

My Name is Ward Armstrong, and I Travel Through Time

By

Vvinni J. Gagnepain

MY NAME IS WARD ARMSTRONG, AND I TRAVEL THROUGH
TIME BY VVINNI J. GAGNEPAIN

EXT. PARK BENCH

GERY HOLGT sits on a park bench with a sandwich.

Gery eats his sandwich.

A rift through time and space opens besides the bench, and
WARD ARMSTRONG. Ward wears army fatigues and oval-shaped
glasses. He also wears very nice jeans.

Ward wanders up to the bench and sits down. Gery glances at
him and eats his sandwich.

Ward snuffles. Ward coughs. Ward shifts in his seat.

A family of geese waddle past.

Ward turns to Gery.

WARD ARMSTRONG

I just traveled through time and
space.

Gery ignores Ward, and eats his sandwich.

WARD ARMSTRONG

The secret to time travel is never
wear a watch. Otherwise, the watch
will explode and hurt your hand.

Gery moves farther away from Ward.

WARD ARMSTRONG

I can tell you more about time
travel, as well as give you 38
million dollars right now, if you
tell me one thing.

Gery hurriedly finishes his sandwich.

WARD ARMSTRONG

You have to tell me the name of the
president.

Gery, done with his sandwich, stands and leaves.

Ward watches Gery go. Ward sighs.

INT. BANK

Gery stands in line at the bank. It is a long line.

A hole through time and space opens up behind Gery. Ward steps out of the hole.

WARD ARMSTRONG

Hello there again. My name is Ward
Armstrong, and I travel through
time.

Gery stares at Ward.

WARD ARMSTRONG

We have met before. To you it has
been only a little while, but to me
it has been one hundred years.

Gery pulls out his phone and checks the time.

WARD ARMSTRONG

At least I think its been one
hundred years. I don't actually own
a watch.

Gery puts his phone away and stares at Ward.

WARD ARMSTRONG

Because the first rule of time
travel, is not to wear a watch.

Gery stares at Ward.

WARD ARMSTRONG

Otherwise, the watch will explode
and hurt your hand.

GERY

Barack Obama. The name of the
president is Barack Hussein Obama!

WARD ARMSTRONG

Not Reagan?

GERY

NO!

Ward takes a moment.

WARD ARMSTRONG

I don't believe you.

Space and Time rip apart and Ward walks into the rip.

The rip disappears.

Gery sighs.

Gery walks up to the teller. He banks. End.