

TIME TO CHANGE

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A waiter weaves through the lavish restaurant, balancing two crystal wine glasses and a bottle of Dom Pérignon.

He arrives at a table, sets down the tray, places the glasses, uncorks the bottle, and pours.

At the table sits a blonde woman - curly hair swept over, bright red lips, striking eyes and brows, this is --

MARILYN MONROE.

Early 20's. Eyes curiously fixed across the table.

MARILYN
Well, thank you.

The waiter leaves as Marilyn picks up a cigarette and rests it between her lips.

A hand with a lighter reaches in, sparks the cigarette. She takes a deep toke, doesn't take her eyes off her guest.

MARILYN
Y'know, mister... are
we absolutely sure this is an
interview? 'Cause it doesn't
really feel like one...

Opposite Marilyn sits JASON - 30s, well-groomed, handsome, British, and cock-sure - fancies himself the next James Bond.

JASON
Whaddya mean, miss Monroe? Are you
not enjoying the hospitality...?

MARILYN
Well... there haven't
been many questions. Just...
an awful lot of compliments.

JASON
Questions? I've got plenty. But I
find answers come easier... once
trust is earned. And with a woman
as captivating as you, I'd rather
start with that connection.

She smiles, then takes a slow, sultry sip of wine.

MARILYN

Thank you, darling. Well... at least try asking a question, Mister British Reporter.

JASON

Sure.

He gazes at her curls.

JASON

Why do you dye your hair blonde?

She takes a slow, curious drag of her cigarette.

MARILYN

You assume I dye my hair blonde?

JASON

No assumption - I've got a terrific eye for detail. But worry not, that hair definitely suits you... Frankly, I see something special in you... I know it sounds like I'm blowing air up your skirt, but I wouldn't be surprised if Hollywood's looking for a blonde bombshell, just like you.

She laughs.

MARILYN

What are you talkin' about? Hollywood bombshell? Oh, I'm just a model who's done a couple of movies - a couple of lines. Hardly a Katharine Hepburn, sweetheart.

JASON

(under breath)

Yeah, Katharine was great...

Marilyn takes the final drag, then snuffs out her cigarette.

MARILYN

What do you really want from me tonight, Mr. Complementary?

JASON

... Get to know you. Questions. Get to know you.

MARILYN

Really... you're intriguing, but I don't think you're any kind of reporter. I've got a terrific eye for reporters, y'know.

JASON

... Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn.

She laughs.

MARILYN

I love that film.

JASON

Everybody loves that film. Nothin' else showing, right?

MARILYN

I just love Clark Gable. Oh, it'd be a dream to work with him — play a dramatic part, side by side with Clark.

JASON

I can see you doing that.

MARILYN

Why would Clark Gable work with lil' ol' me?

JASON

Uh... cos, gentlemen prefer blondes.

She laughs.

MARILYN

Just like the musical.

JASON

Yep, just like the musical...

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jason lies on a double bed, hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling — his face lit with exhilaration.

Beside him, Marilyn sleeps.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - LATER

Jason emerges from a room, stops just shy of the stairwell.

JASON

Wow.

He pulls a mobile-like device from his coat, taps away.

MOBILE SCREEN: He navigates to a page labeled "Adventures"

He scrolls through a list of names, each beside a box -
ticked, crossed, or blank --

RITA HEYWORTH TICK

DORIS DAY CROSS

KATHERINE HEPBURN TICK

MARILYN MONROE

JUDY GARLAND

ANNA BOLEYN

He selects Monroe and enters a tick.

Grinning wide, he pockets the device and strides down the stairs.

FADE TO:

EXT. DELIVERY DEPOT - DAY

A large, plain warehouse - its purpose affirmed by the line of delivery vans outside.

INT. DELIVERY DEPOT - OFFICE - DAY

MELVIN, early 30s, in a delivery uniform, wears a permanent look of disillusionment. He sits at a table, listening to his manager, RONALD --

RONALD (O.S)

...The world is changing and with that our industry is changing. We are in a predicament of change Melvin, and we need to be clear about that. To go on this voyage, I need every sailor on board, ready and willing to sail, wherever the wind will take us.

MELVIN

... Love a voyage and the... wind.

Across the table, RONALD. Late 40s. Looks unconvinced.

RONALD

Okay, you say that, but my records indicate that you have not participated in any evening or weekend shifts, in quite some time. This is required to change.

MELVIN

Absolutely. I can't commit to anything right now, but that will change going forwards. The job was posted as nine to five?

RONALD

Ten years ago, Melvin. Nine to Five was fine ten years ago. Customers lead different lives, busier lives, the window for opportunity has changed. You know that.

MELVIN

Uh... I'll need to convince the other half.

RONALD

What?

MELVIN

The other half. Demands that I run her to the casino, where she works, pick her up, drive her to her mums, her friends. I'm like her own personal cab service. She doesn't drive, and she's a real hand full.

Ronald stares for a beat.

RONALD

As you know, we're behind on the internationals. I need you to work late's - Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, next week and likely the same for the following four weeks. That's what everybody has to do now. It's a team effort.

MELVIN

Uh... Is there is any chance of meeting you half way on this one?

Ronald glares.

RONALD
Yeah. OK. Let's meet half way.

EXT. BUSY ROAD - DAY

A small blue transit van navigates the traffic.

INT. VAN

KENDRA, a striking young woman with a permanent scowl, glares at the driver.

KENDRA
You're now only working three days
a week??

Melvin sits behind the wheel, long-suffering.

MELVIN
Two days, one night.

KENDRA
Oh, great. I'm aiming for our dream
house on Belmont Drive, and you
decide now's the time for a part-
time gig?

MELVIN
Ronald made that decision.

KENDRA
Oh, did he now? Good old Ronald
McDonald yanking your pants down
again. Oh diddums. You've been his
lapdog for twelve years, Melvin.
Grow a spine. Negotiate. Stand up
for yourself. It's not that
impossible.

MELVIN
... Look, maybe I can get the hours
back, but I'll need to work the
evenings, that's for sur--

KENDRA
Oh it's my fault? Is this all my
fault? It's my fault your balls
shrink year on year?

Melvin doesn't respond, concentrates on his driving.

KENDRA

... Then tell him you'll work evenings. Make it sound like you're doing him a favour. I'll pick up extra shifts at the casino - again. At least one of us knows how to deal with a boss.

Melvin stays silent, brooding eyes fixed on the road ahead.

EXT. CASINO - DAY

Melvin's van stops outside the casino. Kendra bursts out, stomping off in her usual short skirt and tights.

Melvin calls to her from his window.

MELVIN

Picking you up at one?

KENDRA

I'll ring you if I need you. Might have to do extra hours - remember?

Melvin nods as Kendra struts through the casino doors.

INT. VAN

Melvin sits idly, sighs.

