

THE ECHO PARK TIME TRAVEL MART

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INT. THE ECHO PARK TIME TRAVEL MART - DAY

We open on what appears to be an aging convenience store decorated in a 60's art deco fashion. Upon further inspection, we begin to notice the strange signage under each product on the shelves. Cans of Primordial Soup lie beside a basket of Pastports near a collection of "Invent the Wheel" kits (a rock in a box). The ice cream machine says "Out of Order. Come back Yesterday!"

Near a case of dinosaur eggs, MICK SILVERLAKE (early 20s, bomber jacket, combed and styled hair above a futuristic visor), looks through the window. We hear a crackling and a small screech from the case. Mick taps the window and waves at whatever is inside but jumps backward as it ROARS at him.

Mick brushes himself off and fixes his hair as he walks over to the counter. He looks around and over the top of the counter but can't find anyone. He notices a bell atop a stack of papers. He rings it.

Very, very slowly, THE CLERK (mid-30s woman, 50s greaser jacket, monocle, cowboy hat, clothing from all over history) rises up from behind the counter.

THE CLERK

Hello, sir! Welcome to the Echo Park Time Travel Mart? How may I help you today, yesterday, or tomorrow?

MICK

Hey there! I'm a new recruit, fresh time-traveler.
(taps his watch)
I just needed to stop by here for some supplies.

Mick pulls a hairdryer, a baseball hat, and an old NES cartridge out of his bag.

THE CLERK

Ahhhh, I remember my first real jump.

The Clerk picks up the baseball hat.

THE CLERK (cont'd)

I had a psychic dampener just like this when I started out.

The Clerk types out some commands on a TRS-80 computer on the desk. Mick looks around at the store.

MICK

By the way, how long has this place been open?

THE CLERK

Since the beginning of time.

MICK

Oh, nice. Also, the sign over there said there was a sale on the electron canon?

THE CLERK

Oh no I'm sorry. That's only for our extra-dimensional travel members.

MICK

Right, right. Forgot about that.

THE CLERK

(with a wink)

Don't worry. You'll get there.

The Clerk types out a few more entries and hits enter.

THE CLERK (cont'd)

Ok, looks like your total comes to 329 quantum credits. What era will you be paying with?

MICK

Is Feudal Japan alright?

THE CLERK

Yessir!

MICK

Ok, great!

Mick pulls out a floppy drive and hands it over to the Clerk. She inserts it into the computer and pulls it out.

THE CLERK

Alright, you are all set. Have a great first jump!

Mick waves goodbye as he inputs some coordinates into his watch. He exits the store and we hear a large wooshing and crashing sound reminiscent of the DeLorean from *Back to the Future*.

The Clerk picks up a scroll from behind the counter and starts reading through it.

We hear another whooshing crash.

Mick comes bursting through the front door. He has a stubbly beard, disheveled hair, and dirt all over his jacket. He sprints over to the counter.

MICK
Did I miss me??

THE CLERK
I'm very sorry, sir, but you just missed you.

MICK
Damn! I'll be back in a bit.

Mick runs out the door and time jumps.

WAKOOSH-CRASH!!

Mick runs back through the front door. His voice sounds like it's run through a digitizer and the room fills with a buzzing sound.

MICK (cont'd)
Hi! Me again. Um, I ran into a little bit of trouble and really need some stabilizing solution. Hit a nasty multiverse bump, and my molecules are phasing in and out of the 12th dimension.

THE CLERK
Of course, right away.

The Clerk types out a few keystrokes on the TRS-80.

THE CLERK (cont'd)
You're in luck! We have some in storage in the 14th century. Be right back.

The Clerk twists her sundial watch and disappears with the familiar whooshing crash.

Mick phases back and forth out of existence as he clutches his chest.

MICK
Aghh! Please hurry!

The Clerk comes back with a large leg of mutton.

THE CLERK

My apologies. That took longer than expected.

She takes a huge bite of the mutton as she produces what appears to be a can of soda.

Mick frantically reaches for the can and hands her a floppy disk. He cracks it open and gulps the whole thing as he slides down to sit on the floor. The buzzing recedes, and his voice is back to normal.

MICK

Ahh that's so much better.

Mick stands up and brushes some of the dirt off of him.

MICK (cont'd)

You guys have Primordial Soup right?
I need a co-pilot so this doesn't
happen again when I jump.

THE CLERK

Yes right over there on the shelf.
The instructions say to evolve it for
2 billion years to get to homo-
sapiens, but I like to let it stew
for a little longer.

MICK

Thanks.

Mick grabs the can of Primordial Soup and The Clerk hands him a can opener. He opens up the can and pours it on the tile floor. He presses a few buttons on his watch and points it at the puddle as a beam of light shoots out of it.

We wait for a few moments and we hear the soup grow and evolve through different semi-recognizable roars. Suddenly, the watch fizzes out.

MICK (cont'd)

Oh not this again.

A NEANDERTHAL (burly, simian, gruff expression) hops up from the ground and starts sniffing and grunting around the store.

MICK (cont'd)

Can you take care of him while I get
this thing fixed?

THE CLERK
Certainly, sir.

Mick runs out and time jumps.

Another *woosh-crash!*

Mick runs back in, snatches the floppy disk off the counter.

