

My Amazing, Astonishing, Corrugated Time Machine

By

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EXT. PORCH - DAY

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

TREVOR

All day?

HELEN

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

TREVOR

What am I gonna do?

HELEN

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

TREVOR

I can't wait til I'm older.

HELEN

Me too. Me too.

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

RACHEL

Look at you, love the shorts!

HELEN

Six dollars. Can you believe that?!

RACHEL

You little fasionista. And is that Trevor? My Lord, you're nearly a man.

HELEN

They're growing up faster and faster on us, Sis.

Rachel lets them into the

LIVING ROOM

RACHEL

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

Trevor looks around. Beige couch. Department store photos. Eroding La-Z-Boy. Americana.

HELEN

You remember your cousin Curtis,  
don't you.

TREVOR

Yeah, when the kid was a baby.

RACHEL

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

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

TREVOR

Seriously?

Helen leans in with a stern smile.

HELEN

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

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

CURTIS' ROOM

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

Trevor grabs the remote and flips through the channels.

CURTIS

Hey. Why'd you change that?

TREVOR

Cause I'm not retarded.

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

TREVOR

Don't you get any good channels?

CURTIS

Um, I guess not. I got some movies.  
 "Flying Squirrel Adventures I."  
 "Flying Squirrel Adventures II."

TREVOR

No thanks. I'm good.

CURTIS

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

Curtis gives him a rudimentary painting.

TREVOR

What the hell is it?

CURTIS

It's you coming over to visit me.

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

TREVOR

Gee, thanks Rorschach.

Trevor tosses it aside and digs through Curtis' stuff.

CURTIS

What are you looking for?

TREVOR

Anything. Too bad you got nothing.

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

Curtis rushes to shut the door.

TREVOR

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

CURTIS

Nothing.

TREVOR

You didn't slam the door like it  
 was nothing.

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

TREVOR

A box?

CURTIS

Put it back! It's not safe!

TREVOR

The box isn't safe?

CURTIS

It's not a box. It's a time machine.

TREVOR

A time machine?

CURTIS

Yeah. I made it.

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

TREVOR

How's it work?

CURTIS

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

TREVOR

Sounds complicated.

CURTIS

That's why I put on the computer.

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

TREVOR

Well, that would do it.

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

CURTIS

No, no, no, no, no!

TREVOR

What, I thought you said it doesn't work.

CURTIS  
It does work. It just doesn't work  
right.

He puts another foot in which terrorizes Curtis.

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

CURTIS  
No. Get out.

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

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

CURTIS  
Oh no.

BLACK

Trevor giggles.

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

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

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

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

TREVOR  
Holy crap!

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

HOMELESS MAN  
That's a fancy box.

TREVOR  
Oh no, future homeless!

Trevor jumps back in the box, shuts it, and vanishes.

## HOMELESS MAN

Damn. And I thought I was gettin'  
less crazy.

INT. CURTIS' ROOM - DAY

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

TREVOR

Ahhhh!

CURTIS

Ahhhh!

TREVOR

Ahhhh!

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

TREVOR AND CURTIS

Ahhhh!

TREVOR

Curtis, it's me!

CURTIS

Me who?

TREVOR

Me Trevor!

CURTIS

You look really old.

TREVOR

I know.

CURTIS

No, like really, really old.

TREVOR

I know.

CURTIS

No, like this really, really, old.

Curtis grabs a toy mirror and shows Trevor his septuagenarian face.

TREVOR  
Why am I old?!

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

TREVOR  
I'm not sure. Why?

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

TREVOR  
Why would anyone make a time machine like that?

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

TREVOR  
You said it didn't work.

CURTIS  
I said it didn't work right.

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

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

TREVOR  
What are we gonna do?

CURTIS  
I got an idea.

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

INT. CURTIS' ROOM - EARLIER

Curtis leans against the closet door. Fifteen year old Trevor holds the doorknob.

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

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

INT. CURTIS' ROOM - PRESENT

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

HALLWAY

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

TREVOR  
Little punk.

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

CURTIS' ROOM

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

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

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

CURTIS  
Top men.

FADE OUT