He moves to switch on the ignition but notices something left on the passenger seat - Kendra's phone.

INT. CASINO - FOYER - LATER

Melvin approaches JANICE at the reception, with Kendra's phone in hand.

MELVIN

Hi, Janice. It forgot her phone.

JANICE

She's in poker room three with the GM, doing a one-to-one, I think.

(points)

Third on the left, Melvin. You can march on in and hand it over. I'm not authorised to move an inch - lucky me, hey.

CASINO CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Melvin wanders up to the door, labelled "Poker room 3". He hears music from inside - it's muffled, but sounds like "Take my Breath Away" by Berlin.

He knocks... nothing. Grabs the handle, pauses, then opens the door revealing...

Kendra sprawled on a poker table, legs clamped around a sweaty, middle-aged CASINO MANAGER. They're going at it like it's closing time at a dive bar.

POKER ROOM THREE - CONTINUOUS

Melvin stands frozen in the doorway, as the pair make out to the now amplified chorus of Berlin's chart topper, oblivious to their guest.

Melvin eyes the iPod and speakers nearby on a table. He taps the off button.

Kendra and the casino manager freeze... look up.

KENDRA

Shit. Melvin. This looks a lot worst than it is.

CASINO MANAGER

I think it looks exactly as it is. Buddy, what can I say - condolences. This is without doubt an awkward moment... before you consider doing anything crazy--

KENDRA

Fat chance.

CASINO MANAGER

Got a couple of big security guys in the building - just saying... if you would consider walking away, closing the door, forget this women's existence, move onwards and upwards - I'm sure we can sought you some free spins, perhaps a little casino credit for your inconvenience.

Melvin stares as Kendra and the casino manager remain entwined on the poker table.

MELVIN

... Sounds reasonable.

Melvin steps forward to hand Kendra her phone.

MELVIN
You forgot this.

KENDRA
... Thanks.

Melvin leaves, closing the door. Kendra and the casino manager share a look... before getting right back to it.

INT. LIVELY BAR - NIGHT

A tray of eight tequila shots hits the table. Jason slides into the seat across from Melvin.

JASON
Phase two of your medication,
buddy.

Jason and Melvin each grab a shot and clink glasses.

JASON
To shit jobs, shit girlfriends, and
frankly - shit tequila.

They knock 'em back - Melvin winces way more than Jason.

JASON
... So, she was actual riding this
fella on the poker table?

MELVIN
Actually, he was on top.

Jason chuckles.

JASON
We don't need to be too specific...
Man, its like something outta a
cheesy movie - so cliché. What a
bitch move. Sorry, buddy.

MELVIN
I knew. I always knew she was with
other men. I just... looked the
other way. Pretending made it
easier.

JASON
She was hot and a bitch - worst
combination. Almost gaurenteed
infidelity.

MELVIN

If I could go back in time, I'd
walk right past her and never look
back. Would've saved me a decade of
misery.

Jason's expression is contemplative for a beat.

MELVIN

At least I should be able to get my
old work hours back - if I beg
Ronald enough... oh dear.

Jason's attention shifts to the bar, a smile creeps in.

JASON

Well in the meantime, how 'bout we
turn this night on it's head.

Melvin follows Jason's gaze to the bar to see - TWO WOMEN.
One tall, blonde, flashy, animated. The other shorter,
quieter, more modest. Both late twenties.

Melvin turns to Jason and sighs.

JASON

Can't dwell, buddy - you think I
bought these shots just for us??

He then grabs a shot and downs it.

JASON

Behold the magic in motion.

He winks at Melvin, then strides to the bar. Makes his
charismatic introduction to the tall blonde.

LATER

Melvin sits across from the shorter woman, the shy and cute
BETHANY - at this moment, both sit awkward.

Melvin leans in, nearly shouting over the music --

MELVIN

I know this weird, right, but does
this happen to you often?

She glances to her left.

BETHANY

Uh... sometimes... Yeah.

MELVIN
Me too. With him, most times.

To their left, the blonde straddles Jason, making out with him hard.

MELVIN
Sorry, your name is?

BETHANY
Bethany - yours?

MELVIN
Melvin. Bethany... there's a
Bethany in Les Misérables.

BETHANY
Yeah, there is.

Beat.

MELVIN
I don't know why I said that.

BETHANY
I love Le Mis.

MELVIN
Havent seen it.

She smiles.

MELVIN
Sorry, I'm the dumbest at small
talk.

BETHANY
Me too - maybe dumber.

MELVIN
But not talking is awful too. We
can't win, hey.

She nods and smiles. A dancy tune hits the speakers --

BETHANY
... We could just have a dance?

Melvin checks the empty dance area.

MELVIN
I'm the worse dancer.

BETHANY

Sames.

Bethany stands and offers her hand. Melvin, in time, takes it, and she leads him to the dance area.

Melvin dances opposite her — more Mr. Bean than Swayze. Bethany moves with ease, but they just smile through it.

An instant chemistry struck.

Back at the table, Jason and the blonde are still going at it, oblivious.

FADE TO:

INT. MELVIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jason sprawls on a sofa, waking up — groggy as hell.

Melvin slides over a glass of water and paracetamol.

Jason collects himself, pops a paracetamol, and downs it with water as Melvin sits.

JASON

Owe... what happened to that blonde number?

MELVIN

She passed out — as did you.

JASON

Ah... any luck with the other one?

MELVIN

Not in the terms that you mean, but Bethany was... really nice. Thanks for doin' your thing — worked out this time.

JASON

Bethany, hey — fair dues.

Jason offers a fist pump, Melvin meets it. Beat.

MELVIN

Gonna watch the DVD of the sixty-six final if you wanna hang around.

Melvin picks up a DVD case — BOBBY MOORE hoisting the trophy on the cover.

JASON
You wanna watch that prehistoric
World Cup?

Melvin nods.

JASON
Hmmm... bet you'd like to have
caught that live, ha?

MELVIN
... Well, obviously - when I was
like minus 30 years old.

Jason smiles - a covert idea forming.

JASON
There's a position at the
institute, part time - you
interested?

MELVIN
Your institution? I'm not qualified
to work there?

JASON
Don't worry about it. No one is,
really. Come down with me Monday
and I'll introduce you.

MELVIN
What is it?

JASON
Uh... It's kinda an aid role -
with a bit of... time travel
involved.

Melvin stares, confused.

MELVIN
... Say again?

JASON
Uh... yeah, don't get too
overwhelmed - they'll be a bit of
hopping through time required,
always best to be candid, right?
But it's fun, well paid, and a hell
of an opportunity.

MELVIN
... Are you still pissed?

EXT. SCIENCE INSTITUTION - CARPARK - DAY

A Blue Mini Cooper pulls up, parks.

Jason and Melvin exit. Melvin takes in the impressive futuristic building.

