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INT. THE APARTMENT -- DAY FOR NIGHT

Candlelight flickers softly in the moonlight. "I Fall In Love Too Easily" plays in the background. A trail of clothes, spun off in a hurry, spots the rising, SPIRAL STAIRCASE.

MOANS can be heard from the loft above.

AROUND the stairs and up into:

INT. LOFT BEDROOM -- DAY FOR NIGHT

Two people ROLL and TWIST on the bed, their nude bodies locked in a lusty embrace. The shadowy head of AUBREY swirls around the pliant, rocking crotch of GRAYDON.

AUGUST (V.O.)

At the top of the stairs, with rising intensity, we hear the sweet, sublime, and stupendous sound of

GRAYDON (O.S.)

Jesus...fucking...

Graydon ARCS MAGNIFICENTLY.

GRAYDON (CONT'D)

...Christ!

In the light, Graydon, very early 20s, hot and quite delectable, lies back, spent.

GRAYDON (CONT'D)

God! Do that again.

Aubrey, late 20s to early 30s, but perhaps even better looking, kisses his way up Graydon's chest and towards his mouth. He tastes the passion on the younger man's lips.

AUBREY

Didn't know you could feel that good, did you?

GRAYDON

Fuck, no. Shit, I don't know what I was waiting for.

AUBREY

I told you I was good.

GRAYDON

Fuck that. You are amazing.

AUBREY

There's more.

GRAYDON

That's three times already. I'm not sure if I've got--

AUBREY

Twenty one today -- in the prime of your life -- and you aren't sure if you've got more? If you don't have "more," Humanity's hope for a better future ends right here.

GRAYDON

That's a heavy burden, old man.

Aubrey twists his nipple, half in play and half not.

GRAYDON (CONT'D)

Fuck.

AUBREY

"Experienced," if you please.

GRAYDON

I've got more. If you do.

Graydon starts to roll Aubrey over. Confused, Aubrey resists.

GRAYDON (CONT'D)

What?

AUBREY

Roll over.

GRAYDON

(gets it)

Oh!

Graydon reaches out to the dresser next to his bed, pulling a box of CONDOMS out. Aubrey pushes the box back down. Graydon hesitates again, but is motivated by a KISS.

AUBREY

Trust me.

Graydon starts to roll over...

RUMBLE

The room rumbles and SHAKES. The computer shuts off. The candles go out. So do the lights. Aubrey grabs Graydon close.

RED LIGHT seems to crack out from the darkness a few feet from the edge of the bed. The light resolves into the shining, cloaked, and boom voiced TRAVELER, who floats in front of them surrounded by a crackling field of energy.

TRAVELER

Graydon Carter! Humanity needs you!

Both Graydon and Aubrey look on in shock.

TRAVELER (cont'd) (CONT'D)

A thousand years from today, Earth has been overrun by the evil alien Horde. Our cities have fallen. Our people scattered. Their giant, ebony war machines tear across the landscape, exterminating people where ever they are found.

The Future stands on the brink of defeat! Our cause is not without hope, for Our frantic search across time and space has led us to you! We have determined that you, Graydon Carter, now, on this, your fifty first birth-day, have all of the necessary maturity, experience and intellect to lead our forces against the Alien Horde and turn the tide of great war into a moment of eternal victory for the Human Race.

Come with me now and accept your destiny as the Savior of Humanity!

Silence.

Crickets chirp..

The Traveler COUGHS.

TRAVELER (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

His voice no longer bellows, but now kind of WHINES. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his TRAVERSE TIME COMPUTATIONAL DEVICE. It bears a striking similarity to a beat up PDA.

TRAVELER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 (reading from his computer
 pad)

blah blah...our people scattered..blah
 blah blah...alien horde...fifty first
 birthday...intellect.....blah ---

Fifty First!

Oh boy.

Um... tell ya what. Just forget about
 this. Forget about all the time-line
 corrupting things I said. Just..err...
 stay safe, wear your seat belt, get
 regular dental checkups, use condoms --
 maybe learn everything you can about
 interplanetary warfare -- and I'll see
 you in what? Ten years?

Graydon nods "No."

TRAVELER (CONT'D)
 Twenty?

Again "No."

TRAVELER (CONT'D)
 Thirty?

Graydon and Aubrey both nod "Yes."

TRAVELER (CONT'D)
 Thirty. Really? Damn I really fuc- err
 they messed up.

The Traveler starts to FADE AWAY.

TRAVELER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 I'm never going to hear the end of this.
 "Save the universe, Eugene. Get the
 messiah, Eugene. Don't overshoot,
 Eugene..."

Suddenly he REAPPEARS.

TRAVELER (CONT'D)
 Oh and you, "Mr. Experienced"--

A CONE OF ILLUMINATION leaps out and surrounds Aubrey.

TRAVELER (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Toilet seats gets a lot of use too but
you don't hear them bragging about it.
Sheer skill my genetically engineered
ass.

A FLARE OF LIGHT and he's gone.

Aubrey and Graydon look at each other.

Finally:

Cake? AUBREY