

I Came From The Future

By

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INT. GEORGE CLYMER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

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LUKE (10) sits towards the back of the classroom on the far right. He rapidly but softly shakes his right leg and gazes up at the clock on the wall reading 11:27am. Guiding his attention back to his math teacher MS.BROOKES (31), he watches as she turns her back towards her desk to pick up some papers and briefly listens.

MS. BROOKES

...and close out with some more integer practice.

The whole class groans.

MS. BROOKES (CONT'D)

And we're out in 3 minutes, so I want you done in 2.

While her back is turned continue to rustle with the worksheets, Luke is struck in head by a light object on his left. He looks down at what landed on the ground and sees a broken pencil with only the eraser half. Looking back up to see where it came, Luke sees MONICA (10) across the class, who waves when he spots her. She mouths to him "Are you ready?" with a large grin and her raising her thumb. Luke raises his thumb and shows a slightly nervous expression.

Coming around the classroom, Ms. Brookes passes out the worksheets to each student. When she comes around to Luke, she places the paper in front of him and Luke promptly gets to work.

CUT TO:

I/E - GEORGE CLYMER ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Luke and Monica are walking down the crowded hallway for their transition into recess. At the end of the hall, Monica surveys the area before tucking her pink Jansport backpack in the auditorium. She and Luke quickly retreat and head towards the exit at the courtyard.

LUKE

Do we have to do this? What is it you want to show me anyway?

MONICA

Yes, we have to. And don't worry
(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)
you'll see soon enough. Pretty simple plan though, right?

LUKE
Okay, so after Dean Shepherd takes a head count, he stands by the electric box thing flirting with Principal Whitehead before he remembers to lock the entrance, and we have to slip past?

MONICA
And fast. There's probably a five minute window we have. You brought the piece of paper, right?

Luke slightly pulls out of his pocket a folded sheet of paper to show her.

MONICA (CONT'D)
Good, we'll probably need it.

Luke and Monica step outside into the courtyard and walk in a straight line of students towards the center. Luke's eyes darting around the yard while Monica is all business, her gaze scanning the area with practiced precision.

LUKE
But aren't they always facing the door? There's no way to get through.

At that moment, RICKY (10), a wiry boy with a buzzcut steps in front of Luke and Monica and stands in place, blocking their path. He crosses his arms and dawns a crooked smile.

RICKY
(Smug)
'Sup Monica.

MONICA
Ugh, what do you want, Ricky. We don't have time for you, right now.

Monica grabs Luke's arm and try to go around Ricky, who grabs onto her arm, stopping her in her tracks. Monica snatches her arm back from Ricky. Luke stands shaken, unsure what to make of the current situation.

MONICA (CONT'D)
(Pointing her finger in his face)
Don't touch me!

RICKY
You're right. That was my bad. I just
wanted to talk to you.

He gives Luke a menacing glare, who looks back wide eyes and
sweaty palms. He make a bold attempt.

LUKE
(Hesitantly, and a bit squeamish)
Hey! Just leave us alone!

RICKY
(Stepping up to Luke)
And what are you gonna do about it?
You don't even know how to stand up
for yourself if she isn't around.

Monica forces herself between them and punches Ricky in his
stomach. He curls over in pain and takes a few steps back.

The other kids stop crowd around at the scene. Luke looks
around anxiously, looking for any escape. Monica is about to
go in for another punch.

DEAN SHEPHERD (O.S.)
What are you all doing!? Get from
around there and line up! Now!

DEAN SHEPHERD (50's) stands at the back of the courtyard with
his hands behind his back like a soldier.

The kids follow his orders and disperse from the crowd,
leaving Luke, Monica, and Ricky, the latter chuckling to
himself.

RICKY
You're tough, Monica. We'd go real
nice together.

He glares over at Luke once more.

RICKY (CONT'D)
You need more than a loser like him.

MONICA
You don't know what I need, asshole.

Ricky smirks and follows line to the back of the courtyard. Luke and Monica wait for a bit before proceeding too.

DEAN SHEPHERD

Let's go! The faster you're lined up
the faster we get this over with!

Luke and Monica reach and stand in their spot in line. Luke softly taps his hand along the side of his thigh.

MONICA

(Whispering)

Are you okay?

LUKE

(Shaken)

Yeah, totally. I think my adrenaline
is just going.

MONICA

Don't worry too much about *him*. He's
knows not to cut it too close when I'm
around.