JASON
Ready, buddy?

MELVIN
You gonna tell me what this is
actually about?

JASON
There's only one way to find out...

MELVIN
This joke better be worth it - I'm
stupid, but only so stupid.

Jason heads for the entrance, Melvin follows.

JASON
I've already built you up a bit for
the role.

MELVIN
What?

JASON
Y'know, your stint at paratrooping,
geek at quantum physics, love
science - all that stuff.

Melvin halts just shy of the doors.

MELVIN
What? What? And what?

JASON
You do all that don't ya? It don't
matter anyway - the Doc waffles on
so much, nobody can get a word in.
The only answers you will need here
are 'yes', 'absolutely', 'without
doubt' and 'I can start straight
away' - trust me.

MELVIN
... I don't believe in time travel.

Jason just gestures towards the entrance - Melvin takes
hesitant steps through the automatic doors.

INT. SCIENCE INSTITUTION - LATER

Jason and Melvin approach a desk where a stern SECURITY OFFICER eyes them hard. Behind him a sign on the wall -- 'Quantum Physics Unit'

JASON

Morning.

The security officer hands over a clipboard and pen.

SECURITY OFFICER

Any visitors must sign a non disclosure agreement before entry.

JASON

(to Melvin)

Sign those.

Melvin takes the clipboard, reads out aloud -

MELVIN

By reading and signing this form, I acknowledge that the release of any informations regarding the Quantum Physics unit and the projects and activities there within, can result in penalties of up ten years detention, or--

(to Jason)

I'm outta ere.

Melvin hands Jason the clipboard and heads for exit, Jason pursues.

JASON

Hold on - just means you don't tell anyone. What's the big deal?

MELVIN

Ten years detention??

JASON

Never gonna happen. And even if it did, I could just pop back in time and sort it.

Melvin looks at him like he's crackers.

JASON

Just sign 'em. You won't reget it.

Melvin hesitates... grabs the clipbaord and pen.

INT. QUANTUM PHYSICS MEETING ROOM - LATER

A photo of a little white mouse in a bowtie, stands on the table. Beside, stands 50-ish, oriental, DOCTOR KIM-JUNG.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
This is Mr Titor. Do you know who
Mr Titor is, Melvin?

Melvin gazes at the photo, he is seated beside Jason.

MELVIN
I'm afraid, I don't.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Mr Titor, this little white mouse,
is to our knowledge, planet Earth's
first living time traveller - a
pioneer in quantum physics.

To Kim-Jung's right stands WALTER, a tall, gaunt scientist in oversized glasses - early 30s, eyes locked on Melvin with sharp curiosity.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
We like to introduce Mr Titor to
all our interviewee's, as an
introduction but also to prove that
if this little mammal can travel
through time safely and without
disturbance, then all humans can
surely follow his example.

MELVIN
... Where did Mr Titor go?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Twenty minutes into the future.

MELVIN
Twenty minutes?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Yes - off he went. And we all sat
in silence, waiting through the
longest, most tantalising twenty
minutes in living memory.
Then, he reappeared, unharmed,
unfazed... and from that moment on,
a legend. That, Mr. Clarke, was the
beginning of mankind's journey
through time. Seven years ago.

MELVIN

So you've been time travelling for seven years, but nobody outside of this agency knows?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

Correct.

Beat.

MELVIN

Guys - brilliant joke. Well done, Jason, this is wonderfully elaborate. Is there a real job on offer or was this all just for the joke?

Kim-Jung stares... before bursting into laughter. Jason joins him. Walter just clenches his jaw.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

I like this guy, he's funny. C'mon, follow me.

Kim-Jung exits through the automatic doors. Walter follows.

Jason rises, gives Melvin a thumbs up, motions him to come. Melvin sits, overwhelmed. Slowly gets to his feet.

INT. PREPARATION LAB - LATER

The four gather around a large, OVEN-LIKE chamber. An oriental scientist sits nearby, glued to his monitor, ignoring them.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

This is the Casimir.

WALTER

The portal, Mr. Clarke.

JASON

Basically the time machine it's self.

MELVIN

... Right... So how does that work?

INT. PROJECTOR ROOM - LATER

PROJECTOR SCREEN: Doctor Kim-Jung addresses the camera.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (ON SCREEN)
 April 2010, A momentous discovery
 is made. Somewhere between our
 solar system and the Alpha
 Centauri, the ESA reported images
 of what appeared to be the
 formation of an active wormhole.

Beside him a solar system image shifts – dissolving into a
 vibrant, rotating wormhole.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (ON SCREEN)
 Months of analysis finally
 confirmed it – the wormhole was
 genuine. It was real, functioning,
 stable. An actual wormhole, with an
 actual destination. We named it
 K666...

In the room, Melvin, Jason, Walter, and Kim-Jung watch the
 projection – Kim-Jung clearly enjoying his own screen time.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (ON SCREEN)
 ...As you can imagine our
 excitement here as scientists of
 quantum physics was unprecedented.
 That forever burning question on
 the possibility of time travel
 finally coming to inception...

In the room, Kim-Jung glances at Melvin, who's just gapes at
 the screen.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (ON SCREEN)
 ...But how could we manipulate it.
 How could we prevent it from
 closing? Potentially losing the
 greatest opportunity in the history
 of quantum physics – July 14th
 2011, NASA report the discovery and
 procurement of a negative energy.
 Particles with a zero mass.

Besides projector Kim-Jung, images/diagrams flash of particles
 with zero mass.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (ON SCREEN)
 Hallelujah – the exact counterpart
 that we needed. With a bit tactical
 diplomacy, we were able to obtain
 that negative energy – then it was
 time to build the Casimir.

(MORE)

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)
Our space time continuum computer
and satellite system. The machine
that...

Melvin watches, eyes growing weary. Jason nudges him – he
snaps to attention.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (ON SCREEN)
...connects the wormhole to the
negative energy – an almost
impossible idea, made real. This
machine... it lets us shape a
stable, traversable wormhole. And
with it, time travel is no longer
fiction. For the first time ever,
we can witness the past. Not in
memory, not in theory –
but as it truly happened.

The Projector stops. The room lights brighten. All eyes turn
to Melvin – he returns a cheesey smile and a thumps up.

INT. QUANTUM PHYSICS MEETING ROOM - LATER

Jason stands beside Kim-Jung and Walter, addressing Melvin,
who's seated.

JASON
Over the past three years, myself
and a few select operatives have
been traveling through time –
reconnaissance missions, all under
strict protocols. Usually, it's a
smooth operation. But... on the
rare occasion, things have gone a
little whoopsie for the operative.

MELVIN
... A little whoopsie?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
We believed that, once transfused,
K666 would remain stable.
Unfortunately, we were wrong.
For reasons we've yet to identify,
the wormhole occasionally collapses
– or, more accurately, temporarily
shuts. When that happens, the link
between the Casimir and K666 is
severed. Our operative is stranded,
cut off, lost in time – all
communication ceases.

