

**BOOMERANG**

Written by

Ry Graves

RMCGRAVES@GMAIL.COM  
(610)506-7882  
WGA REG: 2027590

INT. TIME TRAVELING TEST FACILITY - NIGHT

A man in his forties, DR. MICHAEL MORRISON, sits in front of a camera interviewing him and stares off for a beat. The interviewer, DR. CINDY MORRISON, speaks off camera.

CINDY

Are you feeling nervous, doctor Morrison?

MICHAEL

Oh, we're recording? Yes, yes very. I mean, I'm either going to change the path of human existence or kill myself with this experiment. Yeah, it's a little nerve racking.

CINDY

Understandable. Do you think the craft will be able to successfully manipulate time?

MICHAEL

Well, that's top secret. But I guess you're allowed in here and allowed to make this, so I guess all questions and answers are kosher. Do I think Mighty Mouse will be able to fly through time like a DeLorean, or like H.G. Wells intended? I have no idea.

CINDY

So, the big question, how does time travel work?

MICHAEL

Really?

CINDY

It's a simple question, but let's ease into that one. You named your machine Mighty Mouse, why?

MICHAEL

That's a little easier. Um, not only is the machine capable of miniaturization, but, I, I just like him. He's my superhero, always has been. His secret identity is Michael Mouse, for crying out loud, so that helped, but he's just, he's just a mouse and he, well, saves the day, right?

CINDY

Are you planning on saving anyone on this trip?

MICHAEL

No, ha, no. Maybe one day we can perfect some kind of analysis with enough data gathered from the past, present, and future to determine if it is feasible too, I don't know, tell Lincoln to duck? But this experiment is just a test of Mighty Mouse's capabilities and to find out if we can make the impossible, possible. This trip will be purely observational. In and out burger.

CINDY

And what will you be observing?

MICHAEL

Wow, these questions do get easier, ok, I am traveling back to September tenth, 1992, the day after I saw back to the future and the day I began reading H. G. Wells, the Time Machine. I'll just be a passerby on the street. Just a glance, maybe a wave. I'm still weighing the consequences of a wave.

CINDY

How old were you?

MICHAEL

I was eight. Just a nerdy little eight-year-old starting the second grade.

CINDY

And that date and age hold no other significance?

MICHAEL

Not really, My father died a little before then.

CINDY

You don't talk about him much, but do you think that he had an impact on your decision to pursue time travel? Memories can be deceptive.

MICHAEL

What are you implying, Cindy?

CINDY

That you might have unknowingly devoted your life perfecting the impossible to save your father, Michael.

MICHAEL

I can't save him.

CINDY

No?

MICHAEL

No, I can't save him.

CINDY

Why?

MICHAEL

Why? I don't know, I guess I'm being selfish. I mean, saving him is incredibly selfish. Like, now I'm the only person that can go back and keep tragedy from their family? That's pretty selfish. But, also, if I save him, I may never study physics or discover time travel, the very thing I'd be using to save him, and I might never meet you.

CINDY

Why can't I come with you?

MICHAEL

Is this interview for the experiment or for you, Doctor Mrs. Morrison?

Michael laughs. Cindy Laughs off camera.

CINDY

Both, why can't I come with you.

MICHAEL

Cindy, we've talked about this for months. You know.

CINDY

Well, why can't anyone go with you? Doctor Harrison has also worked closely with you for years. He basically knows the science and technology almost as much as you do.

MICHAEL

Ha, almost but not quite. Dennis isn't coming because he lost the race. He started the contest back in grad school and eventually he had to abandon his work for mine. He lost. To the winner go the spoils.

CINDY

So, a schoolboy rivalry is keeping you from having help on this experiment from one of the other great minds of our time?

MICHAEL

I mean, basically? Yeah.

CINDY

So why can't I come?

MICHAEL

Because.

CINDY

Why?

MICHAEL

Because it's too much. I know, I know you and I as the Adam and Eve of time travel sounds perfect, but it can only be like that in a perfect situation. This first run, nothing about it will be perfect. There's a large chance that Mighty Mouse will instantly crush me when we go subatomic. I don't want to crush you Cindy-Rella.

Cindy walks from behind the camera and hugs Michael.

CINDY

I love you, Michael Mouse.

MICHAEL

I love you.

Cindy wipes her eyes as she walks back behind the camera.

CINDY

You said subatomic. That's really small, why so small?

MICHAEL

All right, we'll get into the meat and potatoes, I'm ready. Why so small? Because it was impossible to go big enough with the world's current technology and perspectives of size and distance to accomplish what I perceived was the proper way to time travel.

CINDY

You're rambling.

MICHAEL

Thank you, I could feel it. Wormholes, we needed wormholes for time travel. But wormholes are very far away, very large, and very unpredictable. Getting to a wormhole was out of the question, but that didn't cancel out the fact that we needed one. So, we grew them.