LUKE

Yeah, I guess.

Monica places her hand on Luke's shoulder.

MONICA

Ricky acts tough, but you just gotta
hit him where it hurts. Literally.

She balls her fist and playfully punches Luke in his stomach.

MONICA (CONT'D)

(Laughing)

Just like that, see?

They both laugh together.

LUKE

Yeah, I see you. But I don't know if
I'd be able to.

MONICA

Maybe someday.

LUKE

So how do we get inside? Still need
this paper?

Luke pulls the paper from his pocket. Monica glances over to Ricky and a cunning grin appears on her face.

MONICA

Yep! And I think I know exactly how to use it.

CUT TO:

The students are now scattered around the courtyard: Some on the jungle gym, others tossing rubber balls or chasing each other through patches of dry grass. Dean Shepherd lingers by the electric box, his keyring jingling at his belt.

Monica crouches beside Luke near the brick planter wall, as they watch Dean Shepherd lingering by the electric box towards the entrance.

She uses the paper to make a paper airplane and colored it with marker and taped at the tip like a little missile.

LUKE

Kinda amazing how you randomly had the marker and tape to make that.

MONICA

I know, right! But anyway, Ricky's dumb but loud. If this thing hits the right spot, we just gotta sit back and let Ricky... be Ricky.

Luke squints at the plane, then at Monica.

LUKE

You're gonna bomb him?

MONICA

More like... set him off. Watch.

Monica nods toward Ricky, who's halfway up the monkey bars, bragging loudly to a group of younger kids.

Monica carefully lines up the plane, and with a sudden flick of her wrist, WHOOSH, the red-nosed missile sails through the air and smacks Ricky right in the back of the head.

RICKY

What the-!?

He turns, red-faced, and immediately starts yelling.

RICKY (CONT'D)
WHO DID THAT!? WHO THREW THAT AT ME!?

The younger kids scatter. Ricky jumps down and stomps over to an innocent bystander, Malcolm a quiet kid with a juice pouch.

RICKY
WAS IT YOU, YOU LITTLE SHIT!? YOU
THINK YOU'RE FUNNY!?

Dean Shepherd turns sharply at the sound of the commotion.

DEAN SHEPHERD
Ricky! What now!?

Dean Shepherd begins marching toward Ricky.

MONICA
(Urgently)
Now! That's our window!

She grabs Luke's hand and they dash low to the ground, weaving behind benches and ducking under a row of hedge bushes that line the edge of the courtyard. Dean Shepherd is still busy arguing with Ricky.

LUKE
He's buying it! You think he'll get
detention?

MONICA
Ricky lives in detention.

They finally reach the double doors to the school building. Monica peeks through the window no one in sight.

Out the corner of his eye, Ricky spots the two of them right before she presses the handle, opening with a click, and them darting inside

RICKY
(Pointing towards the door)
IT WAS THEM!

Dean Shepherd turns his head towards the direction Ricky pointed only to see other kids still throwing balls at each other and hula-hooping. He groans in frustration.

DEAN SHEPHERD

(Exhausted)

Alright, you sit right by me for the
rest of recess.

He grabs Ricky's arm and pulls him towards the electrical box
to sit as Ricky struggles to escape his grip.

LUKE

NO, DON'T DO THIS TO ME! THEY RAN
INSIDE, I SAW THEM!

INT. GEORGE CLYMER ELEMENTARY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Dim and quiet. A shaft of light from the high windows casts
long shadows across the rows of folding chairs.

They step inside and let the door shut softly behind them.
They sigh with relief.

LUKE

Okay... We're in.

MONICA

(Picking up her bag at the door,
sing-songy)

Now it gets interesting.

LUKE

Please, please, please tell me
whatever you wanted to do this for was
worth it. I stuck with it *this* time,
but for the future-

MONICA

Would you relax? Enough about the
future. Trust me, it's worth it.

Luke sighs and continues with Monica past the rows of chairs.
They walk up three steps onto the stage and head back. In the
room backstage, the two sit on the floor as Monica is
rummaging through her backpack, the collection of heart
charms, bracelets, and house keys attached to a clip on the
side jingling about.

Luke sits criss-crossed softly shaking his leg and repeating
looking to the stage curtain and over at Monica. He gazes
over up at a tiny window at the back of the stage and listens
to the faint howls of children in the courtyard.

He looks to Monica again.

LUKE
(Impatient)
Don't tell me you left it.