MELVIN

Oh dear.

WALTER

Oh dear indeed, Mr Clark.

JASON

Your role would simply be that of a collector. You would go back to the time they got stuck - and collect them.

MELVIN

... Simply - so should be simple?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

I'm confident it will be simplistic for someone with your background - reconnaissance and all - I'd imagine you've handled worse.

JASON

And with your fascination and understanding of the mechanics of time travel.

Jason subtly gestures Melvin to reinforce that.

MELVIN

Oh yeah... of course.

JASON

This is a shoe in.

MELVIN

So I would be going back in time, anywhere in time, searching for the operative all on my own?

JASON

That's it. Find them, bring them back, come home, get paid.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

It's a straightforward assignment. And, as with all operatives, you are to uphold the strict protocols of time travel. Our operations are purely observational. We do not interfere with historical events, nor do we over-engage with historical individuals...

Jason flashes a guilty look.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
...It can dramatically alter the
course of history. Not that I need
to tell you - you already know
that. What I do need to know is
this - Will you join us on this
extraordinary mission? To help
bring our people home?

Melvin sits silent, overwhelmed, as they wait for his answer.

JASON
Twenty grand a job, by the way.

Melvin, pepped up, looks to Kim-Jung who nods.

MELVIN
Uh... I guess I'm on board, then.

Jason and Kim-Jung grin wide - Walter holds his scowl.

INT. CORRIDOR - SCIENCE INSTITUTION - LATER

Melvin and Jason walk a distance behind Kim-Jung and Walter.

MELVIN
What just happened?

JASON
Best thing ever, Buddy.

MELVIN
Why'd you lie so much to get me it?

JASON
Need somebody to talk through my
conquests with. Man, you would not
believe what I've scored.

MELVIN
I still don't believe in any of
this, by the way. Time travel is
just the stuff of movies.

JASON
You will believe Buddy, you will...

INT. CARE HOME - ROOM - DAY

Bethany, in care home attire, drops dissolvable pills into a
plastic cup. In bed, 80-something MR. FOTHERGILL eyes the cup
with preemptive disdain.

BETHANY

Is it that bad, Mr. Fothergill?

MR FOTHERGILL

Worse than rat's piss.

BETHANY

Has anyone ever tasted rat's piss?

Bethany lifts the cup to Mr. Fothergill's mouth. He reluctantly complies. She helps it down – he recoils hard.

MR FOTHERGILL

Yuck – darling, how do they manage to make it taste that fowl?

BETHANY

They say the worst it tastes, the better it is for you.

MR FOTHERGILL

Well "they" are really stupid.

BETHANY

Ha, maybe they are. Only a few more days and you can get back to your rum and coke.

MR FOTHERGILL

Yeah, I've been counting. But hey – least I get looked after in here. Out there? People stop seeing you when you get old.

BETHANY

You're always welcome to visit – and I will visit you. My word.

MR FOTHERGILL

You're a sweetheart, you know.

Bethany smiles and tidies up around the bed as Mr. Fothergill drifts into deep thought.

MR FOTHERGILL

You know dear, you remind me a little of my mother. She was a nurse.

BETHANY

She served in the war, right?

MR FOTHERGILL

Yes... she died in the war.

BETHANY
Oh, I'm so sorry.

MR FOTHERGILL
Eindhoven. Caring for our boys.

Bethany pauses, giving him her full attention.

MR FOTHERGILL
Never had a father living with us.
She worked hard – looked after me.
Never really stopped.
(softens, remembering)
When I was twelve, she kissed me on
the cheek and said she had to go
away... To another land, for our
country. I went to stay with my
aunt. She never came home.

Bethany is visibly moved.

MR FOTHERGILL
I'm sorry. I tell you this for one
reason.

BETHANY
Please don't be sorry.

MR FOTHERGILL
I never got to say thank you.
Not once. Just a stupid little
kid... took it all for granted.
If I could go back – I'd say it.
I'd make sure she knew. I never
forget to say thank you now –
So thank you Bethany for taking
care of me.

BETHANY
Ah, bless you... can I get you some
more tea and biscuits or something?

MR FOTHERGILL
Now we're talking...

Bethany steps away from Mr. Fothergill's bed, still touched,
and walks into the corridor.

INT. CARE HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

Bethany waits by the kettle. Her phone beeps from her pocket,
she pulls it out and checks the message.

MELVIN (TEXT)
*Still fancy that drink, where we
can actually try and talk?*

She smiles.

INT. QUANTUM PHYSICS MEETING ROOM - DAY

Doctor Kim-Jung, Walter and Jason are seated around a table.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Well procured Mr Stones. Now the
bigger question - how soon can we
get him out there?

Jason hesitates - Melvin's not ready.

JASON
Well...

WALTER
Jung - tell me you're not actually
thinking of sending this guy to
retrieve Summers.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
That's why we've created the
position, Walter.

WALTER
Summers has been off grid for
nearly a month. We gonna leave him
for a further six months while this
guy gets trained?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Jason - do you believe the training
will be of any benefit to Mr
Clarke?

JASON
Uh...

WALTER
Jason should be sent to rescue
operative Summers.

Walter eyeballs Jason with malice.

WALTER
He's the only one trained to do so.

JASON

... Melvin Clarke's a natural. Just give him one live exercise - he'll be ready for Summers, no question.

WALTER

You can't be serious - straight into a live exercise?
Jung, honestly, I don't think this is the same guy Jason sold us on. And don't forget to double-check those credentials.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

Of course we verify credentials. Walter, what I'd appreciate right now is a little positivity. We're in a difficult position - an operative lost in time. Alone. Possibly in danger. I want to believe we can send someone to bring him home.

JASON

And frankly Walter - I don't feel somebody who's never travelled in time is in a position to determine who's fit to do what.

Walter scowls. Beat.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

Any thoughts on where we should deploy him? Do we agree it should mirror Summers' placement?

WALTER

Agreed.

JASON

Disagree - I feel he just needs an introduction to time travel. Something he'll enjoy, get him in to it... I have an idea.

INT. SAME LIVELY BAR - NIGHT

Melvin approaches the quiet table where Bethany waits, carrying a pint and a Coke.

He sets himself and the drinks down, takes a swig of his beer, unaware 'froth' clings to his mouth - Bethany grins.

MELVIN

... So how did you become a carer?

BETHANY

Uh... I always knew I'd work in care. Wanted to be a doctor – still do, actually. I've done nursing work, but lately, I've found I feel most at home caring for the elderly.

MELVIN

Care for the elderly, I like that... may I enquire what's amusing you at this present time?

BETHANY

The beard.

MELVIN

Beard??

