

Over Time

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A messy two bedroom place. A 49er flag adorns one wall.

JOE(30) sits at a computer. He's lean, with a shaved head.

JOE
Hello once again, Middle-Earth.
Prepare for the usual twelve hour
Saturday binge.

SUPER - SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA APRIL 2013

The door opens with a CRASH. DWIGHT(30) hurries in. He's a short, nuggety guy, with a long ponytail. And he's really happy...

DWIGHT
Bro, pack your fucking bags.

He doesn't wait for a reply, heads into a bedroom. SOUNDS of closet doors opening but Joe remains fixed on the screen.

JOE
Nazgul bitch.

He mashes the keyboard. His smile grows.

DWIGHT(O.S.)
I ain't fooling, buddy. We're
flying out at noon. Turn off that
fucking game, ok?

Joe frowns, distracted for a moment.

JOE
Did you go to Casey's instead of
the store? You sound drunk again.
(beat)
Oh, yes, take that, Orc scum...

Dwight comes out of the room.

DWIGHT
Yes, I did go to Casey's. Needed
a heart starter after last night.
Lucky I did, because we wouldn't
have this wonderful opportunity.

Joe drags his eyes from the screen.

JOE
Oh, and what opportunity is that,
dear friend? The chance for two
thirty year olds who work menial
jobs to finally get laid regularly?

DWIGHT
Maybe.

JOE
Would this wondrous miracle show
us a life beyond going to
Candlestick each season?

DWIGHT
Yes.

JOE
Good luck with that.

He turns back to his computer. Dwight pulls the plug on it.

JOE
Hey, you fuck, what are doing?
Dammit, bro, I was nearly to
level sixty!

DWIGHT
Fuck Lotro. Fuck Switor and all
the other stupid online games you
waste time on.

JOE
Hey, you love Combat Arms!

DWIGHT
I...yeah true...anyway as I was
saying, fuck everything except
for...this.

He holds out a small black metal box, with buttons and
levers on it.

JOE
What is this shit? Looks like a
radio controller.

DWIGHT
Its a time machine.

A silence before Joe LAUGHS.

JOE
Man, you really been into the booze.

DWIGHT

I know its hard to believe but trust me. This guy at Casey's was selling these. And there was something about him, that, I dunno, made me feel safe and so, I, well, I bought it.

JOE

So...I'm guessing you spent the grocery money on this box? Because we ain't got jack money till payday next week.

DWIGHT

Yep, thats right. Now, go get some clothes and stuff in your back pack. Maybe one, two nights worth, we'll see.

JOE

You spent our food money, bro. We will fucking starve, you dumb prick!!!

His face fills with rage. Dwight holds out his other hand...

DWIGHT

Air tickets. Paid for with cash. Hotel accommodation as well.

JOE

Our credit cards were canceled last month.

DWIGHT

I know. I paid cash for these. I used time travel to help me get cash. This device really works, man.

Joe stares at the tickets then takes them for a closer look.

JOE

United Airlines. But...

DWIGHT

Ok, listen...what is the worst thing that has happened to to you this year?

JOE

Oh that's easy.

His gaze wanders to the Niner flag. Dwight nods.

DWIGHT

(murmurs)
At last the brain kicks in...

JOE
Back in February...

DWIGHT
Yes?

JOE
Your mom caught me jerking off.

Dwight explodes. He grabs Joe by the t-shirt, hauls him face to face.

DWIGHT
Jesus, man! We lost the fucking Super Bowl in February. Less than three months ago. That should be the worst moment of your life. Not getting sprung spanking the monkey. Sheesh!

(beat)
My mom, huh? How the fuck did that happen?

JOE
Oh, ah, she, um, walked into the bedroom unexpectedly and there I was. Having a kill.

Dwight lets go of his buddy, momentarily side-tracked.

DWIGHT
Yeah, Mom does have a tendency to barge in...hang on? Why would she be going into your room?

JOE
Ah, she didn't. She, um, came into your room. To get your dirty laundry, I guess.

DWIGHT
And why the fuck were you wanking in my room? All the porn mags are under your bed. Unless...

His face crumbles, lips quiver. Joe nods sadly.

JOE
I won't lie to you, bro. Not after all we've been through together.
(beat)
I had your family photo album out. Damn but your mom was hot back in the day.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Joe and Dwight sit in the back as the cab negotiates the Bayshore Freeway enroute to S.F. International.