MONICA
No, I had to make sure it was under
all this stuff.

To Luke's surprise, Monica pulls out the new Nintendo 3DS and passes it to him.

LUKE
(Excited)
Wait you're kidding! You got the new
one already!?

MONICA
Isn't she just pretty? My dad took me
this weekend.

LUKE
(Annoyed)
I wish. My dad doesn't take me
anywhere to do anything.

MONICA
Well, I hadn't even played it myself
yet. I waited all weekend so we could
together.

Luke looks up at her.

LUKE
You wanted to do this just so I could
play with you? Thank you, Monica.

MONICA
Yeah, but this was sorta the only
option. Y'know. No boys allowed over
my house.

LUKE
Right.

Luke glances back down at the 3DS. A brief silence hangs as he inspects the handheld.

MONICA
But I could over come to your place,
y'know. I'll just tell my parents I'm
with some girl friend or whatever.

LUKE

But you don't have any girl friends.

MONICA

And I don't need 'em. I got you. So, whaddya say?

LUKE

(Hesitantly)

I-. We'll see, okay?

Monica drops down her shoulders.

MONICA

(Slightly disappointed)

Sure.

She leans in to give Luke a kiss on his cheek. She tries to hide her cheeks turning red but it peaks through and she's looks down shyly. Luke blushes the same, and returns the kiss on the cheek.

Monica looks back into Luke's eyes and they both smile and laugh.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay, let's play! We can take turns.

Monica grabs the 3DS from Luke's hands and holds the power button. As the screen lights up, she and Luke look in awe.

CUT TO:

Luke and Monica take turns playing the 3DS, trying not to make too much noise backstage. They roll around, jump in the air, and sit flat on their stomachs in one spot and on their backs in another.

LUKE

This is the coolest! I *have* to get one, we could play online!

MONICA

Told you this would all be worth it, didn't I?

LUKE

Indeed you did.

At that moment, Luke pauses. He glances over at the top window again. Silence.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Snap, I think everyone's back inside for lunch. C'mon we gotta go.

Monica stuffs her 3DS back into her backpack, zip it up and carries it on her back. They both stand and make their way off stage and out of the auditorium.

Passing the rows of chairs, they make it to the exit. Right as Luke reaches for the handle, the door swings open. There stands Dean Shepherd.

INT. PRINCIPAL ALTER'S OFFICE - LATER

PRINCIPAL ALTER (late 30's) skims across papers on her desk, annotating them and following up with notes in a small floral designed journal.

Luke and Monica sit directly in front of her desk, alongside Monica's parents, MISTER and MISSES JEFFREY (mid 30's). Monica avoids eye contact with them as they stare furiously.

Luke softly and rapidly shakes his leg and holds his hands together in his lap. He eyes the office door anxiously.

Alter glances up at Luke.

PRINCIPAL ALTER

Honey, any idea when your father might be here?

Luke jumps and snaps his attention to her.

LUKE

Oh, I uh-... I'm sure he'll be here shortly.

Luke expresses a half-baked smile while Alter looks back down at her papers before speaking to Mister and Misses Jeffrey.

PRINCIPAL ALTER

Okay, well then we can get started now. Again, I have to apologize for pulling you both from your days, it must be incredibly inconvenient, but it is protocol in events like these we meet with the parents.

MRS. JEFFREY

(Frustrated)

Yes, but we just want to understand
(MORE)

MRS. JEFFREY (CONT'D)
what happened.

PRINCIPAL ALTER
Yes, of course. It would appear Monica
and this student here, Luke, snuck off
during recess to hide in the
auditorium. Our janitor went inside
and heard them both backstage and
informed our dean. We confiscated this
from them.

Alter opens a drawer in her desk and pulls out Monica's 3DS
from it, holding it up for her parents to see.

MR. JEFFREY
(To Monica, angrily)
Wha- really, Monica!? I *just* bought
you that this weekend, and this is how
you go about using it? Sneaking off
with some... boy!?

Luke sinks lower in his chair.

MONICA
I-

MRS. JEFFREY
You're in big trouble when we get
home, young lady. I don't want to hear
any excuses, either.

Monica sinks in her chair, rolling her eyes and crossing her
arms.

PRINCIPAL ALTER
On a better note, this is Monica's
first offense. She's hasn't given us
any known trouble before. So this time
and this time only, we'll just send
her home early today and see her for
detention tomorrow.

