

SMART PHONE

FADE IN:

INT. A SCIENCE LAB - DAY

Wires. Computer parts. Pieces of cell phones scattered about. A CHALK BOARD with incomprehensible equations.

SUDDENLY AN ARM SWEEPS EVERYTHING OFF THE COUNTER IN ONE LOUD CRASH.

HANDS throw electronic parts into metal bins. A MAN, 50's, furiously types on a computer.

He deletes files as fast as he can. He pours a chemical into the metal bins and LIGHTS THEM ON FIRE.

SPRINKLERS GO OFF drenching everything. SPARKS AND SMALL EXPLOSIONS.

Voices in the hall. The sound of RUNNING. The man grabs an IPHONE off of the desk and bolts out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY IN A COLLEGE SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

The man races down a long hall and out of the building.

EXT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - DAY

He runs up the stairs. Dashes through the front door.

INT. THE LIBRARY - DAY

Inside students mill about. He slows his pace and tries to blend in. Ahead, a sign that says "MEN'S ROOM". He slips inside.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

He enters a STALL.

INT.- MEN'S ROOM STALL - DAY

He places the IPHONE on top of the toilet paper holder.

He presses on an unrecognizable APP.

The Iphone begins to SHAKE AND RATTLE. A BLINDING WHITE FLASH.

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE: SMART PHONE.

EXT. NEW ENGLAND COUNTRYSIDE/ COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

New England in the fall. Before us lies an historic college campus that is busy with students. A BILLBOARD features a BURLY MAN SMOKING A CIGARETTE. The message reads "IT'S 1985! TIME TO THINK ABOUT THE FUTURE! CAMEL CIGARETTES."

The cars, the clothes, the hair, all of it is unmistakably "eighties". Bright, brilliant colorful clothing. And a sea of big, blow dried hair.

Ahead is a brick dormitory. A window on the fifth floor. Inside, a young man stares hypnotized by his typewriter.

INT. A DORM ROOM - DAY

One part of the room is covered in pizza boxes and dirty magazines. The other side is as sterile and organized as an operating room.

On the over-organized side, MARK SUMMIT, 21, holds his finger above the "B" key of the typewriter in hesitation. He's a nice looking college student with a bright eighties style sweater, and a poofy eighties style haircut.

Hesitation. Then, the "B" key strikes a sheet of paper...and Mark quickly types: E-A-U-A-C-R-A-C-Y. "beauacracy". Is that right? Wrong. That's not how you spell it. Is it? It's not. Is it?

MARK

Crap!

MARK pulls the sheet of paper from the typewriter, crumples it and tosses it towards a trash can. He misses. It is apparent that he has missed many times before.

MARK (CONT'D)

(yelling to someone)

Hey! How do you spell bureaucracy?

An off camera voice.

TODD (O.C.)

Fuck if I know.

TODD, 21, Mark's roommate and the perfect specimen of a man. Good looking, ripped, tall and handsome. Todd has obviously just come from a shower. His hair is wet, and he wears only a SHORT TOWEL around his waist.

MARK

Yeah, you're right. Why would you know? Where's the dictionary?

TODD

We have a dictionary?

MARK

I have a dictionary. Where is it?

TODD

What does it look like?

MARK

It looks like a big thick book with lots of big words in it.

Todd stands next to Mark. He takes the towel and dries his hair with it. Mark has a dick in his face.

MARK (CONT'D)

Man! I told you, keep that thing out of my face. I don't want to see that.

TODD

What are you afraid of? It won't hurt you.

Todd swivels his hips, doing a helicopter dick move.

MARK

You're an asshole.

Mark searches the room. Todd follows him around naked.

MARK (CONT'D)

I have to turn this paper in by four o'clock or I'm screwed. Where is the damned dictionary?

TODD

You know me. What possible need could I have for a dictionary?

There it is. His precious dictionary is being used to prop up the bunk bed.

TODD (CONT'D)

Oh! THAT dictionary. The bed broke yesterday, so I punted. I did it for you. I wouldn't want you to roll off your bunk and hurt yourself.

MARK  
Very thoughtful.

TODD  
I had always imagined our  
relationship with me on the top and  
you on the bottom, but you seem to  
really prefer it this way so I will  
take one for the team and continue  
to be on the bottom as long as  
you're gentle.

MARK  
Can I please have my dictionary?

Todd lifts the bed and Mark pulls out the dictionary. The bed  
rocks precariously off kilter.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Why did the bed break?... Never  
mind. Don't answer that. I don't  
want to know.

TODD  
Aren't you just a little bit  
curious?

Mark buries his face in the dictionary and returns to work.

MARK  
Nope. Not even a little bit.

TODD  
You're curious a little bit.

MARK  
Nope. Not at all.

TODD  
I was jerking off while you were at  
the library and things got a little  
out of control.

MARK  
Jesus! Stop.

TODD  
What? It didn't get up on your  
bunk. At least not on the top of  
your bunk.

MARK

Ugh! Will you let me work please?  
(Looking in the dictionary at the  
word bureaucracy) ... B U, duh.

Todd fixes his hair in the mirror, and uses aerosol  
deodorant.

He puts on some shorts and a T-shirt that says "FRANKIE SAYS  
RELAX".

After a moment, Todd pulls up a chair alongside Mark and puts  
his head on his shoulder.

TODD

Whatcha writin'?

MARK

(Exasperated.)  
Really? It's Kafka.

TODD

What?

MARK

Kafka, Kafka, Kafka.

TODD

God Bless You.

Mark types.

TODD (CONT'D)

You know you don't have to start  
completely over from scratch every  
time you make a mistake right?

MARK

What?

TODD

(sarcastic)  
There's this new thing called  
"white out" you put it over your  
mistakes, you make sure that it's  
very, very dry, and then you go  
back and type over it. It's like a  
miracle in a bottle.

MARK

I don't like it. It makes the paper  
look like crap. You know they take  
off a letter grade if your paper  
looks like crap.

TODD

Really? Maybe that's been my problem. Good advice.

MARK

Please. Please. PLEASE. Go away. Go out. Go do something with your life.

TODD

Can I have five dollars?

MARK

Will you go away?

TODD

Cross my heart and hope to die.

MARK

I hope so too.

He pulls out a five, but then at the last second yanks it away.

MARK (CONT'D)

For at least three hours.

TODD

Two hours.

MARK

Three.

TODD

Two hours and twenty three minutes.

MARK

Three.

TODD

You're ruthless.

Todd snatches the five, and ruffles Mark's hair.

TODD (CONT'D)

Go get 'em tiger. Make Kafka proud. Don't let the bureaucracies get you down.

Todd leaves. Mark types.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DORM - DAY

Mark dashes out the front door of the dorm wearing a back pack. He runs to a bike rack and unlocks his bicycle. He hops on and pedals off. Paper due in fifteen minutes.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Mark winds his way quickly through the campus. He darts in and out of other students. He nearly runs one GUY over.

COLLEGE GUY

Asshole!

Mark rides faster. A clock tower. The TIME IS 3:50.

Mark pedals up to the front of the Liberal Arts building. He leaps off his bike, drops it on the ground, and runs inside.

INT. A SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Mark flies down the hall, maneuvering his way through a sea of STUDENTS.

He sees a MEN'S ROOM and grabs the handle to go in... Better not risk it. Cutting it too close.

He races down the hall and darts into a classroom.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Mark quickly grabs a seat.

A stern looking MALE PROFESSOR sits at a desk not paying any attention. He sorts through some undetermined paperwork. A CLOCK. The minute hand strikes FOUR. The Professor stands and addresses the class.

PROFESSOR

Congratulations. You will now not only be trained in the world's greatest literature, but in the equally important art of punctuality. Bravo and all that bullshit. Please pass your papers to the front of the class, and we're going to pick up today with a little Brecht. You're going to like Brecht. He's sexy.

A STUDENT attempts to slip in unnoticed.



PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry Mr. Donofrio. The early  
 bird gets the worm. The late bird  
 is totally fucked. Better luck  
 next time. Adios and Adieu.

Mr. Donofrio is a deer in the headlights.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 Bye. Bye.

The Professor waves. Mr. Donofrio slinks out. Mark lets out a  
 deep sigh of relief.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 Now...Brecht is a raunchy  
 motherfucker, with a mean streak a  
 mile long. You wouldn't want to run  
 into that bastard in a dark alley.

EXT. LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING - DAY

A flood of students stream out the front door, Mark among  
 them. He looks for his bike. It's missing.

MARK  
 Crap!...crap, crap, crap.

No choice. Better get moving the old fashioned way. He jogs  
 off.

EXT. A PAY PHONE - DAY

Mark runs up to a PAY TELEPHONE and picks up the receiver.  
 He frantically searches through his pockets looking for a  
 dime. He turns his pockets inside out. He checks the coin  
 return. No dice.

A GIRL walks by.

MARK  
 Hey, do you have a dime I could  
 borrow?

She keeps right on walking.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I get it, you've got  
 investments to make.

A GUY walks by.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 Hey, man can I borrow a dime? I'll  
 give you a dollar for it.

The GUY could give a shit.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 Really? Really.

MARK slams the phone down onto the receiver and takes off.

EXT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY - DAY

Mark races to the front door of the women's dorm.

INT. HALLWAY IN THE DORM - DAY

Mark stands in front of a door. Sweat beads on his upper lip. He holds his hand inches away. Hesitates. Breathes. Then at last, he knocks.

MARK  
 Jen?

No answer. That simultaneous feeling of relief and disappointment. He takes off down the hall.

INT. OUTSIDE THE WOMEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Mark stands before the women's bathroom. Does he dare? He places his hand on the door. And stops. He can do this. He cracks the door and yells inside.

MARK  
 Jen???

A female voice.

FEMALE VOICE  
 Mark?

Mark pokes his head inside the bathroom.

A NAKED WOMAN with only a towel on her head comes around the corner. Her name is ALYSSA, 21, and she is smokin' hot. Alyssa is a beautiful African American woman. She's naked and doesn't bother to cover up a thing.

ALYSSA  
 Hey!

MARK

Uh... Alyssa.

ALYSSA

Are you looking for Jen?

Mark nods. Alyssa fixes her hair in the mirror. Mark stares at her gorgeous tits in the mirror's reflection.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Did you check her room? I saw her go in there earlier.

MARK

(with a frog in his throat.)

She's not there.

ALYSSA

Sorry, she's not here either! I really wish I could do something for you.

She drops her towel on the ground.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Oops.

Mark stares at her as she bends over to pick it up.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Do you like my hair up like this? Or down like this?

MARK

It looks great both ways.

ALYSSA

I know. I'm gorgeous right?

Mark's mouth gapes like a fish on a hook.

ALYSSA (CONT'D)

Is there something else? Tell her I said don't forget about the Kappa party.

MARK

I will. Have a very nice day, Alyssa.

Mark slowly backs out, escaping from this very uncomfortable situation.

ALYSSA  
You too, pumpkin.

EXT. REGISTRARS OFFICE - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. REGISTRARS OFFICE - DAY

Todd's face presses against the glass of a window where payments for tuition are taken. He flashes his biggest and brightest smile at the FEMALE CLERK.

Something is wrong. His smile is not working like it usually does.

FEMALE CLERK  
I'm sorry, but there is nothing I can do for you.

TODD  
I can get you the money. I just need a few days.

FEMALE CLERK  
The records show you've already had an extension.

TODD  
I just need to move some money from one bank to another. Then I can bring you a check.

FEMALE CLERK  
Look, I will put this at the bottom of the pile. But if you don't pay, they'll send it to collections and there will be nothing I can do about it.

TODD  
Thank you! Thank you! What's your name?

FEMALE CLERK  
Ellen.

TODD  
Thank you Ellen!... You're very pretty you know.

Todd takes her hand and kisses it. Ellen blushes. He's got her right where he wants her. In the palm of his hand.

FEMALE CLERK  
(smiling)  
Get out of here!

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMPUS - DAY

Mark's on a mission. He runs like crazy past dozens of students.

In his rush he almost misses AMY, 21, a short, pretty Asian girl. She dresses like a cross between eighties MADONNA AND CYNDI LAUPER. She's completely into whatever is trendy and popular at any given moment on campus. This week she is embracing the Valley Girl culture.

Mark stops and yells back to her.

MARK  
Amy! Have you seen Jen? We have a study date. I've been looking everywhere for her. She's not in her dorm, not at the hall. Some A hole took my bike, and I can't find her anywhere.

AMY  
Like, you need to see her this instant? Like now? Right now? What's your damage, dude?

MARK  
Well, we're supposed to be studying together at the library tonight.

AMY  
Have you checked inside the library? Like, near some books? Doy!

Of course the library! What an idiot. He races away.

AMY (CONT'D)  
(yelling after)  
You need to take a chill pill Mark! Give her some space, you don't need to totally know where she is every second of every day.

Mark waves over his shoulder, never looking back.

EXT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The campus library is a big imposing brick building. Mark runs inside.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mark snakes his way through the aisles of books, looking down each one.

Jen is nowhere in sight.

Mark notices a MEN'S ROOM DOOR. He grabs the handle. No, better not keep her waiting.

He passes aisle after aisle. Then, there she is! JEN, 21, is a beautiful girl, smart, level headed. She has that fresh face and a beautiful smile. Every thinking college boys dream.

Mark stops and breathes the moment in. He exhales. Don't be a pussy, go over and talk to her. He puts on his very best semi-confident face and makes his way down the aisle.

MARK

Jen-

JEN

Oh, hi!

MARK

Sorry I'm late. Someone took my bike.

JEN

Sorry about your bike... were we supposed to meet tonight?

Mark's shoulders slump.

MARK

Uh, yeah... African Studies?  
Thursday... the exam?