She leans in, real close, wipes the froth away with a tissue.

BETHANY

Shaved.

MELVIN

Ah... I'm a natural-born fool.

BETHANY

I do suffer fools lightly.

MELVIN

Excellent... you'd need a bit more training to become a doctor?

BETHANY

Yeah – about ten years' worth. Thing is, I'm happy where I am. Not quite what I pictured, but happiness isn't guaranteed, right?

MELVIN

I can vouch for that.

BETHANY

Med school will always still be there... how did delivery driving come about?

MELVIN

I was "qualified" – meaning no qualifications needed...

(MORE)

MELVIN (CONT'D)
but I've just landed a new job. Way
more interesting.

BETHANY
Oh yeah? What kind of job is that?

MELVIN
Dunno, really.

She laughs.

BETHANY
You don't know?

MELVIN
I don't, but's it's definatley
interesting - I know that.

BETHANY
(laughing)
... You are funny.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Melvin and Bethany stroll, a few drinks in.

MELVIN
So you really like football?

BETHANY
Yes. This is no lie.

MELVIN
You really play? You really are a
big England fan?

BETHANY
Yes and yes. I'm a midfield
battler. Way stronger than I look -
and I never miss an England match.

MELVIN
Wow... that's so awesome - that's
as articulate as I get, by the way.

EXT. CAB RANK - LATER

Melvin and Bethany stop walking as they reach a cab line.

A cab pulls up. They lock eyes - an anxious longing.

BETHANY

Thanks for a fun evening.

MELVIN

Sure. Sorry I had to bring me with me.

BETHANY

I'm not... do it again soon, right?

MELVIN

Definitely.

Their eyes stay locked – something's meant to happen. Melvin leans in. Bethany follows, eyes closed, lips puckered.

Melvin wavers – panic flickers. He kisses her cheek. Her eyes open – not what she expected.

HONK! The cab driver sounds his horn.

Bethany glances at the cab, then turns back to Melvin.

BETHANY

Call me.

MELVIN

Definitely.

She heads for the cab and gets in as Melvin silently curses himself... the cab drives away.

MELVIN

Moron... moron.

INT. MELVIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Melvin lies back on his sofa watching BACK TO THE FUTURE.

TV: A terrified Marty on stage, raising his hand – it's disappearing. Lorraine, struggling on the dance floor in the redhead's grip, cries out for "George!" Marty slumps to the stage --

George McFly arrives. "Excuse me." He shoves the redhead to the floor, then puckers up to Lorraine. Their eyes meet – they kiss. Marty rises from the depths of vanishing...

MELVIN

That's how it's done, Melvin...

Melvin's phone buzzes.

He sluggishly pulls it from his jeans pocket, glances at the message --

JASON (TEXT)
*Day off tomorrow, right? Good. Get
 to institution for Eight. Big day
 buddy - get excited!*

Melvin gazes, visibly unsure.

EXT. SCIENCE INSTITUTION - MORNING

Melvin's van pulls up into the carpark, he gets out. Jason waits by the entrance with a big grin.

JASON
 Morning operative Clarke!

MELVIN
 I'm already very scared.

JASON
 You're not wearing your England
 shirt?

MELVIN
 England shirt? This is gonna be
 weird, I know already.

Jason pulls out a ticket and hands it to Melvin, it reads --

'Empire Stadium Wembley', 'World championship 1966', 'Jules
 Rimet Cup, Final Tie'. 'Wembley Stadium July 30th, 1966.'

Melvin looks up, confused.

INT. QUANTUM PHYSICS MEETING ROOM - DAY

Kim-Jung stands before the seated Melvin, Jason and Walter.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
 Yes, we are looking to transport
 you back in time today - as
 unprecedented as that may seem.

Melvin, stunned, turns to Jason. He enthusiastically nods.
 Melvin looks up at Kim-Jung.

MELVIN
 You're sending me back to watch
 Englands greatest triumph... at
 Wembley stadium...
 (MORE)

MELVIN (CONT'D)
against the Germans... today? As if
that's actually possible?

Kim-Jung enthusiastically nods.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
I completely understand your...
shock at the fast-track nature of
this assignment, but we feel you
have the right aptitude and
experience to handle it, and of
course, enjoy it.

MELVIN
... I see.

Melvin gazes for a beat.

MELVIN
Where'd ya get the ticket?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Jason kindly took some time out.
(laughs)
Get it - "time out"... to go back
to sixty-six and get you a ticket.

Jason grins, giving a thumbs up.

JASON
How do you like those apples,
buddy.

Melvin is speechless, a trace of excitement in his
expression.

WALTER
He's not ready. I Told you. This
needs to stop, now.

MELVIN
... Actually - I'm ready.

Kim-Jung claps his hands together, delighted.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Fantastic, Mr. Radinski is waiting.

MELVIN
Mr Who?

INT. PREPERATION ROOM - LATER

Melvin peers down at a device that he holds in this very white, sparse space.

MELVIN

So literally just go Menu, Recall,
Depot, Execute?

Another man, late 30s, Asian, in lab gear, sits in the room - MR. RADINSKI. His accent is thicker than Kim-Jung's and he's very assertive --

MR RADINSKI

Yes.

MELVIN

And I'll come home.

MR RADINSKI

Yes. The transportation area must
be unsighted.

MELVIN

Naturally. Um... What would be a
suitable location for that?

MR RADINSKI

An area with no people.

MELVIN

So try not to speak to anyone, try
not to stand out in any way, don't
get injured and do not come into
contact with any authorities?

MR RADINSKI

Yes. Apprehension would be bad.
Your android would be seized. We'd
have to employ somebody else to
collect the collector.

MELVIN

... So I'll drop in a couple of
miles from the stadium?

Mr. Radinski nods, turns to a computer and starts keying.

MELVIN

But, what if I arrive in the middle
of the road or summit?

MR RADINSKI

As discussed, the Casimir has been programmed with a number of secluded entry points in certain major cities, London being one of them. You will not arrive in the middle of a road.

Mr. Radinski types a few commands, then turns to Melvin.

MR RADINSKI

So, you're all set, Mr Clarke.

MELVIN

... I'm all set?

Mr Radinski nods. Melvin holds up the device.

MELVIN

This thing definitely knows how to bring me back?

Mr. Radinski stares... Melvin, getting the message, nods.

Mr. Radinski gestures towards the entrance to the CHAMBER.

Melvin eyes the imposing, tube-like chamber through the glass - looks like something you'd get cooked in.

MR RADINSKI

Remember - keeping history the same, is the name of the game.

INT. CHAMBER - LATER

Melvin stands in the metallic, ovoid chamber, visibly jumpy, hesitant to even touch the walls. It's about the size of an elevator.

His eyes shift to the forbidding pipes protruding from the oval's top. He sighs, apprehensive.

