

BRETT CLEANS UP THE MULTIVERSE

LOGLINE: An absentminded janitor accidentally triggers a quantum device that catapults him across realities. Armed with nothing but his mop, he must outwit deadly robots and mutant monsters to "clean up" (reset) the multiverse before it's too late.

FADE IN:

EXT. EVERBRIGHT QUANTUM RESEARCH CENTER (EQRC) - DAY

Sign on the building: EVERBRIGHT QUANTUM RESEARCH CENTER.

INT. EQRC - DAY

Brief montage of scientists working on various projects at the center.

Cut to BRETT ALLISON, a janitor who is mopping outside the main lab. He is young, in his late twenties, and has a "mop" of sandy brown hair on his head. He wears custodial coveralls with "EQRC" somewhere on them. Brief montage of him doing various cleaning projects (emptying wastebaskets, scraping residue off the bottom of a lab table, etc.).

INT. EQRC BREAK ROOM - DAY

Brett is on his break, playing the game "Tetris" on his phone. His mop is close by, leaning against the wall.

DOCTOR HALVORSON enters the room. He's in his late forties, with thinning, slicked-back hair and a constant look on his face as if he's smelling something unpleasant. He sees Brett playing on his phone and scoffs at the sight.

DOCTOR HALVORSON
I suppose THIS is what you do on
your break, Allison? Mindlessly
play on your phone?

BRETT ALLISON
Sorry, Doctor Halvorson.

DOCTOR HALVORSON
(peering at BRETT's phone)
Hmph. Tetris? A game for
simpletons.

BRETT
Well, it passes the time.

DOCTOR HALVORSON
I suppose it does. You could, of
course, be using this time for
something to better yourself.

Halvorson walks away, still in a huff. Brett looks absolutely defeated.

At that moment, DOCTOR RAE MORALES steps into the room. She's in her early thirties and has an energetic, bright-eyed look. She has curly dark hair that's pulled back into a messy bun, with a few loose strands escaping.

She smiles a slightly crooked smile at Brett. He smiles back, broadly. It's obvious he's quite taken with her.

DOCTOR RAE MORALES

Don't mind him, Brett. Halvorson's a real piece of work. He once filed a formal complaint about someone whistling. And if he ever actually smiles without malice, the lab alarms go off. True story.

BRETT

(laughing a little)
Good one, Doctor Morales.

DOCTOR MORALES

C'mon, Brett. I told you before. It's Rae. Like a Rae of sunshine. You know what I mean?

BRETT

(smiling, smitten)
I know what you mean.

DOCTOR MORALES

Anyway. You spend your break however you want to. You do good work here. And who knows? You may indeed be destined for bigger things.

Morales pats Brett's chest supportively. Brett stares at her, a goofy grin on his face. This allows her to slip a folded note into his coveralls pocket, seemingly unnoticed.

Morales then begins to leave but turns back and smiles warmly at Brett one more time before she goes.

DOCTOR MORALES (CONT'D)

Just remember, Brett. You're always right where you need to be.

INT. EQRC LAB - NIGHT

Brett wanders into the empty lab with a bucket and his mop in hand.

BRETT
Can't believe I forgot to clean up
the main lab. Better do it before I
go home for the day, I suppose.

Brett mops, somewhat absent mindedly.

BRETT (CONT'D)
(humming a Bill Withers
song to himself)
"Ain't no sunshine when she's
gone... it's not warm when she's
away..."

Still keeping his mop in one hand, Brett pulls out his phone to look at it. In doing so, he accidentally leans on the control panel of a nearby device that is labeled "QUANTUM DISPLACEMENT ENGINE PROTOTYPE." He somehow unwittingly activates the device. Alarms. Lights.

Brett drops his phone and looks around in a panic. The room WARPS around him. He then *vanishes*.

INT. EQRC LAB - NOW SUBMERGED

Closeup on Brett's eyes opening. He is in what appears to be the same lab, but it's now completely submerged underwater!

Panicking but still clinging to his trusty mop, he looks around hurriedly, trying to find a way out before drowning.

He then sees what appears to be the same device he just leaned against a few moments ago, now floating in front of his face. He manages to grab it with his free hand and turns it back and forth, desperately looking for any way to turn it back on. He's running out of air!

He finally notices a button on the device and rams it against his head. There's a flash, and he and his mop disappear.

INT. EQRC LAB - NO LONGER SUBMERGED

A still soaking wet Brett reappears in what appears to be the same lab, except it's no longer underwater. It does seem slightly different than the original lab, however. Pristine. Even more sterile, perhaps.

BRETT
Oh man, oh man, oh man. What the
heck just happened?
(looking around)
Where's that device?

Mop still in hand, Brett somewhat absent-mindedly sticks his other hand in his pocket and makes a slight face. He pulls out the note that Doctor Morales put there earlier.

BRETT (CONT'D)

What the...

(reading)

"You're the constant. Find the pattern." What the heck does that mean?

At that moment, many flying ROBOTIC DRONES swarm the laboratory.

BRETT (CONT'D)

What now?

DRONES

(speaking in unison)

Variant detected... variant detected... variant detected...

BRETT

Variant?

DRONES

Remove... from reality...

The drones start firing what appear to be laser beams as Brett screams and runs.

INT. EQRC - VARIOUS HALLWAYS

The drones chase Brett through the somewhat Byzantine hallways of EQRC. At one point, he grabs a "Caution: Wet Floor" sign and hurls it like a frisbee. It jams the rotors of a flying drone, causing it to spiral out of control. Still, the drones are many, and they keep coming.

