

Grandfather Paradox
by
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INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

AGENT SHERIDAN slams DR. DAVID LASSITER against a wall. Pins his forearm against Lassiter's throat.

AGENT SHERIDAN

There's a 15-mile-wide hole where Indianapolis used to be. No flash. No explosion. It just disappeared like it was taken away by a giant ice cream scoop.

DAVID LASSITER

(trying to free himself)
I had nothing to--

AGENT SHERIDAN

Your name was found at the bottom of that hole on a scrap of paper in a metal box.

DAVID LASSITER

There's a lot of David Las--

AGENT SHERIDAN

It's a signature!

He holds up a piece of paper. It's a photo of the signature.

AGENT SHERIDAN

Your signature. We checked.

Sheridan steps back from Lassiter.

DAVID LASSITER

(massaging his throat)
I'm a--

AGENT SHERIDAN

The box is an alloy that nobody's ever seen. They can't even identify it.

DAVID LASSITER

I'm a biologist!

Sheridan pulls his gun from his holster. Stares at Lassiter.

AGENT SHERIDAN

I read a lot of sci-fi when I was a kid. How about you?

DAVID LASSITER

I don't--

Sheridan takes a step toward Lassiter.

AGENT SHERIDAN
Sci-fi! Asimov! Clarke! Did you
read any sci-fi as a kid?

DAVID LASSITER
Bradbury! I liked Ray Bradbury!

Beat.

AGENT SHERIDAN
I'm a simple Fed, doc. I leave the
heavy thinking to the scientists.
But right now, crazy as it sounds,
this feels a lot like some kind of
Grandfather Paradox.

Points his gun at Lassiter.

AGENT SHERIDAN
And I bet if I pull this trigger,
Indianapolis never goes away.

Cocks the hammer.