CINDY

You grew a wormhole farm?

MICHAEL

Yes! We are currently sitting in a wormhole farm. I figured, instead of spending a century traveling to one, unpredictable, uncontrollable wormhole, we'd grow several, subatomic wormholes that are very predictable, and very controllable.

CINDY

So Mighty Mouse, driven by Michael Mouse, will miniaturize to a subatomic size and travel through a manufactured wormhole exactly to September tenth, 1992?

MICHAEL

Bingo, thank you, I'm getting tired of talking.

CINDY

I could listen to you all night.  
Especially if you want to go into  
more detail about your reasons for  
refusing to take your brilliant  
wife with you.

MICHAEL

I can't.

CINDY

I know.

MICHAEL

I'll be right back.

CINDY

Promise?

MICHAEL

I can't.

Michael becomes upset. Cindy leaves the camera and again hugs Michael.

CINDY

I know, I know. Just come right  
back, ok?

MICHAEL

Ok.

Cindy and Michael hold each other. Red lights and alarms flash outside of the interview room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That was the last test.

CINDY

You gotta leave?

MICHAEL

I gotta leave.

Cindy strokes Michael's face and kisses his cheek.

CINDY

(Whisper) Way to go, Michael Mouse.

Cindy and Michael continue to hold each other.

## MIGHTY MOUSE LAUNCH PAD

Michael enters a large sterile room surrounded by observation glass while wearing a jumpsuit. In the middle of the room on a platform sits Mighty Mouse, a metal egg shaped vehicle the size of a smart car with a windshield, over a small, dark disk.

Cindy enters the room, hugs Michael one last time and then exits the room.

Michael walks over to DR. DENNIS HARRISON, a man slightly older than Michael.

DENNIS

The vehicle is prepared. Time to see if you've been right all these years.

MICHAEL

Not exactly a congratulations, but I'll take it.

DENNIS

I believe my congratulations came twelve years ago when I came to work for you.

MICHAEL

Really? No one told me. It wasn't on your resume.

DENNIS

Yes, well, time makes fools of us all.

MICHAEL

Again, I feel like you want to say it, but your pride is getting in the way.

DENNIS

Fine, congratulations.

MICHAEL

Now that is more like it. That is a humble defeat that I can accept.

DENNIS

You're not exactly a humble winner.



MICHAEL

Well, I did come up with a way to test time travel that we're currently testing, so...

Dr. Harrison extends his hand.

DENNIS

None the less, good luck.

MICHAEL

You haven't sabotaged me?

DENNIS

I want to know if this works, maybe more than you do. It's ready, everything's ready. You're the only one to sabotage you now.

Michael extends his hand and shakes Dr. Harrison's hand.

MICHAEL

Dennis, I just want you to know, I, I never would have pursued this unless I knew that someone else was gunning for it. So, thank you. If it turns out that I conquered this mystery, it will only be because I had my Dr. Moriarty to compete with and eventually impress.

DENNIS

So, impress me.

MICHAEL

Momentarily, doctor.

Michael strikes a button on the outside of Might Mouse and the windshield rises. Michael enters the cockpit and buckles himself in as the windshield closes.

Michael HUFFS and looks around at the lab outside of Might Mouse.

Cindy is directly in front of him behind the observation glass smiling. The theme song from Mighty Mouse begins to play and echo through the lab. Both Michael and Cindy laugh. Michael blows a kiss. Cindy also blows a kiss. Michael embraces for miniaturization. After a ten second count down, the Mighty Mouse disappears from the room. Everyone left in the room is stunned.

## SUBATOMICVERSE

The Mighty Mouse miniaturizes to a subatomic level where a mini universe that Michael has created features several different colored wormholes.

The Mighty Mouse approaches a specific blue worm hole. The Mighty Mouse adjusts until it is the size of the wormhole and is quickly sucked in.

## WORMHOLE

The Mighty Mouse enters a tunnel made of a million strands of electricity. The Mighty Mouse begins traveling through the tunnel like a drunk driver, scraping along the sides of the wormhole tunnel and causing sparks and flames.

Michael screams out from inside the Mighty Mouse, having no control over the vehicle, as the Mighty Mouse zooms past the camera.

Eventually, the Mighty Mouse Ricochets off the bottom of the wormhole and shoots directly upwards into a puddle made of white light and vanishes from the wormhole.

## CORNFIELD - DAY

A farmer throws corn to his chickens outside of his barn. A hundred feet behind the farmer, inside of a cornfield, the Mighty Mouse appears out of nowhere and smashes into the ground, smoking. The farmer doesn't flinch from his work.

The Mighty Mouse sits in the cornfield for a moment before the windshield raises, smoke pours out, and MICHAEL exits the Mighty Mouse, falling on to the ground and COUGHING.

