

A Sound of Thunder

written by

Mateo Brazinha

Address
Phone
E-mail

INT. - 2055 - DAY - TIME SAFARI INC.

A neon orange sign in the entrance on Time Safari almost floating on a thin film of water, the sign read TIME SAFARI INC, SAFARI TO ANYWHERE TO THE PAST, YOU NAME THE ANIMAL, WE TAKE YOU THERE, YOU SHOOT IT.

ECKELS

(Clears throat nervously
as he reads the sign)

Hey, shouldn't there be some sort
of document that promises I won't
die on this Safari?

OFFICIAL

(Monotone, sitting at
front desk)

No. We promise nothing, except the
dinosaurs. This is Mr.Travis and
for the Safari he is your leader,
you do everything he says. He says
don't shoot, you don't shoot! If
you fail to follow these simple
rules the consequences will be
costly.

INT - CONTINUOUS - IN LARGER ROOM - TIME SAFARI INC.

ECKELS

(Amazed walking slowly
through the room)

Unbelievable, simply incredible.

ECKELS (CONT'D)

(shaking head in approval)

Could you imagine if Keith hadn't
had won the election.

ECKELS (CONT'D)

(full confidence)

He will make a fine president for
the United States of America.

MAN BEHIND DESK

Yes.

ECKELS

You know, if Deutscher had won
people would have wanted to go back
to 1492, can you believe that!

MAN BEHIND DESK

If Deutscher had won, we would have had the worst kind of government filled with war and a government against religion and belief.

That's not what you worry about now, all you have to think about right now is...

ECKELS

(excited)

Shooting my dinosaur!

MAN BEHIND DESK

Yup, the Tyrannosaurus Rex, the most powerful, sign this so that if you don't make it, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry.

ECKELS

(angry)

Are you trying to scare me!

MAN BEHIND DESK

Yes, we have to make sure you're ready, we have had 12 hunters and 6 guides not make it because of fear.

MAN BEHIND DESK (CONT'D)

Alright Mr. Travis, he is all yours

They moved silently across the room with guns in hand till they reached the machine, the silver metal and roaring light sure was intimidating.

A day passed, then a week, then a month, a year, ten years!
AD 2055, AD 2019, 1999, 1957, GONE.

MR. TRAVIS

Put on your oxygen helmets.

There were five men there, Eckels, Mr Travis, his assistant Lesperance and two other hunters named Billings and Kramer. The machine screeched and stopped and there they were.

EXT. - PREHISTORIC JUNGLED AREA - 60 MILLION YEARS AGO - DAY

MR TRAVIS

The first human hasn't even been born yet, the pyramids are still in the earth waiting to be cut out and built. So many crucial people to our society, not of them exist...

ECKELS

(In awe)

Wow, just incredible.

MR TRAVIS

(slowly walks out onto the path)

Outside, 60 million two thousand and 55 years before President Keith. See this metal path? Don't you dare step off it.

ECKELS

(Nervously)

Well, why not?

MR TRAVIS

(inpatient)

Well do you want to be responsible for changing the past?

MR TRAVIS (CONT'D)

(inpatient)

We have no space here in the past and we don't want to change the future. The government doesn't want us here. We don't want to kill an animal not knowing it could seriously impact the future.

ECKELS

(Curious)

I don't understand.

MR TRAVIS

(frustrated)

All right then listen up. Let's say you kill a mouse well that could mean foxes will go hungry and that will just go on and on until all animals are extinct!

ECKELS

(hand on chin)

I see, so then it wouldn't pay for us to step on the grass?

MR TRAVIS

Correct, destroying plants could have a major affect on the future even if it seems like nothing to big.

ECKELS

(curious)

And, how do we know what animals to shoot?

MR TRAVIS

They are marked with red paint.