JEN

Is that already? I'm sorry, I totally forgot.

MARK

That's okay, maybe I got it wrong.  
It's okay, well... we'll set something up later. Have a-

JEN

No, no. You're here. I've got the text book, if you want to grab a couple of the encyclopedias.

Jen stops. Mark looks like crap. What's wrong with him?

JEN (CONT'D)

My God, you're shaking and sweating like crazy.

MARK

Yeah sorry. I've been running all over campus. And, I didn't have time to shower.

JEN

(sexily)

Too bad, cause I thought maybe we could go behind one of the bookcases and do a little canoodling.

Mark stares at her in shock. She has never said anything about liking him, and certainly has never mentioned making out. Is he dreaming??

JEN (CONT'D)

I'm KIDDING! Don't freak out. My God.

Mark just stands there. Flustered and tongue tied.

MARK

(very politely)

Would you please excuse me for a moment? I have to take a shit.

What the fuck did he just say?! Jen stares at him with a very perplexed look.

MARK (CONT'D)

I mean, would you excuse me for a minute?

JEN

Go-

Mark can barely speak. He walks to the men's room, wishing that he was dead.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

He has fucked up everything tonight. He turns on the sink and soaks his face in water. He looks at himself in the mirror and speaks to his reflection.

MARK

Asshole... "Please excuse me, love of my life, I have to take a shit."

INT. MEN'S ROOM STALL - NIGHT

Mark sits on the toilet. Nothing is happening. Relax, relax... Nothing.

MARK

Really? REALLY? Crap!!

A VOICE (O.C.)

(whispers)

Pssst. Pssst.

A finger beckons him through a HOLE in the stall.

MARK

What the hell??

A VOICE (O.C.)

(whispers, very quietly)

What's going on?

MARK

What do you think is going on?

A VOICE

(whispers)

You sound frustrated. Can I help?

Mark grabs a wad of toilet paper and plugs up the hole. He holds his head in his hands.

Then:

SOMETHING IS SITTING ON TOP OF THE TOILET PAPER HOLDER. What the heck is it? It's a SILVER, METAL RECTANGLE.

It looks like it could be something to hold cigarettes, or breath mints? Mark picks it up and turns the thing in his hand. It has a shiny black glass surface.

He holds it up and looks at his reflection in it.



MARK

Huh?

INT. THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jen sits at the desk studying away. Mark approaches her.

JEN

I got the encyclopedias we need.  
(Playfully) Did you wash your  
hands?

MARK

Actually no. False alarm. Look at  
this weird mirror I found in the  
men's room...

Mark HOLDS UP THE "MIRROR". Both of their faces are reflected  
in the black glass.

JEN

It's not a very good mirror. It's  
black. And it's heavy. Is it a  
case of some kind?

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

The two-story frat house has a expansive front porch. Large  
symbols: Beta Theta Pi, let people know important folks live  
here. This house has a manicured lawn. Perfect paint. Very  
well taken care of.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

A bunch of FRAT GUYS hang out and play beer pong. Todd sits,  
waiting like a kid at the principals office.

A preppie cocky guy comes down the stairs. BRAD, 21, is one  
of the big-wigs at the fraternity. This guy is hot, blonde.  
It's a shame he's such a dick.

BRAD

Well Barrow. You're here again.  
That can only mean one thing.  
You're here to pay me back?

Todd stands up.

TODD

Actually, I was wondering if you  
could spot me a little bit more.

BRAD

More?? That interest is really accumulating quickly. How much?

TODD

Another thousand. And I will get it back to you. Soon.

BRAD

A thousand? Guys, should I lend Barrow another thousand dollars? What do you think?

The guys don't respond.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Whatever. It's going to mean more paperwork. And I think 30% interest this time.

TODD

Fine. Fine. Thank you.

BRAD

I don't know why you're wasting your money. Wouldn't you just be better off selling cars like your dad?

TODD

Just give me the paperwork. I'll get you your money back.

BRAD

Oh I know you will. I know you will.

Big smile.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Jen and Mark struggle to make sense of this unexplainable piece of metal and glass.

MARK

You got me. It doesn't look like it does anything.

JEN

This thing looks like a little button. Maybe it pops open and it's a cigarette case?

He tries to look for a way to open the object.

MARK

I don't think it opens.

JEN

Let me see.

Jen studies the thing closely.

JEN (CONT'D)

See, there's a little button here,  
you push that and I bet it will pop  
open...

Jen pushes the button. After a moment, the glass lights up.  
An image appears. (The Apple logo)

MARK

What is that??

JEN

It's a symbol of a little Indian  
girl.

MARK

It looks like a dog with a feather  
on it's head.

JEN

Why would a dog wear a feather?

MARK

You know...I think that's supposed  
to be an apple with a bite out of  
it.

JEN

That's dumb.

MARK

It actually looks like that  
Macintosh thing.

JEN

What's macintosh?

MARK

Remember the Superbowl last year.  
The new computer? 1984 Commercial?

JEN

No.

MARK

Macintosh? Named after an apple?  
You haven't heard about that new  
computer?

JEN

Why would I need a computer?

EXT. LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING - NIGHT

The Liberal Arts building is dark. Except for one window.

INT. LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING - NIGHT

Todd approaches an office. He stops. Gathers himself. Work  
that charm baby! He knocks.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Come in.

A FEMALE PROFESSOR motions him inside. She doesn't look up.  
She continues to mark up a pile of papers.

TODD

Thank you for seeing me so late.  
You must be a very hard worker,  
which is why you're a great  
teacher.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Mr. Barrow. What can I do for you?  
I'm surprised to see you, since I  
don't see you in class very often.

TODD

I know I have missed a few classes  
and-

FEMALE PROFESSOR

A few?!

TODD

Several. But I wanted to see if  
there is anyway I could make them  
up? Extra project? Something? I am  
working a lot, and I haven't really  
had the time to-

She looks up from her work, and speaks to Todd directly.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Look Todd. I get it. I put myself through school too. But you have to keep up, or I can't help you. You might consider dropping my class before it goes on your record. You have until next week. Take something less... challenging.

TODD

I'd really like to make this work if I can.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Up to you.

TODD

Is your hair natural? It's really beautiful. Gorgeous color.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

(not falling for it)

Uh, uh. I don't think so.

TODD

I'm sorry did I say something wrong? Did I offend you?

FEMALE PROFESSOR

I like girls. Go do your homework. Then we'll talk.

INT. THE LIBRARY - NIGHT

The object sits on a table. Jen and Mark lean in, studying it closely. Their faces only inches apart.

JEN

What is it doing?

MARK

It just has that apple thing.

Suddenly the TIME AND DATE APPEAR on the glass. And the words "SLIDE TO UNLOCK" can be seen near the bottom. They jump back.

JEN

It's a clock! With the date!

MARK

Cool! Must be like a new digital watch type thing. But huge.

JEN  
But something is inside of it.

MARK  
What do you mean?

JEN  
On the bottom... look, it says,  
"slide to unlock".

Mark slides the object around the table as if he were mopping up a bad spill. The object does not respond.

MARK  
You try.

Jen slides the object around the table. THEN:

JEN  
Hey, it moved!

MARK  
It's open?

JEN  
No the glass moved. Well not the  
glass, but the face of the clock.

As her finger traces over the words "slide to unlock" the object brightens up and is filled with a RAINBOW OF SMALL STICKERS with WORDS AND SYMBOLS on them. Like nothing they have ever seen before.

JEN (CONT'D)  
It moved with my finger.

MARK  
It's a mini TV screen.. I've seen  
something like this before. You  
touch the glass, and it gives you  
information.

JEN  
Where have you seen that!?

MARK  
Last summer...Epcot Center. But  
nothing like this.

Mark runs his fingers over the miniature TV screen. The STICKERS MOVE WITH HIM.

MARK (CONT'D)

I think these little squares are buttons.

JEN

Buttons? For what?

MARK

I don't know. What's Zillow?

JEN

That's not even a word.

Mark pushes the ZILLOW BUTTON. Whoa! What's that??!

MARK

(whispering)

Holy crap! That's a map!

JEN

What are all those little marks with numbers? 350K, 425K?

MARK

(panicking!)

We are not supposed to have this. No. This is some government freaky nuclear weapon map, or some crazy Ronald Reagan kill list.

Jen puts her hand on the screen and moves the image around.

MARK (CONT'D)

Don't touch it!! (A beat. He's captivated.) Look at all those numbers, they are all over that map. This is some spy stuff or something. Turn it off.

Mark grabs the object and hits the screen with his fingers. It moves the image around.

He hits the screen harder trying to turn it off. Nothing. The image remains, and the screen fills with even more icons and numbers.

Suddenly, a photo of a house appears.

MARK (CONT'D)

Look, somehow it's got pictures in there! Must be targets or places where Russian spies are... or Chinese infiltrators or some other communist plot.

Mark SLAMS the object down on the table. Damn thing won't shut off! So he BANGS it on all sides creating quite a racket. From behind him, a VOICE.

LIBRARIAN  
Is everything okay?

A LIBRARIAN, 60, looms over his shoulder. The shock of her voice causes Mark to FUMBLE THE OBJECT and it SKIDS across the floor and UNDER A BOOKCASE.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)  
You dropped something.

MARK  
Uh sorry... thanks. We're just panicking up, I mean packing up, we'll be quiet.

LIBRARIAN  
...You know, you're young. You should really try to have less stress in your life.

MARK  
You're right. Thank you.

She starts to go, then stops.

LIBRARIAN  
My husband died from too much stress.

MARK  
I'm sorry.

LIBRARIAN  
And cancer. But stress had a lot to do with it.

She shakes her head and goes.

Mark scurries over to the bookcase. Tries to retrieve the object. It is just out of his reach.

He grasps for it, but cannot reach it.

A hand reaches for the object from the other side, and GRABS it! Mark looks up. Jen has the object in her hand. She holds it up and smiles.



INT. MARKS DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Jen slip inside the room. Mark carefully looks back out, over his shoulder at the hallway. Jen calmly sits down, while Mark paces and panics.

MARK

Why did I pick that thing up? I should have left it there. Someone is going to be looking for it.

JEN

Well, how will they know that you took it? I wouldn't worry. Did anyone see you? Was anyone else in there?

MARK

No.

A beat.

MARK (CONT'D)

Yes.

JEN

Yes?

MARK

Yes, a guy in the next stall.

JEN

And he saw you? How did he see you?

MARK

Sometimes in a men's room there are these holes between stalls and sometimes a guy will take his... He just saw me.

JEN

But he doesn't know who you are. Did he see you pick up the thing?

MARK

I don't think so.

JEN

Let me see it again.

MARK

No! What if it's radioactive, or self destructs or shoots out poison gas?

JEN

It didn't look like that to me. Let me see.

Mark pulls the object very, very carefully out of his back pack. He handles it like a bomb about to go off. He delicately hands it to Jen. She looks carefully at it.

JEN (CONT'D)

What's Google?

MARK

What's what?

JEN

It says Google.

The weirdest word they have ever heard.

MARK

Google?

JEN

I'm going to press it.

MARK

Don't press it!!

JEN

I'm going to.

MARK

Don't!!

JEN

Too late.

Mark looks away shielding his eyes. Jen studies the thing up close.

JEN (CONT'D)

This one is dumb. It just says "Google". That's it. Boring. I'm going to try another one.

MARK

Stop!

JEN

What do you think Yelp is?

MARK

Torture? People screaming, yelping.  
Stop pushing the buttons. Please,  
please stop pushing the buttons!

JEN

Where is your sense of adventure?

Without a moments hesitation, Jen hits the square marked  
YELP.

JEN (CONT'D)

It's just more writing and it says  
"restaurants, bars, food..."

MARK

Targets. Places to bomb, food to  
poison...

JEN

Reserve a table... That's weird.

MARK

STOP!

JEN

I'm going to reserve a table.

MARK

Please don't. Please do not reserve  
a table. It could be a trap, or  
code, or a tracking device.

Mark looks out the window. That feeling of being watched.  
That feeling of doom and dread.

JEN

Flavor of India. Four stars.

MARK

Huh?

JEN

Table for two. Seven o'clock.

MARK

Oh God.

JEN

We're confirmed.

Mark's eyes grow wide, just as Todd opens the door. Amy is  
with him. They laugh about something.

TODD  
 (to Amy)  
 He's out, but you won't believe how  
 he keeps his...

Todd notices Mark and Jen. The laughter and fun is immediately doused.

TODD (CONT'D)  
 Oh, you're here. I thought you  
 were studying.

MARK  
 Uh, we came back. The library was  
 really noisy.

Todd notices the glowing piece of metal.

TODD  
 What's that thing?

INT. THE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Jen, Todd and Amy intently look at this device. Mark stands in the corner by himself plotting his next move. Amy holds the object high and spins around the room.

AMY  
 Bitchin'! Totally Awesome.

JEN  
 It's seems like an itty bitty video  
 camera. But it doesn't do anything.  
 There's no tape. This one is  
 really confusing. I can't figure  
 out what it does.

AMY  
 Like, why is it called Snap Chat?

JEN  
 I have no idea.

TODD  
 Snap at it. Chat with it.

They snap their fingers and talk to the object.

ALL  
 Hello, hi, what's up?

Nothing happens.

JEN

Nothing. I think it's pretty useless. It doesn't really do anything.

MARK

Great, yup. It's useless. I'm going to take it back to where I found it.

TODD

What? No way. It does something- we just have to figure out what that is.

Mark's head is about to explode. And then it does.

MARK

We have to get rid of it!!! We have to. It's not safe!

TODD

What are you talking about, not safe?