Eventually, Brett gets to a corner, seemingly trapped. He sees a large vent cover, however, and uses his mop handle to knock it down. He crawls in, keeping his mop with him.

INT. EQRC - VENTILATION SHAFT

Brett crawls through the ventilation shaft.

BRETT

Crazy, crazy, crazy...

Brett suddenly comes across the same device that started all this trouble. He grabs it and looks at it in disbelief.

BRETT (CONT'D)
What the heck is this thing anyway?

The whirring of the drones is heard in the distance as they are apparently closing in on Brett in the ventilation shaft.

DRONES
(somewhat distant but
closing in fast)
Eliminate... variant...
eliminate... variant...

BRETT
(screaming, then)
Well, here goes nothing...

Brett pushes the button he pushed earlier and then once again blinks out of existence (still holding the mop).

INT. EQRC LAB - RUINED

Brett appears to be back in the lab where he started, but now it's a ruined mess. Graffiti is on the walls: phrases like "FEAR THE COLLAPSE," "NO HOPE," and "UNCLEAN".

BRETT
Now what? Where the heck am I now?

Brett looks around the lab. A stricken look slowly appears on his face. Strewn across the floor are what appear to be multiple versions of himself. Each one is slightly different, but all share the distinction of holding a mop in their hands (though each mop is slightly different as well).

BRETT (CONT'D)
It's... me. And... me. And... ME
AGAIN. Think I'm going to throw up.

DOCTOR MORALES (V. O.)
You're always right where you need
to be... right where you need to
be...

Brett shakes his head.

Frightening, scratching, skittering sounds are heard.

BRETT
(brandishing mop)
Now what?!?

The source of the terrifying sounds is revealed to be many mutant beasts, insectoid in form.

As they appear, one thing is even more horrifying: they all bear the twisted visage of one Doctor Halvorson! They slowly close in on Brett.

HALVORSON CREATURES
(buzzing, screeching)
Allison... simpleton...

BRETT
(still brandishing mop)
Stay back! Already way too much
running today. I know I said I was
going to start training for a five-
K... but this is ridiculous!

The creatures finally are within striking distance and all lunge at Brett. He somehow manages to evade them, striking a few with his mop, and then runs off, cleaning device still in hand.

INT. RUINED EQRC - HALLWAYS

The hallways are now collapsing around Brett as he runs. The insectoid creatures are close behind him, running and lunging, but somehow he manages to keep away from them.

INT. RUINED EQRC CONTROL ROOM

Brett finally reaches what appears to be a control room and slams the steel door behind him, sticking the mop in the handle and blocking the door with his frame to try in vain to keep it shut. Horrifying sound of the insectoid creatures diving at the door, trying to break it down.

BRETT
Somebody help me! Somebody help me!

A hologram image of Doctor Morales appears, flickering.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Doctor Morales? Rae?

DOCTOR MORALES HOLOGRAM
(smiling sadly)
A version of me, at least. I can't
help you, Brett. You can only help
yourself.

The door continues to bulge as the insectoid Halvorsons are closer to getting in.

BRETT

Well, doing a bang up job of that!

DOCTOR MORALES HOLOGRAM

Multiverse is breaking down, Brett. The fault of the scientists in THIS reality. Their "breakthrough" started the breakdown. You've been trying to fix it.

BRETT

I have? Don't remember any of this!

DOCTOR MORALES HOLOGRAM

Many versions of you tried to fix things. You've seen the results.

BRETT

Oh god, oh god, oh god...

DOCTOR MORALES HOLOGRAM

Control panel in front of you. The key to restoring reality as we know it. None of your previous versions have been able to use it. You're our last hope before the multiverse totally collapses. Brett. Remember. You're right where you need to be!

The hologram fades. Brett quickly piles anything he can in front of the door and moves forward to the control panel.

BRETT

Gotta set things right. How does this damn thing work?

The control panel fires up. Falling glyphs appear on the screen. Brett's eyes light up in wonder and then in triumph!

BRETT (CONT'D)

It's... it's TETRIS!

The control panel program indeed mirrors the "Tetris" game of his universe, and Brett gets to work as the glyphs fall, faster and faster. He is ready, guiding them into place. One line... two lines... three lines... and then... TETRIS!

The insectoid Halvorsons burst through the door at the same moment that Brett hits the four lines needed to restore the code of the multiverse. He screams. Time seems to buckle. Light floods the room, blinding, all encompassing.

INT. EQRC BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Brett opens his eyes and looks around. Everything is whole.

Doctor Halvorson walks into the room.

DOCTOR HALVORSON
There you are, Allison. Still
playing your stupid little game?

BRETT
No. I managed to beat it.

DOCTOR HALVORSON
Whatever. Where's your mop?

BRETT
I... must have forgot it.

DOCTOR HALVORSON
Absent-mindedness. One of your many
faults. How you remain employed by
this facility, I'll never know.

Halvorson storms off. Doctor Morales peeks her head in.

DOCTOR MORALES
Everything okay?

BRETT
It is now, thanks.

DOCTOR MORALES
Well, good. Say. Did you do
something different with your hair?

BRETT
No.

DOCTOR MORALES
You look different somehow. Well,
the day is over. Grab dinner?

BRETT
I'd love that. Your choice. After
all. Wherever I go.
(Pulls her note out.)
Right where I'm supposed to be.

Doctor Morales slowly smiles and touches a finger to her nose
before she leaves. A slow smile unfolds on Brett's face as
well. Bill Withers' "Lovely Day" begins to play.

FADE OUT.