

JACKRABBIT
by
The Phantom Menace

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FADE IN:

INT. GARAGE BAY - DAY

A lone taxi with the company logo JACKRABBIT sits idle. The tinted windows up.

GEORGIA (30s) who dresses somewhere between a biker momma and a science nerd, checks her watch, steps up, taps on the driver's side window. Power window slides halfway down. We can't see who is driving.

Georgia points to her watch.

GEORGIA

See that? Nod your head if you do.
(eyes the driver)
Good. Now, take the bagel out of
the bag, hand e the bag.

A MAN'S hand (WES) rummages, passes the empty bag to Georgia. Georgia leans in closer.

GEORGIA

Job's yours if you want it.

Georgia hustles to a nearby table, grabs a marker. Scribbles an X on the bag. Shows the Driver the 'X' on the bag.

GEORGIA

Don't give me an answer yet, think
it over and don't leave the taxi
until I come back.

Motions the driver to put the window up. The Driver complies. Goes into

CAR POOL

More taxi cabs, all has tinted windows just like the one in the adjoining garage bay. Georgia passes by a break table, where EMPLOYEES eat lunch, laugh and wave to Georgia. WES (20s) working class blue jeans and windbreaker, explores the interior of the carpool garage.

GEORGIA

Wes Rivers?

Before Wes gets a word out, Georgia is already pumping his hand up and down.

GEORGIA

I'm Georgia Mason. I'm the owner of Jackrabbit taxi. Tell me, what do you know about my company?

WES

You started from the ground up, entrepreneur.

GEORGIA

For the last few years taxi companies have been losing business to Uber rides. So my concept was to build a better taxi.

WES

Sat radio, internet, power windows-

GEORGIA

Everything. Spared no expense. But- there's something extra. Let's check it out.

Leads him to the tinted windowed taxi. Georgia pigs in her jacket pocket, hands Wes the keys. Leads Wes to one of the taxis.

GEORGIA

I could tell you, but it's better if you find out for yourself. So. Get in, start it up.

Wes gets in, turns the engine.

GEORGIA

The motto of my company is that we are always on time. Sometimes, even early. Up to fifteen minutes. That's without speeding

WES

Got it.

GEORGIA

In front of you is a satellite and keyboard interface. Choose a side alley with little to no traffic as close to the location in the folder on the front passenger side.

Wes glances to the folder. Takes it, opens it.

GWes
Sara's Bagel Factory?

GEORGIA
That's right. Five miles away. You can go anywhere within a circumference of five miles from your point of origin.

WES
I don't get it.

Georgia
That's okay. You will.
Look at this.

Holds up the empty bag, shows him the 'X'.

GEORGIA
When you are done, drive back here, choose the side bay. Keep your windows up until I tell you otherwise.

WES
That's it?

GEORGIA
No. Make sure your call button is off. You won't be taking any fares on your test run. Understand?

WES
I understand.

GEORGIA
When you get back, until I say it's okay, you will give me non-verbal responses. Deviate in any way from this, you're gone.

Georgia waves him on. Wes pulls out.

Wes stops, motions to Georgia.

WES
What kind of bagel? Onion, everything, what?

GEORGIA
Pick one. Just punch in the info on your dash. And get take out.

GARAGE BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Georgia hustles in. Checks her watch. Smiles.

GEORGIA

You can get out now.

And out steps WES.

WES

I want the job.

EXT. GREEN STREET - DAY

Wes studies the face of the passenger in the backseat. Wes isn't thrilled to see BROCK ((50s) a slightly heavy set an but with a loss of a few pounds, Brock could have walked off the pages of GQ magazine.

WES

Been at my job foe about a week,
pay is nice, no problems. Until
today. Now I have to ask. Am I an
honest man?

I/E.- TAXI - SAME

Brock stares back through the rear view, puzzled.

BROCK

Well, I got something that will
brighten your day.

Passes Wes a hundred dollar bill. Wes shakes his head.

BROCK

Go on. Take it.

Wes' hand trebles as he takes the bill and adds it to a collection of around thirty hundred dollar bills. It's disorganized, He apparently hasn't had time to count the all or wrap the up.

BROCK

Something wrong?

Wes shrugs it off.

WES

No, it's fine. I'll figure it out.
(sigh)
Where to?

BROCK

Jackrabbit Taxi company has this outrageous claim and I want to challenge it. See that building to your left?

Wes nods, but he barely looks at it.

BROCK

I need to get to the third floor and I'm going to be five minutes late. If the outrageous claims made by your company are true, I won't be late.

WES

But you're right here.

BROCK

And if you can't get me here on time, then - what is it?

Wes bangs his head on the side of the driver's headrest.

BROCK

What's wrong?

WES

I just got to know. This a joke? I'm the new guy and all, I get it.

BROCK

It's not a joke. Your company claims it can travel back in time to get a person on time, and I think it's garbage.

