. The police  
ignore him.

People continue to take pictures and video.

INT. POLICE CAR  
Kevin is handcuffed in the backseat  
as they drive down 72nd street,  
sirens blasting.

KEVIN  
Officers, I know how this sounds,  
but I swear I could prove it if you  
just let me-

COP  
You killed a man.

KEVIN

I know, but that's-

COP

You Beatles fans are something else, boy.

KEVIN

It's not like that. Look, if it weren't for myself and others like me, this world would-

COP

YOU KILLED A MAN! He's dead because of you!

Kevin stops talking and shakes his head in frustration. Static interrupts the conversation.

COP 2

Dispatch, go 'head.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

The suspect is Kevin Mullens. He's been missing from Bellevue Psychiatric Facility since last night. There's an APB out on him.

The dispatch voice trails off. Kevin is surprised to hear the news. Both officers turn to look at him.

COP

You escaped, huh? (To the other cop) Someone's losing their job.

COP 2

Fucking shame.

KEVIN

This can't be happening. (Leans close to the window) There's gotta be someone else like me walking around.

COP

Here we go.

KEVIN

You have my phone. Just look through it. I swear to you, I'm not lying!

COP 2

How do you explain what happened,  
hot shot? You killed a random  
person? For what?

There's a slight pause. Kevin sighs in frustration.

KEVIN

I honestly don't know. This never  
happens. It was supposed to be Mark  
David Chapman in 1980. I don't know  
who that was.

COP 2

Well, you killed someone. You have  
to pay for that.

KEVIN

I'm telling you. Just look at my  
phone.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO HALLWAY LONDON ENGLAND - DAY

We stroll down a white hallway with a red carpet leading to a  
black door. Along the walls are plaques, photos, awards and  
gold records from The Beatles, dating all the way up to 2020.

Faint sounds of rock music is coming from behind the black  
door.

It opens. A man is frantically walking down the hallway  
looking at his phone. His face is pale, and flushed.

A woman stands in the doorway, concerned.

WOMAN

John wh-

He puts his hand up.

JOHN

Gimme a minute!

The man is an elderly JOHN LENNON. He is watching a video on  
his phone, but all we could hear is the sound of a  
newscaster.

NEWSCASTER

...an alleyway next to The Dakota,  
a man was shot to death by an  
escaped psychiatric patient - Kevin  
Mullens.

(MORE)

## NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

In a bizarre twist, he claims to have gone back in time to the year 1980, to prevent the murder of rock icon, John Lennon. Witnesses say he followed the victim around, taunting him until he backed him into an alley and shot him to death. Police have the suspect in custody.

John closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

EXT. MEMORY/DREAM- THE DAKOTA - 1980 - NIGHT POV

We open on a POV shot. A young Asian woman is walking alongside. Her eyes are tired, but gives a quick smile. A soft, angelic male voice speaks in the distance.

MARK (O.S.)

Mr. Lennon?

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

A grunt is heard, followed by the woman screaming. Bloodied hands reach out, but fall forward. A sharp, gurgling exhale leads to demise.

FADE TO BLACK

Flashes of newspaper clippings highlighting Lennon's murder scroll across the screen, with the date: DECEMBER 8th, 1980.

Several mugshots with the name MARK DAVID CHAPMAN scroll along with it.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO HALLWAY LONDON ENGLAND - PRESENT DAY

John opens his eyes, takes a deep breath and puts his phone away. Before he does so, we see a CU of the current time and date: DECEMBER 8TH 2021.

He stands up and greets the concerned woman at the doorway with a hug and a kiss.

She smiles and reciprocates.

WOMAN

What was that all about?

JOHN

Just happy I get to see your face another day.



WOMAN

What face? This face?

She scrunches her nose, crosses her eyes and fills her cheeks with air.

Both of them bellow with laughter.

JOHN

Yes. That very one. I'm a lucky man.

She smiles as he kisses her forehead.

WOMAN

What were you so upset about, though? You look like you saw a ghost.

He sighs and then gives a nervous laugh.

JOHN

It's..uhh... You know that dream I keep having?

WOMAN

Yes..

JOHN

Well, there's.... (Sighs) It's nothing. I'm just overthinking, I guess.

She studies him, then forces a smile.

WOMAN

You sure you're okay? Do I have to beat someone up for you?

JOHN

(Pretends to be damsel in distress)

Oh, my hero! Would you?!?!?

They laugh and he kisses her again.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're the best.

They head into the recording room and shut the door behind them.

INT. POLICE CAR

The police are escorting Kevin back to the hospital. They're currently in traffic.

Kevin leans his head back, rubs his eyes and lets out a frustrated laugh/sigh. He looks beside him and shakes his head.

KEVIN

Really? I'm a mental patient?

The officer in the passenger side turns around.

COP 2

What was that?

Kevin ignores him. He continues interacting with whoever is beside him.

He lets out a playful laugh, then pauses as if he's listening to someone.

KEVIN

Wait, he's alive? You nearly gave me a fucking heart attack!...I ended up actually killing someone!...Yeah, REALLY. What? How does that happen?

Both cops are puzzled. Kevin acts as if they do not exist.

COP 2

Who you talking to?

COP

Lemme guess, Doc Brown? Bill and Ted?

They laugh

KEVIN

Fuck these cops - Let's go! Come on!

As soon as the cops react, a bright flash appears. Then a woman in her 30s, with a hoodie and jeans forms out of thin air next to Kevin.

They are both stunned. Their mouths hang open and their eyes bulge, but do not speak.

She smiles and waves at them, cheerfully.

WOMAN  
Hi officers!

They're still stunned, and do not respond.

Kevin smiles. She smiles back.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(To Kevin)  
Now we're even!

COP  
Where the hell did you come  
from??!?!?

She giggles and shakes her head.

BEEP! BEEP! The car behind them honks as traffic starts to move.

WOMAN  
Well? Drive!

Another bright flash fills the squad car. Kevin and the woman are gone.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

An aerial shot of a large cemetery comes into frame. We slowly zoom in on a lone gravestone tucked away in the back lot. It is one of the few graves that are not decorated. It seems as if it has been abandoned.

The headstone reads:  
MARK DAVID CHAPMAN  
5/10/1955 - 12/8/1980  
*Imagine there's no heaven. It's easy if you try.*

FADE OUT

THE END