

TIME BANDITS II

Screenplay

by

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Second Draft

4th September 1996

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1 EXT SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE

BEGIN TITLES:

THE CAMERA is sailing through space, showing us the splendour of the universe; stars, galaxies, quasars, black holes, etc.

FROM BEHIND CAMERA come the FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE galloping side-by-side. Having overtaken the camera they quickly disappear into the distance in a swirl of dust.

MIX TO the solar system.

MIX TO the globe of the earth where we see the Western Hemisphere pass from daylight into night.

THE CAMERA CLOSES on North America which is sparkling with the lights from thousands of towns and cities.

MIX to a bird's-eye night-time view of a small town somewhere in the U.S.A.

MIX TO...

2 EXT POLLY'S HOUSE EARTH FOUR A.M.

A respectable middle-class house in a quiet residential district of an American town or city.

THE CAMERA slowly closes in on the house.

3 INT POLLY'S BEDROOM THAT MOMENT

POLLY, a slightly plump girl who will be eleven years old next birthday, is in bed asleep. A street-lamp provides sufficient light for us to see most of the contents of her room. A desk with a computer on it, shelves of books and toys, dolls, PUPPETS, etc. Sports gear, clothes, magazines, and, in one corner, a battered old wardrobe.

POLLY frowns and stirs in her sleep.

4 EXT STREET LEADING TO POLLY'S HOUSE THAT MOMENT

THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE come galloping at full tilt, side-by-side, about four feet above the ground, down the tree-lined street. They are accompanied by a roar of wind and leave whirlpools of dust in their wake. We now get a chance to see WAR, FAMINE, PESTILENCE and DEATH in greater detail. WAR, riding a red horse, is dressed in Gothic armour. He wears a sword, and is carrying a shield and lance. FAMINE, on a black horse, is emaciated and chews at one of his leather gloves. PESTILENCE, riding a white horse, is covered with boils and

scabs, one of his eyes hangs from its socket. DEATH, on a pale grey horse, is skeletal. Bits of flesh peel from his skull. He carries a scythe.

Having reached the entrance to the drive of POLLY'S house they wheel around, without slowing, and charge above the front lawn towards the house.

5 INT POLLY'S BEDROOM THAT MOMENT 5

POLLY tosses and turns in her sleep.

6 EXT THE FRONT OF POLLY'S HOUSE THAT MOMENT 6

The FOUR HORSEMEN are only a few yards away from Polly's front door when the security lights come on, flooding the front porch and garden with light. The startled horses stop abruptly, rear up and neigh, nearly throwing their riders.

7 INT POLLY'S ROOM THAT MOMENT 7

POLLY sits bolt upright. Wide awake, she gets out of bed, goes to the window, opens the blind and peers out.

CUT TO POLLY'S P.O.V where we see the front drive and garden. There is no sign of the horsemen as the security lights switch themselves off.

CUT TO POLLY as she shivers and turns thoughtfully away from the window.

END TITLES:

8 INT KITCHEN IN POLLY'S HOUSE MORNING 8

Polly's MOM is grabbing a quick breakfast while rushing out to work. Polly's DAD is squeezing orange juice.

MOM

(Shouting out of the door)

Polly! Are you ready? I'm about to go!

The telephone in the kitchen rings. DAD answers it.

DAD

Hello. Yes, she's right here.

He proffers the telephone to MOM who takes it.

DAD (CONTD)

It's Jake.

MOM
Hello... What?... I don't believe it!
I'm on my way.

She replaces the receiver.

MOM
There's been a takeover.

DAD
(alarmed)
What?

MOM
We've been acquired by The Grayston
Company.

DAD
Shit!

9 INT STAIRCASE IN POLLY'S HOUSE THAT MOMENT 9

POLLY is sitting at the top of the stairs listening intently
to her parents' conversation below.

DAD
This doesn't mean...?

MOM
I don't know.

DAD (CONTD. O.O.V.)
But... they can't fire you can they?

MOM (O.O.V.)
Nobody's indispensable.

DAD (O.O.V.)
My God! We'd have to sell the house.

POLLY gets up and returns to her bedroom.

10 AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE HUB OF CREATION 10

In a large, modern, open-plan office, some TWENTY DWARVES,
mainly women, are sitting working at VDU screens and talking
on telephones. Other DWARVES wheel cart-loads of files to one
end of the office where they are unloaded and stacked to be fed
into shredders. All the DWARVES wear smart dark-grey
corporation/uniform suits.

MOX and TANGLE, dwarf young women, run the shredding operation.
MOX checks the files against information on-screen before
handing them to TANGLE who pushes them into a shredder.

MOX is checking a document against a list on her VDO.

MOX
(dismayed)

Oh no.

TANGLE
What?

MOX
The Yallawrinkle bird.

TANGLE
You're kidding.

She takes the document from MOX.

TANGLE (CONTD)
(incredulous)
He's made the Yallawrinkle bird
extinct!? It's a mistake. Got to be.

MOX
He's signed it.

TANGLE
(reading)
'On the authority of The Supreme
Being.'

MOX
(indignant)
It's almost brand new!

TANGLE
It hasn't even been discovered. What's
the point of making it extinct before
it's been discovered!?

MOX
Ridiculous!

Fearful of attracting attention MOX and TANGLE lower their
voices and carry on the conversation while continuing to work.

MOX (CONTD)
(suspicious)
Have you noticed how the extinction
rate's accelerated? What was it when
we first came here? A handful of
insects a week? A couple of mammals a
month?

TANGLE
You're right. We've been up to a
hundred insects a day for the past six
weeks.

MOX
And at least twenty mammals a month
this year. What's going on?

TANGLE
(shrugs)
Since when did they tell us anything?

MOX
(angry)
This downsizing business is out of
control. How are we supposed to have
a sense of loyalty if they treat us
like... like...

TANGLE
Like objects.

MOX
(furious)
Like small objects!
(moving towards a door)
Come on.

TANGLE
(hesitant)
Where are we going?

MOX exits. TANGLE glances around nervously, then follows MOX.

11 INT POLLY'S ROOM EVENING

11

CLOSE-UP on a VDU screen. We are on the internet in a box
titled 'The Great Big Questions Hut'. As we watch the screen
words appear...

ON SCREEN
'Hi, Andy in Tokyo, what you said
about death and the afterlife was
really cool.'

CUT TO A WIDE SHOT to reveal POLLY, sitting in front of the PC.
She is wearing jeans, a 'T' shirt with 'I Love The Net' written
on it, sneakers and a base-ball cap and is chewing an enormous
wad of gum.

As POLLY continues typing we CUT BACK to the screen.

APPEARING ON SCREEN (as Polly types)
'Hello, Polly here. Is the world
really going to end at the millennium?

