

A Simple Discussion About Time Travel

By Robert Skotte

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE.

Four guys sit around a table playing poker (Five Card Draw). Beer bottles and crowded ashtrays pack the table. Smoke fills the air.

The four men sitting at the table are all white and in their early thirties.

RIDDICK: overweight, Italian designer glasses.

SHANNON: pale, nerdy, darting eyes.

JAY: muscular, tattooed, buzzcut.

MONTELL: skinny with a tan, good looking.

Riddick throws a ten dollar bill onto the small pile of bills at the center of the table. He looks to Montell.

RIDDICK
I'll see your ten...

He picks up an additional twenty. Smiles.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
And raise you another twenty.

Jay looks at his cards. Contemplates. Looks at Riddick and then back to his card. Folds.

JAY
Cocksucker.

Riddick grins and hums Queen's 'Another One Bites The Dust'.

JAY (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah. Blow me.

Riddick turns to Shannon.

RIDDICK
You game?

Shannon takes a drag on his cigarette, blows the smoke out through his nostrils.

SHANNON
The odds of your hand beating my
hand are very slim indeed. So
yeah, I'm game.

He throws the thirty dollars onto the pile. Riddick's grin disappears.

RIDDICK
You fucking calculator. Fucking
Rainman.

Montell laughs.

MONTELL
I'll call.

RIDDICK
Gee, what a surprise. Alright,
let's see 'em.

Montell hands his joint to Jay and lays his cards on
the table. All spades.

MONTELL
Flush.

RIDDICK
Yeah, you can flush that shit
down the toilet.

Riddick reveals two kings and three sevens.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
Full house...biatch.

SHANNON
Nice. Weak, but nice.

RIDDICK
Weak? The fuck you talk...

Shannon lays down a ten and four queens.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)
Aw, get the fuck out of here!

SHANNON
Imagine the odds, huh?

He picks up the bills, throws a dollar to Riddick.

SHANNON (CONT'D)
For the dealer.

Riddick flips him the bird. He gets up, picks up the
empty beer bottles.

RIDDICK
Time for a refill.
(to Shannon)
You. Put on some music.

He disappears into the kitchen. Shannon goes to the
stereo and picks up a CD. Jay puffs the magic dragon
and hands it back to Montell.

JAY

That's some good shit.

Shannon presses the play button and a high tempo dance track thumps from the speakers.

Riddick storms back into the room, no beers in his hands.

RIDDICK

What is that?

SHANNON

What?

RIDDICK

The music. What the fuck is that?

SHANNON

What?

RIDDICK

This ain't a fucking aerobics class.

JAY

(chuckles)

It's your music motherfucker.

RIDDICK

What? That ain't my shit. That's my wife's shit.

SHANNON

Well, which is yours?

RIDDICK

The ones that doesn't say 'I'm-gay-and-I-like-it-up-the-ass'.

SHANNON

Uhm...

RIDDICK

The ones that doesn't suck, man.

SHANNON

Uhm...

RIDDICK

Ah, for Christ's sake. Bionic Jive, Korn...fucking Ice Cube.

MONTELL

The Don Mega.

SHANNON

Oh, okay.

He puts another CD on. Riddick nods.

RIDDICK

Better.

JAY

Yo, Big Daddy. You forgot the brew.

Riddick gives him a hard stare.

JAY (CONT'D)

Or I can go get 'em if you want.

He gets up.

RIDDICK

Sit your ass back down. Your marijuana infested fingers ain't touching my fridge.

Jay sits back down. Riddick returns to the kitchen.

Shannon lights up another cigarette.

SHANNON

So I was watching The Terminator last night.

MONTELL

Which one?

SHANNON

The first one.

MONTELL

(imitates Schwarzenegger)
Sarah Connor?

JAY

Is that the one with the chick in it? The...uhm liquid terminator? She was fucking hot.

MONTELL

No, the liquid one is from number two.

SHANNON

Actually, the terminators in the second and third movie are both liquid.

MONTELL

Arnold ain't liquid.

SHANNON

Not Arnold, you idiot, the other terminators. The bad ones.

(beat)

Jesus, put the joints down once in a while.

Shannon leans closer to the table.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

Alright look, the T-101, that's Arnold, is a cyborg, right? Living tissue over a metal skeleton. The T-1000, the bad guy in the second movie, is made of mimetic poly alloy.