Holds up the android device.

MELVIN

So I just press execute... press execute... execute and boom.

He stands idly.

MELVIN

Or, just bang on the door, run home and go to bed.

He ponders... pulls the ticket from his pocket. Stares at the enticing words: "Wembley Stadium July 30th, 1966"

He slips the ticket back in his pocket, focuses on the Android, thumb hovering over the EXECUTE button.

MELVIN

Just gotta do it, you wimp.

His thumb presses down, the execute button lights up green.

A strange loud sound - almost echoes "UH OH".

MELVIN

Uh oh...

Nothing for a beat. Melvin anxiously waits.

Then...

The pipes rattle... green electrical streams emerge from them, forming a green sphere around Melvin...

Accompanied by a weird escalating thrumming sound...

MELVIN

Melvin, this is gonna be weird...

The chamber flashes green, then begins to spin - faster, faster - Melvin stands frozen, too dumbfounded to move.

The background swirls into a seeming cosmos...

INT. PREPARATION ROOM

Mr. Radinski, eyes on the chamber, reaches for a wall phone -

MR RADINSKI

He's gone.

INT. LABORATORY

Kim-Jung, phone to ear, turns with a knowing smile to Jason.

INT. INSIDE CHAMBER/SPACE

Melvin is practically paralyzed as space, time, wormholes - god knows what - continue to spin around him.

The chamber flashes so bright, Melvin's eyes snap shut as he cowers to the floor.

The thrumming reaches climax... BOOM.

The white fades to --

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Melvin is still crouched to the ground. Realising he's not dead, he rises, opens his eyes, stares in wonder.

The alley is secluded and grimy. At the end - a busy street.

Melvin takes a breath then heads in that direction.

HIGH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Melvin reaches the road, takes in his surroundings.

Everything feels different - cars you don't see anymore, stores from a bygone era - Woolworths. Marks & Spencer. Logos aged and faded. A butcher's, a chemist - pure 1960s.

The street bustles with people, all dressed 60's.

A YOUNG LADY with bob hair walks past - looks and sounds like a young Barbara Winsor.

MELVIN

Excuse me, what's today's date?

YOUNG LADY

30th, darling.

She keeps walking.

MELVIN

June, 1966?

She stops, turns to him with a wide smile.

LADY

That's right, June 1966 - you just come out of an asylum??

She laughs and walks on.

MELVIN

Something like that...

Melvin stands motionless... looks around, uncertain. Spots a sign - Wembley Central Train Station.

Queue the "World Cup Willy" song

INT. TRAIN - DAY

Melvin stands in a bustling train carriage packed with cheerful England fans, Union Jacks waving.

Several sing the "Wold cup Willy" anthem.

Melvin takes it in – fascinated, excited, overwhelmed.

LATER

The train slows. Melvin peers out – and there it is --

Wembley, the 1960s stadium, not the one we know today.

INT. WEMBLEY STADIUM - DAY

"World Cup Willy" plays over the action

Melvin finds his seat near the pitch. The area's packed – kickoff must be near.

He sits down next to a sharply-dressed male SUPPORTER.

SUPPORTER

Think we can beat this lot, chap?

MELVIN

Never been more confident.

The crowd suddenly roars as spectators rise, applauding the teams exiting the tunnel – Melvin among them.

INSERT: TV FOOTAGE OF KICK OFF (BLACK AND WHITE)

The West Germans kick off.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

The West Germans get things under way here in this crowded rapturous Wembley stadium in London, England.

IN THE STANDS: Melvin and the crowd are glued to the action. They leap up as ROGER HUNT swings it in – GEOFF HURST nearly scores. The crowd all gasp at the chance.

TV FOOTAGE: West Germany attack. Their Number 3, SCHNELLINGER floats in a weak cross – England fail to clear. It falls to HALLER, who drills it low past a helpless BANKS.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)

And here come West Germany again..
It's fallen to Haller - Oh, it's
one nil

IN THE STANDS: Melvin's section falls silent. Distant German cheers cut through the hush. Melvin, unlike the others, remains composed.

TV FOOTAGE: ENGLAND on the attack. Number 6 ALAN BALL swings a mean ball into the box which is met by the head of GEOFF HURST, he buries the ball past the German keeper and into the net. Hurst jumps in the air in celebration.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Oh yes! There's the equalizer.

IN THE STANDS: Melvin and the England supporters go wild.

INSERT: SCOREBOARD - ENGLAND 1 WEST GERMANY 1

IN THE STANDS: Melvin watches the halftime band on the pitch.

TV FOOTAGE: The referee whistles - England kick off the second half.

IN THE STANDS: Melvin's section all get to their feet, roar the team on for the second half.

LATER

Melvin watches England attack, the crowd react - he's loving every moment.

LATER

Melvin watches a German attack. The crowd groans - he joins in, feigning angst and waving his arms.

LATER

Melvin watches as England press.

TV FOOTAGE: The ball bounces in the German box to PETERS, who thumps it in. Wembley erupts.

IN THE STANDS: The supporter next to Melvin checks his watch.

SUPPORTER

Just a few minutes to hold on,
chap.

MELVIN

We should be okay...

TV FOOTAGE: Germany attacks. A shot ricochets across the box, landing at WEBBER's feet. He pokes it in.

Queue wild celebration from the German supporters.

IN THE STANDS: England fans cup their hands behind their heads – Melvin feigns along.

SUPPORTER
Would you believe it.

MELVIN
Have faith my friend – we've still
got this. I can feel it.

INSERT: SCOREBOARD – ENGLAND 2 WEST GERMANY 2

IN THE STANDS: Melvin and the supporters watch intently, eyes darting with the game.

LATER

Melvin watches as England spring forward.

TV FOOTAGE: The ball falls to our number 10 HURST, who takes a touch and then hammers the ball towards goal, beating the keeper and crashing off the UNDERSIDE OF THE BAR.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
Is it going in, it has done,
yes!... yes... no... no, the
linesmen says no.

The referee consults the lineman... awards the goal

IN THE STANDS: Melvin and the supporters erupt.

MELVIN
(to supporter)
Definitely a goal – crossed the
line.

INSERT: SCOREBOARD – ENGLAND 3 WEST GERMANY 2

IN THE STANDS: The supporter next to Melvin checks his watch.

SUPPORTER
We're so close. Come on, last few
seconds – don't muck it up lads.

MELVIN
We won't. I have a feeling...

TV FOOTAGE: An England defender hoofs the ball up field which is collected by GEOFF HURST

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
And here comes Hurst, he's got--
some people are on the pitch, they
think it's all over...

IN THE STANDS: Melvin, close to the action, screams --

MELVIN
Smash it Geoff!

TV FOOTAGE: Hurst glances toward Melvin, then shoots -- famously a screamer, but not this time. He stumbles, the ball smashes off the bar.