MICHAEL

Holy hell, I'm alive? I'm alive.  
I'm alive, I'm alive.

Michael looks at the smoking Mighty Mouse and around at the cornfield.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where and when am I alive?

Michael rises and stares out over the field. Michael looks over and sees the farmer. Michael begins walking toward the farmer.

MICHAEL

Hey, excuse me, sir.

Michael continues to walk toward the farmer. The farmer stays motionless as if nothing has happened. Michael approaches.

MICHAEL

Hey, Buddy, you hard of hearing?

Michael approaches the farmer and places his hand on the farmer's shoulder. Michael is zapped like he just touched an electric fence. Michael draws his hand back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ouch, damn it!

Michael recoils while holding his hand. The farmer continues working as if nothing has happened.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sir, excuse me, sir.

The farmer continues to spread corn for the chickens.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sir!

Michael again touches the shoulder of the farmer. Michael is sent backward holding his wrist. The farmer continues to work and leaves his work briefly to scratch the arm Michael has been pressing on.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, dumbass yokel, a time traveler from the year 2025 just landed next to you, have you got anything to say?

After a moment, the Farmer BURPS, turns and walks into Michael. Again, Michael feels a strong shock and falls to the ground.

The Farmer scratches the place where he collided with Michael as he continues to walk into his house next to the barn. Michael continues to lay on the ground.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(TO SELF) Ok, took you long enough, Mighty Mouse. You're acting more like a damn lab rat. Stop touching the cheese. The cheese is electric.

Michael stands and rubs his side. Michael enters the Farmer's house.

## INT. FARMER'S HOUSE

Michael stands in the doorway and hears an old radio playing old music in the kitchen as The Farmer sits at the table and drinks coffee while reading the paper.

Michael moves closer. While being careful to not touch the farmer, Michael awkwardly leans over the farmer and reads the date on the newspaper. The date reads September seventh, 1992.

MICHAEL

Only a few days off from the targeted date, not bad. Now, where am I?

Michael starts looking around the kitchen for anything with an address. As the song on the radio ends, the announcer cuts into the radio program.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Another classic from the late great 1968. We'll be right back on Denver's number one golden oldies station, eighty-six point three, the time capsule...

MICHAEL

Wow, Denver. Ok, three days and six states off. At least I didn't crush myself. Or, land six states the other way, that's one hell of a swim. God that coffee smells good. I don't want to electrocute myself drinking it, though. Right, you blind, deaf man that has no idea I'm in front of him?

The farmer continues to read the paper.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Well, if I can't eat or drink, I'm going to die anyway. Might as well go out drinking coffee.

Michael cautiously reaches for the Farmer's mug of coffee. Michael finds that the mug has not shocked him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So far, so good. Down the hatch.

Michael cautiously sips the mug of coffee. The coffee does not shock him but does slightly burn his mouth.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yowser! What are you dinking, old timer, lava?

Michael takes another sip from the mug. The Farmer reads his paper and blindly reaches for his mug of coffee, but his coffee mug isn't on the table. The Farmer lifts his paper, baffled by where he has placed his mug of coffee.

Michael watches as the farmer continues to search for the mug of coffee that Michael is holding in his hand a foot away from the farmer's face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Really, you can't see this? So it's not like floating in the air to you? You don't suddenly think this place is haunted?

The Farmer stands and searches the kitchen for his mug of coffee. Michael takes another sip and places the mug back on the table. The Farmer turns and sees the mug on the table and sighs in annoyance.

FARMER

(TO SELF) Damn, I need to get my eyes checked again. That snake would have bit me right in the face.

The Farmer sits back down and takes a sip from his mug before reading the paper.

MICHAEL

OK, now we know. Thank you, farmer. You have been of no help and yet, some help. I'm taking your pie.

Michael walks over to the counter where a freshly baked pie sits with a slice missing and takes it before EXITING the farmhouse.

CORN FIELD

Michael walks through the cornfield back toward Mighty Mouse while he eats the pie. Michael approaches Mighty Mouse, still smoking and cracked. Michael stares at Mighty Mouse while he eats the pie.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm screwed. But, just in case I'm not.

Michael reaches into the cockpit and pulls out a voice recorder, a subatomic-microscope, and a small bag of money. Michael reaches down below the Mighty Mouse and finds a black disk, the same black disk from the lab.

Michael pulls out the subatomic-microscope and uses it to examine the black disk. Inside the eye of the subatomic microscope, a few red and blue wormholes remain.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Still got half my ticket home. Now to figure the other half out. I guess I'm going to D.C. to, I don't know, at least get supplies.

Michael walks back toward the farmhouse carrying his supplies. As he walks, he notices the Farmer's truck in the driveway.