CUT TO A WIDE SHOT of POLLY'S room where we see, behind her, an old wooden wardrobe. Suddenly, through the cracks around the door of the wardrobe comes an incredibly intense light accompanied by a fizzing, electrical, noise and what sounds like the neighing of a horse.

POLLY spins around quickly but is too slow to catch what we have seen, the light having gone out and the fizzing stopped. POLLY frowns in thought for a moment before returning to her VDU.

At this point the door of her room opens and DAD enters. He is wearing an oven-glove and a kitchen apron over casual clothes.

DAD
(entering)

Polly... Are you still playing with
that thing?

POLLY
Dad... I'm not playing.

DAD
Homework?

POLLY
Done it.

DAD
You sure?

POLLY
(affecting exaggerated patience)
Julius Caesar, Roman Emperor
assassinated on the steps of the
Capitol, 44 BC. and so on and so
forth. How come all the big shots in
history are men? Where were all the
women?

DAD
(a little bitterly)
Home minding the kids. My God, look at
the mess in here.

POLLY
Mom not back yet?

DAD
No.

POLLY
She's always late.

DAD
Yeh, well, fortunately, she's still
got a job. Maybe.

He picks up shoes and items of clothing from the floor.

DAD (CONTD)
Every morning I tidy your room and
every afternoon you come home and turn
it into a pigpen.

POLLY
You want me not to come home?

DAD
(exasperated)
Polly... Of course I want you to come
home. For goodness' sake! I'm just
asking for a little cooperation around
here - trying to keep the place ship-
shape.

POLLY
Who wants to live in a ship?

DAD
If you're going to be ornery you just
might not get invited to the
millennium party.

POLLY
You're having a party to celebrate the
end of the world?

DAD
(sighs)
Go wash your hands, supper's ready.

POLLY
I'm not hungry.

DAD
Polly! Don't go anorexic on me.
(exiting)
And when you've finished in the
bathroom put the towel back on the
rail. Folded.

POLLY sighs and focusses on her PC.

Entering the ladies' room MOX quickly checks that the half-dozen cubicles are empty. She then pulls TANGLE into one of them, closes the door, locks it, and proceeds to remove a panel from above the cistern on the back wall.

TANGLE

What are you doing?

MOX

Using what's left of my initiative.

INT AIR-CONDITIONING DUCT A LITTLE LATER

MOX and TANGLE are crawling through a narrow metal duct.

MOX points up ahead to where we see a ventilator shaft through which light is filtering. There is the sound of an orchestra playing something akin to Wagner and strange booming operatic sounds coming from it which could, just possibly, be voices.

TANGLE

(sotto voce. frightened)

Let's go back!

MOX bravely continues to the vent and peers cautiously through it.

CUT TO MOX'S P.O.V. where we are looking down, from close to a magnificently vaulted ceiling, into a huge chamber.

At the back of the chamber is a giant ON/OFF switch set in the floor. Above it is a digital clock.

The enormous SHADOWS of TWO FIGURES are moving on the wall opposite the vent. The creators of these shadows are directly beneath the vent and out of our line of sight.

One SHADOW FIGURE is large. The other SHADOW FIGURE is much smaller and appears to have two horns sticking out of his head. The large figure has a deep booming voice while the small figure has a high-pitched squeaky voice.

SMALL SHADOW

Face it, the human race is a complete and total fiasco!

LARGE SHADOW

(temporising)

A disappointment, certainly. But they might improve.

SMALL SHADOW

Puhleese!

LARGE SHADOW

Perhaps they just need a little more time.

SMALL SHADOW

A little more time!? It's twenty billion years since the big bang and what have we got? A monumental garbage and waste problem! Wipe them out now, quick, before they turn the whole cosmos to crap.

LARGE SHADOW

Sometimes I almost get the feeling you enjoy destroying things.

SMALL SHADOW

(mock outrage)

Moi?

LARGE SHADOW

Especially things I created.

SMALL SHADOW

I need innocent things to corrupt, I crave innocent things to ruin. How can I cause wickedness when they're all way ahead of me?

LARGE SHADOW

Are you blaming me? Are you saying...

SMALL SHADOW

I'm saying if you hadn't screwed up at the end of the first millennium we wouldn't have had to endure a second thousand years of PEOPLE!

CUT TO MOX and TANGLE who exchange looks before squinting back through the vent.

CUT TO MOX and TANGLE'S P.O.V. where we see that the SHADOW FIGURES appear to be pacing back and forth together.

LARGE SHADOW

(petulantly)

Oh all right! I give in! The world definitely ends at the close of the second millennium!

SMALL SHADOW

That's more like it.

LARGE SHADOW

The run-down's under way.

CUT TO MOX and TANGLE who exchange fearful knowing looks.

CUT TO the SHADOW FIGURES.

SMALL SHADOW
You spoke to the horsemen?

LARGE SHADOW
Yes.

SMALL SHADOW
Good. Where were they this morning?

LARGE SHADOW
Trying to eliminate hope. Some little girl...

SMALL SHADOW
(scornfully)
'Some little girl'! I don't believe it!

LARGE SHADOW
Hope exists in the most unexpected places.

SMALL SHADOW
Not for much longer. Did they get her?

LARGE SHADOW
(lying)
I forgot to ask.

SMALL SHADOW
You've gone soft. Like those crumbum horsemen. Tell them to bring her remains to me, in a small paper bag.

He laughs maniacally.

LARGE SHADOW
Did I ever tell you how much I loathe your laugh?

The SHADOW FIGURES exeunt arguing.

CUT TO MOX and TANGLE who are shocked.

14 INT LADIES' ROOM A LITTLE LATER

14

MOX and TANGLE climb out of the duct into the cubicle. They are both very shaken.

TANGLE
(shudders)
I'm going to have nightmares.

MOX
Yeh, until the end of the millennium.
Then you won't even have those.

MOX replaces the vent cover while TANGLE collapses onto the lavatory seat.

TANGLE
They can't just... end it all, like
that... can they?

MOX opens the cubicle door and peers out to see if there's anyone in the ladies' room. Finding the place deserted she steps out followed by TANGLE.

MOX
We've got to stop them.

TANGLE
Stop the Supreme Being and his Supreme
Opposite Number!?

MOX
(nobly)
We've got to prevent universal death
and destruction. We've got to rescue
existence. We've got to save the
world.

TANGLE
And our jobs.

MOX
Right. And our jobs. Half a million
years in the workshops slogging our
guts out... we finally get into the
executive branch, and six months later
he's talking about calling it a wrap!

TANGLE
It's not fair.

As a couple of other EXECUTIVE OFFICE WORKERS enter the ladies room MOX and TANGLE wash their hands and fix their hair to demonstrate their bona fides.

MOX
We've got to... do something.

POLLY is engaged with her PC when MOM enters still wearing her business suit.