MRS. JEFFREY
(Relieved)
Oh, thank you so much.

She looks to Monica.

MRS. JEFFREY (CONT'D)

(Stern)

You better thank her! You're just lucky it's not a suspension.

MONICA

(Insincere)

Thanks.

MRS. JEFFREY

(To Principal Alter)

And what about the game?

PRINCIPAL ALTER

We typically confiscate all unauthorized electronics until the following week.

Monica nearly jumps out of her chair. She unfolds her arms and places them on the arms of the chair to sit herself up.

MONICA

WHAT!?

MR. JEFFREY

Now you sit back! Be grateful that I don't go and return it, then you really won't have it!

Monica diffuses, sinking back into her chair.

A brief silence hangs.

PRINCIPAL ALTER

(Clearing her throat)

Well. That is all from me. Unless there's anything else, I thank you for taking the time to speak with me Mister and Misses Jeffrey, and wish you a pleasant rest of your day.

CUT TO:

Luke sits outside of Principal Alter's office, his navy blue Carhartt backpack to his side. He checks the clock on the wall reading 2:38pm. He looks over to the young secretary with a fresh blowout and solid white cardigan, clicking away at whatever business she's handling on the computer. He closes his eyes to rest them.

The next moment, Luke jumps awake with slightly red eyes from

his father, ANTHONY (27), tapping his shoulder.

LUKE
(Delirious)
Dad?

ANTHONY
(Withdrawn)
C'mon.

Luke starts to reach for his bag.

PRINCIPAL ALTER (O.S.)
Oh, Mr. Miller! You're here.

Principal Alter stands halfway out of her office behind the door.

ANTHONY
I am.

PRINCIPAL ALTER
Great. Could I pull you for a chat.

ANTHONY
That shouldn't be necessary, we'd like
to go, right Luke?

Luke looks up at his dad, who even while his face is relaxed,
appears intimidating. He looks over at Principal Alter.

LUKE
Uhh, yeah.

PRINCIPAL ALTER
(Optimistic)
Yes, well uh-, Mr. Miller. Luke did
get a write up earlier today along
with another young girl. I think it's
worth discussing for just a moment,
then you could be on your way!

ANTHONY
Is he in any serious trouble?

PRINCIPAL ALTER
Well no, but-

ANTHONY
Then thank you. I'll take it from
here. Let's go, Luke.

Principal Alter gives up and retreats back into her office. Luke grabs his back and follows his dad out of the school building and into the parking lot. There's a very loud silence between them

They reach their dark blue Dodge Avenger, Luke hopping in the passenger seat and Anthony in the driver's.

The car ride is quiet, only the radio quietly playing Adele's "Rolling In The Deep", a song Luke has gotten familiar with thanks to Anthony playing the same station every car ride. He hums to himself.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I have very important things going on each day. My attention can't be pulled away for nonsense like that.

LUKE

Sorry.

They return to silence. Luke stares outside the window and begins softly shaking his leg. He glances over to his dad, who is laser-focused on the road.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(Shy)

Dad?

ANTHONY

Yeah?

LUKE

What is it that you do for work?

ANTHONY

Why are you asking me that?

LUKE

It's just you're always out and away during the day and tell everyone you're "freelance engineer", but... what does that even mean?

ANTHONY

Means I'm out looking for work.

LUKE

Yeah, but... All the time?

ANTHONY

Yes. It's how I keep a roof over our heads. How I make sure there's food in the fridge. But what it's not is something I can just be pulled away from dealing with trivial bullshit like you getting in trouble at school.

Luke folds his arms and turns to look out of the window.

LUKE

(To himself)

Fine.

ANTHONY

What was that?

LUKE

Nothing.

I/E. HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Anthony inserts the key to the house, and light pours into the dark entryway when he and Luke step inside. Anthony sits his car keys on a small shoe cubby by the entrance and proceeds upstairs while Luke locks the door behind them and rests on the couch.

A few short moments later, Anthony returns downstairs and heads toward the back of the house. There, Luke watches as he unlocks the basement door and descends. Always having been curious of what's in the basement that his dad keeps locked, Luke patiently listens from afar before slowly standing up to get step closer to the basement door.

He tiptoes through the living room, being sure to avoid obstacles in his path.

Luke reaches the back of the house and pretends to be fixing the trash in the kitchen while he tries to listen down the basement. He hears a faint clattering sound and leans in some more. A few seconds go by while Luke tries to dissect what the sound is when Anthony emerges from the door.