As Michael walks back to the farmhouse doorway, he can see the Farmer's truck keys sitting on the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, farmer, let's make a trade!

Michael opens his bag of money and begins raining money down inside the farmhouse. The farmer notices moneys suddenly flying around the room.

The Farmer YELLS in shock as he scrambles to collect the falling money. Michael takes more money out and tosses it into the doorway and outside the farmhouse.

The Farmer exits the farmhouse laughing with glee as he collects the falling, scattering money. Michael enters the farmhouse.

After a moment of The Farmer happily retrieving the magic money, the sound of a TRUCK STARTING can be heard, and the truck can be seen driving away from the farm.

HIGHWAY - EVENING

Michael drives the truck down an almost empty road. A moment later, sirens can be seen behind the truck as a police car pulls behind the truck.

MICHAEL

Damnit, can't you let this ghost car drive in peace?

Michael pulls the truck over. As the Police Officer exits his car slowly, he draws his weapon.

As the Police Officer approaches the truck, Michael exits the truck through the open driver window. Michael stands a few feet away from the truck as the Police officer scans the truck with his gun.

The Police Officer sees that there is no one in the truck and becomes flabbergasted. The Police Office searches under the truck and around the truck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Up, no one here. Better just leave the truck alone and go about your business.

The Police Officer holsters his weapon and talks into his shoulder radio.

POLICE OFFICER

Dispatch, this is car twenty-seven, I got some kind of runaway vehicle... or something out here.

I'm going to need a tow truck.

MICHAEL

No, you don't. Don't do that.

POLICE OFFICE

I'll stay with the vehicle until the tow arrives. I swear, this thing's got a life of its own or something.

MICHAEL

Of course you will. Have fun with this.

Michael begins walking down the road away from the truck.

INT. DINER - DAY

Michael enters a nearly full diner. As the patrons eat and talk, Michael raises his hands and speaks in a loud voice to the entire diner.

MICHAEL

Don't mind me, folks, I'm just a time traveler that no one can see or hear. So, I'm just going to walk around and kind of take whatever looks good. Any objections?

The diner continues undisturbed by Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Great, what's on the menu?

MICHAEL begins to walk around the diner. He sees a booth filled with people and a small plate of fries on the edge of the table. Michael picks up the plate of fries as he dodges the waitress coming toward him.

Michael eats the fries as he hears the table complaining to the waitress.

PATRON  
Excuse me, miss, but I didn't get  
my side of fries.

Michael smiles as he shoves fries in his mouth and reaches for a soft drink recently placed on a table.

Michael lets out a SATISFIED SOUND as he continues to walk around the diner, taking things off of tables.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Michael walks down a random street near a Movie Theatre. The marquee shows that movie, Pet Sematary II is playing.

MICHAEL  
I remember this flick. Not the  
best, not the worst.

Michael sees that there is a long line for the movie and smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Ok, maybe being completely  
invisible does have its perks.  
Think I'll take a break and watch  
the show.

Michael enters the theatre without anyone stopping him or acknowledging him.

MOVIE THEATRE

Michael stands in the aisle of the theatre until everyone has taken their seats. Michael sees two couples near the aisle, sitting with an empty seat in-between them. Michael moves toward the empty seat and stands in the aisle.



Michael HUFFS and prepares himself before running toward the seat, taking the pain of the electricity as he moves to his seat. Michael sits down and rubs his ankles. The movie begins.

The person on Michael's right holds a tub of popcorn, takes another handful, and then places the tub on the ground. As soon as the tub is on the ground, Michael picks the tub up and begins eating popcorn.

The person to Michael's right reaches down for the popcorn and is surprised the tub isn't there. The person to Michael's right begins searching for the tub of popcorn on the ground off camera.

Michael props his feet up above the next row of seats so not to be shocked again. Michael takes another handful of popcorn and places the bucket on the ground. The person to Michael's right rises from the ground and looks at their date perplexed.

The person to Michael's left keeps a large soft drink in their cup holder. Michael shoves a straw through the soft drink next to the other straw.

Both Michael and the person on his left drink from their straws an inch away from each other's faces while they watch the movie.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael approaches a large, dark house. Michael walks up to the door and reaches for the handle. The door is surprisingly unlocked, and Michael enters.

LARGE BEDROOM

Michael sits in a bedroom and finishes dressing in clothes taken from a closet. Michael eyes the recorder on the bed and pics it up.

MICHAEL

Day one of the Mighty Mouse mission back in time is, the experiment is a failure. The craft itself was nearly destroyed upon expansion leaving me stranded here. Since the point of the experiment was to travel through time and return, at this moment it's a failure.