JOE

So let me get this straight. You went to Caseys this morning.

DWIGHT

Yup.

JOE

And there was some guy selling these devices?

DWIGHT

Thats it. Said he was a professor or doctor or something. I dunno.

He takes the metal box from his pocket. Strokes it lovingly.

JOE

And he claimed this could make you travel in time?

DWIGHT

Oh yes.

JOE

Future or the past?

DWIGHT

I've only tested it on the past. And it worked.

He glances at the cabbie before leaning close to Joe.

DWIGHT

I travelled back a week. Placed a bet on the Giants/Cubs game from Sunday? Came back to the present with a winning ticket. Five g's. Enough for airfares.

Joe frowns. Dwight waves the tickets in his face.

JOE

You don't...I mean...I don't know what to say.

DWIGHT

Its easy. Just say...'buddy, we're going to New Orleans.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Then we're gonna travel back in time to the Super Bowl'.

(beat)

And this time, the Niners are going to win Lombardi number six.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A United Airlines plane taxis down a runway. It waits in line behind other departing aircraft.

DWIGHT(O.S.)

Lets sit back and relax. Have a drink when we take off. I got a foolproof plan.

JOE(O.S.)

Can't wait to hear it.

The plane's engines WHINE. It moves slowly up the queue.

JOE(O.S.)

You really think we can change history? Short of invading the field and holding up play, which would do fuck all anyway, well, I can't see exactly how we ensure a Niner victory.

DWIGHT(O.S.)

Oh ye of small belief...I've thought of every logistic required to make my plan work. Got a notebook here filled with all the logistical problems and time calculations. I'll fill you in on the way...

INT. LOUIS ARMSTRONG INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Joe and Dwight walk through the arrival lounge, amongst the usual major airport crowds. They are both refreshed and in high spirits.

SUPER - NEW ORLEANS LOUISIANA

JOE

I've been thinking some more about your plan.

DWIGHT

Sweet! Any more thoughts?

JOE

Well, as plans go, it sure is a doozy. Filled with all sorts of potential for things fucking up.

They pass another arrival lounge. The sign reads 'Baltimore'. A planeload of people mill out into the general walkway. Joe and Dwight get jostled by a couple of guys. The miscreants push through in a hurry.

DWIGHT

Hey, fucking morons.

JOE

What do you expect? They just got in from Baltimore. Worthless pricks.

DWIGHT

Well, we'll fix them and their team.

EXT. SUPERDOME - DAY

A cab pulls up on a side street. Joe and Dwight get out, as the trunk is popped. Dwight takes out a shovel and a large, red plastic shell, like a kids toy sandpit.

He closes the trunk. They wave to the driver who nods then motors off. Joe holds their backpacks.

JOE

Well, here we are then.

DWIGHT

Yup. Gotta love those hardware stores. They got everything. Now, all set? We'll go back and get this hole dug.

He fiddles with the time device.

DWIGHT

Right, good to go?

JOE

Ready as I'll ever be.

Dwight grabs Joe's arm. The shell and shovel are jammed between his legs. He presses the button. They disappear.

EXT. SWAMPLAND - DAY

The boys materialise in a clump of bushes. The ground is dry in parts, though marshland extends to the east.

SUPER - FUTURE SITE OF NEW ORLEANS 1690

Dwight takes out his notebook and a compass, looks around to get his bearings. Joe stares about, wide eyed.

JOE

Wow, this is unbelievable. No city, no people, nothing. Well, maybe some native Indians, I guess.

DWIGHT

Yeah, could be.

He takes the shovel and shell, paces off across the swamp. He pauses to pick up a piece of wood, drives it into the ground as a marker. Consulting his notebook, he heads off in another direction.

JOE

You aren't fazed, man? We're in the past!

DWIGHT

I just wanna get the job done and get back to the Superdome.

He stops, checks the compass again. Drops the shell.

DWIGHT

I don't want to stuck here forever if the time device gets busted or whatever.

He plants the edge of the shovel in the soft earth, drives it in with his foot. He prises up a big clod, tosses it to one side.

DWIGHT

This swamp is good for something, at least. Easy digging, bro! This won't take long at all.

JOE

Shit, now you got me worrying.

DWIGHT

Hey, I was only joshin' ya. Nothing will happen.

