

"The Day Almost Nothing Happened"

by
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INT. TIMESHIP - EVENING

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WARREN, 17, sits behind the control panel of his saucer-shaped timeship. The craft's curved walls are covered with buttons and flashing lights.

Across from him, also safely harnessed into a gravity chair, is 16-year-old ALLISON.

While he is wearing jeans and a t-shirt, she is dressed in black leggings and a form-hugging sweater. Her dark hair is cut in a bob. Warren is trying hard not to stare at her ample breasts.

He brings the timeship in for a landing. With a *clunk*, it touches down in a clearing.

Allison looks about anxiously.

ALLISON

Are we there?

WARREN

(proudly)

We are.

ALLISON

When are we?

Warren points to the control panel before him. Flashing blue at the top is the outside date: June 12, 1603.

Allison is beaming.

ALLISON

What happened then?

WARREN

Nothing.

Her mood starts to change.

ALLISON

What?

WARREN

Nothing *important*. I'm sure some things happened: People were born, died, got married.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

(annoyed)

You promised me a ride in a time machine. That's why I agreed to go out with you.

WARREN

(confused)

What's the problem?

ALLISON

You could have taken me somewhere exciting!

WARREN

(prompting her)

Like?

ALLISON

Lincoln's assassination.
Kennedy's.

WARREN

We don't need that.

She is growing more annoyed with her date.

ALLISON

What are you talking about?

WARREN

I was hoping this could be our special day. . . like an anniversary.

(beat)

That's why I asked the computer to select a date at random.

Allison rolls her eyes.

WARREN

What's wrong with *now*?

ALLISON

Boring!

She stretches under her harness to look out one of the triangular viewport windows.

WARREN

It's better this way. We don't want to mess up the timeline.

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON

The what?

WARREN

The way time was. Everything happened in a certain order. If we were to -

Allison shrugs her shoulders.

ALLISON

Take me home.

Dejected, Warren presses a few buttons on the control panel. There is a loud beep.

WARREN

That'll take twenty-eight minutes. The solar batteries need to recharge.

ALLISON

I'm not staying in here with you!

She quickly unbuckles her harness and stands.

ALLISON

Come get me when you're ready.

Warren is still sitting and buckled in.

WARREN

(alarmed)
Where are you going?

ALLISON

Outside to take a few selfies. I may as well get *something* out of this date.

WARREN

You can't!

ALLISON

Watch me.

She walks to the hatch and presses the large, red button on the wall beside it. The door slides up into itself, and a walkway extends to the ground. She steps outside.

Warren undoes his restraints quickly and stands.

WARREN

Wait!

(CONTINUED)

He hurries to the open hatch, but Allison is already outside taking selfies with her shiny iPhone. Warren quickly descends the walkway. His date is a few yards ahead of him, pausing to primp her bob for yet another picture.

He rushes to her, but not before an arrow anonymously shot from the bushes pierces her throat. Warren has only a few seconds to react before he suffers the same fate.

He collapses beside her, their blood mingling on the young earth.

Several Wampanoag come out from behind the trees. Allison shakily reaches up to one for help. He ignores her. After a minute, her plea no longer matters.

Two braves climb into the timeship and look around. The blinking lights and shrill beeps fascinate them.

COMPUTER VOICE
(filtered)
Full solar battery charge in
twenty minutes.

The braves recoil at the disembodied voice and flee the ship.

Outside, another brave bends down to touch the blood-dappled screen of the iPhone clutched in Allison's left hand. The other braves join him and likewise look. They are perplexed by the picture on the screen: A smiling image of the girl now dead at their feet.

What have they done?

Their fear gets the better of them, and they hurriedly leave the scene.

FADE TO:

A classroom of the far future. Several computer stations line the walls, occasionally beeping, booping, and flashing images.

A male PROFESSOR sits behind his desk in front of his young students. We see only his hands on the desktop as he completes his lecture.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR

And so, that is what history tells
us.

We still focus on the professor's hands as the student
speaks.

FEMALE STUDENT (O.S.)

Do we know her name?

PROFESSOR

No.

FEMALE STUDENT (O.S.)

Then how may I properly revere
her?

PROFESSOR

Have you been?

FEMALE STUDENT (O.S.)

Of course. My parents taught me
how.

PROFESSOR

Continue that.

(beat)

She has shown us the way forward
for hundreds of years. Our society
would be nothing without her
gifts. All she asks in return is
worship.

The class bell rings. The students rise. We see their
identical sneakers as they reverently walk single file to
a large, glass case by the exit door. Inside it are
Allison's mummified remains, her long-uncharged phone now
permanently in one dead hand.

The students pass their flashing iPhone-like devices,
surgically implanted into their left palms, over the
attendance scanner to sign out.

Then they all leave the classroom. . . in their black
leggings, tight sweaters, and bob haircuts.

FADE TO BLACK.