(MORE)

## MICHAEL (CONT'D)

There is also another unintended complication that I never considered. It seems since I already exist in this time as an eight-year-old boy, the world refuses to accept matter existing in two places at once, so, it, the world, it just cancelled me. No one here can see me or hear me and if I try to engage them physically, I'm electrocuted, hurt by them. It's all so depressing and yet freeing. I feel like the invisible man. I fear I might die an invisible man.

After a moment, Michael clicks the recorder and slowly lies on the bed in a fetal position.

## LATER

Michael sleeps soundly in his borrowed bed. Suddenly, the front door opens and lights in the house turn on as a man and a woman argue downstairs.

## WOMAN

You were staring at her!

## MAN

I wasn't staring.

## WOMAN

Oh you're drunk, how would you know if you were staring.

## MAN

Well, maybe I wouldn't drink so much if I wasn't so uncomfortable with how uncomfortable you made everybody there.

## WOMAN

I did no such thing.

## MAN

Of course you did. You talk way too loudly, you say, that's funny and don't laugh. You spit out the pasta salad Deb made.

## WOMAN

It tasted like she left it in her car all day.

MAN

It was better than any of the crap  
you think you're cooking.

MICHAEL

Christ.

Michael rises and begins to gather his things along with a  
pillow and blanket. Michael exits the bedroom.

HOUSE ENTRANCE

Michael slowly walks down the stairs tired as the Man and  
Woman continue to fight.

WOMAN

Oh, I knew it! You just wanted a  
Stepford wife like your damn  
mother. Is that why you kept  
staring at Deb, because she reminds  
you of mommy?

MAN

If you mean that Deb reminds of a  
decent woman, then you're damn  
right, she does. Unlike the harpy  
standing in front of me.

The Man and woman continue to yell over one another as  
Michael walks between them.

MICHAEL

Thanks for waking me up. Guess I'll  
go break into the neighbors house.

Michael opens the door and walks through. Michael turns  
around.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't have kids, please!

Michael continues walking.

WOMAN

And you forgot to close the door?  
Anybody could have walked right in  
here and killed me dead.

MAN

I wish I was dead!

## PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Michael enters a phone booth wrapped in a stolen blanket. He picks up the phone and puts a few coins in.

MICHAEL

Please work.

The phone begins to ring. An operator picks up.

OPERATOR

Nine-one-one, what is your emergency?

MICHAEL

Hello? Can you hear me, hello?

OPERATOR

Hello?

MICHAEL

Oh, thank god! I need you to connect me with the F.B.I. immediately. My name is Mich...

OPERATOR

Hello?

MICHAEL

Hel-hello?

OPERATOR

There's nobody there, I'm hanging up.

MICHAEL

No, wait.

The sound of a dial tone fills the phone booth. Michael stares at the receiver with sadness. The sadness turns to anger as Michael smashes the phone against the booth in frustration.

## BUS STATION - DAY

Michael sits at a bus stop alone, tired and falling asleep on the bench. A moment later, an elderly woman slowly walks to the bench and sits on Michael.

Michael SCREAMS out in pain as he quickly moves over irritated in order to get out of the woman's way.

BUS

Michael sits in the aisle seat of a full bus, staring forward. After a moment, the sleeping person next to Michael switches positions and leans on Michael. Michael jumps up in pain.

MICHAEL  
Some-in-a-b!

Michael stands in the aisle irritated. He eventually sits in the middle of the isle. A moment later a person in front of Michael stands up and walks toward the back of the bus. Michael quickly and awkwardly shifts himself out of the way.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Is there no end?

EXT. SUPER MARKET - DAY

Michael stands in front of a busy super market parking lot. Michael looks angry as he takes out his voice recorder and speaks into it.

MICHAEL  
I don't even know if this is actually recording. I can hear my own voice played back, but who knows if anyone else ever will. Its making me mad, enough to make a good man bad. All right, world, you want to push the invisible man around? Let's see how you like it.

Michael walks further into the parking lot. As he walks, he sees a group of children enjoying ice cream cones. Michael walks by the group and one by one hits the ice cream cone out of each child's hand.

The children cry and blame each other. Michael smiles. Michael hears a MAN TALKING LOUDLY ON A CELL PHONE in the parking lot. Michael walks toward the man.

PARKING LOT

Michael approaches the man talking loudly and angrily on his cell phone as the man exits his car. Michael listens for a minute as the man complains and screams over the phone.

While the man is distracted, Michael steals the man's keys and wallet and lock them in the man's car.

## SUPERMARKET

Michael walks around the aisles of the super market. Michael sees a stock boy on a ladder stacking jars of apple juice. Michael sneers as he approaches.

Michael watches the stock boy complete his pyramid of apple juice jars. The stock boy climbs down and begins to walk away. Michael gently kicks the bottom jar of the pyramid and the pyramid crumbles and smashes.

Michael slowly walks away as the stock boy is devastated from the incident.