Luke jumps back a bit, startled. He carries on pretending to fix the trash. Anthony looks at Luke suspiciously before he locks the door behind him.

ANTHONY

(Going towards upstairs)

I'm leaving again in a few. Should be back before it's dark.

LUKE

What about dinner?

ANTHONY

I'll bring home pizza or something.

LUKE

Cool!

Anthony retreats back upstairs. Luke eyes the basement door once more. He walks over to it and reaches for the handle, giving it a twist. *Locked.*

Luke stands for a moment, pondering. He lights up with an idea and goes back to rest on the couch. Shortly after, Anthony returns downstairs and heads towards the front door, picking up his car keys from the cubby.

ANTHONY

I'll be back.

LUKE

Okay.

Peering out the window, Luke watches his dad leave the house, and once he steps into the car, Luke darts upstairs and towards Anthony's bedroom.

Luke throws open the door, entering a room that feels almost frozen in time. Sparsely decorated, everything in its place, untouched. The blinds are half-closed, bathing the space in moody shadows. A bed with a tucked-in military-style blanket. A shelf lined with old technical manuals. No photos. No warmth.

He starts at the dresser. The top drawer holds clothes, folded perfectly. The next drawer has more, but something sticks out from under a pile of shirts. He pulls it free.

A newspaper clipping showing a young Anthony at a science fair, holding a trophy. Another is a printout of an email confirming a financial aid award. He flips through quickly, then stops at something else.

Hospital paperwork. His mom's name is on it. Andrea Whitmore. The date is from over ten years ago. A section is circled in

red. Luke doesn't read the whole thing, just enough to feel a small sting in his chest.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(Softly)

Mom...

Then, at the back of the drawer, a hard glasses case.

Luke opens it.

Inside: a brass key.

Etched into the side: B1.

CUT TO:

Luke creeps through the hallway to the rear of the house. The basement door waits, closed.

He slips the key into the lock.

Click.

The door creaks open.

The stairs groan under his weight as he descends. The space is cold and wide, lined with shelves, worktables, and piles of scrap parts.

Luke walks past a wall of shelves—wires, tools, metal rings, half-finished devices. He comes to a long table covered in papers and strange-looking notebooks.

He picks one up and flips it open.

The pages are filled with numbers, equations, symbols. Handwritten formulas loop around diagrams of what looks like some kind of machine.

He doesn't understand a word of it.

LUKE (CONT'D)
What is this?

He moves to a set of blueprints tacked up on a corkboard. A rough sketch of a large ring-shaped machine, with energy bursts marked along the edges. Words scribbled along the side; "phase locking," "core stability," "ignition offset."

LUKE (CONT'D)
I guess he really is an engineer, but...

He takes another deep inspection of the corkboard.

LUKE (CONT'D)
What is he building?

ANTHONY(O.S.)
LUKE!

Luke jumps. He turns to the stairs as Anthony hurdles down the steps

ANTHONY
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE!

LUKE
(Shaken)
I- I thought you were leaving, I...

ANTHONY
I KNEW YOU WERE UP TO SOMETHING! GET
UP HERE NOW!

Anthony grabs Luke by his ear and drags him up from the basement.

LUKE
Ow! Ow! Ow!

Anthony takes the key back from inside Luke's pocket and locks the door.

ANTHONY
(Annoyed)
Now I've gotta hide this better.

He pulls Luke to the couch and lunges him on it. Luke rubs his ear, now bright red. rubbing his sore ear, red-faced and fuming.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Goddammit Luke, you *know* you're not allowed down there! And then you went through my shit to even get the key! I understand you have questions bu-

LUKE
(Defensive)
You act like I'm not even your kid.

ANTHONY

You went through my room. You stole from me. What do you expect me to do, thank you?

LUKE

I just wanted to know what you were hiding.

ANTHONY

I'm not hiding anything. I'm protecting you.

LUKE

From what?

No answer.

LUKE (CONT'D)

You're always down there our out and away. You barely talk to me unless you're mad. I don't even know what you do all day.

ANTHONY

You don't need to know.

LUKE

What about Mom?

That stops him. Anthony's jaw tightens.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Why do you keep her stuff locked away in your room if there's "nothing to tell"?

Anthony doesn't look at him.

ANTHONY

Because it's personal.

LUKE

She was *my* mom.

A long pause. Anthony exhales, tired.