Jay and Montell stare at Shannon. Montell offers the joint to Shannon.

MONTELL

I think you need to puff a little, my friend.

JAY

You fucking Trekkie.

SHANNON

Forget the liquid shit, that's not even what I was getting at.

JAY

Gee, I hope not.

SHANNON

You remember in the movie that John Connor, the big-ass freedom fighter from the future, he sends this guy back in time to protect his mother. And the guy ends up getting her pregnant, thus becoming John Connors father.

MONTELL

Right.

SHANNON

I'm just wondering who John Connor's original father was.

RIDDICK

What do you mean, original father?

Riddick enters with an armful of beers. He places them on the table and sits down. Everybody grabs one.

SHANNON

Well, for Connor to exist in the future he would've had to have been conceived in the past.

RIDDICK

Sure.

SHANNON

So who was his father?

JAY

The guy he sends back.

SHANNON

But he couldn't have been. He wasn't even born at the time of Connor's birth.

JAY

Yeah, but he goes back in time. It's right there in the movie, man.

SHANNON

It doesn't matter. He goes back from the future, a future where Connor has already been conceived and born.

RIDDICK

So somebody else knocked up his mother, that's what your saying?

SHANNON

Yeah.

MONTELL

Poor fella, he's gonna miss out on a fuck.

SHANNON

Not necessarily. He can still bang her, he just won't be the father of her child.

Jay grabs the cards and shuffles them.

JAY

So he changes the future in the past?

SHANNON

Yeah, but not the future he came from. That one wont change 'coz it already exists.

RIDDICK

That one?

SHANNON

By going back he creates an alternate present and thereby future.

RIDDICK

Whoa. Back up the DeLorean, McFly. Alternate future?

SHANNON

Yeah, look at it like a fork in the road. The future the guy gets sent back from will still go on, only without him. The present he's sent back to will, however, evolve into a different future.

MONTELL

So there are two futures now?

SHANNON

Yeah, running concurrently. That's also why it would be impossible to travel forward in time.

RIDDICK

Oh, and traveling backwards is?

SHANNON

In theory. But like I said, if you go back in time, you create and alternate present and that present doesn't have a future yet, so there would be nothing to travel forward to.

Jay deals the cards.

JAY

So that means that I can travel back in time and kill my parents and nothing would happen? I would still exist?

SHANNON

Sure, but only in the past.

RIDDICK

The past?

MONTELL

You fucking lost me there, dude.

Shannon checks his cards, throws in a fiver.

SHANNON

Alright. In the future you traveled back from, which would be your present, your mom and dad will be alive. But since you travelled back in time, you won't be a part of that present any more. You with me so far?

JAY

Barely.

SHANNON

In the past you travelled back to, your new present, your parents will be dead, as you've killed them, which is kinda sick when you think about it, but you'll be alive and you'll live out the remainder of your life there.

MONTELL

Unless your parents also travel back and kills you too. Which they should you parent killing psycho.

Riddick throws in a bill and sips his beer.

RIDDICK

So there's no way you can change the future?

SHANNON

Not the future you came from, no. But your own future will of course turn out differently but only because you have the knowledge from the other future.

RIDDICK

The other future, right.

Montell lights up another joint.

MONTELL

Call.

JAY

Call.

SHANNON

But then there's the Grandfather Paradox.

JAY

What the fuck is that?

MONTELL

That's when you travel back in time and fall in love with your grandfather.

SHANNON

No. It's a theory that states that time travel must be impossible. Because if you kill your parents in the past, you won't be born in the future and ergo you cannot travel back in time. Whatever was meant to happen will happen, no matter what you do.

RIDDICK

Sounds like bullshit to me.
(beat)
I'll raise you ten.

Shannon checks his cards again.

SHANNON

Uh-huh. Call.

MONTELL

Let's see what you got.

Jay lays down.

JAY

I've got shit.

Riddick turns to Montell. Montell produces two pairs.

RIDDICK

I've got that beat.

He lays down his card one by one. Seven of clubs, eight of spades, nine of diamonds, ten of clubs and Jack of hearts.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Straight.

They all turn to Shannon. The tension mounts. Shannon smiles and reveals his cards.

RIDDICK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

FADE OUT.

THE END