

EXT. CITY IN THE FUTURE - DAWN

VOICE OVER

(clearing his throat)

Hence upon a time. In the year 2055. Science has realized a long imagined dream. The only remaining question: who will be the first to travel.

EXT. ACADEMY OF TOP SECRET SCIENCE - DAWN

The ACADEMY OF TOP SECRET SCIENCE looms large.

VOICE OVER

For the problem with the quest for the ability to travel through time has been the possibility that doing so would alter the past and consequently the present as it now exists.

INT. LAB IN THE ACADEMY OF TOP SECRET SCIENCE - SAME

A group of SCIENTISTS gather around a Time Machine, which is made up of recycled parts, covered with logo stickers from various corporations.

The SCIENTISTS celebrate their success.

LEAD SCIENTIST

A toast. To our genius.

The SCIENTISTS toast themselves with beakers of vaporizing liquids.

THE SCIENTISTS

To our genius!

They drink. One of the SCIENTISTS turns into an animal and runs away.

LEAD SCIENTIST

Guess we should have gone with the champagne.

The SCIENTISTS eye their beakers suspiciously.

LEAD SCIENTIST

Now. The one remaining problem we face is the possibility that sending someone back in time will effect how time unfolds and therefore change the present as we know it and even our very lives.

SCIENTIST #1 pipes in.

SCIENTIST #1

We can figure out this. We're scientists.

SCIENTIST #2

This should be a no-brainer.

SCIENTIST #3

We're the greatest minds of our time.

Silence.

Crickets chirp.

LEAD SCIENTIST

Uh, huh.

An enthusiastic SCIENTIST #4 raises his hand.

SCIENTIST #4

Send me, send me.

LEAD SCIENTIST

But we don't know what will happen to you. You may never come back. You may die. You may get caught in the space time continuum and be lost forever.

Beat.

SCIENTIST #4 points to SCIENTIST #5.

SCIENTIST #4

Send him, send him.

SCIENTIST #5 looks worried.

SCIENTIST #1

Send my wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCIENTIST #2
Send my mother-in-law.

SCIENTIST #3
Send my boss.

LEAD SCIENTIST
I'm your boss.

Beat.

SCIENTIST #3 points to SCIENTIST #5.

SCIENTIST #3
Send him, send him.

SCIENTIST #5 panics and grabs a beaker. He downs the vaporizing liquid.

Beat.

SCIENTIST #5
Oh, oh.

He disappears in a puff of smoke.

LEAD SCIENTIST
No, no, no. What we need is to
find a person that is so
inconsequential to the human
race...

The door to the lab opens and the janitor at THE ACADEMY OF TOP SECRET SCIENCE, a middle-aged man named EDDIE LITTLE, enters. He wears a janitor's uniform and begins cleaning the lab.

He mumbles to himself, as he works.

EDDIE
Clean the lab, Eddie. Feed the
infectious animals, Eddie.
Illegally dispose of the toxic
waste, Eddie.

The SCIENTISTS are oblivious to him.

LEAD SCIENTIST
...someone so irrelevant to the
development of our species...

EDDIE
My job sucks. My life sucks. My
girlfriend hates me and she's not
even real.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LEAD SCIENTIST

...someone so unnecessary to human evolution...

EDDIE

I'd kill myself if it wasn't for this damn fear of success.

LEAD SCIENTIST

...that sending that person back in time...

EDDIE

I wish I was never born.

LEAD SCIENTIST

...and the actions they take while there...

EDDIE notices the SCIENTISTS.

LEAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

...will pose little to no risk on how time unfolds.

Beat.

EDDIE raises his hand.

EDDIE

I wanna donate my body to science.

LEAD SCIENTIST

In other words, we need to find the most ineffectual person on the planet.

EDDIE approaches the SCIENTISTS.

EDDIE

You want ineffectual? In high school, I was voted least likely to succeed, most likely to fail and shoe-in for life long loser. And I was home schooled.

LEAD SCIENTIST

Someone who doesn't mind risking their life for our fame, fortune and glory.

EDDIE

I'll sign a release.

The LEAD SCIENTIST turns to EDDIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LEAD SCIENTIST

Do you mind? We are trying to figure out where we are going to find a person that nobody notices or cares about or who doesn't matter in any way whatsoever.

EDDIE

But I've never mattered. And I've had absolutely no impact on anyone in my life. They won't even know I'm gone. I'm a complete failure.

LEAD SCIENTIST

We're scientists. We don't listen to people. We need proof.

EDDIE

Proof? I'm a janitor at a time in history, when all other janitors are robots. You can't be a bigger failure.

Beat.

LEAD SCIENTIST

You do seem pretty pathetic.

EDDIE

I have just one request.

The LEAD SCIENTIST throws up his hands.

LEAD SCIENTIST

Never fails. Always something. All right. Let's hear it.

EDDIE

I wanna go back to the year I was born. Specifically, the month, day, minute, second, millisecond, trimillisecond that I was conceived.

Beat.

LEAD SCIENTIST

Hmmm. Gentleman?

The SCIENTISTS huddle and confer amongst themselves.