MARK

If we don't get rid of this you know exactly what's going to happen. A secret government guy with sunglasses and an attitude will show up at the door. We'll have to escape and go on the run, because they'll want their technology back. We'll hide out, probably in some old barn. Then we'll hear a helicopter overhead and run outside. We'll try to run, but the helicopter will shine a spotlight on us and chase us all around with it. Meanwhile the government guy ambushes us. One of us will sacrifice our life for the others. It's probably going to be Todd because he's an asshole and will want to redeem himself. So let's skip all of that, and I'll just return it and we'll forget this ever happened.

Jen has been messing with the object.

JEN

Guys, that Google thing- it's a mini typewriter.

AMY

Like, Ohmigod. It's so tiny. Who could use it?

MARK

Please don't use it. Please stop okay?

AMY

So, seriously, what should we type?

TODD

(smiling)

I know...

Todd holds the object close.

TODD (CONT'D)

K...A...F...K...A

AMY

What's Kafka?

They stare at the thing in shock.

TODD

Holy, fuckin' shit...

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - NEXT DAY

Mark purposefully walks to class, focused only on the destination. Todd follows, close on his tail. He tries to get Mark's attention.

TODD

One hour. Just one hour. Then I'll bring it right back.

MARK

No. I said no.

TODD

Come on, you said you were going to put it back in the bathroom, so give it to me and I'll do it.

MARK

No. It's too late for that. It's dangerous. What if it falls into the wrong hands? World War III? Nuclear annihilation? I just have to figure out where to take it. Surrender it to the authorities.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

It must be super top secret, and really dangerous. It's incredible technology.

TODD

Let me just borrow it for my Kiddie Lit test. You don't want me to fail Children's Literature do you?? Think of the children.

MARK

Frankly I don't give a hobo's hat. That's a gut class anyway.

TODD

Come on. Be a buddy. I promise I will bring it right back.

They arrive at the Liberal Arts building. Mark climbs the steps, ignoring Todd completely.

TODD (CONT'D)

You're very disappointing as a friend Mark Summit. I'm very, very disappointed in you. I want you to know that.

Mark flips Todd off without even turning around.

TODD (CONT'D)

Very saucy! Not cool! Not cool at all.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

STUDENTS scurry to their seats. Mark makes his way to a desk, and sets his backpack on the floor.

He surreptitiously unzips the backpack and peers inside. The metal rectangle sits quietly, the glass dark, and asleep.

The Professor enters the front of the lecture hall and speaks.

PROFESSOR

Welcome, welcome one and all. I'm glad everyone is here on time. So I can...

Once again, Mr. Donofrio, slips quietly into the room and slides into an empty seat. He's made it.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 (clicking his tongue)  
 Tsk,tsk,tsk. So close, Mr.  
 Donofrio. So, so close.

The Professor waves Mr. Donofrio off. The poor kid leaves.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 Unfortunately for poor Mr.  
 Donofrio, he is going to miss a  
 wonderful surprise today. I know  
 how you all like pop quizzes. So I  
 thought, why not? Make the kids  
 happy. And please don't think of it  
 as a just another test, think of it  
 as holding your very future in your  
 hands.

The Professor hands a stack of papers to a student, and the  
 quiz gets passed all around the room.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)  
 Isn't this exciting? And...go.

The Professor picks up a MAGAZINE CALLED "TEEN BEAT". On the  
 cover are two young guys labeled "JOHN STAMOS" AND "ROB  
 LOWE". He gets out his "WALKMAN" for his daily fix of some  
 good ole Air Supply.

He kicks back for some great music and fine reading.

Mark looks at the test. He should have studied. He looks at  
 his backpack. He looks back at the test. And back at the  
 backpack. Should he or shouldn't he? He decides against it  
 and begins the test.

INT. REGISTRARS OFFICE - DAY

Todd empties out a brown paper bag of cash onto Ellen's desk.  
 Brad the loan shark has apparently come through with the  
 cash.

TODD  
 Here's half. Can this get me  
 through to Thanksgiving?

CLERK  
 It's not a pay as you go kind of  
 thing. You have to pay it in full.  
 I'm sorry. I wish I could help.

Todd pleads with her, doing his best impression of a wet  
 puppy.



TODD  
Give me one more day.

She thinks about it and can't resist him.

CLERK  
You are going to get me in so much  
trouble.

Todd kisses her right on the lips.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Mark struggles with the quiz. He writes things down with a pencil and then erases them and starts over.

Write. Erase. Write. Erase. The tip of his pencil SNAPS. Fuck. He starts CLAWING AT It to get to the lead inside. It's not working.

He puts it in his mouth and gnaws on it like a determined beaver. This is not going well. He looks over at his backpack again. He decides against it and continues to write.

SUDDENLY MUFFLED MUSIC STARTS TO EMIT FROM THE BACKPACK- OH SHIT!: (TAYLOR SWIFT)

'CAUSE THE PLAYERS GONNA PLAY, PLAY, PLAY, PLAY, PLAY

AND THE HATERS GONNA HATE, HATE, HATE, HATE, HATE

BABY I'M JUST GONNA SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE

I SHAKE IT OFF, I SHAKE IT OFF...(REPEAT. REPEAT.)

Mark's eyes go wide and dart around the hall. Everyone looks around to try and see where this BIZARRE MUSIC is coming from.

Mark quietly reaches for his backpack, unzips it, sees that the object is now lit up and flashing "UNKNOWN".

He grabs the device and stuffs it down his pants. It insistently continues to play.

The Professor reads and mouths the words to "I'M ALL OUT OF LOVE".

Mark has got to get out of there. He makes his way through an aisle of students, his crotch playing music right in their faces. He slips out unnoticed by the professor.

INT. HALLWAY IN THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING - DAY

The music has stopped. He notices a MEN'S ROOM.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Mark looks underneath all of the stalls. NO FEET. Excellent.

He enters a stall and sticks his hand down his pants. He shakes his leg.

The thing slips out onto the floor. Into the next stall.

A VOICE  
(Whispering. From the next  
stall.)  
Hey. What's going on?

Mark looks at the floor under the neighboring stall. Two feet drop down.

A finger waves through a hole between the stalls. A voice. It is the same one from the library the night before. Shit.

A VOICE (CONT'D)  
(whispers very quietly)  
How's it going? Whatcha doing? This  
looks important.

This is really gross.

A VOICE (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Don't worry. Here you go buddy.

Slowly, painfully so, the object emerges from the hole in the wall.

Mark's fingers barely grasp it.

He drops the object back into the backpack, and leaves the mens room in a hurry.

INT. HALLWAY IN THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING - DAY

Mark looks up and down the hallway. There is no one around. He notices a door marked "STORAGE". He steps inside.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - DAY

It is pitch dark. Mark pulls the OBJECT from his backpack and it glows. The light emitting from it illuminates the closet.

He is surrounded by mops, brooms and cleaning supplies. He slides his finger across the glass and the buttons move and shake. And then...

HELLO.

The screen has filled with a BUBBLE WITH THE WORD "HELLO" in it. Mark stares at it.

MARK  
(Whispering into the  
object)  
Hello?

Nothing.

ARE YOU THERE?

MARK (CONT'D)  
(Whispering)  
Yes. I'm here. Who are you? What  
are you?

HELLO?

MARK (CONT'D)  
(A little louder)  
Hello. I'm here.

Mark touches the screen and the MINIATURE TYPEWRITER pops up. HE TYPES "HI".

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

MARK (CONT'D)  
(typing)  
Mark. What's yours?

I NEED YOUR HELP.

Mark stares at the screen, and cocks his head.

INT. CAFETERIA. - DAY

STUDENTS eat and study in the cafeteria. Todd is dressed in a white shirt and pants covered with condiments.

Todd pulls trash out of a garbage can. The bag breaks and goes all over the floor.

Todd gets down on his hands and knees and picks up garbage by hand.

Brad and his frat guy friends walk in.

BRAD

Barrow! What happened?? You look like shit.

TODD

Yeah, well, it's a shitty job.

BRAD

Well, don't get fired, you've got bills to pay.

Todd continues to clean up the trash.

TODD

Speaking of that. I need one more loan.

BRAD

I don't think so. I don't think you're a good risk.

TODD

I'm going to get kicked out.

BRAD

(fake sympathy)

Oh no! (Looks at the floor) Is that Sloppy Joe? That's a real waste of food. Kids are starving somewhere, I'm sure.

TODD

Yeah, yeah. I'll clean it up.

BRAD

You're not going to throw it away are you? You're on a budget.

Todd wonders what he's getting at.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Eat it.

TODD

Huh?

BRAD

Eat it, and I'll know your serious  
about saving money, right guys?

The guys say nothing. They're super dumb.

TODD

Seriously?

BRAD

Sure. Not all of it. Just a little.

Beat.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You want to graduate right?

TODD

Man you are-

BRAD

Careful...

Long pause. People are looking at Todd. He scoops up some of  
the Sloppy Joe.

And then he eats it.

Brad smiles.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Atta boy! I'll get the paperwork.  
Swing by the house later.

And the asshole is gone. Todd is approached by a lunch lady,  
her name is EDNA.

EDNA

Don't worry honey, I've been  
working here for thirty years, and  
I've eaten much worse. There's a  
bunch of dishes stacking up in the  
back and a big delivery out on the  
dock.

Todd picks up a pile of fish bones and throws them into a new  
bag.

INT. JEN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Jen's room is neat and tidy on one side.

And covered with PHOTOS AND POSTERS OF CATS on the other side.

Jen and Mark sit on Jen's bed, deep in discussion.

JEN

Where are you hiding it?

MARK

It's under my mattress.

JEN

So someone, from somewhere, you don't know where, sent you a message, and wants you to keep this thing hidden, but not do anything with it?

MARK

Yes. It has very sensitive technology embedded inside, and it can't fall into the wrong hands. So I have to keep it.

JEN

Forever?

MARK

I don't know. We didn't get that far. The writing thing takes forever. It's exhausting.

Mark yawns.

MARK (CONT'D)

I think I better go take a nap.

INT. MARKS DORM ROOM - DAY

Amy and Todd have the object out, it is lit up and plays music.

They dance around the room joyfully, while the object plays GANGNAM STYLE.

Mark walks in the door. He stops dead in his tracks.

TODD & AMY

Gingham Style!!

MARK

What in the hell is going on in here??

AMY

We've just been playing with it. It does all kinds of stuff. Music too! We're dancing Gingham Style! Come on!

She tries to get Mark to dance.

MARK

Get out. Just get out!

Mark stops the music.

TODD

I live here.

AMY

You're no fun. Everyone says so. Even Jen. You're too uptight.

Amy walks out, slamming the door behind her.

MARK

I am not uptight! (To Todd) You are not to touch that thing ever again!!

TODD

Okay... (sing songy) but I know something that you don't know.

MARK

What?

Todd shrugs and turns away.

MARK (CONT'D)

What???

TODD

So, you know how I'm taking Kiddie Lit because I don't like to work very hard?

MARK

Yes.

TODD

Well, yesterday, I was writing a paper on why the best selling children's books sell so well. So I made a google. And there were the usual suspects. Green Eggs and Ham. The Poky Little Puppy... Tootle.

MARK

What the heck are you talking about?

TODD

I'm talking about number five. The fifth best selling children's book of all time according to the google is called Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire.

MARK

Never heard of it.

TODD

You wouldn't have. You couldn't have.

MARK

Why not?

TODD

It was written in 1999.

MARK

Huh?

TODD

I should say... WILL be written in 1999.

MARK

Huh?

TODD

The Google knows the future.

MARK

Huh?

TODD

Huh, exactly.

Todd raises an eyebrow.

INT. THE DARK SOMEWHERE - DARK

It is pitch black. We hear Amy's voice.

AMY

Why do we have to meet in here?



MARK

It's the only place that's safe.

AMY

It smells like my grandmother's pocket book. Old Tic Tacs and Scope.

The object brightens illuminating Amy, Mark, Jen and Todd's faces. They are in the janitors closet surrounded by the mops, brooms and cleaning supplies. They are packed in tightly.

Mark holds the object up so that they all can see it.

MARK

We are the only four people who have seen this up close right?

TODD

Well I haven't shown it to anyone. I can only speak for myself.

Amy looks at each of them. Shrugs her shoulders.

MARK

I mean there is this guy who hangs out in the men's room, he's seen it, but I'm not counting him.

JEN

What did you want to tell us?

MARK

We have discovered something incredible about this thing. Way more than we initially thought.

TODD

Technically I discovered it, but that's only if we've decided to be completely open and honest about everything.

JEN

Okay, what is it? I think we're running out of oxygen.

MARK

I think it's better if we show you.

Mark holds up the object so that everyone can see it. It is lit up and says GOOGLE.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Tell me a date. Any date.

AMY  
July Fourteenth, 1789.

They look at Amy like she's nuts.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Bastille day. Ever heard of it?

MARK  
No, pick a date that hasn't happened yet.

JEN  
What?!?

AMY  
Nov 15th. (A beat). Mr. Pinky's Birthday... My cat?

MARK  
God. Okay. November 15th. Let's say- In the year 2000.

JEN  
What are you talking about? The year 2000? Are you nuts? You've been to see Back To The Future way too many times, Marty Mcfly.

Mark types "NEWS NOVEMBER 15 2000." A pause. Nothing. Then all of a sudden:

NOVEMBER 15, 2000. U.S. Presidential election, 2000  
Republican challenger George W. Bush defeats Democrat Al Gore, but the final outcome is not known for over a month because of disputed votes in Florida. (The article continues with additional information)

JEN (CONT'D)  
On this day: "US Presidential election 2000. Republican challenger George Bush defeats Democrat Al Gore, but the outcome is not known for over s month because of disputed votes in Florida."...This is made up. It's so obvious. George Bush is Vice President, so there's a good chance he'll be President. I could make that up.