MICK
Silly me!

We hear a *woosh-crash!* from outside. Mick and The Clerk turn to the door as a MAN rushes in wearing the same jacket as Mick.

MAN
Mick! Thank God I caught you. Listen,
we need to talk.

MICK
Who are you?

MAN
I'm you.

MICK
You're me? You look nothing like me.

MICK 2 (as we will now call him) grabs him by the shoulders.

MICK 2
We had an accident a few years down
the road and needed some facial
reconstruction.

MICK
What? Where? When?

MICK 2
I can't tell you anything about the
future but let's just say it rhymes
with the Smurassic Shmeriod.

MICK
Is that Triassic or Jurassic?

MICK 2
There's no time!

Mick 2 rushes Mick 1 to the back room labeled "The Wormhole", a room surrounded by chalkboards and doused in UV light.

The Clerk stands outside and motions to the Neanderthal.

THE CLERK
Another day in paradise, huh?

NEANDERTHAL
HHHHUURRRGHHHHH!!

The Clerk returns to her scroll.

THE CLERK
We got a real conversationalist over here.

INT. THE WORMHOLE - DAY

Mick 2 is drawing a timeline on the wall.

MICK 2
Ok, so here's you and here's me.
Somewhere in between here, we wind up royally screwing with the spacetime continuum. So, we need to-

Another *woosh-crash!* from outside.

MICK 2 (cont'd)
Oh damn I forgot about this.

MICK 2 (cont'd)
Forgot about what?

INT. THE ECHO PARK TIME TRAVEL MART - DAY

Another MAN wearing Mick's jacket comes rushing in.

MAN
Is there someone else in here with this jacket?

The Clerk points the way into the Wormhole.

MAN (cont'd)
Thanks!

He sprints inside.

INT. THE WORMHOLE - DAY

The Man comes sprinting in. We'll call him Mick 3 from now on.

MICK 3

Mick, it's me! I mean you! From the future!

MICK 2

Mick, I already gave him the speech.

MICK 3

And you are?

MICK 2

You from the future.

MICK 3

You're me? But he's me.

MICK 2

Wait, am I you or you?

MICK 3

You're me.

MICK 2

You're the both of us.

MICK 3

What? Who are you?

MICK 2

I'm you!! We're all you! I'm all us!!
We're the same person!

MICK 3

Why does my face look different?

MICK

Why do BOTH of your faces look
different from mine?

MICK 3

Well we had an accient...

MICK 2

Had a few.

MICK

How many times does my face have to
get reconstructed?

MICK 3
Yeah, wait, I've already done this
once.

Mick 2 looks at the both of them for a long time.

MICK 2
...Five times. But that's not
important-

MICK 1 & 3
(unison, ad lib)
FIVE TIMES?! Oh my god! You've gotta
be kidding me!

INT. THE ECHO PARK TIME TRAVEL MART - DAY

While we hear them yelling inside, we see the Neanderthal
stumble out of the store as the Clerk looks down at her
scroll. She looks up, doesn't see him anywhere, and shrugs.

INT. THE WORMHOLE - DAY

Mick 1 & 3 are still yelling as Mick 2 tries to calm them
down.

MICK 2
Will the both of me- you- just shut
up! We gotta catch us when we first
became a time traveler to keep any of
this from happening.

MICK
It should be me right? At least he'll
be able to recognize me right away.

MICK 2
Good idea. You go back and we'll be
right behind you in case anything
happens.

The three of them run out of the store and we hear three
consecutive time jumps.

INT. THE ECHO PARK TIME TRAVEL MART - A FEW MINUTES AGO

The Clerk waves to the clean Mick from earlier as he exits
the store.

THE CLERK
Have a great first jump!

A *woosh-crash!* from outside. The disheveled Mick runs in.

MICK
Did I miss me??

THE CLERK
I'm very sorry, sir, but you just missed you.

MICK
Damn! I'll be back in a bit.

Mick runs outside.

EXT. THE ECHO PARK TIME TRAVEL MART - DAY

Mick sees Mick 2 & 3 standing still, staring at something on the sidewalk.

MICK
What is- Oh shit...

The Neanderthal stands with a bloody rock in his hand, pulling a candy bar out of the dead clean Mick's pocket. He sniffs it and takes a bite. With a *POP!* he vanishes from existence.

MICK (cont'd)
God, this blows.

Mick POPS out of existence. Followed by Mick 3, and finally...

MICK 2
Oh, son of a-!

POP! Mick 2 is gone.

The Clerk steps outside the store and sees the corpse on the sidewalk and sighs.

THE CLERK
Typical Monday.

The Clerk drags Mick's body back into the store. She reaches into his pocket and pulls out his Passport which she places on the counter. She presses a few buttons on her sundial watch and we hear a big sci-fi noise.

She bends down and picks up a small blue cube where Mick's body used to be. Behind the counter, she opens a drawer labeled "Dead Time Travelers". It's full of blue cubes.

She flips through the Passport to check Mick's credentials.

THE CLERK (cont'd)
Mick Silverlake, huh? Hold on. Why
does that sound so familiar?

The Clerk looks at her nametag.

"Mick Silverlake, Client Services"

THE CLERK (cont'd)
Ahhh fu-

POP! The Passport drops to the floor.

THE END