WES

It is. It's not meant to be taken literally. Please get out of the cab.

BROCK

The hundred should cover your trouble. But if you ask me to leave again, I'll nail your company to the wall. False advertising. Misleading the public.

Wes shrugs, plots in a course on his computer screen.

WES

(under his breath)
Why can't you just grab a bagel?

BROCK

What was that?

WES

Nothing. Going to take the alley
two streets back. No traffic
there, no people. Keep the windows
up at all times, they are for your
safety. Not that it matters.

A low hu. The interior lights flicker neon green and
white, as if there was a supernatural occurrence.

BROCK

So if it doesn't matter, why
mention it?

WES

Because I tried it. Never see
myself driving, so maybe the
system picks a random location in
the alley or a alley each time.
Or maybe I'm in front, behind, I
don't know. What I do know is that
it's messing with my head.

BROCK

Are you saying you done this
before?

WES

At least twenty times today.

BROCK

I suppose you're going to tell me
I was your fare each time?

WES

Give or take. I lost count. I
called for help, but that doesn't
work.

BROCK

Because you travel ten minutes
into the past you never made the
call?

Wes doesn't respond.

I/E. TAXI - ALLEY - DAY

The taxi fades into view. No witnesses around. Wes drives out, emerges onto the street. Brock bursts out laughing.

BROCK

I'm impressed. Really does work!

WES

Anyway, I figure you're still on the street somewhere, waiting for e to pull up close to that building you pointed out. You don't see yourself, so maybe you got distracted somehow -

BROCK

I always pay attention. Time travel loop. Really? Tried speeding?

WES

We obey traffic laws.

BROCK

Different route.

WES

Tried it. Not much difference.

Pulls up to the same building Brock pointed out minutes ago. Wes parks, turns to face Brock.

WES

And to top it off, there's a paradox in play.

BROCK

(intrigued)
There is?

WES

Each time you give e a hundred dollar bill. The same one, each tie. But when we go back in time and I pick you up again, you haven't given me the money yet. That said, in the loop I've collected twenty or more hundred dollar bills fro you.

BROCK

That's crazy.

WES

That's making me rich. But if the loop keeps going, I won't be able to spend it. If I gave it all back you, yes, you would also profit, but you also haven't been my fare yet. See the problem?

BROCK

An interesting problem. Wish I had a problem like that.

WES

Hold on. You are convinced that this taxi, and possibly all of Jackrabbit's taxis can go back fifteen minutes in time but you don't believe me when I tell you we are stuck in the cab in a time loop.

BROCK

Way I understand it, it is you who are stuck, not me. I can go anytime. And that money is just for show. Hell, if someone tried to rip you off, you can go back, never be robbed.

WES

Never had a chance to find out.

BROCK

Strange. Well, I'm on time now, better get going.

Brock exits the cab. Wes reaches for his log, changes his mind. He turns off his duty light and puts the car in gear. Before he can do anything else, BROCK slides in the back passenger seat. Wes isn't happy to see him.

BROCK

Whew! Got you just in time. Jackrabbit taxi, right? Name's Brock Ashcraft, I work for the Consumers Survey Of America. It's y job to conduct an experiment regarding certain claims made by your employer.

WES

Tell me the truth, Brock. You just didn't get out of this cab, then come back in a few seconds later?

BROCK

I called it in, waited across the street, had some coffee, tipped the waitress saw a fella get out - Done this before?

WES

And then some.

BROCK

Anyway, your company makes this crazy claim which says their taxis can travel back in tie by fifteen minutes. Is that for real?

WES

It's a figure of speech.

BROCK

Not what I heard. Many say it's a fact, and call e a skeptic, but I need to see for myself.

WES

Sure. Why not. I'll charge you five bucks.

BROCK

Nonsense! Here!

Of course, Brock hands hi a hundred dollar bill. Wes takes it. Studies it. Gets a revelation.

BROCK

That's all yours if you -

WES

Get you to the office five minutes early fro now. No problem.

Wes programs a course in his computer.

I/E. TAXI - ALLEY SAME

Wes looks all around, they are alone.

BROCK

What is it? What are you doing?

Wes hands him one of the hundreds.

WES

Sign your name anywhere on that.

Wes punches in another set of coordinates. Brock produces a pen, scribbles his name on the bill.

BROCK

What are you doing?

I/E. TAXI- GREEN STREET - SAME

The taxi magically appears in front of the coffee shop across from the office building.

WES

That should do it. You are now a good half an hour early, you haven't called me yet because there's no need to. I have my proof that you were here-

Snatches the money fro Brock.

WES

And we are both good to go.

Brock, dumbfounded, exits.

WES

I was going to be honest, but that just eats up time, so here you are.

BROCK

Too much time to kill now, I'm too early. Think I'll get another cup of coffee. Bagel too.

Wes shoots him an angry look. Roars away.

BROCK

What a jerk.

FADE OUT.