## EXT. SUPER MARKET

Michael exits the super market and sees a young boy standing with his bike bothering a young girl. After watching the young boy bully the young girl for a moment, Michael picks up the young boy's bike and throws it in the road in front of a delivery truck. The boy is surprised by what happened and cries when he sees his bike.

Michael stands next to the Young Girl as they both LAUGH before EXITING.

## RAINY BRIDGE - NIGHT

MICHAEL sits beneath a bridge as heavy rain beats down around him. Michael is slightly damp and covered in a

blanket. Michael begins to cry. After a moment, Michael takes the recorder out of his pocket and clicks it.

## MICHAEL

Night two of my journey through time. Everything is screwed. Traveling is nearly impossible while being completely invisible and only in short journeys. I won't make it too D.C. and even if I did, what then? Try to convince a room full of government stiffs, somehow, that I exist and am from the future and hope they don't think it's some kind of foreign attack and just shoot wildly at the air.

(MORE)

## MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And if they don't fill me with lead, what, I'm going to use their technology to somehow match twenty-twenty-fives technology and send me home, even though they can't hear me or see me? What a dumb plan. I failed, and besides this recorder, I'll never talk to anyone again. I failed. And I somehow thought being a jerk to everyone would make me feel better. If anything, I feel worse. So I've decided to own my failure and return to the previously specified location, Wayne, PA. And there I will see myself, myself during the moment I constructed this failure. Maybe I'll try to send him a message or a sign to abandon this whole thing. It's selfish, I know it's selfish. Nothing about this wasn't selfish. So I am going to selfishly meet myself and after that, well, one more selfish thing won't hurt. In for a penny, in for a pound.

## INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Michael enters a busy police precinct, disheveled and depressed, wearing an undershirt, boxer shorts, socks, and a long dirty bathrobe.

Michael slowly walks through the precinct as police officers walk passed him and knock into his shoulder. MICHAEL slightly reacts to each painful interaction with police officers shoulders. Eventually Michael stops and looks around.

## MICHAEL

Does anyone have a gun I can borrow? You know, to kill myself? I'll probably need some bullets too.

The busy police precinct continues undisturbed around Michael. Michael nearly cries as he slowly walks from desk to desk. Eventually he finds a revolver sitting on a desk.

Michael picks up the gun and examines it, checking if the gun is loaded. Assured the gun is loaded, Michael sticks the revolver inside of his robe pocket. Michael again looks around the busy police precinct.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

All right, thanks for the shooter,  
boys. Sure you don't want to try  
and stop me?

Michael again watches the police officers around him move  
around, unaware of Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Please... Please try and stop me?

Again, no one in the police Precinct is aware of Michael.  
Michael slowly nods as a tear streams down his face. Michael  
slowly exits the police Precinct.

HIGHWAY - DUSK

Michael sits huddled and shivering in the back of a pickup  
truck. The truck passes a highway sign for Philadelphia.

EXT. TOWN OF WAYNE - SUNRISE

Michael walks the streets of his hometown, still in a  
bathrobe, undershirt, boxers, and socks. Michael passes  
streets and shops from his home.

SHOP SUGGESTIONS: NEW WAYNE PIZZA, THE PAISLY SHOPPE,  
TROUBADOUR GUITARS, THE WAYNE MOVIE THEATRE, JOHN'S VILLAGE  
MARKET, BRINK'S CAFE.

Michael smiles as he passes each place and the smile quickly  
subsides into sadness the more stores he encounters.

MICHAEL

Man, it's different. The same, but  
different. I thought Brink's cafe  
was on that side of the street.  
oops.

NEIGHBORHOOD

Michael walks through his old neighborhood, admiring the  
houses and mailboxes. MICHAEL passes a fence as a dog, BUDDY,  
lies on the grass inside of the fence.

As Michael passes, the dog rises from his bed and begins to  
bark as he rushes toward Michael. The dog jumps at the fence  
and barks a few inches in front of Michael's face. Michael  
stares at the dog and smiles widely.



MICHAEL

I remember you... kind of. You were much bigger, but I guess I was much smaller. You can see me?

The dog continues to bark in Michael's face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

God, I'd pet the hell out of you right now if I knew it wouldn't hurt and annoy me. Good boy, or girl... Good dog.

A moment later, an ELDERLY WOMAN exits the house behind the fence and SCREAMS at the dog.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Damn it, Buddy! What the hell you barking at? You're barking at air, bothering everybody on a Saturday morning. Get inside, now!

Michael sadly looks at the Elderly Woman standing in the doorway. Michael smiles back in the face of Buddy barking.

MICHAEL

Good boy, get out of here.

Michael continues walking down the block as Buddy barks for another moment and then loses interest and leaves the fence.