A PHOTO OF TWO MEN, titled : GEORGE W BUSH AND AL GORE is presented in the article.

MARK

Look! That is NOT George Bush. This is ANOTHER George Bush.

AMY

(deadly serious)  
Clones!!

TODD

Al Gore looks boring.

JEN

(so skeptical)  
And it says they are counting ballots by hand, and they don't know who the President is because it's off by 542 votes or something? Really? The President is decided by 500 votes? Ridiculous. And look-what's this? There's a whole section about hanging chads.

AMY

(terrified)  
Oh my God. I totally, have to warn Chad.

JEN

This is a sci-fi movie or something. Someone is pulling our legs.

MARK

Pick another date.

AMY

November 15, 2364.

MARK

Todd and I have messed with it. It stops at 2017. We can't get any information past then.

JEN

You know how ridiculous this is right?

TODD

Jen is right. This could all be someone fucking with us.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

I don't know why, but they could be fucking with us. So, lets pick a day... say tomorrow. See what this thing says WILL happen and then we see if it DOES happen. If it does, then it's likely in the future they will be cloning George Bush and hanging guys named Chad.

Mark types in OCT 12, 1985.

AMY

(amazed)

October 12, 1985. Ohmigod. That's like, tomorrow.

All three stare at Amy.

AMY (CONT'D)

What?

MARK

We just said that.

AMY

I'm sorry, I'm bored. I stopped paying attention, like, two minutes ago.

On the screen: NEWS FOR OCT 12 1985.

OCT 12, 1985 THE KANSAS CITY ROYALS BEAT THE TORONTO BLUE JAYS - PRODUCING AN ALL MISSOURI WORLD SERIES. THEY'LL NOW FACE THE ST LOUIS CARDINALS IN A MISSOURI SHOWDOWN.

TODD

Missouri? Who gives a fuck about Missouri? What a God Damn waste of a World Series. I fuckin' hope this doesn't happen.

INT. MEN'S DORM SHOWER - NEXT DAY

Mark is by himself in a big communal shower. Todd comes in naked. There are about 20 open showers away from Mark but Todd takes the one right next to him. Mark covers his dick with the soap.

TODD

Fuckin' Missouri.

MARK

Why am I always getting close ups  
of your dick?!

TODD

So that thing got it right. Just as  
I said it would. Now we can predict  
the future.

MARK

(freaking out.)  
Ssssh! Are you nuts? Be quiet.

TODD

(mimicking an echo,  
loudly)  
Predict the future, future chur,  
chur, chur... (His voice echoes in  
the shower)There's no one around.  
You've gotten your wish, we're  
finally both naked and alone.

Todd soaps up. They scrub down for a bit. Then-

TODD (CONT'D)

Have you had any more messages from  
your boyfriend?

MARK

(Quietly.)  
No. Nothing.

TODD

If I had to guess he's probably  
been murdered. Have there been any  
murders on campus lately?

MARK

I don't know what to do with that  
thing. Do I turn it in? Do I  
destroy it?

TODD

Destroy it? Are you crazy? Someone  
gives you a magic brick that tells  
the future and you want-

Three naked guys walk into the shower laughing. Todd stops  
talking, and quickly changes the subject.

TODD (CONT'D)

(handing Mark the SOAP)  
Here, now you do my back.

Todd drops the SOAP and BENDS OVER to pick it up.

TODD (CONT'D)  
Whoops I dropped the soap...

Todd gives Mark a look and winks. Nice save.

EXT. CAMPUS LAWN - DAY

Mark and Jen eat lunch together on the grass.

JEN  
So, how do we explain this? How is this even happening? How is a machine predicting the future?

MARK  
I'm not sure. It must be algebraic equations or something. I think it's some kind of small computer type thing. Like a commodore 64 on steroids.

JEN  
A computer? The size of a deck of cards? Impossible.

MARK  
So is Missouri playing Missouri for the first time since 1944.

INT. REGISTRARS OFFICE - DAY

Todd walks up to the window and dumps a huge pile of money out in front of Ellen the clerk. Somehow Todd has come into a large windfall of cash.

TODD  
So can I stay?

FEMALE CLERK  
Wow! Where did all this come from?

TODD  
I gambled on something, and it paid off.

FEMALE CLERK  
(counting money)  
Good for you! This is enough to cover this semester.

(MORE)

FEMALE CLERK (CONT'D)  
Next semester's tuition is due on  
Monday.

EXT. CAMPUS LAWN - DAY

Mark offers Jen part of his lunch.

JEN  
Do you want to split this Devil Dog  
with me?

Amy walks up to them. She looks COMPLETELY DIFFERENT. Her  
hair is now straight and frames her face.

JEN (CONT'D)  
Amy? What's gong on?

AMY  
My life's a joke, I'm broke, my  
love life's D.O.A.

JEN  
What are you wearing?? What did you  
do to your hair?

AMY  
It's called the "Rachel". It's  
named after some chick named  
Rachel. Do you like it?

JEN  
Who's Rachel?

AMY  
I don't really know. Ross's  
girlfriend I guess. Or they're just  
friends. I couldn't tell.

JEN  
Who's Ross?

AMY  
The boring one. I only looked at  
pictures. It said Ross and Rachel.  
Friends. It'll happen in 1994. What  
do you think?

MARK  
What?!? You can't go around dressed  
like that!

AMY  
Why not? I'm a trend setter.

MARK

No. No- you can't set trends. You cannot. You have to change. Right now. That Rachel whatever it is could upset the space-time continuum.

AMY

Continue what?

MARK

Please do not use the information from that thing for fashion advice. Please.

AMY

But I want to try out the Spicy Scary next. I mean Scary Spicy. I don't remember but somebody's spicy and scary.

MARK

This is not going to end well. No one touches that thing anymore except me. I'm not letting it out of my sight.

JEN

What are you going to do? Sleep with it?

INT. MARKS DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mark tries to fall asleep on his top bunk. He clasps the object to his chest, paranoid that someone will come for it.

Todd lies below, totally NAKED and SNORING loudly. It will be a long night.

Todd FARTS loudly.

Mark grasps the object and holds a pillow to his face.

INT. MARKS DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mark finally sleeps. The room is silent. A small CREAKING SOUND. Mark opens one eye. Todd lies on top of him, staring him right in his face.

TODD

Hi... I'm scared. Can you tell me my future?



Mark pushes Todd off the top bunk with a CRASH.

TODD (CONT'D)  
 (Just his voice from  
 below. In pain.)  
 That's the kind of thing I'd like  
 to know before it happens.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - NEXT DAY

Mark walks across the campus, headed to the cafeteria.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

At the counter, Mark points to some food. He speaks to Edna.

MARK  
 (looking at something in a  
 pan.)  
 What is that?

EDNA  
 Sloppy Joe.

MARK  
 Is that all there is?

EDNA  
 I ask myself that every single day.  
 There's French Bread Pizza.  
 Pepperoni.

A MUSICAL NOISE emits from Marks backpack.

EDNA (CONT'D)  
 Did you hear that?

MARK  
 (He knows what it is)  
 Hear what?

EDNA  
 I heard some weird sound.

MARK  
 I didn't... On second thought I'm  
 going to skip the pizza.

Mark runs out of the cafeteria, through the back door.

EDNA  
(calling after)  
Good call!

EXT. CAFETERIA LOADING DOCK - DAY

There are pallets with food, boxes of supplies covered with tarps, and garbage cans overflowing with trash.

Mark can't find any place private.

He grabs a tarp and gets underneath it.

EXT. UNDER A TARP - DARK

The sound goes off again. He scrambles awkwardly through the backpack and pulls out the device. It is glowing. The words on the screen say:

I'M IN TROUBLE.

Mark types.

TROUBLE?

More words.

BAD GUYS.

Mark Types.

WHERE ARE YOU NOW?

More Words.

I'M IN A DIFFERENT TIME.

Mark Types.

CALIFORNIA?

More words.

NO. WHERE I AM IT'S 2017.

Huh?!

EXT. CAFETERIA LOADING DOCK - DAY

Mark emerges from under the tarp. Todd is right behind him. Todd quickly turns away and pretends to be busy, Mark doesn't see him and runs off.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Jen studies surrounded by several encyclopedias. Mark approaches quickly and she looks up. He grabs her arm and drags her behind one of the bookcases.

MARK

You're not going to believe this.

JEN

What? What's wrong??

MARK

That thing? It's a flux capacitor.  
And we just hit 88 miles per hour.

INT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Jen and Mark walk together.

MARK

2017. That's what he said...wrote.  
In that word message thing.

JEN

He's a professor from the future?  
Really? And you believe this?

MARK

He said he's in danger, because he  
invented this new technology so he  
sent this thing back from the  
future to keep it hidden, and  
protect it.

JEN

How do you protect it? Who are you  
supposed to protect it from??

MARK

I hid it in my typewriter case.  
Todd would never go near my  
typewriter.

INT. MARKS DORM ROOM - DAY

Todd searches the room, looking for the device. He pulls out Marks underwear and goes through it. Some really interesting choices. He stops. He thinks. He looks at the typewriter case.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Mark and Jen sit on a bench near a pond that is filled with dozens of ducks.

JEN

So then, how did he send it back in time?

MARK

He said he invented an APP for that.

JEN

What's an APP?

Amy walks right by them.

JEN (CONT'D)

Amy?

Amy turns back towards them. She has a whole new look. A pastel track suit. Sparkly necklace. White sunglasses. A fedora. And a purse on which she has clearly written "JUICY COUTURE" with magic marker.

AMY

Hey, ya'll, I'm back in time from the year 2000- bye-otches.

JEN

What's Bye-Otches?

MARK

No...no,no,no.

JEN

Is that what people will be wearing in the future? It's hideous.

AMY

I'm Brittany Speared.

JEN

Who on earth is that? She's awful.

AMY  
 (posing)  
 She's like, "Hit me baby, one more  
 time."

JEN  
 So she dresses like that because  
 she's abused? She's in disguise to  
 protect herself?

AMY  
 I guess. Next I'm going to shave my  
 head bald. Totally 2007.

JEN  
 What's Juicy mean?

AMY  
 I have no idea.

MARK  
 Go change!

AMY  
 Into who?

INT. THE LIBRARY - DAY

Todd sits in a hidden corner of the library, surrounded by  
 stacks of books and papers. He writes and drinks a COKE. The  
 Librarian approaches, carrying A large book.

LIBRARIAN  
 This is the best book we have on  
 Russian history.

TODD  
 Thank you, Dolores. You are truly  
 one of a kind.

LIBRARIAN  
 You're so welcome.

She sees Todd covering the object with his hand.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)  
 What's that?

TODD  
 Oh, just a reading light. Battery.

LIBRARIAN

Okay. Well, let me know if I can do anything else for you.

She starts to go.

LIBRARIAN (CONT'D)

And I mean anything.

She's gone. Todd opens the book and starts to make notes.

Amy walks by. She is dressed in a sequined bra, a pink wrap skirt with a diamond tiara on her head.

She almost misses Todd. She stops. Continues. A double take.

AMY

Todd?

Todd looks up. He covers the object with his hand.

TODD

Amy? Why are you dressed like that?

AMY

I'm like, some lady from 2003. She's famous for having sex with some guy... That's hot.

TODD

What's hot?

AMY

That's what she says.

TODD

Who is she? What's her name?

AMY

I forget. Something like Paris Marriot. So, like, why are you in the library?

No answer.

AMY (CONT'D)

Are you like, studying??!

No answer.

AMY (CONT'D)

Are you like, actually smart?

Todd covers up the glowing object, and Amy notices.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Mark let you borrow that?

Todd says nothing.

AMY (CONT'D)  
He so did NOT let you borrow it.  
Can I borrow it again for a little  
while?

TODD  
No, I need it for this test.

AMY  
I'm going to tell.

She goes to reach for it.

TODD  
Stop! I need it...

They both go for it. Their hands hit the can of Coke,  
spilling it all over the metal object.

AMY  
Look what you did!

TODD  
What I did??!

Todd dries the device on his shirt.

AMY  
OhmiGod. I'm totally telling that  
you spilled Coke on it.

TODD  
Don't you do that!

AMY  
Give it to me!

TODD  
No, I need it for my test!!

AMY  
I need it too!

TODD  
No! I said no!!

AMY  
Aaaaarrgh!!

Amy jumps onto Todd and starts clawing at him, she rides him around, clinging to his back. They fall to the floor and wrestle.

INT. JEN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Jen and Mark sit together, as Mark sketches on a pad.

MARK

Okay, so here we are. 1985. Here he is, 2017. All of this in between is time, and space. Somehow he was able to slip that thing through to us here, which means...

Amy stumbles in. A complete mess. Her Tiara is broken in half and dangling off of her head. She holds the object high and triumphant! Mark and Jen look at each other. What the hell?

AMY

Guys, I have some totally good news and some totally bad news.

JEN

Tell us the good news first.

AMY

Fer Shur. The good news is, Todd like, swiped the thing from you, but I wrestled him to the floor, and totally sat on his face, and got it back for you!

MARK

I knew I couldn't trust him!! Amy, Thank you!!

JEN

What's the bad news?

AMY

It's really sticky.

A beat.

AMY (CONT'D)

And it totally doesn't work anymore.



INT. MARKS DORM ROOM - DAY

Mark paces back and forth. Furious. Todd uses a blow dryer to dry out the object.

MARK

I told you, no. I explicitly told you no.

TODD

Hmmm. I don't know if it was explicitly. Sorry man, I don't think the hair dryer is working. It's just dead.

MARK

Yeah, that and probably whoever that was sending me messages. You better make this right Todd. You screwed up. You fix it!

