My Amazing, Astonishing, Corrugated Time Machine

By

Timothy F. Betts

souterfell@gmail.com
EXT. PORCH - DAY

HELEN (45) in a sleeveless denim button down and plaid mom shorts rings the doorbell. TREVOR (15) huffs the way teenage boys do when in the company of their mother.

TREVOR
All day?

HELEN
Well I wouldn’t have to drag you along if I felt I could trust you.

TREVOR
What am I gonna do?

HELEN
Believe me Trevor, I’ve spent plenty of time worrying about what you’re gonna do while you’re busy just doing it.

TREVOR
I can’t wait til I’m older.

HELEN
Me too. Me too.

RACHEL (42) opens the front door. The two ladies squeal and hug. Trevor sighs.

RACHEL
Look at you, love the shorts!

HELEN
Six dollars. Can you believe that?!

RACHEL
You little fashionista. And is that Trevor? My Lord, you’re nearly a man.

HELEN
They’re growing up faster and faster on us, Sis.

Rachel lets them into the

LIVING ROOM

RACHEL
You’re telling me. Had to get Curtis three haircuts last month. Three! Boy sprouts like a Chia pet.

HELEN
You remember your cousin Curtis, don’t you.

TREVOR
Yeah, when the kid was a baby.

RACHEL
Well why don’t you play with for a little while. He’d love to play with his cousin. Besides, I got a special concoction made so your mom and I can... reminisce.

Trevor spys a pitcher of lemonade and a bottle of vodka on the dining room table.

TREVOR
Seriously?

Helen leans in with a stern smile.

HELEN
Remember, you owe me. Now go play with your cousin.

The ladies giggle their way to the dining room. Trevor follows the muffled sound of a TV down a hallway into CURTIS’ ROOM

CURTIS (8) sits transfixed on a loud yet crudely animated cartoon. His room is packed with dinosaur toys, board games, and drawings.

Trevor grabs the remote and flips through the channels.

CURTIS
Hey. Why’d you change that?

TREVOR
Cause I’m not retarded.

Unsatisfied, he turns the TV off and flings the remote.

TREVOR
Don’t you get any good channels?
CURTIS
Um, I guess not. I got some movies.
"Flying Squirrel Adventures I."
"Flying Squirrel Adventures II."

TREVOR
No thanks. I’m good.

CURTIS
You’re my cousin Trevor right? I made this for you.

Curtis gives him a rudimentary painting.

TREVOR
What the hell is it?

CURTIS
It’s you coming over to visit me.

Trevor gives the painted stick figures a cock-eyed glance.

TREVOR
Gee, thanks Rorschach.

Trevor tosses it aside and digs through Curtis’ stuff.

CURTIS
What are you looking for?

TREVOR
Anything. Too bad you got nothing.

He opens the closet door and sees a large CARDBOARD BOX with a child’s writing on it.

Curtis rushes to shut the door.

TREVOR
Woah, woah, woah little man. What you got in there?

CURTIS
Nothing.

TREVOR
You didn’t slam the door like it was nothing.

Even with all Curtis’ weight against it, Trevor easily opens the door. He reaches in and pulls out the box.
TREVOR
A box?

CURTIS
Put it back! It’s not safe!

TREVOR
The box isn’t safe?

CURTIS
It’s not a box. It’s a time machine.

TREVOR
A time machine?

CURTIS
Yeah. I made it.

Trevor inspects the "time machine." Drawn on dials and screens. A seat harness made out of a waist belt. The work of an imaginative eight year old boy.

TREVOR
How’s it work?

CURTIS
Well, you get in and close the box and think about when and where you wanna go.

TREVOR
Sounds complicated.

CURTIS
That’s why I put on the computer.

Curtis points out a square with the word computer drawn on the side.

TREVOR
Well, that would do it.

Trevor plops the box on the ground and puts one foot in.

CURTIS
No, no, no, no, no!

TREVOR
What, I thought you said it doesn’t work.
CURTIS
It does work. It just doesn’t work right.

He puts another foot in which terrorizes Curtis.

TREVOR
I’m sorry. Am I not supposed to do this?

CURTIS
No. Get out.

TREVOR
Okay, okay. I’ll get out. Right after this.

Trevor ducks into the box and pulls over the flaps. With a quick, sucking sound, the box disappears.

CURTIS
Oh no.

BLACK
Trevor giggles.

TREVOR
(mockingly)
Oh no, I’m traveling through time!

Trevor opens the box flaps, gets out, and finds himself in

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

next to piled up garbage and empty wooden palettes. He stands and catches his reflection in a broken window. Trevor is thirty years older.

TREVOR
Holy crap!

A HOMELESS MAN in cliche future jumpsuit, filthy of course, stumbles towards him.

HOMELESS MAN
That’s a fancy box.

TREVOR
Oh no, future homeless!

Trevor jumps back in the box, shuts it, and vanishes.
HOMELESS MAN
Damn. And I thought I was gettin’ less crazy.

INT. CURTIS’ ROOM - DAY

The box reappears. Curtis pulls the flaps open and Trevor spills out, looking SEVENTY-FIVE years old!

TREVOR
Ahhhh!

CURTIS
Ahhhh!

TREVOR
Ahhhh!

They pause, alarmed by each others’ terror, then...

TREVOR AND CURTIS
Ahhhh!

TREVOR
Curtis, it’s me!

CURTIS
Me who?

TREVOR
Me Trevor!

CURTIS
You look really old.

TREVOR
I know.

CURTIS
No, like really, really old.

TREVOR
I know.

CURTIS
No, like this really, really, old.

Curtis grabs a toy mirror and shows Trevor his septuagenarian face.
TREVOR
Why am I old?!

CURTIS
I dunno. How far in the future did you go?

TREVOR
I’m not sure. Why?

CURTIS
Cause the machine makes you old, like as old as you go, and even older on the way back.

TREVOR
Why would anyone make a time machine like that?

CURTIS
Sorry, how does your time machine work? Anyway, I told you not to get it.

TREVOR
You said it didn’t work.

CURTIS
I said it didn’t work right.

RACHEL (O.S.)
Boys, what’s going on in there?

HELEN (O.S.)
Yeah, why all the screaming?

TREVOR
What are we gonna do?

CURTIS
I got an idea.

Curtis takes three quick breaths, leaps in the box, and disappears.

INT. CURTIS’ ROOM - EARLIER

Curtis leans against the closet door. Fifteen year old Trevor holds the doorknob.
TREVOR
You didn’t slam the door like it was nothing.

Even with all Curtis’ weight against it, Trevor easily opens the door. A SECOND CURTIS runs out, kicks Trevor square in the twig and berries, and dashes back in the closet.

INT. CURTIS’ ROOM – PRESENT

The box reappears and Curtis spills out. He hears a commotion in the

HALLWAY

Trevor is led out by Helen with a bag of frozen veggies on his crotch. Rachel follows with apologies.

TREVOR
Little punk.

RACHEL
I don’t know what got into him. Keep the frozen peas.

CURTIS’ ROOM

Curtis leans against the wall and exhales. He glares at the time machine.

CURTIS
I can’t figure you out. I think it’s going to take top men.

He picks up the box and puts it in the back of his large closet, next to the board games, chemistry sets, and other childhood adventures.

CURTIS
Top men.

FADE OUT