He throws out a few more sods, lays down the shovel. He places the shell within the hole. The top of it comes just over ground level.

DWIGHT

Perfect.

JOE

So...run it by me again.

DWIGHT

Oh ye of little faith. Right, we time jump back to February, the night of the game, to when that last Niner drive is on. That marker I placed back there is where a toilet cubicle will be. Thats our ticket into the game. We watch the game on the concourse. Lots of big screens.

JOE

Gotcha so far.

DWIGHT

Ok, when the Niners get to the five yard line near the end, I jump back to here. To this era. I set the device to arrive in the day so I can see. I get to the shell, climb under it and start counting. When I get to a certain number, I time jump to the instant of the third down snap.

He points to the shell.

DWIGHT

When I appear underneath the end zone, the top of the shell will break the turf ever so slightly. Not enough to raise attention. But hopefully for the Ravens DE Jones to stumble. Kap should see it and go for the run.

Joe is silent, musing on all this.

JOE

Ok, it sounds feasible but I got a question.

DWIGHT

Make it quick, bro.

JOE

What about the events between now and then? You got the settlement of New Orleans, hurricanes, all that.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Even the Superdome was upgraded two years back according to your research. Isn't there a good chance your shell will be found? What if it isn't there when you go forward in time? And won't it be visible anyway? You haven't completely covered it.

DWIGHT

I'm proud, bro! All good points.
(beat)

But I got it sorted. Firstly, it doesn't need to be covered. I've factored in the changing topography of this site. The ground level of the Superdome is a bit higher than now.

(beat)

And the other bit of your query? Well, you're looking at it from the angle as if the shell will be buried here for the next three hundred and twenty three years.

JOE

Well, won't it be?

DWIGHT

No! It will simply be traveling forward in time, with me, that many years. Unless I stopped on the way, then it will go from now, in sixteen ninety to...then...twenty thirteen. You see?

JOE

Um, yeah, sorta. I guess it doesn't matter, buddy. 'Cos I got belief in you and your plans.

DWIGHT

Nice! Lets get this shit rolling.

He works the buttons, then LAUGHS.

JOE

Whats' so funny?

DWIGHT

If we did get stuck here, well, we might just get laid by the local native chicks, huh?

JOE

Yeah, true. Or they might eat us.

They walk back to the marker. Dwight flips a switch and they are gone.

INT. SUPERDOME - RESTROOM - NIGHT

Joe and Dwight materialise in a toilet cubicle, just as someone leaves it. The crowd noise above is a low RUMBLE. A line of men peer in at the pair.

JOE

Holy fuck. Here we are.

DWIGHT

Yup.

They walk past the waiting queue who eye them with disgust.

INT. SUPERDOME - CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Joe and Dwight make their way through the crowds under the stadium. Numerous big screens display the state of the game.

Dwight checks the screens. The Niners are driving down the field.

DWIGHT

Ok, they're at the five yard line.

JOE

You sure he'll notice the Ravens guy stumble?

DWIGHT

Yep. He looks across to Crab so he can't miss it.

JOE

Lets hope it works.

DWIGHT

It will. Right, I'm off.

He moves to a concrete pylon and vanishes. Joe looks at the screens.

JOE

And it begins...

INT. SHELL - DAY

The glow of his phone illuminates the inside of the plastic coffin. Dwight is jammed in tightly.

He watches the timer on his phone.

DWIGHT
Tighter in here than I thought...

The numbers tick down. Dwight holds the time device ready. As the screen shows zero, a small buzzer goes off. He instantly presses the button.

INT. SUPERDOME - END ZONE - NIGHT

The feet of the players are visible at the line of scrimmage. As the ball is snapped, the turf is disturbed in front of a defender. The red surface of the shell is seen for a moment, then its gone. But its work is done...

EXT. SWAMPLAND - DAY

The shell appears in its shallow hole. Dwight flips it over, runs to the marker. He works the buttons on the device and vanishes again.

INT. SUPERDOME - CONCOURSE - NIGHT

Dwight re-appears to utter pandemonium. Joe bearhugs him.

JOE
Fuck, man, we did it! Niners
scored! WOOHOO!!!

DWIGHT
The defender tripped? Kap saw it?

JOE
Oh yes, bro, it was beautiful.
He was just about to throw to
Crab when his eyes lit up and he
just ran forward and dived up and
over! Awesome!

All around them, Niner fans are jubilant, YELLING, CHEERING.