ANTHONY

You're twelve years old, Luke. You don't get it.

LUKE

Yeah, I don't. Because you won't tell me anything.

Luke stands, angry and emotional.

LUKE (CONT'D)

Maybe if you actually talked to me, I wouldn't have to sneak around.

Anthony raises a finger.

ANTHONY

You're not going back down there. You hear me? Ever.

LUKE

Fine. I won't. Not like I matter anyway.

ANTHONY

Luke storms off upstairs.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

And no pizza tonight!

The bedroom door slams. The house is quiet again.

Anthony stands alone, staring at the locked basement door. He doesn't move. He promptly shoots to the front door, leaving once more.

Luke, now alone in his room, collapses on the bed with his head down and starts to cry.

EXT./INT. - CITY NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDDAY

Several shots of an urban city. High rise buildings, traffic, heat waves, and a young teen boy walking alone, a small bag of groceries in his hand, down a trashy block.

He wears a video store crew button up and a pair of gray slack shorts, using the bottom of his shirt to wipe the sweat from his face.

He approaches the front door and walks inside.

TEEN

Mom! I'm back!

MOM (O.S.)

Hey hon! Bring the bag to the kitchen!

He follows suite and sits the bag beside MOM on the countertop, who is standing over a boiling pot, and gives her a hug

MOM

How was work?

TEEN

(Sighing)

Jeez, today was... kept getting terrible heat flashes, a couple customers brought back broken tapes and didn't want to pay the fees, the usche. (usual)

MOM

(Putting her hand out)

Always good to hear you managing at least. Change?

He digs in his pockets and pulls out a few tens, ones, and a couple pieces of loose change and puts it in her hand.

MOM (CONT'D)

Oohl, a lot left. Stole a few things?

TEEN

(Reluctantly)

Yep.

MOM

(Gleeful)

Good! Gotta save what we can.

TEEN

You know I'm happy to help. Mail come yet?

MOM

Yeah, I sat it over on the ottoman. Haven't even looked through anything myself yet.

He walks back over to the ottoman by the front door and picks up the mail. Sorting through it, he stops at letter from St. Augustine Academy. His eyes widen.

TEEN

MOM! MOM! MOM! THEY GOT BACK TO ME!

MOM (O.S.)

WHAT!?

She comes rushing from the kitchen and grabs the letter from him.

MOM

Let me see this.

She thoroughly inspects the envelope; The stamp in the corner, the prestigious school name, and the name in address: *Anthony Miller*.

Her arms shoot up in the air.

MOM(CONT'D)

EEEEEE, open it! Open it!

She hands him the letter, and Anthony shakily retrieves it back. He stares at the front once more and plays with the corner with his thumb.

MOM(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

ANTHONY

I'm just... I'm nervous is all.

He gives her a soft smile and she reaches up for his face.

MOM

Anthony, I already know you're going to make me so proud.

CUT TO:

In the present, Anthony drives alone down a desolate road surrounded by trees. Silence plays from the radio and his cigarette smoke escapes from the cracked window.

After a moment, he pulls up in front of an isolated cabin and parks. He finishes his cigarette while giving a longing look at the front of the cabin.

He steps out the car and makes way to the doorsteps.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Luke suddenly awakes, not even sure when he cried himself to sleep. He groggily sits upright massaging his temples from a growing headache.

He looks directly out of his window and is shocked to see the night sky. Quiet, just the sound of the soft breeze against the trees.

Luke feels his stomach growl. He hasn't eaten dinner.

CUT TO:

Luke drags down the steps, a bit dazed from the mix of hunger, pain, and exhaustion.

It's pitch black. Luke switches on every single light

He stops at the Windows monitor in the living room, clicking the mouse to turn on the display to read the time. 9:49pm. Almost time to go back to sleep for school the next morning.

He proceeds to the kitchen refrigerator door. Settling for a ham and cheese sandwich, he grabs the ingredients and sets them out on the counter.

He grabs a pack of frozen chicken nuggets, places some on a tray, and puts it into the oven.

Back to the computer, he opens Windows Live Messenger and sees missed chats from Monica.

"Pretty sure I'm losing computer privileges until next week so this might be the last you hear from me."

"But I will NOT give up my game that easy. Tomorrow. You. Me. Operation: 3DS"

"Are you doing okay? Did your dad ever show?"

"Okay, bye Luke. See you tomorrow."