MOM

Hi.

(she kisses her)

POLLY

Hi.

MOM

Did you have a good day?

POLLY

So so.

MOM

So so good or so so bad?

She runs her finger along the top of the computer and examines the results.

MOM (CONTD)

Doesn't your dad ever clean anything?

POLLY

He never stops. How was your day? I guess you've still got a job.

MOM

Of course I have.

(changing subject)

Polly, you're getting fat?

POLLY

No I'm not.

MOM

You gave up your ballet classes.

POLLY

(long-suffering)

Mom...

MOM

And what about the swimming and tennis and choir practice?... You used to be so outgoing... I hope you're not neglecting your social skills. You'll need those to get on in the world.

POLLY

What's the point if it ends in a couple of weeks.

MOM

What?

POLLY

Nothing.

MOM

Polly, your dad and I want you to have a happy, creative, healthy, childhood. We want you to have the best. We're thinking about your future.

POLLY

Me too.

16 INT AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE HUB OF CREATION

16

CLOSE UP OF A VDU SCREEN on which we see, a code appear followed by a message.

(CODE AND MESSAGE ON SCREEN)

X\Y**: MAYDAYMAYDAYMAYDAY.THE END OF THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. IT'S OFFICIAL. WE'RE NOT KIDDING. HELP.

THE CAMERA pulls back to reveal TANGLE typing in this message while she and MOX make a show of continuing to do their usual work.

MOX

Nobody's listening.

TANGLE

It's worth another try.

She presses a key and a large flashing 'SEND' appears in the bottom of the screen. She presses another key and the screen message vanishes.

MOX

It just disappears into the ether.

TANGLE

(exasperated)

Okay, you think of something.

MOX

(thinks)

Got it! The time holes.

TANGLE

(puzzled)

What?

POLLY, sitting at her computer in pyjamas and dressing-gown switches to her letters-to-the President file and begins to write.

ON POLLY'S VDU.
Dear Mister President,

Behind POLLY, inside the old wooden wardrobe, a powerful light flashes, accompanied by pops and fizzes. She turns, sees nothing but gets up to investigate. Cautiously opening the wardrobe door POLLY finds the familiar contents; clothes, coat-hangers, boxes, shoes, an old tennis-racket, dolls, toys etc.

As POLLY leans into the wardrobe a sudden buzzing/crackling sound makes her jump. Gathering her wits and realizing what it might be, she lifts out a pair of old trainers and a handful of coat-hangers before unearthing a battery-driven electronic game. As she turns it in her hand it buzzes on and off indicating a possible loose connection. She removes the batteries from the game while returning to her computer.

Looking at the screen she sees:

(MESSAGE ON SCREEN)
X\Y*\:\:MAYDAYMAYDAYMAYDAY. THE END OF
THE WORLD IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. IT'S
OFFICIAL. WE'RE NOT KIDDING. HELP.

POLLY is amazed. While she reads the message it fades away to nothing.

FOUR FIGURES, male dwarves in tattered clothes, are sitting around a small fire on waste land between ruined buildings and piles of junk. These are STRUTTER (Mox's dad), FIDGIT and OG, the remnants of the original Time Bandits. With them is TUBBY, OG'S son. They pass a cider bottle between them.

OG
We nicked piles of stuff off Napoleon.
Gold, jewels, famous works of art,
antiques... Silver muffin dishes.

STRUTTER
Worth billions.

FIDGIT
(ruefully)
I wonder what happened to it all?

OG carefully produces a tatty old polaroid from a wallet and peers at it lovingly.

OG

There we are.

CUT TO A CLOSE-UP of the polaroid showing the ORIGINAL GANG.

OG (CONTD) (V.O.)

There's Randal and Vermin.

FIDGIT's finger appears and indicates Wally.

FIDGIT (V.O.)

(angrily)

And that traitor, Wally!

CUT TO A WIDE SHOT as OG passes the photograph to FIDGIT and STRUTTER.

OG

Fancy Wally becoming Chief Accountant.
Who'd have thought it?

FIDGIT

Let's not talk about him.

OG

Old Napoleon, he liked us, eh?

STRUTTER

He was one of us really wasn't he?

FIDGIT

Yeh... Not overly tall.

While the others think about this STRUTTER takes a swig from the nearly empty bottle and passes it round.

OG

See, we knew that when Napoleon had a drink or ten he'd pass out and then...

TUBBY

Shut up Dad, will you!? I'm sick of hearing all that old Time Bandits crap!

OG clips TUBBY on the back of the head.

OG

Who rattled your cage?

TUBBY

Can't we talk about something else for a change?

OG
Oh yeh? What? Like what a great future
we've got?

FIDGIT
(sarcastic)
Yeh, let's talk about that.

TUBBY
I just don't want to hear any more
about the good old days!

FIDGIT
What else is there?

OG
Sod all.

STRUTTER
Who'd have thought, a couple of years
ago, they'd downsize creation? Just
like that.

OG
And chuck us on the scrap heap.

STRUTTER
Talk about gratitude. I did most of
the work on the inedible pumpkin.

FIDGIT
I made gorse bushes. And there was no
protective clothing!

OG
That's nothing. I did poison ivy. By
myself.

TUBBY
Oh shut up and give us the bottle!

FIDGIT sees something in the sky, on the horizon.

FIDGIT
Look out!

EVERYBODY dives for cover. Moments later, with a great rush of
wind, a RIDER on a RED HORSE gallops past, thunderously, about
thirty-feet above the ground, creating a cloud of dust in his
wake.

He is followed, moments later, by THREE OTHER RIDERS in single-
file on their black, white and pale grey horses. Each rider
sounds like an earthquake and causes more dust than the last.

After the fourth HORSEMAN has passed, STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT and TUBBY get up, coughing and spluttering. They begin to brush the dust from their clothes.

STRUTTER
(irritated)

'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse'.
Who do they think they are?

FIDGIT
War, Famine, Pestilence and Death, I
suppose.

STRUTTER
(scornfully)
I was speaking metaphorically.

OG
Always busy, busy, busy, aren't they?

TUBBY
I wouldn't like to mess with them. I
read the Bible once. In Acropolis, the
Four Horsemen...

STRUTTER
Apocalypse you ignoramus! The
Acropolis is a Greek restaurant in
Sydney.

TUBBY
Anyway, in Revelation, the Four
Horsemen turn up at the end of the
world and do a big scary number.

OG
That's their job, innit?

FIDGIT
I wonder how much they get paid.

STRUTTER
They do all right.

They pass the bottle around again.

OG sees someone, in the distance, approaching.

OG
(getting up)
Punters!

STRUTTER
Quick!

STRUTTER and FIDGIT struggle up.

Two SMALL HOODED FIGURES are making their way across the blasted waste land.

On closer inspection we see that these are MOX and TANGLE.