TODD

I'm just gonna blow this thing for a little while longer, hope it doesn't explode.

Todd continues using the blow dryer.

INT. JEN'S DORM ROOM - DAY

Jen sits looking in a mirror with Amy over her shoulder.

AMY

Please!! Let me do you. You can wear it to the Delta Kappa party.

JEN

Absolutely not. I am not dying my hair black. Who is this woman anyway?

AMY

She's a cross between Marilyn Monroe and Charles Manson. She's so cool. She wears vampire makeup.

JEN

No thank you.

AMY

Okay, then let me just cut your hair and do you as Justine Bieber.

JEN

Who's she?

AMY

She's a very pretty girl.

INT. CAFETERIA KITCHEN - DAY

Edna doles out some sort of slop into a container. She dances around humming a tune. Gangnam Style.

EDNA

Gingham Style! Why is that song stuck in my head?

Todd walks into the kitchen whistling Gangnam Style. He sees Edna spooning the brown slop.

TODD

What is that stuff?

EDNA

It's either pudding or gravy. I'm not sure. Let's finish up and go home. I'm sure you've got stuff to do. I don't, but I'll bet you do.

Edna leaves.

Todd immediately rushes over to a drawer. He pulls the object out. He pushes all of the buttons to see if it will come on again. Come on! Come on! Work!

It won't. It's dead. Todd goes over to a microwave. He opens the microwave and puts the object inside.

He thinks about it. Good idea? Yeah, this could work. He sets the timer for one minute. Then a voice from out in the cafeteria.

BRAD

Barrow! Are you back there?

Todd quickly takes it out of the microwave. He looks for a place to hide it fast. A nearby bag of RICE. Perfect. Brad comes into the kitchen. Todd acts like nothing is unusual.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Can we get some service out here my good man?

TODD

We're closed.

Edna comes back into the kitchen.

EDNA  
It's pudding.

BRAD  
Excuse me Ma'am would you mind if  
we borrowed Mr. Barrow?

EDNA  
Nope. We're closing up anyway.

TODD  
(panicking)  
But I still have to clean behind  
the steam table...

EDNA  
Awww, go have fun with your  
friends. The steam table will still  
be dirty tomorrow.

Brad grabs Todd's arm.

BRAD  
Thank you Ma'am. It is most  
appreciated.

TODD  
But...

Brad puts his arm around Todd and walks him out of the  
kitchen.

BRAD  
We have some nice young ladies  
coming over to the house tonight,  
and I really need the place cleaned  
up. And by nice young ladies I mean  
prostitutes.

Edna wipes up some of the pudding off of the counter. She  
picks up the bag of rice and notices something glowing  
inside. She takes out the object and looks at it. It is lit  
up, displaying the date and time.

EDNA  
They put the weirdest shit in my  
food.

Amy's voice from out in the cafeteria.

AMY (O.C.)  
Hello?? Todd? Are you here? Did you  
get it working?

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Edna comes out of the kitchen and Amy is waiting.

She has on an orange jumpsuit with numbers sewn on. Her hair  
is a mess. She looks like crap.

EDNA  
Todd's not here, he went off with  
those frat boys.

A beat.

EDNA (CONT'D)  
Why are you dressed like you just  
escaped from jail?

AMY  
I'm Lindsay Lohan.

A beat.

EDNA  
Who? Never mind. You're weird...  
Look at this metal thing I found in  
a bag of rice-

She holds up the object.

INT. LIBRARY - NEXT DAY

Jen picks out books. She opens each one, and either puts it  
back or keeps it. Mark follows her around holding the  
object.

JEN  
So Amy fixed it?

MARK  
I don't know, but it's fixed.

JEN  
(whispers)  
Anymore messages?

MARK  
No. Silence.

JEN

Have you tried out any more of the buttons?

Mark just looks at her. Of course he didn't.

They sit at a table and speak in low voices. Jen scrolls through all of the "buttons".

JEN (CONT'D)

There's so many buttons. What about this one? He's got it labeled his face book.

She clicks on the icon marked FACEBOOK.

JEN (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

MARK

What?

JEN

So many pictures of cats. In costumes. What a weirdo.

They study the "face book" together.

MARK

It's a list of names and faces. And notes about the person. See, this says Patty Weaver. She had pancakes and muffins for breakfast this morning.

JEN

Why would someone eat pancakes AND muffins?

MARK

And this guy Dave Connor. His info says, "You think you know people, and then they turn around and stab you in the back. Fuck that. Y.O.L.O."

JEN

Who's Yolo?

MARK

I think these could be his informants. They're all labeled "friends". Nobody has 758 friends.

Mark studies the screen closely.

MARK (CONT'D)

And look at this, I have no idea what this is. Here's a picture of a Kangaroo. With writing.

A "meme"- "A Kangaroo with writing underneath"

JEN

(reading)

Girl, you should sell hotdogs because you already know how to make a wiener stand... Is it code for something?

MARK

(concerned.)

I think in the future people are fucking Kangaroos.

JEN

Is that Willy Wonka?

MARK

It is.

JEN

(reading)

So you think I'm stupid? Tell me how you voted for Obama... Who's Obama?

MARK

He sounds African. And Willy Wonka hates him. I wonder if Willy Wonka is some sort of historic icon in the future?

JEN

Probably. Which reminds me. History. Headed there right now. Good luck in German Lit.

She kisses Mark on the cheek and runs off. Mark touches the spot where she kissed. Hell yeah, this day just got a whole lot better!

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Mark sits at a desk in the hall. He has a text book open and tries to study it quickly. The Professor enters the classroom.

PROFESSOR

Good morning chickens. I hope you have all been getting acquainted with Mr. Brecht. Because I am hoping you can each write me up a little story explaining why Verfremdungseffekt is so fascinating... And yes. That's a word. One hour. And go.

The Professor puts on his HEADPHONES and grabs a MAGAZINE called BOP. On the cover are pictures of two handsome boys labeled "JOHNNY DEPP" AND "KIRK CAMERON". He listens to LEADER OF THE BAND BY DAN FOLGELBERG, mouthing the words and getting misty.

Mark is sweating bullets. This is the second test he's screwing up.

He reaches into his backpack for a pen, and there it is. It's glowing, beckoning him. "Just pick me up, what harm could it do?"

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

(With his headphones on.  
Speaking too loudly.)

Fifty Eight minutes. I can't wait for all of your deep and thoughtful insights. I'm on edge.

Mark grabs the glowing object and places it under his arm on the desk. He clicks on the "GOOGLE" button. He types in the word-

BRECHT.

Every bit of information about BERTOLT BRECHT appears on the screen. He clicks on the glass again. More information appears. We see the word: VERFREMDUNGSEFFEK. Mark starts to write.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Time ticks by. Mark clicks away on the object.

The professor hums along to Dan Folgelberg.

MONTAGE as Mark writes and clicks. The clock MOVES FORWARD.

Time is up. Mark has finished the essay. Whew. The girl sitting next to him has been looking over his shoulder. She gives a thumbs up and smiles.

EXT. THE LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING - DAY

Mark is on top of the world. The day is getting even better, because there is Jen. Waiting for him.

MARK

Hey! What's up?

JEN

I stopped to remind you that we have the Delta Kappa Epsilon thing tonight. Don't let me down!

MARK

That's tonight?

JEN

Do we have a date or don't we?

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

The sorority house is rockin'. Lots of cars and chaos. Students arrive for a massive party. Mark and Jen walk up to the front lawn.

MARK

Wow. Big Party... We should leave.

JEN

No. You need this. Forget about that "thing" for one night.

Mark's eyes fly open wide. He pats down his body. Shit. The DEVICE IS GONE. Crap! It's just gone... Nope. There it is in his front pocket. He has it. He relaxes.

JEN (CONT'D)

Give it.

MARK

What?

JEN

Give it to me. You need a night away from that thing. I'll keep it in my purse. And I never part with my purse. Just ask anyone. So give.

MARK

What if he sends a message?



JEN

It can wait. - You've got thirty  
years to get back to him right?

He gives her the object, and they head inside.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

STUDENTS having a great time. Kegs of Beer. Weed. Making out.

JEN

This looks fun.

MARK

Can we go? This looks like a scene  
right out of a movie. All we're  
missing is John Belushi.

A DRUNK GUY walks up to them, right in their faces...(Spicoli  
from Fast Times)

DRUNK GUY

(Super drunk.)

Hey Bud, Let's party!

MARK

Now can we go?

JEN

Nope. Why don't you get us  
something to drink?

MARK

A Coke?

JEN

How about some B J's.

What?!

MARK

B. J.'s?!?

JEN

Bartles and James?

INT. SORORITY HOUSE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mark walks into the kitchen and it is crowded with PARTY-  
GOERS.

He opens an ice chest and digs around for some wine coolers. He grabs two. He closes the lid to reveal: TODDS FACE stares back at him.

TODD  
Hello handsome.

MARK  
What are you doing here? You got invited to this?

TODD  
No. I hate the Greeks. But I like free beer. Do you have the... the ... you know...

MARK  
The what?

TODD  
You know the... (mimes typing on the object) I want to check on something.

MARK  
I do not. I gave it to Jen.

TODD  
You trust her but you don't trust me?

MARK  
You were going to put it in the microwave.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark and Todd walk back into the living room. Jen talks to Amy who has changed her look again. Amy wears a lion's mane around her face. She is covered in bubble wrap. She has on a ballerina tutu, and TWO CUBE STEAKS fastened to her boobs.

TODD  
Is it a Halloween Party? That's not for two weeks?

AMY  
No. I'm Lady Ga Ga.

TODD  
Lady Who Who?

JEN

She's a royal princess that went insane or something?

AMY

She's a Lady, and she sings, she tries to act, and she really craves attention so she dresses up like an idiot. The Google says she'll be here in 2008 give or take a few.

TODD

In 2008 chicks wear meat on their tits?

AMY

Yup!

TODD

I guess it could come in handy if your plane crashes in the Andes.

MARK

We're all gonna die.

TODD

(ruffles Marks hair)

Don't be such a negative Nellie. How do you know we're not improving the future? Maybe Lady Hoo Ha got the idea from Amy, because Amy did it back in 1985.

MARK

Huh?

TODD

Time is such a mind fuck isn't it?

MARK

Okay. Fine. Go. Show off your meat titties.

Mark chugs the entire wine cooler.

MARK (CONT'D)

Bartles and James can blow me.  
Where is Mr. Jack Daniels?

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NIGHT

Lots of PEOPLE DANCE AROUND A POOL. Big party. Lots O Fun.  
The center of attention? Amy.

She is surrounded by hoards of students who dig her new look.

Mark watches from nearby. He holds an open bottle of JACK DANIELS and takes a big swig.

TODD  
Slow down Tiger!

MARK  
Why should I? Time flies  
right?....(Observes his  
surroundings) Why the fuck is  
there a pool at a sorority house?

Amy pulls out a cassette tape labeled MIX TAPE. She turns off the music that plays from a boom box. She pops in the mix tape.

AMY  
Get ready to do some Dub Stepping  
bitches.

Amy turns on the boom box. Loud Dub Step music plays. The crowd is still for a beat. Amy dances. Then after five seconds or so, everyone joins in.

A GUY jumps off the roof into the pool.

GUY  
Whooooo!

Mark is completely soaked by the splash.

JEN  
Mark, are you okay?

Mark grabs Jen. Pulls her close and kisses her hard and long.

She pulls back in shock.

Then she kisses him back just as hard. They start making out. In her passion she leaves her purse. Jen drags Mark inside.

TODD  
Go easy on him Jennifer! He's only  
a child!

INT. SORORITY HOUSE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jen and Mark make out as they head upstairs.

INT. - SORORITY HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

They make their way down a hallway, lips never separating.  
They knock on a door.

VOICE

Occupied.

They continue on to the next door. They knock. Silence.  
They open the door and fall into the room.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE- NIGHT

Todd sits by the pool drinking a beer. Brad the asshole shows  
up with his entourage.

BRAD

Barrow! You're here? There is a  
whole stack of dirty glasses in the  
kitchen. You want to get on that?  
And I think someone dropped a  
cookie by the keg. It looked pretty  
delicious.

Brad laughs.

TODD

Do you feel lucky Punk?! Cause I  
am!

Todd pulls wads and wads of hundred dollar bills out of his  
pockets and shoves them in Brad's face. Todd walks off.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jen and Mark make out hard, they rip each others clothes off.  
They fall on the bed, ready to go.

JEN

It's about time!

Oh yeah!! They go for it, as the curtains blow and the sound  
of Dub Step drifts up into the night air.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - NEXT DAY

The sun rises over the sorority house. A ROOSTER crows.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Mark wakes up, walks over to the window, naked, and stretches. Jen sits up.

MARK

Why is there a rooster on campus?

JEN

(teasing)

Damn you have a nice ass!

MARK

Todd tells me that all the time.

They laugh.

JEN

So you're going to marry me now right?

Mark's laugh freezes solid.

JEN (CONT'D)

I'm KIDDING! Oh my God!

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Mark and Jen are back in their clothes, rumped, but dressed. They walk down the hall as Todd emerges from one of the bedrooms. He's half dressed and carries some of his clothes.

TODD

Mornin'

MARK & JEN

Morning.

A super HOT GIRL with big boobs comes out into the hall, naked. She carries some shoes.

HOT GIRL

You forgot your shoes asshole!

She throws Todd's shoes at him.

HOT GIRL (CONT'D)

This guy cannot fuck. He just does not fuck. Look at these tits? (To Mark) You'd fuck me right?

MARK

Absolutely.

Jen shoves Mark and they head downstairs.

TODD

She kept screaming at me to fuck her, over and over again. Like a banshee. Who could concentrate? So bossy.