LUKE

(Chuckling)

Operation: 3DS? She just doesn't learn her lesson.

Shortly, the nuggets finish and he follows up by preparing his sandwich. He takes his sandwich back over by the computer, simultaneously eating and controlling the mouse. He

opens Youtube and clicks on the first Smosh video he sees.

CUT TO:

A mess lays spread out on the desktop; crumbs and splatters of ketchup.

Luke cleans the mess, and stands over the sink to was the used oven tray.

In the midst of washing the dishes, he stops and glances up and stares at the basement door. After a moment, he aggressively washes the tray again.

LUKE (CONT'D)
(Annoyed)
Stupid work bullshit...

Luke is alerted by the sound of keys jingling in the front door. Anthony steps in, drops his keys at the cubby, and navigates towards the kitchen when he spots Luke

ANTHONY
Why are you still up it's...

He checks his watch.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
Nearly 10:30.

LUKE
(Monotone)
Woke up from a nap not too long ago.

ANTHONY
Just get ready for bed, you will not be late tomorrow morning.

Anthony walks past Luke to the refrigerator, grabs a few cherries, and walks back past Luke to go upstairs.

LUKE
I thought you said you'd be back before it got dark.

ANTHONY
(Walking away)
That was before you missed out on pizza. Make sure these lights go off.

Anthony leaves upstairs.

Luke wraps things up downstairs, placing the tray in the drying rack, wiping down the desktop, before cutting off each light and heads up.

In his bedroom, Luke undresses for a shower, feeling the onset of another headache.

After a shower, Luke brushes his teeth and washes his face.

Finally settling back in his bed around 11pm, Luke attempts to go to sleep, despite his lingering headache, seeming to intensify.

He tosses and turns trying to get comfortable.

Suddenly, Luke hears a terrible ringing in his ears. He sits upright, placing his hand over his head in agony.

LUKE

What the hell is this.

He starts to hear noises in his head. Footsteps, slamming doors, banging. He can't make out what's actually being heard in reality.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

THIS IS WHAT YOU WASTED YOUR LIFE ON!

Luke erratically scans his room.

LUKE

(Frightened)

Who- Who was that?

MALE VOICE(V.O.)

IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! ALL OF IT!

Luke sobs from the intense pain in his head, his vision begins to blur, unable to make out the surrounding environment.

MALE VOICE(V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'LL END IT ALL RIGHT HERE!

And then silence.

Luke's body goes limp and falls back into the pillow.

INT. HOME - MORNING

Anthony emerges from his bedroom and steps into the bathroom.

He grabs his toothbrush and toothpaste from the cabinet above the sink.

Exiting the bathroom brushing his teeth, he stops past Luke's door and knocks.

ANTHONY
(With toothbrush in mouth)
Luke get up! Time for school!

He goes back into the bathroom to rinse his mouth out and wash his face.

After he's done, he goes back into his bedroom and throws on a pair of beige slacks and a plain white shirt. He realizes he hasn't heard Luke get up yet and, while slightly agitated, storms to his room.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
(Opening Luke's door)
LUKE! C'MON!

Luke groans and rolls over on his side. Anthony turns on his light switch.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
This is why you can't be up late.

Anthony walks off downstairs, leaving Luke's door open.

Luke sluggishly sits up and stretches. He drags himself to a stand and walks over to his door, his head down and rubbing his eyes.

Downstairs, Anthony gets the stove started.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
(yelling upstairs)
I'm only making bacon or you'll be late!

He lets the pan warm while he snacks on a banana. After a short time, he places strips of bacon onto the hot pan.

LUKE (O.S.)
AHHHHH!!

Anthony runs upstairs. He checks inside of Luke's bedroom.

He's not there.

He heads over to the bathroom. Luke stands in front of the mirror.

He's pulling on his ears, stretching his cheeks, lifting his eyelids.

ANTHONY

Wha- What the hell is wrong?

Luke turns to his dad and his face turns pale like he'd seen a ghost, looking at Anthony in complete horror.

LUKE

(Digging his fingers in his hair,
hysterical)

No, no, no this can't be happening.
It- it just can't be.

ANTHONY

LUKE! Spit it out.

LUKE

I'M A KID!

ANTHONY

Huh?

LUKE

I think...

Luke sits down on the edge of the tub and looks down at the floor to collect his thoughts.

He looks back up at Anthony.

LUKE (CONT'D)

(Serious)

I think I'm from the future.