TANGLE
(nervous)

Are you sure we're safe here?

MOX

No.

TANGLE
What's that noise!?

They stop, hear a strange cacophony of sound, and drop to the ground. MOX lifts her head and peers ahead.

MOX
(appalled)

Oh my God!

STRUTTER, OG and FIDGIT are doing their busking routine. This involves a harmonica, tambourine, kazoo, several weird dance steps and STRUTTER'S hat placed on the ground in readiness for the collection of donations. TUBBY has his eyes closed and his hands over his ears.

MOX and TANGLE, embarrassed, arrive on the scene. On recognising the newcomers STRUTTER stops the routine.

STRUTTER
(disgusted)

Well, well, well, look who it isn't!

He snatches up his hat.

MOX

Hello, Dad.

STRUTTER
Don't you hello Dad me, you filial ingrate! Go on, clear off!

MOX

I would, with pleasure. Unfortunately, we need your help.

The shingle over the imposing gate leading to the impressive building within reads: The Downtown Pediatric Clinic and Family Medical Centre.

22 INT AN OFFICE IN THE PEDIATRIC CLINIC DAY

22

In a light and spacious office overlooking a well-tended garden Doctor EVELYN SMYTHE, a pleasant woman in her mid-thirties is interviewing POLLY in the presence of her MOM and DAD.

DOCTOR SMYTHE

(kindly)

So, Polly, you think the world really is about to end.

POLLY

Don't you?

DOCTOR SMYTHE

(smiles)

No. Not yet anyway. What makes you so certain?

POLLY

What makes you think it isn't?

DOCTOR SMYTHE

Well, it's been going on a awful long time hasn't it?

POLLY

Is that an argument?

DOCTOR SMYTHE

Why not?

POLLY

The longer something goes on the less likely it is to stop? That doesn't seem right to me.

MOM

She's a bright kid.

DAD

Yeh, but maybe we've overstimulated her.

MOM

Don't be ridiculous!

DOCTOR SMYTHE clears her throat ostentatiously to shut MOM and DAD up. They look apologetic.

DOCTOR SMYTHE
What do you think's going to happen?

POLLY shrugs.

MOM
She wrote a letter to the President.

DOCTOR SMYTHE
Uhuh? And what do you think the
President will be able to do?

POLLY
(exasperated)
Gee, I don't know, I'm only ten!
But... he's bound to have some ideas
isn't he?

23 EXT WASTE LAND NEAR THE HUB OF CREATION

23

STRUTTER, FIDGIT, OG and TUBBY are sitting on one side of the
fire. Opposite are seated MOX and TANGLE.

TUBBY
(terrified)
The end of everything?

MOX
Yes.

TUBBY begins to cry.

OG
Oh, shut up, will you!?

FIDGIT
Let him cry if he wants to.

TUBBY
I can't help it!

STRUTTER
Pipe down the lot of you!!!

STRUTTER peers suspiciously across the fire at MOX and TANGLE.

STRUTTER (CONTD)
Where do we come into all this?

TANGLE
The map you stole from the Supreme
Being...

MOX
The map of the time holes...

TANGLE
Could you steal it again?

STRUTTER and the LADS exchange looks of amazement.

TANGLE
The Supreme Being was going to destroy everything at the end of the first millennium, right?

MOX
But failed.

TANGLE
So, if we could go back there, to the year one thousand and find out what happened, why the world was saved...

MOX
We might be able to save it again.

STRUTTER
You're out of your tiny minds.

24 INT POLLY'S ROOM NIGHT

24

POLLY is in bed, asleep. We see her face, illuminated, by flickering light.

THE CAMERA pulls back to show that the flickering light comes from within the wardrobe and is shining through the cracks around the closed wardrobe door.

We now become aware of sound of running water. THE CAMERA PANS down to the bottom of the wardrobe where we see that water is flooding out from under the door and that the level of water in the room is rising fast.

CUT TO POLLY who stirs, troubled, in her sleep. Now, from the distance, but growing in volume, comes the sound of singing.

MALE VOICES
(singing)
What shall we do with a drunken sailor, what shall we do with a drunken sailor, what shall we do with a drunken sailor, early in the morning.

Hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises, hooray and up she rises, early in the morning... etc.

about and on which there seems to be a moderate sea swell, has almost reached the sleeping POLLY when the sound of the singing gives the impression that the singers have entered the room.

SUDDENLY, the wardrobe door bursts open and a torrent of water cascades out bearing with it a long-boat rowed by a dozen, fierce, singing, eighteenth-century PIRATES. Standing in the prow is the CAPTAIN holding a blunderbuss. He has a wooden-leg that ends in the shape of a dust-pan, and a false hand in the shape of a brush.

As the long-boat bursts into the room POLLY'S mattress begins to float and she wakes up and sits up, becoming a target for the long-boat's flailing oars.

The astonished POLLY avoids the approaching oars by leaping off the far side of the mattress and into the water.

Seeing something in the water (POLLY), the CAPTAIN raises the blunderbuss, takes aim at POLLY and fires. At this moment POLLY'S MOM and DAD enter, wearing night-clothes, and the flash from the blunderbuss becomes the bedroom light which MOM switches on. MOM and DAD find POLLY lying on the floor in a tangle of bedding. The CAPTAIN, the PIRATES, water and long-boat have vanished.

DAD

Polly, what's the matter? Are you all right?

POLLY
(dazed)

Mnn... Yes.

MOM

Did you have a bad dream, darling?

DAD

Come on, Pollywolly, let's get you back into bed.

He helps POLLY, who's half asleep, to get up while MOM begins to remake the bed.

MOM

(sympathetically)
Oh, Tom, she's wet the bed.

DAD
(dismayed)

Oh no.

POLLY
(puzzled)

What?... No I haven't.

MOM
It's okay, dear, it's not a big deal.
These things happen.

DAD
(aside to Mom)
She's disturbed! She's disturbed about
you not being home!

POLLY
(still dozy)
But I didn't. I know I didn't.

MOM
Darling, the mattress... it's soaking.
(aside to Dad)
She's disturbed about the way you're
handling being out of work!

POLLY
It was the sea. It must have been the
sea.

POLLY goes to the wardrobe, opens the door and looks in.

DAD
You dreamt about the sea?

POLLY
It wasn't a dream... Oh no! If the
water got into my computer...!

POLLY, frantic, rushes over to her computer and switches it on.
It still works.

MOM
I work harder than you ever did!

DAD
Now listen here...

POLLY (CONTD)
(relieved)
Whew! It's okay.

She starts running tests on it. MOM and DAD exchange worried,
antagonistic looks.