The "World Cup Willy" song abruptly cuts off

IN THE STANDS: Melvin's face sinks.

TV FOOTAGE: A German defender clears the ball upfield and straight into the path of... their number 9, SEELER.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
Oh it's off the post, and the ball
upfield to Seeler, He's in here...!

SEELER goes one-on-one with BANKS, slides it past him, and sprints to his fans, celebrating wildly.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
Oh my goodness, it's 3:3. Would you
believe this. The West Germans have
equalised again!

IN THE STANDS: Melvin stands motionless... looks up at scoreboard - ENGLAND 3 GERMANY 3

LATER

Melvin sits, perplexed, as the crowd around him rallies England on.

TV FOOTAGE: It's PENALTIES. A German player smashes the ball into the top corner.

IN THE STANDS: Melvin shudders.

TV FOOTAGE: England's number 4, STILES, steps up for his penalty.

IN THE STANDS: Melvin watches, anxious - and guilt ridden.

TV FOOTAGE: Stiles makes the run, shoots, the German goalie dives and makes a fantastic save.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
Oh, it's saved!

IN THE STANDS: Melvin looks ready to hurl.

TV FOOTAGE: Germany's number 4, BECKENBAUER, steps up for his penalty.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
Beckenbauer, this is it, Banks must make the save...

Beckenbauer slots the penalty, wrong-footing the keeper. then runs to his teammates in celebration.

IN THE STANDS: Melvin gapes - it's beyond all comprehension.

TV FOOTAGE: Beckenbauer celebrates with his teammates.

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
And the West Germans triumph on English soil, A wound we may never recover from...

The German fans go wild, flags waving.

IN THE STANDS: The supporter turns to the staggered Melvin.

SUPPORTER
So much for faith, old chap.

MELVIN
... Did we just lose??

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LATER

Melvin trudges down the secluded alley, stops where he arrived, and wearily scans the area, ensuring it's clear.

He pulls out the ANDROID device, navigates it, then looks up, his expression blank.

MELVIN
... Did we just lose??

He looks down at the device... taps "Execute."

Bizarre noise... the scene spins...

Flashes white...

INT. PREPARATION ROOM - DAY

The CASIMIRS circular handle spins rapidly as red and green lights flash above. Steam hisses from vents and pipes around the chamber.

The door creaks open – Melvin steps out to the sound of clapping.

Dr. Kim-Jung and Jason applaud, while Mr. Radinski stands impassive beside them.

JASON
Welcome back, buddy.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
How was it – our new time
travelling operative?

MELVIN
... Not as good as I'd thought.

JASON
Well there's gratitude for you.
Remember we did lose. Was still a
great match, right?

Melvin nods with a bitter smile.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Well congratulations on completing
your first time travelling venture
safely and without incident. We
never had any doubts. Welcome
aboard, operative Clarke.

Kim-Jung extends his arm... Melvin shakes it.

MELVIN
Delighted to be aboard.

INT. MELVINS APARTMENT, LOUNGE - EVENING

Melvin slumps on the sofa, groaning and scolding himself.

On the table sits the 1966 World Cup Final DVD – now showing FRANZ BECKENBAUER lifting the trophy.

Melvin's phone rings. He sluggishly grabs it from the table, ignoring the caller ID.

MELVIN
Hello, you've got through to "ruin
everything" Melvin.

Bethany laughs at the other end, Melvin can't hide the gloom
in his voice --

MELVIN
Oh, hi Bethany.

INT. CARE HOME - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Bethany stands alone, phone to ear.

BETHANY
Hi - you ok?

MELVIN
Not really.

BETHANY
Oh, waasup?

MELVIN
That new job I told you about -
it's completely nuts... and England
have never won the World Cup.

BETHANY
Uh... no, we haven't - came mighty
close once though, didn't we...
what's with the new job?

MELVIN
It's completely nuts, Beth.

BETHANY
I see. Well, perhaps you could tell
me more about that when your ready
- was seeing if you maybe wanted to
catch up again this weekend?

MELVIN
... Yeah ... sure.

BETHANY
Great.

Melvin recollects the last time he saw her.

MELVIN
... Sorry, I didn't... um... with
your lips... um... ignore me.

BETHANY
Just remember to do it next time.

MELVIN
... Got it... so we definitely,
definitely didn't the win the World
Cup in sixty-six?

She laughs.

BETHANY
Your so funny.

MELVIN
... Ain't I just.

INT. BAR - DAY

Melvin sits opposite Jason, both have pints on the table.

MELVIN
Need to send me back to sixty-six.

JASON
What? Why's that, bud?

MELVIN
I screwed it up. I screwed up
history. We won it.

Jason stares with a curious grin.

MELVIN
... Did you hear me?

JASON
I heard you - what we won that?

Melvin nods.

JASON
What, really?

MELVIN
Yes.

JASON
What and you changed it somehow?

MELVIN
Correct.

JASON

Haha, wow... how'd you do that?

MELVIN

It's not funny, Jason.

JASON

Well... whaddya do?

MELVIN

Geoff Hurst's chance at the end - he originally scored, England won 4-2. I... shouted at him. To gee him on. Must've put him off. He hit the post. Then they went up the other end and scored. Won on penalties. It was me, I screwed it up. I've gotta stop it, reverse it back to how it was.

JASON

... Oh my god, that was you you - yeah, I remember Hurst saying in an interview about a yell from the crowd putting him off his shot. Of course - it was you. You plonker.

MELVIN

Yes. I'm a plonker. So how do we go about stopping me doing that?

JASON

No can do, I'm afraid.

MELVIN

That's it?

JASON

Yep. If me or you try to interfere with me or you things in the past, it mess's with the space time continuum - can created alternate spheres of time, paradox, blah-blah-blah. Total "Back to the Future" stuff - it's all forbidden.

Melvin looks at him, crushed.

JASON

Don't worry about it, buddy. I've done some... questionable things. So we change the odd bit of time - sue me. Get over it. Life goes on.

Melvin is unresponsive.

JASON

Anyway, bit of important homework for you. Don't shave for the next few days - and need you to hit the "simple arabic module" on your android - just concentrate on the basics.

MELVIN

... What??

FADE TO:

OVER BACK:

SUPER: 5 DAYS LATER.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (O.S)

We lost contact with operative Joel Summers approximately two days into his Domini expedition.

INT. QUANTUM PHYSICS MEETING ROOM - DAY

Kim-Jung stands before a bustling info board, dominated by Joel Summers' mug shot - Jason Bourne-esque.

Melvin sits - hair longer, messier, faint stubble - carrying a quiet concern.

MELVIN

Domini?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

The era of Christ.

MELVIN

... The era of Christ?