DWIGHT
Sweet. Now the D has to hold 'em.

An added ROAR as the extra point goes through. The Niner bench bubbles.

JOE
A minute forty six left. No prob.

DWIGHT

I hope so.

They huddle amongst the throng and watch the screens. The Niners kickoff. The Ravens returner gets it back to the thirty yard line. The Ravens offense comes onto the field.

DWIGHT

Here we go.

LATER

The screen shows its fourth and eight at the halfway line, forty two seconds on the clock. Ravens have one timeout left, the Niners none.

JOE

This is it. Game is nearly done. They have to go deep. They need a miracle.

DWIGHT

I'm still worried. You saw the luck these guys have had all through the playoffs. I hope our efforts weren't in vain.

JOE

Relax. Its cool.

The Ravens settle in for the snap. Flacco drops back with the ball, getting good protection in the pocket. His eyes dart, searching, probing.

He arches his back and hurls it long.

All eyes follow the ball. Its heading to the end zone. Boldin is poised to catch it. Then the Niner safety Goldson, is in mid air. He plucks the ball out of Boldin's hands, lands like a cat and takes off!

The crowd goes ballistic. Joe and Dwight look at each other and jump around like crazy. Goldson gets to the Raven thirty before being tackled.

JOE

WOOHOO! YEAH!!

DWIGHT

Sweet jesus...man, we did it.
They did it.

The remaining seconds are like the greatest party on earth for the boys. The Niners run down the clock. The Ravens use their final timeout.

The last few seconds are chewed up and the whistle blows. The boys are ecstatic as Jim Harbaugh gets the Gatorade dump.

JOE

Oh, man, this is awesome.

DWIGHT

Hell yeah! I don't think I've...

He trails off as a complete SILENCE falls over everything. All around them, people have stopped, frozen in place. The very air ripples.

JOE

What the fuck? Did you bump the device or something? Whats going on?

DWIGHT

Look. Its like its...rewinding.

The picture on all the screens does seem to be moving back like rewinding a video or DVD. The friends stare in horror as the picture freezes just before the interception. The play starts in normal speed.

JOE

Not liking this, man.

This time, there's no interception! Just before he can get to the ball, Goldson stumbles for a moment, giving Boldin the chance to catch it.

DWIGHT

Oh fuck! Its changed. Its different.

Now the screen is fast forwarding to the end of the game. And the Baltimore players are running around in victory. John Harbaugh gets the Gatorade dump instead of his brother.

The crowds around them are still like statues, so there's an eerie quiet. Dwight breaks his anguished gaze from the screens. He can hear...VOICES.

JOE

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...FAAAARK!!!!

DWIGHT

Quiet! Shutup! You hear someone?

He looks around, moves through the frozen fans. Joe follows.

JOE

I...yeah. Hey, there's live people over there.

Sure enough, further around the concourse, two guys in Ravens gear jump and HOOT in victory.. They don't see Joe and Dwight at first.

JOE

Why aren't they stuck in, well,
stuck in time like everyone else?
They seem sorta familiar too.

Dwight stares at the other fans in resignation. Now, the Ravens pair see Joe and Dwight. They cease their celebration and whisper to each other.

DWIGHT

Oh sweet lord...I see it now.
They were at the airport. They
flew in from Baltimore.

JOE

Ok, yeah, I remember them now.
But how the fuck did they get
here? We saw them in April. In
the future. Oh fuck...you mean...?

DWIGHT

Yep. They have a time device too.
They reversed us!

JOE

So what happens now?

Dwight already has the device out and is working the buttons. One of the Ravens fans is doing the same. Each side glares at each other.

DWIGHT

We keep at it until one of us
fucks up.

He vanishes. At the same time, his Raven counterpart vanishes. Joe and his equivalent look at each other. Both shrug and sit down. And wait.

Back along the concourse, a man in his early thirties appears. He's dressed in dark blue jeans with suspenders, a striped shirt, brown jacket and maroon bow tie.

This is THE DOCTOR. He watches with an evil grin as he eats from a huge tub of popcorn.

THE DOCTOR

Best thing I've ever done.
Selling off bits of the Tardis
to humans. Very entertaining.

He throws a handful of popcorn into his mouth, chews.

THE DOCTOR

This game could go for all of
eternity.

(beat)

Just as well I'm a Time Lord.

FADE OUT.