25 INT ADMIN BUILDING CORRIDOR NEAR THE HUB OF CREATION

25

In the middle of a long soulless corridor off which lead dozens
of doors is a group of DWARF CLEANERS, in uniform overalls,
scrubbing the floor. A couple of ACCOUNTANTS are marching,
self-importantly carrying documents, down the corridor. They
pass the CLEANERS.

When the ACCOUNTANTS have passed, the CLEANERS raise their heads and watch them go. We now see that these 'CLEANERS' are none other than MOX, TANGLE, STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT and TUBBY, in disguise.

MOX
(getting up)

Come on.

They grab their scrubbing-brushes, buckets and mops, etc. and hurry away in the direction from which the ACCOUNTANTS came.

26

INT ADMIN BUILDING CORRIDOR NEAR THE HUB OF CREATION

26

The 'CLEANERS', hurry along a corridor.

OG
There aren't any time holes any more!
The Supreme Being filled them all in
didn't he?

TANGLE
And maybe he missed one.

FIDGIT
(fearful)
If they catch us...

TUBBY starts to whimper.

MOX
I thought the famous Time Bandits were
supposed to be adventurous and brave.

STRUTTER
We were. I mean, we are.
(aggressively)
Of course we are!

At this moment from around the next corner we hear a violent argument between the Supreme Being and his Supreme Opposite Number. The GANG panic and fall over one another before flattening themselves into a door embrasure.

As the Supreme Being and his Supreme Opposite number fast approach the corner their voices grow louder and their shadows become, first, gradually larger and softer and then, finally, smaller and crisper as the two come under a different light.

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
I shall cast you into outer darkness!

SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER (O.O.V.)
Try it!

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
I wish I'd never thought of you.

SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER (O.O.V.)
You thought of me!!! That's rich!!!

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
I don't want you! I don't need you!

SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER
I'm a vital part of the scheme!
Stupid!

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
Not any more you're not!

SUPREME O.N. (O.O.V.)
Of course I am. What about free will,
huh? It's not quite over yet.

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
Free will! That was always a dumb
idea! I never liked that idea! That
was your idea!

The 'CLEANERS' look at each other in fear and wonder.

SUPREME O.N. (O.O.V.)
You had to give people the chance to
be wicked didn't you, so you could be
sure they were really being good.

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
Shut up! I hate theology! I just
wanted to give them a choice.

SUPREME O.N. (O.O.V.)
Listen, moron! Most of them don't
believe in either of us any more,
anyway! That's why we're closing the
damned thing down!

CUT TO THE GANG'S P.O.V. where we see the shadow suddenly
shrink and darken as the Supreme Being and His Opposite Number
are evidently within seconds of rounding the corner.

CUT TO THE GANG as they bury their faces.

CUT TO A WIDE SHOT as THE SUPREME BEING and HIS OPPOSITE NUMBER
turn the corner and walk past the GANG.

We now see that The SUPREME being is, as his shadow suggested,
a large figure with a bald head while HIS SUPREME OPPOSITE
NUMBER, in addition to resembling his devil-like shadow, is a
GLOVE-PUPPET which the SUPREME BEING wears on his right hand.
They are both wearing trendy Armani-type suits and ties.

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
I just wish I knew what had gone wrong.

SUPREME O.N. (hand puppet)
Yeh, me too. And soon it'll be too late, and then we'll never know. What a shame.

(He laughs maniacally.)

CUT TO the gang who look up and see THE SUPREME BEING and HIS SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER as they walk away down the corridor. They are all stunned, amazed and horrified. MOX and TANGLE are the first to recover from the shock of what they've seen, and they shake and slap STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT and TUBBY and drag them away.

27 INT CHIEF ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE NEAR THE HUB OF CREATION

27

WALLY is in his wheelchair behind his desk. On the desk is a name plate inscribed with 'CHIEF ACCOUNTANT'. He is speaking into a telephone. From the other end of the line comes the sound of a roaring wind and a horse neighing.

WALLY
Believe me, downsizing is the best policy.... Death, I assure you, you and your colleagues will be fully compensated and the horses put out to pasture. Please tell Pestilence that I said so.

The volume of the wind increases. WALLY winces.

WALLY (CONTD)
Well... either with a special bumper share dividend. Or, if you prefer, we'll buy back some of your existing stock at a premium and cancel it. That way you get a cash payment and your remaining shares will be value-enhanced.

CUT TO the other end of the room where we find a group of nervous 'CLEANERS' quietly pretending to scrub the floor.

More roaring wind is heard.

WALLY (O.O.V.)
Very well. I have to go now to present the final accounts. Goodbye.

The 'CLEANERS' look alert on hearing this and glance at MOX who nods knowingly.

STRUTTER and the others hurry along a corridor. As they do so they remove their cleaner overalls to reveal bell-hop uniforms underneath. They reach the elevator area where they see elevator doors over the top of which is written, 'CHIEF ACCOUNTANT'. STRUTTER pushes a button and the doors open to reveal a large, plush elevator. Once inside the 'BELL-HOPS' stand on either side of the door while FIDGIT holds down the button which keeps the doors open.

MOMENTS later WALLY, surrounded by half a dozen ACCOUNTANT ACOLYTES, one of whom is carrying an immense ledger, processes round a corner and enters the lift. On the wheel-chair table in front of WALLY is a large ceremonial key. The ACCOUNTANT ACOLYTES look askance at the 'BELL-HOPS' but are unable to say anything before FIDGIT presses the 'TREASURY' button.

The lift doors close, excluding THE CAMERA which pans up to the digital lift-display. This runs from minus 3 through to minus 500 and is still going when we...

CUT TO:

THE CAMERA is now facing different elevator doors (rusticated?) when the digital display above flashes green, a bell pings and the doors slide open.

MOX, TANGLE, STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT and TUBBY step out now wearing accountant acolyte uniforms. TANGLE is carrying the ceremonial key. Behind them, in the elevator, they leave WALLY, gagged, and the ACCOUNTANT ACOLYTES, in their underwear, bound and gagged with bell-hop uniforms.

MOX
(to Wally)

Sorry about this.

WALLY

Mnnn! Mnnn!

FIDGIT
If you hadn't joined the management...

OG
You could have been a miserable failure, like us.

FIDGIT
(to Og)
Eh?

Mnnn!

STRUTTER
It's for your own good, Wally.

WALLY
MNNNNNNN!!!!

TANGLE
You'll thank us in the end.

WALLY
MMMMNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!!

FIDGIT holds down the button which keeps the doors open while he enters an astronomical number in the elevator computer. Having done so, he releases the button and steps quickly out of the elevator as the doors close and the digitally displayed numbers above them in the lobby begin to show a steady rise.

30 INT EN ROUTE TO THE STRONGROOM A LITTLE LATER 30

The nervous GANG pass a squad of GUARDS in front of whom TANGLE cheekily flaunts the giant key. Having fooled the GUARDS they begin to make their way down a spiral staircase.