EXT. YOUNG MICHAEL'S FRONT YARD

Michael walks by his front yard and reads the number, Five Eighty-Three, on the mailbox.

MICHAEL

End of the line.

Michael feels for the revolver in the pocket of his robe as he continues to walk around the corner of the street to the house's back yard.

BACK YARD

Michael strolls around the house to the waist high bushes that separate the backyard from the sidewalk keeping one hand inside the pocket of his robe, on the revolver.

Michael turns his head and sees YOUNG Michael sitting cross legged, reading, The Time Machine, with a model DeLorean sitting next to him.

Michael watches Young Michael silently for a moment as his eyes slightly water. Michael wipes his eyes and looks closer at Young Michael reading. Michael observes that Young Michael is more than halfway through the novel.

MICHAEL

Wait, I thought I started today?  
How am I that far through?

As soon as Michael finishes speaking, Young Michael looks up from his book and stares at Michael. Michael stares back at Young Michael. After a beat, Young Michael waves to Michael.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Hello.

Michael is instantly shocked by Young Michael's acknowledgement of his existence. Michael looks around and sees that the streets around and behind him are still empty.

Michael slowly waves back to Young Michael with the hand not clutching the revolver inside of his robe pocket.

MICHAEL

You can see me?

YOUNG MICHAEL

What?

MICHAEL

I mean, hello, there, um, young man. What are you reading?

YOUNG MICHAEL

It's the Time Machine by H. G. Wells. I'm really enjoying it.

MICHAEL

That's a wonderful book. Are you just starting to read it?

YOUNG MICHAEL

No, I started over the summer after my dad finally let me see all of the back to the future movies. Have you seen them?

MICHAEL

Yeah, I have, great movies. That's right I did see them over the summer before school started.

YOUNG MICHAEL

You still go to school? Wow.

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah, I still go to school. You're never too old to go to school. I'm a scientist. Scientists need lots of education.

YOUNG MICHAEL

I want to be a scientist!

MICHAEL

Yeah? What would you do if you were a scientist?

YOUNG MICHAEL

I'd travel back in time and go see the dinosaurs or see Back to the Future the day that it came out. That'd be fun.

MICHAEL

That would be fun. There isn't any other reason you'd want to time travel?

YOUNG MICHAEL

I don't know, visit myself or something. That'd be funny. It was funny in the movies.

MICHAEL

Yeah, pretty funny. You wouldn't go back in time to save anybody?

YOUNG MICHAEL

I might go back and save President Lincoln or President Kennedy. Learning about them made me sad.

MICHAEL

Nothing with your dad?

YOUNG MICHAEL

Oh, I'd definitely take my dad with me, he's a police officer. Do you know my dad? You kind of look like my dad, but older and sadder.

MICHAEL

(TO SELF) I told you, Cindy.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Who's Cindy?

MICHAEL

It's not important, but I do know your dad. He's a good guy. I live in the neighborhood. I'm sad because I got locked out of my house in my pajamas. What an idiot, right?

YOUNG MICHAEL

Which house?

Michael notices a sudden shift in Young Michael's attitude toward him.

MICHAEL

Oh, a, the blue one, down on the right.

Michael points in the direction he is walking.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Then why did you come from that way?

MICHAEL

Man, you're smart, defiantly the son of a cop. Can't get anything past you. You're right, I don't live down the road, I lied to you because I was afraid the truth would sound too crazy.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Then what's the truth?

MICHAEL

You won't believe me.

YOUNG MICHAEL

If you can prove it, I'll believe you.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm, I'm invisible.

YOUNG MICHAEL

What, no way? I can see you.

MICHAEL

Way, way. I'm just as shocked as you are. Apparently, you're the only one that can see me.

YOUNG MICHAEL  
Well that's pretty flimsy evidence  
that you're invisible.

MICHAEL  
I'm serious. To everyone else, I'm  
completely invisible. I can prove  
it. Call your mom out here.

Young Michael cautiously turns toward the house.

YOUNG MICHAEL  
Hey, Mom!

Young Michael turns back to Michael.

YOUNG MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Just so you know, if you're not  
invisible, you're in real trouble.

MICHAEL  
Do I look worried?

YOUNG MICHAEL  
No, you look homeless.

A moment later, Michael's mother, MOLLY, exits the house and  
stands on the porch.

MOLLY  
Yeah, Sweetie?

Michael sees his mother and nearly bursts out crying as she  
stands and smiles at Young Michael. Young Michael stares at  
Michael expectantly. Michael pulls himself together and YELLS  
at Molly.

MICHAEL  
Hey, you! You old, a, witch! You  
smell and, and you, and you eat  
your own toe jam!

Molly continues to stand smiling, waiting for Young Michael's  
response. Michael looks at Young Michael. Young Michael  
giggles as he now smiles and looks at Michael. Young Michael  
turns back to his mother.