INT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Amy lies crashed out on the floor. One of her cube steaks has a HUGE BITE OUT OF IT. She wakes up when she hears them come in.

AMY

Good morning. Did you guys do it?

JEN

What?? Have you been down here all night?

AMY

Nah. I get knocked down, But I get up again.

Amy stands up, straightening herself.

JEN

What?

AMY

I get knocked down, but I get up again. You're never gonna keep me down.

JEN

(confused.)

Okay.

AMY

It's from a song in the future. Chumba Rumba.

JEN

You're making that up. How much did you look at on that thing?

AMY

Not much. A little. Maybe a lot. Just me and a couple of friends.

MARK

What?! How many friends looked at it?

Jen looks under some sofa cushions for her purse. Oh crap. No. No. It's missing!

JEN

Has anyone seen my purse?

MARK

Didn't you take it upstairs with you???

JEN

It was a little hard to focus with your tongue down my throat!

MARK

So it's gone?

JEN

It's got to be here somewhere.

The place is trashed. It would be hard to find anything. They tear the room apart, looking for Jen's purse.

AMY

You know what guys?!!

Amy searches through a large pile of crap. Has she found it?

AMY (CONT'D)

This is a most Excellent Adventure.

They all scour the place for Jen's purse.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Mark and Jen walk in silence. The tension is high.

MARK

I can't believe it's just gone.

JEN

You know, my credit cards and drivers license were in there too.

MARK

It's not your fault. It's my fault. It was my responsibility.



JEN

Why is it your responsibility? You didn't ask for this. Maybe it disappeared back into the future.

MARK

I just hope all that information doesn't fall into the wrong hands, like evil corporations or a secret assassin society.

JEN

Amy didn't have it for that long. How many people could she have possibly showed it to?

In the distance. A large gathering of STUDENTS watch a CRUNCHY HIPPIE MUSICIAN sit with TWO WOMEN on either side of him. He has a GUITAR and plays a very sweet and slow SONG.

CRUNCHY HIPPIE MUSICIAN

(Sweet and slow.  
Tubthumper.)

I GET KNOCKED DOWN. BUT I GET UP AGAIN. YOU ARE NEVER GOING TO KEEP ME DOWN. I GET KNOCKED DOWN BUT I GET UP AGAIN , YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO KEEP ME DOWN.

More strumming.

CRUNCHY HIPPIE MUSICIAN (CONT'D)

HE DRINKS A WHISKEY DRINK. HE DRINKS A VODKA DRINK. HE DRINKS A SPIDER DRINK. HE DRINKS A JOGGERS DRINK. HE SINGS A SONG THAT REMINDS HIM OF GOOD TIMES. HE SINGS A SONG THAT REMINDS HIM OF THE BITTER WINES. BUT THEN HE GETS RIGHT BACK UP AGAIN.

Applause.

MARK

Have we heard that song before??

JEN

Yes, yes we have.

They look at each other. They get the same idea. This is Amy's song from the future. The device must be here.

They run over to the crowd and rush towards the musician, he has already started another song.

Jen and Mark look all around for the device! Is it in someone's hand? In their pocket? Buried in their books? In backpacks?

They surreptitiously search everywhere while music plays.

CRUNCHY HIPPIE MUSICIAN

(Singing. Oasis.  
Wonderwall.)

TODAY IS GONNA BE THE DAY  
THAT THEY'RE GONNA THROW IT RIGHT  
AT YOU.

BY NOW YOU SHOULD'VE SOMEHOW  
REALIZED WHAT THEY'RE GONNA DO.  
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ALL MY MONEY  
STEALS AWAY TO YOU. AND I SAY WOW.  
SO NEAT, THE WORD IS ON THE STREET  
BIG SALES FLYER IN YOUR CART NO  
DOUBT.

I'M SURE YOU'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE  
BUT YOU NEVER REALLY HAD TO SHOUT.  
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ALL MY MONEY  
STEALS AWAY TO YOU, AND I SAY WOW.  
AND ALL THE STUFF WE HAVE TO BUY  
REMINDING.

THAT ALL THE ESCALATORS WE'RE NOT  
FINDING

THERE ARE MANY THINGS THAT I  
WOULD LIKE TO SAY TO YOU BUT I  
DON'T KNOW HOW  
CAUSE MAYBE, YOU'RE GONNA BE THE  
ONE THAT SAVES ME  
AND AFTER ALL, YOU'RE MY WONDER  
MALL. YES AFTER ALL, YOU'RE MY  
WONDER MALL.

Jen and Mark have found nothing. Except Todd & Amy. Who stand right in front of them.

TODD

Cool song right?

AMY

Wonder Mall. 1995.

MARK

How many people have seen that  
thing?? We have got to find it  
before people start flying around  
on hover boards.

TODD

Don't try to stop progress Marky  
Mark.

MARK

It's dangerous. I need to get it back. A man's life, and the future of humanity could depend on it.

AMY

Dramatic much?... Buffy says that.

Mark walks over to the singer who gathers up his tips. Mark grabs him by the collar, and screams in his face.

MARK

Okay!! Who taught you that song? Did you look it up on a google!?

CRUNCHY HIPPIE MUSICIAN

I just wrote it this morning. I was high on weed and it just came to me.

MARK

Was anyone around you when it came to you??

CRUNCHY HIPPIE MUSICIAN

No. Just a lot of weed. And pixie sticks.

MARK

You're sure you made it up?

CRUNCHY HIPPIE MUSICIAN

Knocked Down and Wonder Mall are all me man.

MARK

Jesus.

Mark lets him go.

EXT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY - DAY

Jen and Mark walk into Jens dormitory.

JEN

Let me ask some of the girls who were at the party last night. Maybe one of them saw my purse and picked it up for me.

They pass a GUY sitting on a bench. He has on a t-shirt with iron-on transfer letters that say "VOTE FOR PEDRO"

MARK  
Who's Pedro?

They walk inside.

INT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY - DAY

Jen and Mark approach several girls who are hanging out in a common lounge. They all work on some kind of project together.

They cut holes into their jeans and rip them to shreds.

Alyssa has on a pair of jeans that have been ripped apart so badly that only her private parts are covered.

Another girl, ANGUS, 20, A pretty, southern blonde, but not the smartest thing, has cut out shapes in her jeans. A HEART, a SMILEY FACE, STARS, what could be a SWASTIKA?

JEN  
Alyssa, what are you guys doing!?

ALYSSA  
Ripping our jeans apart.

JEN  
Why? Are you mad at them?

ALYSSA  
I just got the idea...Uh.... From a magazine. Do you think my thighs look like fat sausages?

JEN  
Your legs are gorgeous.

ALYSSA  
I know. Thanks.

ANGUS  
What do ya think ya'll? It makes us look cool right?

JEN  
It doesn't. Have any of you seen a white purse that I left at the Delta Kappa party last night?

ALYSSA  
No. Where did you have it last?

JEN

At the Delta Kappa party? Last night?

ALYSSA

Oh. No. I wasn't there.

JEN

What? Yes, you were. I saw you. You were with Brian Nikatuck. You were making out by the pool.

ANGUS

(to Alyssa)

You bitch!

ALYSSA

(to Jen, angry)

Well thanks a lot!

JEN

How was I supposed to know it was a secret? You're sure you didn't see anyone pick up my purse?

Alyssa places the palm of her hand right in Jen's face.

ALYSSA

Talk to the hand.

JEN

(a bit confused)

Okay... (She speaks to the hand) If you see my purse let me know.

ANGUS

Alyssa took your purse.

ALYSSA

(Turning on Angus)

You bitch.

JEN

Why? Where is it??!

ALYSSA

That thing inside was making weird sounds. I thought you'd want it, cause it was obviously important. But Angus had it last. Then she lost it, right Angus?

ANGUS  
 (Turning on Alyssa)  
 You bitch!

MARK  
 Your name is Angus?

ANGUS  
 (A little sad)  
 I'm from Texas.

MARK  
 Angus... I'm sorry, really? This is  
 important. Where did you leave it?

Angus cries.

ANGUS  
 Why are ya'll yelling at me? I  
 don't know. I reckon, maybe over  
 there?

She points to a corner of the room.

ANGUS (CONT'D)  
 Maybe over there...

She points to another part of the room.

ANGUS (CONT'D)  
 Maybe up there...

She points to some stairs.

ANGUS (CONT'D)  
 Maybe in my room next to the  
 popcorn maker. Probably at the  
 Field House after cheer leading  
 practice. I probably left it in a  
 locker. Probably Locker 364.  
 Probably on the shelf up top,  
 underneath a pom pom.

Holy Shit, they know where it is! Go! Go! Go!

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Mark and Jen bolt out of Jen's dorm.

MARK  
 Ripped jeans? That's future  
 fashion? What's next?  
 (MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)  
Guys walking around with their  
sagging underwear hanging out? This  
should not be happening.

JEN  
Everything happens for a reason  
right?

MARK  
People say that when they don't  
like what's happening to them.

MARKS BIKE! His bike leans on a tree.

MARK (CONT'D)  
My bike!

Mark grabs the bike and hops on.

MARK (CONT'D)  
I'll go check out the field house.

JEN  
Not without me you're not.

Jen grabs a bike from a row of several others.

MARK  
That's your bike?

JEN  
No.

They ride off towards the field house.

EXT. THE FIELD HOUSE - DAY

Mark and Jen pull up to the Field House and run inside.

INT. THE FIELDHOUSE - DAY

They run through the Field House until they come to the  
women's locker room. They go inside.

INT. THE WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The locker room is full of naked women who come out of the  
shower, they fix themselves in the mirror, they give each  
other massages. Two gorgeous beauties make out.

JEN

It's okay, he's with me.

It doesn't matter, because the women don't really notice Mark at all.

MARK

Why don't naked women care if I stare at them?

A NAKED WOMAN hands him a towel, mistaking him for a towel boy.

There it is: Locker 364. A very TALL WOMAN uses the locker.

JEN

Excuse me, did you see a pom pom that someone left in here earlier today?

TALL WOMAN

Yeah.

JEN

Do you know where it went?

TALL WOMAN

I threw it out.

MARK

Was there a...a...a thing underneath it.

TALL WOMAN

You mean that metal rectangle?

MARK

Yes! Yes. Thank God. Where is it?

TALL WOMAN

I threw it out.

MARK

You what?

TALL WOMAN

I don't know what that thing was, but I picked it up and it beeped. I said "what the Hell?" And then some crazy lady's voice came out of it and said "Here's what I found out about Hell on the inner net"



JEN

What's the inner net?

TALL WOMAN

I have no idea, but that's where Hell is. I don't need that in my life.

MARK

Where did you throw it out? Which trash can?

TALL WOMAN

I threw it out the window, let somebody else go to the inner net hell.

MARK

Which window?

She points.

TALL WOMAN

That one right over there.

Mark runs over to the window and looks out. He looks up and down. He tries to climb out the window, but has trouble. He's stuck like Winnie the Pooh. Jen gives him a boost, and out he goes.

EXT. FIELD HOUSE - DAY

Mark lays flattened on the ground. Jen launches herself through the window like an acrobat. They both search on their hands and knees for the device. It is nowhere to be found.

MARK

Damn it!

JEN

It's got to be here somewhere.

A HOT BLONDE DUDE, 21, studies on the lawn. He speaks to them.

HOT BLONDE DUDE

Are you looking for a metal space age-y thing?

MARK

Yes. YES! Thank you!

HOT BLONDE DUDE

Oh I don't have it, but I picked it up, and some dude ran up, said it was his, and took off with it.

MARK

Which way did he go? What did he look like?

HOT BLONDE DUDE

He ran that way. And I don't notice how guys look. I guess he was hot. I don't know... Big package... I guess. I wasn't really paying attention.

JEN

Did he mention where he was going?

HOT BLONDE DUDE

Nope, he took off real fast... He said we wished he could call an uber.

JEN

An uber what?

MARK

Thanks Man!

Jen and Mark take off down the path.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

They race across campus.

A small GROUP OF PEOPLE ahead.

They stop, out of breath.

The group is engaged in some conversation. Mark taps one of them on the shoulder. The guy turns around.

He is a FUCKING VAMPIRE!

Mark recoils and falls down. This whole group are DRESSED IN BLACK, with black hair, white makeup, dark eyes. They could have just emerged from a coffin.

A GOTH GUY speaks to them. In a sunny, out of place voice.

GOTH GUY

How's it going? Are you okay?

Mark stands and brushes himself off.

MARK

I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I forgot it was nearly Halloween, so when I saw your costumes I just...

GOTH GUY

(confused)

Costumes?... OH! Our clothes. Cool right? We're Gothic People.

JEN

What's Gothic people?

GOTH GUY

(smiling. Gesturing to the group.)

We're Gothic people. The world is terrible. There is no happiness, only darkness. Stuff like that. I don't know.

GOTH GIRL

We're just trying it out. My roommate was doing it. I don't know where she saw it.

GOTH GIRL #2

I don't like it. This makeup is making my eyes itch.

GOTH GIRL

Shut up Tina. You ruin everything.

Mark and Jen take off. The CAMPUS HAS GONE CRAZY. They approach a group of guys. The guys all have beards, suit jackets, ties, shorts and hats. One has a derby, one has a top hat, the third has a cowboy hat.

MARK

Did you see a guy run by here, very fast?

HIPSTER GUY

No man, sorry.

JEN

What the hell are you guys wearing?

Mark and Jen take off.

HIPSTER GUY #2

I told you. These clothes aren't  
hip at all.

Mark and Jen fall DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE.

They run past people dressed like nothing ever seen on the  
planet before:

Girls in NEON. Guys in GRUNGE clothes.