Melvin shoots a dumbfounded glance at the seated Jason.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG

His objective was first hand study of that region in that pivotal time in history... and of course to gain some evidence of the existence of the prophet himself. It was a challenging mission, which sadly has ended in the loss or...

(MORE)

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG (CONT'D)
disconnection of one of our most
trusted operatives. Your objective
is simple - retrieve our man.

Jason holds up an andoid device for Melvin's eyes.

JASON
This is a duplicate android
programmed for Joel. There's a
possibility his android has been
lost, damaged or taken. Ideally if
you could return with his original
device, that would be a huge bonus.

Walter is the room, scowling.

WALTER
The original device must be
recovered or obliterated. We can't
afford to leave something like that
buried in the annals of biblical
history, waiting to be discovered
by disciples with ambition.

JASON
Yet, we let disciplables with
ambition, work here.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Jason!

JASON
Sorry.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
(to Melvin)
But yes, the priority is the safe
return of you and operative
Summers.

Melvin pauses, taking everything in.

MELVIN
I'm being sent back to the time of
Christ. Like zero-zero-zero-zero
A.D - with romans and crucifixions
and stuff like that?

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Yes, twenty-eight AD to be precise.

MELVIN
Uh... sounds dangerous.

JASON
There's a fifty grand bonus for
this successful collection.

Kim-Jung nods, sparking Melvin's interest.

WALTER
Remember, it's a momentous mission,
you're going to need to use every
ounce of that military training.

Walter and Melvin exchange daggers.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
(to Jason)
I understand operative Clarke has
come along well with basic
questioning?

JASON
For sure.

Jason keys into the android, turns to Melvin.

JASON
So latin for "can you help me?"

Melvin is stumped.

JASON
Pooo...

MELVIN
Potesne... me iuvare?

JASON
Bang on, buddy.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
Excellent.

MELVIN
Yeah, but what when somebody speaks
to me?? - like roman soldiers??

JASON
First off - stay clear of them.
While it's on, that android's
listening in. It'll log whatever is
said to you, translate and spit a
response back, too.

MELVIN
Without them seeing it?

JASON
Yeah that's where--

WALTER
You use your covert skills Mr.
Clarke. That's why we hired you.

Walter's sly grin is enough to sway Melvin --

MELVIN
... OK - let's go back and rescue
operative Summers.

JASON
Whoo-hoo!

Kim-Jung gives a thumbs-up, grinning wide.

INT. CASIMIR - LATER

Melvin stands in the Chamber -- now in fitting biblical robes,
a Touareg scarf on his head, satchel slung over his shoulder,
visibly nervous.

He peers down at the android he holds -- eyes fixed on the
"EXECUTE" button.

INT. PREPARATION LAB - SAME

Jason, Mr Radinski and a concerned Kim-Jung stand close to
the chamber.

DOCTOR KIM-JUNG
It's been ten minutes.

JASON
I'm sure he's just familiarising
himself with them Aramaic phrases
before take off.

MR RADINSKI
He's brave, this one, I'll give him
that.

Off that, Jason shows his first flicker of unease.

INT. INSIDE CHAMBER - SAME

Melvin is exactly where we left him, android in hand.

MELVIN

Fifty grand. Fifty grand, Melvin.
 You might find him straight away.
 Come back, Fifty K in the bank. No
 more deliveries. No more Donald.
 Be the hero...
 Actually, I can't do this.

He turns to the chamber door, thumb brushing the EXECUTE
 button – unnoticed by Melvin, it lights green.

... The "UH OH" Sound.

Melvin freezes. Looks down at his android.

MELVIN

What! Wait! I didn't press
 anything!

Melvin hammers the EXECUTE button to cancel, but it's locked.

The chamber flashes green, begins to spin, Melvin bangs on
 the chamber doors.

MELVIN

I've changed my mind - Stooooop!

INT. PREPARATION ROOM - SAME

The three watch as the chamber judders loudly, oblivious to
 Melvin's clamor inside.

JASON

There goes our hero...

INT. INSIDE CHAMBER - SAME

Melvin stops pounding the doors – stands resigned as the
 cosmos swirls around him.

MELVIN

... You plonker.

.....BOOM, FLASH.....

SMASH CUT:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Eyes gradually open... to see sand, hills, and a huge flaring sun rising over the dune-lined horizon.

Melvin shields the sun's solar wrath with his hand.

He surveys the empty landscape - just him and a sea of sand.

MELVIN

Well, we definitely ain't in Kansas
anymore... not that I've ever been
to Kansas...

He pulls out the Android, thumb poised over "Recall".

MELVIN

... Well, now you're here, Melvin,
you gotta a job to do - Mr Summers
needs saving... Oooh-dear.

Melvin rises, robes flailing in the desert's breeze. Looks in all directions before choosing to trudge in the direction away from the sun.

LATER

Melvin tramps through endless sand, weary and sweating.

He stops, pulls a flask from his satchel, takes a deep swig - slightly revived.

He trundles toward the hills - sand swirling, the distant rise shimmering like a mirage.

The terrain roughens. Each step grows heavier.

LATER

Melvin nears the hills, swaying, stumbling with exhaustion.

He trips, tumbling down a steep decline.

Rolls and rolls, almost limp, giving in to the terrain...

All the way to the bottom.

Melvin lays flat, tries to lift his head but... PASSES OUT.

FADE TO:

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Melvin lies unconscious. A staff prods him...

He jolts awake to a robed, scarfed man standing over him, staff in hand. Two more sit astride donkeys behind.

MELVIN

Aargh! Please don't kill me!

The man unwraps his scarf, revealing a warm, bearded face.

THE MAN

Tav li d'ashkhetakh hay habibi.

Melvin stares, clueless, but the man's warmth eases him.

The man then offers a water pouch, Melvin drinks gratefully, then returns it.

Beat.

MELVIN

(points to himself)

I - Melvin.

THE MAN

(gestures to himself)

Melvin, Ana Yeshua Nasraya. Ta.

The man beckons Melvin to rise and follow him. Melvin nods and rises as the man mounts his donkey.

THE MAN

Ta amman d'nashkh lakh manwā.

Melvin nods as the men turn their donkeys and trot forward, Melvin trudges behind.

He uses the opportunity to discreetly pull the android from his satchel, tapping a button --

Android screen: A CURSOR blinks then one by one, lines of text begin to appear --

Record and Response...

"Melvin, Ana Yeshua. Ta"...

"Ta. Ta amman d'nashkh lakh manwā"...

Decrypting language...

Aramaic...

English Translation...

"Melvin, I'm Jesus of Nazareth. Come."...

"Come with us to find you sanctuary"...

Melvin eyes widen, locking onto: "I'm Jesus of Nazareth"
He snaps his head up toward the man on the donkey.

MELVIN
(under breath)
Jesus-H-Christ... Melvin, this is
gonna be weird...

SMASH CUT:

END OF EPISODE 1