31 INT STRONGROOM A LITTLE LATER 31

The GANG, following STRUTTER, their self-elected leader, enter a huge cavern full of stalagmites and stalactites where they see, at the far end, behind a heavy iron grille, a large area containing mysterious things beneath dust-sheets.

STRUTTER snatches the giant key from TANGLE and hurries to the grille where he begins to search for a lock into which to insert it. FIDGIT, OG and TUBBY help him while MOX and TANGLE stand and watch, scornfully.

Failing to find the lock STRUTTER, frustrated, angrily thrusts the key at MOX. MOX, pointedly, hands it back to TANGLE who goes to a magic-eye which is set in the wall of the cavern. TANGLE 'shows' the key to the magic-eye, whereupon, after a few electronic beeps, a section of grille slides to one side giving access to the enclosed area.

STRUTTER, OG and FIDGIT, closely followed by TUBBY, cheer exuberantly and rush through the open gap.

STRUTTER
WE'VE DONE IT!

FIDGIT
WHEYHEYHEY!!!!!!

COME ON THE LADS!!!!

TUBBY
BRILLIANT! WHOOPEE!!!

TANGLE
(horrified)
SSSHHHH!!! SSSSSHHHH!

MOX
(appalled)
Shut up! You idiots!
(to Tangle)
I knew they'd be like this.

But by now, the LADS are excitedly ripping dust-sheets off the SUPREME BEING'S rare and precious treasures.

Meanwhile, MOX and TANGLE make their way towards an interesting-looking cupboard, lifting the edges of dust-covers as they go.

MOX
Look for the time map! Leave
everything else! Just look for the
map!

FIDGIT uncovers a box, opens it and lifts out a large jewel-encrusted goblet. While he's examining the goblet in a disparaging way, it turns red.

FIDGIT
Ooh, that's neat.

TUBBY
(in awe)
I bet that's the Holy Grail.

FIDGIT
Worth much?

TUBBY
I'll say.

FIDGIT grins and sticks the HOLY GRAIL inside his jacket.

OG pulls the dust sheets off a wire armature which roughly resembles the figure of a woman. Marble arms are the only solid part of this 'sculpture'. Og, puzzled, looks at it, and reads the label hanging from the wire.

STRUTTER
(reading)
'Venus De Milo. Missing bits.'

OG pulls a dust cover off what is unmistakably the Ark of the Covenant. (Replica of item in Raiders of the Lost Ark?) Beneath it are sitting Moses' Stone Tablets containing the Ten Commandments.

OG

(disappointed)

Why would anyone want to collect this stuff?

MOX and TANGLE have reached the interesting-looking cupboard and are trying to open it.

MOX

(to the Lads)

Pst! How big is this map?

STRUTTER, OG and FIDGIT hold their arms out, all indicate wildly differing views of the map's dimensions. MOX rolls her eyes in disgust.

TUBBY is standing over an open treasure-chest. In one hand he's holding a medieval helmet with a cross-shaped visor. With the other hand he gathers up handfuls of gold coins and lets them run through his fingers.

TUBBY

(innocently)

You don't really think this could be the treasure of the Knights Templar, do you?

OG

(eyes lighting up)

Cor...that's more like it!

OG, STRUTTER and FIDGIT stampede towards TUBBY. In his enthusiasm OG knocks against the Ark of the Covenant.

The Ark of the Covenant rocks and begins to topple, (IN SLOMO?) and hits the ground with a terrific crash. When this happens lights begin to flash, bells ring, sirens wail, and the door in the grille slides back into place.

For a moment the GANG are all dumbstruck. MOX and TANGLE are the first to recover.

MOX

Quick, find the map!

They renew their efforts to break into the cupboard.

STRUTTER

(stricken)

We're finished!

OG

Doomed.

TUBBY begins to cry.

TANGLE

There might be a time-hole in here!

STRUTTER

Forget it.

MOX and TANGLE succeed in opening the cupboard door. Inside is a pile of labelled scrolls. They begin to check the labels.

MOX

(reading)

'Dead Sea Scrolls - Censored Bits.'
Pah!

TANGLE

Here it is! I've got it! We've got it!

They take out the map and unroll it. STRUTTER, OG and FIDGIT hurry to them.

STRUTTER

(peering at the map)

No time-holes in here. He patched 'em
up. I told you.

STRUTTER, savouring this small negative triumph, smiles sourly at MOX and TANGLE and hands them the map.

MOX and TANGLE are dejected.

At this moment a platoon of GUARDS enters the other end of the cavern and races towards the iron grille. The GUARDS gesticulate and shout to one another and at the GANG but we can't hear them above the noise of the alarm system.

TANGLE, depressed, goes over to comfort the weeping TUBBY. She sits him gently down on the edge of a square object covered with a dust-sheet.

TUBBY

(sitting down)

Ow!

He leaps up and rubs his backside. TANGLE lifts the dust-sheet to investigate. Pulling the sheet away she exposes a box from which are protruding what look like plates of glass stacked vertically together so that the sharp edges of their visible upper halves are a translucent blue which glow slightly. Each section seems to have a label attached to it. TANGLE reads a label.

TANGLE
(reading)

'The Titanic'.

STRUTTER, OG and FIDGIT look interested.

TANGLE (CONTD)
(reading another label)

'Time of Legends.'

OG
(more interested)

'Time of Legends'?

MOX approaches and reads the label on the outside of the box.

MOX
(reading)
'Time-holes. Do not remove.'

FIDGIT
Well, what do you know!

At this point the GANG see the GUARDS re-open the grille door.

MOX and TANGLE quickly pull a handful (three) of the 'plates' out of the box. To their amazement they instantly expand to twice their original size. Recovering from their surprise they grab one at random and lean it against the cavern wall. However, not being used to time-holes, they're not quite sure what to do.

STRUTTER
(running forward)
That's it, that's it! Just go, just go!

He pushes the bemused TUBBY into its swirling, pulsating surface and beckons the others.

STRUTTER (CONTD)
Come on!

OG and FIDGIT, seeing the GUARDS advancing fast towards them through the treasures, decide to take their chances and make running-jumps into the time-hole. STRUTTER makes urgent beckoning signals to MOX and TANGLE then hurries into the time-hole.

The lead GUARDS are now only seconds away from catching MOX and TANGLE but the two women, nevertheless, have the presence of mind to grab the box containing the remaining time-holes and drag it with them into the activated time-hole.

The GUARD in front manages to catch hold of the back of TANGLE'S 'Accountant Acolyte' jacket, but he fails to get a decent grip and it slips out of his hand and disappears into the time-hole which immediately closes.