One girl has on a very SEXY CATHOLIC SCHOOL GIRL outfit that  
is too tight.

Another group has on HIP HOP baggy pants, bomber jackets,  
gold jewelry, and tracksuits.

A sea of men with their hair tied up in buns.

Mark and Jen approach the fraternity house. A GROUP OF GUYS  
huddles on the porch.

EXT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - DAY

On the porch, SEX SOUNDS. Then a familiar VOICE.

TODD

And it's unlimited, and free.

Todd talks to Brad's frat guys, who are finally interested in  
something. Brad sits by himself sulking. A FRAT GUY speaks.

FRAT GUY

Free? You mean this thing plays  
free porn all day, everyday?

TODD

It's called Pornhub. It's like a  
hub...but for Porn.

FRAT GUY #2

Look at those tits. Sweet.

TODD

And that guy is hung like a Chad.

FRAT GUY

I'll give you 38,000 dollars for  
it.

MARK

TODD!

TODD

Mark! Guys this is my roommate and best friend, Mark, and this is Jen, his sort of girlfriend, and they had sex last night.

MARK

Nice to meet you all. Todd, may I speak to you in private?

TODD

Anything you want to say you can say in front of my brothers.

FRAT GUY

We're not related.

MARK

You're in a frat now? This is the last place I'd expect to find you. You hate frats. What did you call them? Entitled assholes?

Uncomfortable. They put on a show for the crowd.

MARK (CONT'D)

(Super pleasant)

I want my radio television prototype device back, please.

TODD

(pleasant right back)

Oh this? I was bringing it back to you. Some blue eyes blonde dude had it, I saw it, and I was bringing it back to you.

MARK

(pleasant)

We've been trying to locate it, and we've been all over campus. I did not expect to find it and you hanging out with the Beta Made-a Pi's

FRAT GUY

Beta Theta Pi's

TODD

(smiling)

Well, you were bound to find it eventually. There's only so many locations where it could be.

MARK  
(smiling back)  
Excuse me?

TODD  
A classroom, a dorm room, the  
cafeteria, the gym, the library,  
the bathroom, a sorority house or a  
frat house. That's the only places  
it could be. There are no other  
locations on a college campus.

Todd hands the device to Mark.

MARK  
(To Todd under his breath)  
I'm done with you. I'm really done  
with you this time.

Mark walks away, Jen follows.

TODD  
Come on, you know you love me.

MARK  
Fuck off.

And he's gone. Brad comes up right behind Todd.

BRAD  
Looks like your boyfriend doesn't  
love you after all.

Brad laughs. Todd hauls off and PUNCHES HIM RIGHT IN THE  
FACE.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Todd follows Jen and Mark, like a lost kitten.

TODD  
What?? What did I do? I was  
bringing it back.

MARK  
Sure. Sure. I believe you.

TODD  
Don't be like that.

Mark stops. He turns on Todd.

MARK

You know what you are? You're a cartoon, Todd.

TODD

Like Bugs Bunny?

MARK

No, like a one dimensional character, you're good for a cheap laugh and that's it. You're like a cardboard cutout of a Lovable College Fuck Up- with nothing going on inside. You don't care about anyone but yourself.

TODD

Wait a minute! You're no Rubiks Cube of human emotions, Mr. Lovable Boy Next Door, who thinks everyone is out to get him. You find the coolest thing the human race has ever seen, and you want to stick it up your ass instead of sharing it with your friends and having a little fun.

JEN

Todd, that's not fair!

TODD

Stay out if it, Generic Pretty Girl.

JEN

(furious)

Whoa!... (Then not furious) You think I'm pretty?

TODD

Of course. It's your best quality.

MARK

Done. I'm done. I'll find another place to stay. I'll get my stuff out tonight.

Mark walks off. Jen follows.

TODD

(yelling after)

Can you leave the dictionary?

INT. THE DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mark packs up his stuff. Where will he go? Doesn't matter. He'll figure it out.

He stuffs clothes into a duffle bag. Then, the device. It is lit up. There are FOUR WORDS ON THE SCREEN.

THEY HAVE MY WIFE.

Mark starts to type.

ARE YOU OKAY? WHAT CAN I DO?

MARK  
Come on, Come on.

Mark waits. Nothing.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Answer.

Nothing. Mark types.

HELLO?

MARK (CONT'D)  
Shit.

He takes off. Jen will know what to do.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Mark runs like a demon across campus. He passes a GROUP OF GUYS. They dump a giant BUCKET OF ICE WATER on one unlucky fellow.

ICE WATER GUY  
Ice Water Challenge on your  
motherfuckin' head, motherfucker.

ICE WATER DUMPEE  
Whoooo! Yeah!!

EXT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

Mark runs into the Women's Dorm.



INT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY - NIGHT

Mark rushes into the lobby. Angus sits on a sofa. She wears a ball cap.

The words VAN DUTCH are hand written on the cap.

She eats a sandwich and chips. She picks apart her sandwich, ripping the bread into tiny pieces.

MARK

Angus, have you seen Jen?

ANGUS

I haven't seen her since this mornin'. Did ya'll find my pom pom?

MARK

What are you doing?!

ANGUS

I'm just fixin' to pick the gluten out of this bread. I'm allergic to it.

MARK

What's gluten?

ANGUS

I reckon it's glue inside of bread.

Alyssa comes down the stairs into the common area. Somehow she's seen the Budweiser frogs.

ALYSSA

Whassssuuuuupppppp?

MARK

Are you okay?

ALYSSA

No, you're supposed to do it back. Whaaaassssuuuuupppp?

Mark is baffled.

MARK

(tentatively)

Whaaaaassssuuupp?

ALYSSA

Oh nothing much. Do you think this top makes my boobs look small?

Before Mark can answer, Jen walks into the dorm.

JEN

Mark! Have you found a place to stay yet?

Mark grabs her arm and pulls her aside.

MARK

A message. From our friend.

Mark shows her the device. It says:

THEY HAVE MY WIFE.

JEN

(whispering)

My God. When did you get this?

MARK

About an hour ago, but there haven't been any more messages.

JEN

What are you going to do?

MARK

I don't know yet.

A sound. A message.

JEN

Look!

MARK? ARE YOU THERE?

Mark types back.

YES.

A message.

MY WIFE OK. TRAPPED IN BARN.

Mark types back.

ARE YOU OKAY?

A message.

TRAPPED. HELICOPTERS.

MARK  
(to Jen)  
I knew it!

JEN  
What do we do?

MARK  
I don't know.

Mark Types.

WHAT SHOULD I DO?

A message.

TAKE THE DEVICE TO THE SCIENCE BUILDING. LAB 6. LEAVE IT IN  
THE CABINET MARKED "HAZARDOUS".

Mark types.

NOW?

Message.

NOW.

Mark types.

OK, FIFTEEN MINUTES.

Message.

THNX

Mark looks over at Jen.

MARK (CONT'D)  
I'll be back.

JEN  
I'm going with you.

ALYSSA  
Me too.

ANGUS  
Me too.

MARK  
All of you? It's dangerous.

JEN  
We're in this together.

ANGUS

I have thirteen guns.

Mark and Jen look at each other, and shrug.

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Mark, Jen, Alyssa and Angus run across the campus to the SCIENCE BUILDING. They pass a WOMAN who sits stock still and frozen in a bizarre position on a park bench. They stop to stare for a moment. Then:

JEN

Amy?

It's Amy.

AMY

(Not moving)

Hey guys.

JEN

What are you doing out here in the dark?

AMY

I'm a mannequin.

JEN

You're a what?

AMY

One of plastic people that stores display clothes on?

JEN

I know what a mannequin is. What are you doing?

AMY

I'm pretending I'm in a store window. How do you like this outfit? Would you buy it?

JEN

No.

AMY

Did you get the thing back?

MARK

Yes, I got it back. We have to get it to the science building.

AMY

Can I come?

MARK

Why not?

They all head to the Science Building.

ANGUS

I'm serious. If anyone needs a gun...

Points her finger and shoots.

EXT. THE SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

Mark, Jen, Amy, Angus, and Alyssa outside the Science building.

MARK

I think I should just go alone,  
it's my problem.

JEN

We're in this together now.

They go inside.

INT. THE SCIENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

It appears deserted. Mark, Jen, Amy, Angus and Alyssa make their way down a hall.

Angus has a tiny pink gun. She goes in front of them like James Bond, darting from wall to wall. She glances around corners, before running to the next one, her gun pulled to her chest.

JEN

Angus. Put that away. You're going to get someone killed.

ANGUS

(whispers)

Don't worry. There's no bullets.

They arrive at Lab Six, and go inside. There is the drawer marked HAZARDOUS.

AMY

Now what?

MARK

I leave it in a drawer marked hazardous, and then I don't know, but we'll be done with it.

AMY

You just leave it?

MARK

Yes, We're leaving it there, and someone is coming for it.

AMY

Who?

MARK

The professor.

AMY

From the future? He asked you to just leave it someplace? How can he come for it?

Mark shakes his head.

MARK

I don't know how time works, I'm just following instructions. Come on, we have to go. He and his wife are trapped in a barn with helicopters circling. I'm sure the government is coming for them.

A message.

MARK?

Mark types.

YES.

A message.

OPEN THE APP...

The word APP disappears backwards. P-P-A. Gone. A Beat. Message reappears.

STICKER MARKED CANOODLE. ENTER OCT 14, 2017. PUT IN DRAWER.

AMY

How do you know it's him?

MARK

What?

ALYSSA

It could be anybody right? He could have been killed and now his enemies are tricking you.

MARK

What?

ANGUS

If he told you that you were supposed to keep it, then all of a sudden he says leave it in some random drawer- I reckon, that sounds suspicious.

JEN

They're right. The Benneton girls are right.

Suddenly, MUSIC from the device.

'CAUSE THE PLAYERS GONNA PLAY, PLAY, PLAY, PLAY, PLAY  
AND THE HATERS GONNA HATE, HATE, HATE, HATE, HATE  
BABY I'M JUST GONNA SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE  
I SHAKE IT OFF, I SHAKE IT OFF

ALYSSA

The music from the future sucks.

The device is lit up. It says UNKNOWN.

JEN

What is it doing?

AMY

Answer it.

JEN

What do you mean answer it?

AMY

Hit the button and say hello.

MARK

It's a walkie talkie?

AMY  
No it's a phone. A very smart  
phone.

MARK  
How do you know?

AMY  
I ordered Domino's with it.

Mark hits the button.

MARK  
Hello?

Amy grabs the "phone" from Mark.

AMY  
Here, let me put it on speaker.

Amy hits a button and a voice comes out of the phone.

VOICE  
Mark?

MARK  
Yes.

VOICE  
Where are you?

MARK  
Who is this?

VOICE  
Your writing partner. Where are  
you?

MARK  
Where you told me. In the science  
building. I'm about to leave, the,  
the...

AMY  
Phone.

MARK  
Right, the phone, I'm leaving it in  
Lab 6 in the drawer you said-

VOICE  
What? They must have hacked into  
the phone number somehow.

(MORE)



VOICE (CONT'D)

Do not do that. You need to get that IPHONE out of there.

MARK

But you were sending me messages.

VOICE

No, I wasn't.

MARK

Who are you?

VOICE

I did not want to have to speak to you directly, but there's not much time left.

Long Pause. Mark is baffled.

AMY

You know who it is right?

ANGUS

It's so obvious.

ALYSSA

You really don't know? Oh brother.

MARK

No, who are you?

AMY

It's you dummy.

MARK

What?

VOICE

Say hi to Alyssa, Amy, and Angus for me.

MARK

Are you saying you're me? In the future?

VOICE

I didn't want to have to tell you.

MARK

You sound terrible. And old.

VOICE

Fuck off.

MARK

And mean.

VOICE

Now listen this is very, very important. Everything depends on this so don't fuck it up. If you do this it will reset everything and I can start over here.

MARK

Huh?

VOICE

Never mind. It's space time stuff you won't understand for about twenty years. Tomorrow at three o'clock-

The IPHONE lights up with the words 1% POWER.

VOICE (CONT'D)

The most crucial, essential, pivotal mom-

SILENCE

MARK

What happened?

Mark turns the device over and over in his hands trying to see what's wrong.

AMY

Battery's dead. I saw it was getting low last night. I barely ordered my pizza.

MARK

What's the most crucial, essential pivotal thing tomorrow at three????

AMY

I'm sorry, but that's just something you're going to have to ask yourself.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Mark comes back to his room. He speaks as he enters.

MARK

Don't think I'm back, or I have forgiven you, I just don't have anywhere to go tonight.

Todd sleeps under the covers.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hey! Asshole!

Mark pulls the blanket back. No Todd. Just a bundle of sheets and blankets. Should he be concerned? He goes to the closet. Empty. He pulls out a drawer. Empty. Todd is gone.

Mark throws his hands in the air. Oh well. Good riddance.

Mark goes to his desk. He opens the dictionary and an encyclopedia. Looks at his typewriter and begins to type. There are still classes, homework and tests to finish.

EXT. WOMEN'S DORMITORY - NEXT DAY

Mark waits impatiently outside. He paces back and forth. Finally, Jen comes out the front door.

JEN

Hey! What's up?

MARK

Have you seen Todd?

JEN

No. Why?

MARK

I think he moved out.

JEN

I thought you were moving out?  
Anyhow what do you care?

MARK

I don't. I don't care.

They start to walk.

JEN

Any luck figuring out how to get electricity into that thing?

MARK

No, there is no place to plug it in.

JEN

Well, just see what happens at three o'clock, and try to do the right thing.

MARK

Knowing me, I will definitely do the wrong thing.

JEN

Stop. You're buggin'... I'm sorry, Amy said that to me this morning. I don't really know what it means.

