

Pillock of Society

By

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OPEN ON:

A cigar box shaped device of clear glass surrounds a fluorescent green liquid substance. Pulsation glow. Wired to the device is a small calculator- like control panel.

Some digits are punched in.

FADETH IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT

Two bodies appear from nowhere. A smoky mist surrounds them.

In full superhero garb stands CONTINUUM MAN (32), hands on hips and looks skyward. Larger than life, ripped body and the dumbest look you could envisage. His red spandex body suit is adorned with the letters CM on a logo on his chest. He wears a green eye mask, green jocks (worn on the outside) and a silver cape. He holds the fluorescent device.

Next to him is the KRONO-KID (24), small and skinny wearing an all black body suit with white eye mask. Has a clock logo on his chest. Brushes away the mist around his face.

Krono-Kid looks up disdainfully at his master.

KRONO-KID

What the...

(looks around)

Where the fuck have you sent us,
ContMan?

CONTINUUM MAN

Please, Krono-Kid. I have told you
before about your language. And
it's Continuum Man, OK?

KRONO-KID

Well, I am sure we ain't where we
are supposed to be, Cunt-in-u-um
Man.

Continuum Man surveys his surrounds.

CONTINUUM MAN

Well, of course our challenge was
Heathrow, 1975 to realign the
timing of the maintenance schedule
of the Air Phoenix Boeing 747, so
the correct tail shaft circlip is

CONTINUUM MAN
 placed. And therefore making the appropriate continuum adjustment to ensure the crash of 1978 did not occur. This then, as you know, would ensure the President of the Democratic Republic of Kanibaswe would not have perished on that flight. Which, needlessly to say, would--

KRONO-KID
 Um. Sorry to interrupt. Might be considered a bit of an information dump, perhaps?

CONTINUUM MAN
 Information? Dump?

KRONO-KID
 Never mind.
 (beat)
 Well it sure doesn't look like Heathrow to me. Pass me the Kronotrator.

Continuum Man hands over the device.

KRONO-KID
 (inspects)
 You pill brained, nut scratcher. Those two neurons of yours rarely synapse, do they?

CONTINUUM MAN
 What? What?

KRONO-KID
 You dialed in 1597 instead of 1975!

CONTINUUM MAN
 Oops. OK, well just dial back to 1975 and let's get out of here.

Krono-Kid shakes his head. Dials in some digits. A slight increase in the device's glow. The high pitched tone ramps up and up. Both men slightly pixelate, then...

The device shuts down with a lame WHIRRR. The duo remain exactly where they are.

KRONO-KID

Did you charge up the Kronotrator
this morning, CM?

CONTINUUM MAN

No, I charged it last week when we
were in 2042, preventing the Bieber
Presidency. You know, with that
fission electricity portal.

KRONO-KID

2042 technology. 2016 device. You
are living proof of reverse
evolution.

CONTINUUM MAN

Thank you. Let us find a village so
we can charge it up there.

Krono-Kid palm slaps his forehead.

KRONO-KID

(to himself)

Another topic for the Superhero
Sidekick Support Group.

CONTINUUM MAN

Look, here come some locals.

(waves)

Hello, fine people of this time
period. Please stop.

Two peasants (30's), ride a cart behind a donkey. A man and
a woman. Patchwork rags qualify for their clothing. Pull up
the reins and the donkey stops.

They look in startled amazement.

CONTINUUM MAN

Thank you, good citizens. I am
Continuum Man and this is my trusty
companion, the Krono-Kid.

KRONO-KID

(points to CM)

You guys don't need a village
idiot, do you?

CONTINUUM MAN

What? Um, anyway. We are crusaders
of time and space and we are from a
time in the past, to align--

KRONO-KID

(tugs CM's cape)

Ah, the future. We came from the future this time.

CONTINUUM MAN

Yes, we come from the future, to align the time continuum, so as to protect the human race from disaster and calamity.

(beat)

Can you lead us to your village, my newly found friends?

Mouths agape, the two peasants look up and down at the duo. The woman turns to her man.

PEASANT WOMAN

Husband. He doth wear'n nay pantaloons.

PEASANT MAN

Aye, good wife. And weareth fine undergarment in all's to view. A comely sight behold'n.

The woman guffaws.

PEASANT WOMAN

(snorting laughter)

Aye. Aye. And all's to view yon shapely pillock.

Both laugh out loud.

PEASANT WOMAN

Oh, husband. Methinks such comely pillock wilt hast shamed thee. Such girth wouldst nay be amiss in mine bed chamber.

She grabs her husband's crotch. An abrupt end to the man's laugh. Frowns at his wife. She continues to snort.

CONTINUUM MAN

(turns to Krono-Kid)

What's a pillock?

KRONO-KID

(half smile)

You're a pillock.

CONTINUUM MAN

Ah. I see.

(beat)

Yes, my good folk. Thank you for your kind words. Continuum Man is a pillock. A true pillock of society.

The man and woman roar out in laughter. She leans into his chest. Snorts. He cackles so hard he can hardly breathe.

The man flicks at the reins and the donkey clops away. Vociferous laughter ensues.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DAY

Continuum Man and Krono-Kid walk. Krono-Kid flicks a small flap on the device.

KRONO-KID

So fortunately I have designed a solar cell in the Kronotrator. Problem is it only recharges the battery at about one percent a day.

CONTINUUM MAN

One percent a day? So you're saying we are stuck here for over a year?

KRONO-KID

(another disdainful glance)

What? No, you pillock. We only need ten percent power to activate the reaction capacitor. That will be enough to get to our next destination. Preferably after the invention of electricity.

CONTINUUM MAN

So how long will it take?

KRONO-KID

It shows three percent now.. So seven days and we should all be good.

CONTINUUM MAN

Excellent.

(looks skyward, hands on hips)

This will be an exciting new challenge for me. Seven days in old England. Shall be called, 'Continuum Man's Seven Day Challenge'.

KRONO-KID

Or you could call it your one week challenge.

CONTINUUM MAN

One week challenge? Hmm, That has a nice ring to it.

KRONO-KID

Let's keep walking. I think yonder small hamlet of Heathrow is in desperate need of a Village Pillock.

CONTINUUM MAN

And I shall be he.

FADETH TO BLACK

THE END