32

EXT

VOID IN SPACE

32

TUBBY, closely followed by STRUTTER, OG and FIDGIT with MOX and TANGLE bringing up the rear fall through space shouting and screaming as they go. MOX and TANGLE lose their grip on the box of time-holes and the time-holes fall out, expand, then skim and flutter away into space in all directions. MOX and TANGLE try to grab hold of a couple of them but don't succeed. The Holy Grail too, falls away, having slipped out of FIDGIT'S jacket. MOX manages to keep a firm grip on the time-holes map.

The GANG fall into the distance and disappear, screaming all the way.

33

INT POLLY'S BEDROOM EVENING

33

MOM is tucking POLLY into bed. From below come the sounds of half-a-dozen adults, talking and laughing.

MOM

Shall I wake you up at midnight?

POLLY

You don't think I'm going to fall asleep do you? With the end in sight.

MOM

For heaven's sake! Please, Polly, I promise you we're all going to be here tomorrow, safe and sound.

POLLY

Uh huh?

MOM

Now don't be so morbid, darling. Did you take your pills?

POLLY nods.

MOM

That's a good girl.

(she kisses Polly)

See you later. Try and sleep a bit. And if you want to come down, come down.

MOM exits putting out the light as she goes. POLLY immediately gets out of bed and switches on her computer.

We are in a dark, confined, space. A little light from a couple of cracks shows a jumble of indistinct objects.

Suddenly there is a thump and another indistinct object, TUBBY, joins the pile.

TUBBY

Ooof!

We soon hear three other thumps and a lot of groaning as TUBBY is joined by the indistinct forms of OG, FIDGIT and STRUTTER.

OG

Ah!

FIDGIT

Yow!

STRUTTER

Ughhh!

TUBBY

Oooooohhhh! Get off me!

OG

Where are we?

TUBBY

On my guts!

Now MOX and TANGLE arrive.

MOX

Ow!

FIDGIT

Ouch!

TANGLE

Oops!

TUBBY

I can't breathe!

OG

I can't see!

STRUTTER

Get off me!

TANGLE

Sorry!

NOW the space suddenly fills with a blue light as the wardrobe door bursts open and we find ourselves looking out into Polly's room. The light emanates from Polly's computer VDU. POLLY herself is peering from behind her bed, terrified and fascinated.

35

INT POLLY'S BEDROOM NIGHT

35

CUT TO A WIDE SHOT of the room as the bruised and battered GANG tumble and clamber out of the wardrobe. POLLY watches in stunned amazement.

OG

(indicating wardrobe)

There must be a time-hole in there!

TUBBY

What a stupid place to put it.

FIDGIT

(to Polly)

Hey, you! Where's the banquet! Where's the treasure?

POLLY

Who are you?

FIDGIT

Oh. Er...

TANGLE

(thinking fast)

Accountants.

POLLY

Accountants?

STRUTTER

Where are we?

MOX

More to the point, when are we?

(to Polly)

What's the date?

POLLY

Date? It's the thirty-first of December.

TANGLE

(impatient)

Tsk, what century are we in?

POLLY

Century?

MOX
Don't just repeat everything, like a
parrot! What's your name?

POLLY
Polly.

TUBBY
'Polly'. She is a flipping parrot!

POLLY
(indignant)
I am not a parrot, this is the
twentieth century... just. At midnight
it's supposed to become the twenty-
first century

MOX
What!

POLLY
Will you please tell me who you are
and what you're doing in my room!?

MOX
This is terrible. We haven't gone back
in time at all!

TANGLE
In fact, we've gone forward a bit.

MOX
We've got to get out of here quick,
before we get the extinction
treatment!

POLLY
'Extinction treatment'? What do you
mean?

At this moment water gushes from the wardrobe.

POLLY
Oh no! Not again!

As water pours from the wardrobe and quickly begins to fill the
room the GANG scramble onto POLLY'S bed.

Within moments the mattress begins to float. Then, just as
quickly as it filled with water the room begins to empty. The
water races back into the wardrobe, sucking everything that's
floating with it, including the mattress to which POLLY and the
GANG are desperately clinging.

With a hideous gurgling sound the retreating water drags the
mattress and its occupants into the depths of the wardrobe.

We are looking down at a small patch of sea as Polly's mattress rises to the surface bringing with it POLLY and the GANG.

POLLY

(gasping for breath)

You're not accountants, are you?
What's going on?

MOX

Damn, we've got that wretched girl
with us!

TANGLE

We'll have to try and send her back.

FIDGIT

Where the hell are we?

STRUTTER

Somewhere in the eighteenth century.

TANGLE

How do you know that?

STRUTTER

(with a superior air)

I can tell by the rigging.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal that POLLY and the GANG are floating near an eighteenth century galleon which is anchored at sea.

The rigging is full of washing; shirts, breeches, stockings etc.

OG

Er, what do sharks look like?

POLLY and CO follow OG's gaze.

CUT TO THEIR P.O.V. where we see TWO BLACK FINS heading towards them through the water.

CUT TO POLLY and CO.

TUBBY

(panic stricken)

Like that! They look exactly like
that! ARGH!

POLLY and CO try to climb onto the mattress while kicking, paddling and generally propelling it towards the ship and a rope ladder which is hanging from the ship's rail.

POLLY and CO clamber up the last few rungs of a rope ladder, over the ship's rail and onto the deck where they see, on the other side of the deck, the CAPTAIN with the artificial dustpan-leg and brush-hand, and a group of PIRATES. They are all engrossed in forcing a terrified PIRATE to walk the plank.

The PIRATES are wearing clean, neatly pressed clothes, and are clean-shaven. The CAPTAIN is wearing a belt from which hang a variety of cleaning implements; assorted brushed, scrapers, polishers, false-hand, etc. Throughout the action he changes these, screwing them on and off and using each attachment in turn for some small but compulsive cleaning task.

CUT TO POLLY and CO.

POLLY

It's them.

TANGLE

Who?

POLLY

I don't know. Pirates. I've seen them before.

CUT TO the PIRATES.

PIRATE ON PLANK

Captain, please, have mercy! It won't happen again, I promise!

CAPTAIN

You're absolutely right, it won't!

PIRATE

No, Captain, please, please, I beg you!

CAPTAIN

(to Pirates 1 and 2)

Tip the plank.

PIRATE 1

Captain...

CAPTAIN

Tip the plank!

PIRATE 1

He won't do it again, honestly.

CAPTAIN

Do as I say, or you'll be next.

PIRATES 1 and 2
(terrified)

Yes, Captain.

PIRATES 1 and 2 tip the plank and send the PIRATE ON THE PLANK to certain death.

PIRATE ON PLANK
(falling)

AAARGHH! NOOOO!

We hear a splash, a few screams and silence.

POLLY and CO are horrified.

The CAPTAIN casts his eyes on the other, cowed, PIRATES.

CAPTAIN
Nobody on my ship ever, ever, ever
wipes his nose on his sleeve! Do I
make myself plain?