YOUNG MICHAEL  
Never mind, sorry.

MOLLY  
It's ok, sweetie.

Molly enters back into the house.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Wow, you called my mom a witch and she just kept smiling. Oh, you're like Drop Dead Fred!

MICHAEL

Right, I remember that movie. I am like Drop Dead Fred. I'm your imaginary friend, but my name's not Fred.

YOUNG MICHAEL

What is it?

MICHAEL

Mic... Mighty Mouse.

YOUNG MICHAEL

Really? I love Mighty Mouse! Did you know his secret identity is Michael Mouse? That's my name.

MICHAEL

I know. I just didn't want to scare you. That's why I came to you, Michael. You're the only one that can help me...

Michael looks toward the front yard of the house and sees two police cars parking in front of the house.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(TO SELF) No, no, it's today? Oh, god I blacked it out but kept the date. Cindy was right.

YOUNG MICHAEL

You sure talk about Cindy a lot.

Michael crouches down to Young Michael's level.

MICHAEL

It's not important. What is important right now, is that you have to be tough and brave like Mighty Mouse, understand? You can't be Michael Mouse right now, people need you, ok?

YOUNG MICHAEL

Ok?

MICHAEL

Ok, Ok.

A moment later, Molly exits onto the porch in tears, holding her arms.

MOLLY

Michael, Michael please come inside.

Young Michael looks at Michael in surprise. Young Michael rises and slowly walks toward Molly. As soon as Young Michael and Molly ENTER the house, Michael becomes frantic and flails as he still clutches the revolver inside of his robe.

MICHAEL

Damn it! Damn it, damn me, damn time, damn Mighty Mouse!

Michael begins to pace.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I can't go through this twice. I can't. I'm sorry buddy, I know it's going to be hard. I know. It's going to be so hard that you black it out for years and pretend it's not the one thing in life you're trying to change. I did that. I did that because you did that. I can't, I can't be here.

Michael pauses for a moment, agrees with his decision and takes a few steps. Michael doesn't notice the model DeLorean in front of him and steps directly onto it.

The model DeLorean slips from under his foot causing Michael to fly dramatically into the air and fall on his back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Damn DeLoreans!

Michael lies and rubs his back for a moment before sitting up. Michael notices his hand is still on the revolver inside of his robe and has not discharged in the fall.

Michael looks forward and sees Young Michael EXITING the house sad and quiet. Young Michael makes eye contact with Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Damn.

Young Michael slowly walks toward Michael and stands in front of him.

YOUNG MICHAEL

My dad...

MICHAEL

I know, I know. And you were brave  
for your mom. Just keep doing that.

Young Michael slowly nods and stares off, sadly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Way to go, Mighty Mouse.

Young Michael looks at Michael and begins to cry. Young Michael begins walking toward Michael with his arms out, expecting a hug. Michael is instantly frightened.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No, no, wait! This is really gonna  
hurt both of us.

Michael closes his eyes and prepares for a large shock from Young Michael's embrace. Young Michael hugs Michael.

After a moment, Michael realizes the hug doesn't hurt him and how wonderful it feels to be hugged again.

Michael finally releases his grip on the revolver and wraps both arms around Young Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Molly exits onto the back porch looking for Young Michael. Even though he is right in front of her, because young Michael is making contact with Michael, Molly can't see him.

Molly enters back into the house, searching for Young Michael.

INT. YOUNG MICHAEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael wears one of his father's shirts and a pair of his father's pants and watches from the doorway of the bedroom as Molly sits by Young Michael's bed.

Molly rubs sleeping Young Michael's face as Young Michael sleeps.

MICHAEL

You stayed in here all night,  
didn't you, mom?



Michael continues to watch as he wipes his eyes. After another moment, Michael leaves the doorway and walks down the stairs.

#### KITCHEN

Michael enters the dim kitchen and examines it. Michael looks at the magnets on the fridge, the appliances on the counter, and finally spots a plate of covered cookies on the table.

MICHAEL

Oh, mom's cookies! Now there's a reason to live.

Michael takes a few cookies from the covered plate and begins eating them. As he eats and looks around the kitchen, Michael notices a light on in the garage. Michael slowly walks toward the garage door and opens it.

#### GARAGE

Michael stands in the doorway of the garage and eats his cookie. Michael sees the old car and the impressive number of tools his father had.

As Michael looks around the garage, for a moment, Michael sees his lab and the Mighty Mouse being worked on. The future lab turns back into the garage holding the family car. Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Ah, screw it, let's build another time machine. Way to go, Mighty Mouse.

Michael takes another bite of the cookie.

#### PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Another Mighty Mouse appears from nowhere and crashes onto the ground. After a moment, Dr. Dennis Harrison exits the craft. He coughs, looks around, and smiles.

END