She kisses him on the cheek.

JEN (CONT'D)

I'll meet you in the library this afternoon. Say... 2:45?

She smiles, winks at him, and runs off.

MARK

If you see Todd, tell him he's an asshole.

Jen waves back over her shoulder. Mark sighs and walks away.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Mark sits in the lecture hall. The professor speaks, but Mark isn't paying attention. Mark can barely hear what the professor is saying.

PROFESSOR

Rilke's, Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge. Can someone please expand upon the idea of the confused narrator? What does the fragmentary nature of the plot say about modern life in Paris at the turn of the century?

Mr. Donofrio finally makes a contribution to the class.

MR. DONOFRIO

The narrator is confused but is trying to make sense of tales from his childhood.

Mark glances at his backpack on the floor. The thing is dark and lifeless. Probably for good.

PROFESSOR

Well done Mr. Donofrio. There may be hope for you yet. Mr. Summit would you care to throw your two cents in?

Mark just stares ahead.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Summit?... Mr. Summit?

The girl next to him nudges him.

MARK

I'm sorry.

PROFESSOR

What?

MARK

It seems pretty irrelevant right? These guys have been dead a long time. I bet if they were alive today they'd tell their past selves to just write American Pie 23 or the next Harry Potter book. Something light and fun, that made people laugh, instead of wanting to pull their hair out by the roots.

PROFESSOR

Who's Harry Potter?

MARK

(a speech)

Life is short. Too short to worry about a bunch of existential bullshit. Aren't our future selves just a culmination of our experiences? We exist here and now, but also, if we are on a certain predetermined path, doesn't that mean that we already are also our future selves, simultaneously creating our destiny now? Our life is ultimately meaningless because it is already predetermined and it is also paramount because we are creating that life through our choices and decisions that we make in the present. So life is meaningless, and at the same time incredibly relevant... Wouldn't you say?

PROFESSOR

What the fuck are you talking about?

MARK

I don't know. Can I go now?

Mark gathers his things and prepares to leave. The girl who has been sitting next to him whispers.

GIRL

So Kafkaesque. A +.

Mark sighs and leaves the lecture hall.

EXT. THE LIBRARY - DAY

Mark walks across campus and enters the library.

INT. THE LIBRARY - DAY

The Librarian sees Mark as he crosses by the front desk.

LIBRARIAN

Hey, how is that stress management coming along?

MARK

I'm pretty sure I'm going to live for at least another thirty years or so.

LIBRARIAN

Well, that seems like long enough, I'd say.

MARK

I'll only be about fifty.

LIBRARIAN

Like I said. Everything past that is downhill. I saw your girlfriend over in the literature section.

MARK

She's not really my girlfriend.

LIBRARIAN

Really? You could have fooled me.

The CLOCK on the wall SAYS 2:45. There she is. Jen sits at their table with a huge stack of encyclopedias.

JEN

Hey there, how was German Lit?

MARK

It was an existential experience. I succeeded and failed spectacularly at the same time. That's a big stack of books.

JEN

It's a term paper, old school style. So, almost three o'clock, any clue?

MARK

No. I guess space and time are screwed, and so is my future self.

JEN

Hopefully the whole thing isn't one big waste of time.

They laugh.

MARK

Would you excuse me for a minute? I have to, ... Use the mens room.

JEN

Go!

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Mark enters the men's room. He opens the door to each stall. Empty. Perfect.

He goes to the stall on the end, and uses the toilet.

He pulls the LIFELESS DEVICE out of his pocket and turns it over and over in his hands. Pushes buttons, shakes it. He sits on the toilet staring at it. Is there any way to get this thing working?

SOUND OF THE BATHROOM DOOR OPENING. SOMEONE enters the adjacent stall.

VOICE

(whispers)

Hey. What's going on?

Mark just shakes his head and gets ready to leave. He glances over at the hole between the stalls.

WHAT IS THAT? Is that a BIG DICK coming right at his face?? He recoils, falls off the toilet and CRASHES TO THE FLOOR in horror. SHOCKED look on Marks face.

MARK

What the fuck man?!!

A pause. Mark tilts his head to the side.

MARK (CONT'D)

Todd?

No answer.

MARK (CONT'D)

Todd, that isn't funny man. I'd know that dick anywhere. You scared the shit out of me.

A FORCED LAUGH from the adjacent stall. Todd and Mark come out of the stalls and are FACE TO FACE.

TODD

Ha ha ha. I got you bad huh?  
(Laughs) I know you would never in a million years want to suck my dick....hahaha...would you?

Mark looks at Todd, confused.

TODD (CONT'D)

I'm KIDDING! My God.

A BANG and a BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT from inside Mark's stall.

Mark and Todd look at each other in shock. Mark opens the stall door.

Where there was only one "phone" before, now there is a SECOND ONE.

Mark picks it up. He and Todd look at each other.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Todd and Mark run over to where Jen sits. She looks up. What's going on?

JEN

Did you find out what's happening at three o'clock that's so important?



MARK  
 (out of breath)  
 No, no. But...but another one.

JEN  
 Another one what?

MARK  
 The hyped up phone thing, another one just appeared in the bathroom stall.

TODD  
 We were just sitting in adjacent stalls. Nothing weird was going on. Just the usual bathroom stuff.

Alyssa, Amy, and Angus run over to them.

ALYSSA  
 Sorry we're late! We got lost.

ANGUS  
 I've never been to the library before.

The clock on the wall says 2:59

JEN  
 (laughing)  
 So can you call yourself now and find out what my future is? Do you and I fall madly in love, get married, three kids, house in the suburbs?

Mark stands dumbfounded, unable to speak.

MARK  
 I...I...I'm not...

The phone lights up with a message.

SAY YES!!!!!!

MARK (CONT'D)  
 I...uh... Yes.

Jen looks at Mark. What's going on with him?

JEN  
 What?

MARK

Yes. Yes we do. All of it.

A message.

YOU DID IT.

I'M CHILLED PEARS.

The message disappears.

A new message appears.

DAMN AUTO CORRECT.

I'M STILL HERE. SO IT WORKED.

Music from the phone.

AND THE PLAYERS GONNA PLAY PLAY PLAY PLAY

Mark answers the phone.

MARK (CONT'D)

Hello?

VOICE

Hey douchebag.

AMY

Put it on Facetime.

Amy takes it and puts the phone on Facetime. She sets it on the table.

It's Mark's face but thirty years older.

MARK

Holy shit, is that you? What happened? Were you in a wreck? Your face...

OLD MARK

That's your face, dickhead.

MARK

I don't understand what I did? How is it all fixed?

OLD MARK

Jen is the one who convinced me that I should create the APP. You had to say "Yes".

(MORE)

OLD MARK (CONT'D)

If she and I weren't together, I never would have invented it, and you wouldn't have gotten the phone.

MARK

Now what?

OLD MARK

Hang on to those phones, in about 28 years you're going to need them for the canoodle app.

MARK

Canoodle? Where'd you get that word from?

OLD MARK

I never forgot that moment.

MARK

What mome... (He remembers) "We could go off and do a little canoodling" The Library that night. So, why design an...a....APP... That sends a phone to the past?

OLD MARK

I sent it to the past to you, so that it would be here when I needed it to create canoodle.

MARK

Why didn't you just call me from the beginning?

OLD MARK

I tried, you didn't pick up. Then I didn't have a signal. The signal is spotty from here to the past.

MARK

So I just keep these for twenty years and do nothing with them?

OLD MARK

It's gonna run out of battery in a couple of days anyway. I don't know how to send a charger yet. Hoping I can send all kinds of stuff eventually.

Angus has a revelation!

ANGUS

(stunned beyond words)  
 Simmerin' Sweet Tea! You've somehow  
 solved the major problem with  
 traveling into the past.

JEN

What's that?

ANGUS

Of course, we all know that the  
 visual world around us is filled  
 with tiny microscopic wormholes  
 that lead to other parts of space  
 and time right?

They all stare at Angus.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

The wormholes are very small, but  
 if there was a way to make them  
 bigger, in theory one could travel  
 through them to distant parts of  
 the universe or different places in  
 time.

Everyone continues to stare at Angus.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

But there has always been one  
 unsolvable problem...

Stares.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

What if I were to travel back in  
 time and kill myself? Not that I  
 would, but what if I did? Then my  
 later self wouldn't exist and could  
 not come back, but then my earlier  
 self would still be alive. You see?  
 It's called a pair of ducks.

Stares.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

How did you solve it?

OLD MARK

What do you know about quantum  
 physics?

ANGUS

Enough.

OLD MARK

It's all about the parallel universe theory.

ANGUS

My God man! You've done it! You are living in a parallel universe where you simultaneously exist and do not exist. Eureka!

TODD

What the fuck are you all talking about? I hate when people try to explain away inconsistencies in space-time or movies.

OLD MARK

No one from your time or universe could possibly understand why such a thing would be necessary. First phones. Then phone chargers. Then robots to kill Sarah Connor.

MARK

Really?

OLD MARK

I'm KIDDING! God!

MARK

Who was trying to kill you?

OLD MARK

Ryan Seacrest.

MARK

Who?

OLD MARK

You'll see. He will always be our nemesis.

AMY

Tell us our futures old Mark! Tell us. Oh, please, please, pleeeeeeassee!

OLD MARK

You don't want to know that.

ANGUS

I just want to know one thing. Am I dead?

OLD MARK

Okay. It's gonna happen anyway, so why not? You're the Governor of Texas.

ANGUS

Boo! I wanted to be a pop singer. Like that Katy Perry person.

OLD MARK

Oh you are. And also Governor of Texas.

ANGUS

At the same time?

OLD MARK

Things are very different in 2017.

ALYSSA

And me?

OLD MARK

Alyssa, you work as a cashier at a store called Best Buy.

ALYSSA

Ugh. Is it at least a cool store?

OLD MARK

Sure.

AMY

Me?

OLD MARK

Amy, you're just famous.

AMY

For what? What do I do?

OLD MARK

Nothing. You do nothing. It's hard to explain. There's a phenomenon here called Kardashians. You're kind of like that.

AMY

Like the Kardashians on Star Trek?

OLD MARK

Exactly. Let's just say, Plymouth College is the epicenter of every pop culture trend for the next thirty years.

MARK

What about Todd?

OLD MARK

Oh Todd is happily married. He's got two kids.

TODD

Wow. Cool. What's her name?

OLD MARK

Kevin.

TODD

What? I marry a dude? That's crazy! That's a thing in the future?

OLD MARK

Dudes can get married now. To each other. Women too.

Todd ponders this foreign concept.

TODD

Is he hot at least?

OLD MARK

Very. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Nice package.

TODD

I can live with that...which one of us had the babies?

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT! Old Mark receives something from the future. A weird, glowing, pink, oddly shaped object appears in his hand.

OLD MARK

What the fuck is this thing?

EXT. THE COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Mark, Jen, Todd, Angus, Amy, and Alyssa walk across campus. They pass the phone back and forth between them.

AMY

Let's do one of those Twitter things and say "Hey world, everything's going to be okay" number sign, time travel rocks.

MARK

I think we should lay off the Twittering and Facebookers. Just because we know the future doesn't mean we should spread it around.

ANGUS

When I'm Governor of Texas I will only use my knowledge for good. And for game shows.

ALYSSA

Do you think the future can be changed? Do I have to be a cashier at the Best Buy?

MARK

Remember there's probably a parallel universe where you're an assistant manager.

TODD

I don't know if I believe any of it. I'm not even into guys.

HOT BLONDE GUY AKA KEVIN crashes into Todd.

KEVIN

Sorry man, I wasn't looking, my Walkman, and Wham!

TODD

Bam!

KEVIN

No, you know, Wake me up before you go go...Wham-

TODD

George Michael, cool dude. He gets all the chicks.

KEVIN

I'll bet you do too man. You look like you work out.



TODD

You too. We should be workout buddies. I'm Todd.

KEVIN

Hell yeah, I'm Kevin. Arms, Chest, Abs, Legs. Full body workout. Top to Bottom.

TODD

We'll work on my bottom first. It really needs it.

MARK

So we have what, a couple of days tops before this thing runs out of juice. What should we do a google on?

AMY

How long does Cats run on Broadway?

ANGUS

Do Sam & Diane ever get together?

ALYSSA

What is Best Buy?

JEN

What does the wife of Mark Summit do in 2017?

MARK

That should be a surprise, because I'm sure it's amazing.

ALYSSA

I really don't want to work at Best Buy.

TODD

You know what we should use it for?

MARK

What?

TODD

It just occurred to me.

JEN

Well?

TODD

We should play the stock market.

MARK

This is powerful technology. Maybe we should do something good.

AMY

(excited!)

Like, bet on football games?

ANGUS

(excited)

Or the Rodeo?

AMY

Pick the winning lottery numbers?

JEN

Stop world tragedies before they happen?

MARK

Help mankind?

They walk away. Jen uses the google. Their voices fade.

ANGUS

Or the Rodeo?

ALYSSA

Write the next Star Wars to make sure it's good?

JEN

Put a stop to Brittany Spearsed before she's even born.

Voices fade into the distance.

AMY

She's already born. She'll be four in December.

JEN

Guys, something really bad is going to happen in September, 2001, some kind of emergency.

AMY

We could sell pictures off this thing. Cats of The Future.

ALYSSA

Lets make mean comments on the face book.

TODD

Porn. This thing has an unlimited amount of porn people.

ANGUS

Guys, all this adventure has made me super thirsty.

ALYSSA

Too bad there's not a Starbucks on every corner yet.

MARK

What are you thirsty for?

ANGUS

You know, I could really go for a Harlem Shake.

They walk off into the future.

FADE OUT.