PIRATES
(frightened)
Yes Captain.

CAPTAIN
It's a disgusting habit.

PIRATE 3 (O.O.V.)
Stowaways!

The CAPTAIN and the PIRATES look, OFF CAMERA, towards PIRATE 3.

CUT TO POLLY and CO. as they are driven from their cover by PIRATE 3 brandishing a cutlass.

The CAPTAIN approaches the petrified POLLY and CO. and looks at them with distaste.

CAPTAIN
What have we here? Ugh! They're dirty!
Chuck them in the sea.

PIRATE 1
Yes, Captain.

CAPTAIN
And make sure you wash your hands
afterwards.

PIRATE 2
Yes, Captain.

PIRATES 1 and 2 and some of the other PIRATES step forward and grab hold of POLLY and CO with the intention of carrying out the CAPTAIN'S orders.

MOX

Hey, stop! You can't do that!

TANGLE

Let go!

CAPTAIN

I will not tolerate dirt or mess on my ship!

POLLY

We're not dirty, we're just wet.

CAPTAIN

Silence. I recognise filth when I see it. Throw them over the side.

The PIRATES take a firmer grip.

STRUTTER

No!

FIDGIT

Stop!

TUBBY

Help!

POLLY

You're mad!

The CAPTAIN holds up his hand and the PIRATES stop trying to heave POLLY and CO over the ship's rail.

CAPTAIN

No, no, no. Not mad, merely clean. Some pirates may be dirty, filthy, smelly, scrofulous, pox-ridden, vermin-infested, untidy scum, but we, most certainly, are not.

OG

We never said you were.

CAPTAIN

And I deeply resent the fact that a few lazy, ignorant, feckless pirates are giving the rest of us a bad name. The fact is that the majority of pirates are the cleanest, neatest, tidiest people on earth. Nothing offends them more than to find dust on the yard arm, fluff under the hatches or dirt on the mainsail.

During the above the CAPTAIN uses one of his false brush-hands to sweep something invisible onto his false dustpan-leg. He waves the PIRATES to continue.

POLLY

Huh! This ship isn't completely clean.

CAPTAIN

I beg your pardon?

POLLY

There's bound to be dirt somewhere.

CAPTAIN

How dare you!

POLLY

I bet you there is, and I bet we can find it. Give us a couple of hours, and if we find some, let us stay, and if we don't you can throw us overboard.

The GANG look at POLLY with interest and anxiety.

The CAPTAIN looks at POLLY with contempt.

CAPTAIN

A waste of time.

POLLY

Are you absolutely sure?... One hundred per cent positive?

STRUTTER, having got the idea, wades in to help POLLY.

STRUTTER

(to the others)

I don't think we should stay on this vile vessel, do you?

The other LADS cotton on.

TUBBY

It is a bit grungy.

FIDGIT
Yeh. Let's get out of here.

OG
Before we catch some disease.

The LADS move to the ship's rail and begin to climb it.

STRUTTER
(to Mox and Tangle)
Come on. Rather the sharks than this
squalor.

MOX and TANGLE are too still conventional and unfamiliar with
time banditry to fall in easily with this tactic.

CAPTAIN
(unsettled)
Wait, wait, stop them.

The PIRATES prevent the LADS from climbing the rail.

CAPTAIN (CONTD)
You've got half an hour to find dirt
on my ship or you die very slowly.

The CAPTAIN walks away leaving POLLY and CO in the charge of
a handful of PIRATES. Other PIRATES go back to their jobs of
polishing and cleaning.

TANGLE
(aside to Polly)
Where? Where is it?

POLLY
(sotto voce)
The dirt? I don't know, we'll have to
look.

MOX
(puzzled)
But you said...

POLLY
While there's life there's hope.

38 EXT SHIP'S HOLD TWENTY MINUTES LATER

38

POLLY and CO watched by PIRATES are crawling through the bowels
of the ship looking for dirt.

PIRATE 1
(checking his watch)
Ten minutes.

STRUTTER
You must admit, it is amazingly clean.

FIDGIT
It's unnatural.

MOX
What are we going to do?

POLLY
There's got to be something. There's
certainly a bad smell down here.

TUBBY
That's Fidgit.

POLLY looks at FIDGIT who smiles and shrugs.

While POLLY and CO continue to search, PIRATE 1 whispers something to PIRATE 2. PIRATE 2 surreptitiously takes a clean white stocking out of his jacket and gives it to PIRATE 1 who steps forward into the hold and collars FIDGIT. He whispers something to FIDGIT which amazes the latter.

FIDGIT then first stuffs the stocking into his mouth, chews it around a bit, then puts it down the neck of his shirt and works it down inside his clothes so that it re-emerges from the bottom of his trouser-leg.

PIRATE 1 puts on a pair of protective gloves before taking the stocking back from FIDGIT and exiting. FIDGIT then goes back into the hold, taps POLLY on the shoulder and whispers into her ear.

39 EXT DECK TEN MINUTES LATER

39

POLLY and CO emerge from below decks to be met by the CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN
Well?

POLLY
Nothing.

CAPTAIN
Of course not.

POLLY
Yet.

CAPTAIN
Don't waste my time. Lash them to the
mast.

POLLY
There is one place we didn't look.

CAPTAIN
Yes? Where?

POLLY
Your cabin.

CAPTAIN
Impertinence! Keelhaul them.

He beckons to the PIRATES.

PIRATE 1
With respect, Captain. It's true what she said.

CAPTAIN
(indicating Pirate 1)
And do the same to him!

PIRATE 2
You ought to show her, Captain. Let her go to her grave knowing how immaculate our ship is.

CAPTAIN
(thinks)
Oh, very well.

40 EXT THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN A LITTLE LATER 40

The CAPTAIN and PIRATES bring POLLY and CO. to the CAPTAIN'S CABIN where the CAPTAIN opens the door and ushers POLLY, MOX and TANGLE in, keeping the dirty-looking LADS out.

41 INT THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN MOMENTS LATER 41

The CAPTAIN stands at the door watching POLLY, MOX and TANGLE as they search his cabin.

After a moment POLLY emerges from under the bed with the now disgustingly dirty white stocking.

POLLY
Is this yours?

The CAPTAIN recoils.

CAPTAIN
Of course not.

POLLY dangles the sock at arms length.

POLLY
It's not very clean.

The CAPTAIN, horrified, takes the stocking from POLLY and examines it before dropping it and fleeing from the cabin.

42 EXT SHIP'S DECK MOMENTS LATER

42

The CAPTAIN runs to the ship's rail and climbs onto it as POLLY and CO come out of his cabin.

POLLY
No! Captain! Don't!

But the CAPTAIN dives overboard. POLLY and CO and the PIRATES run to the rail and look into the sea.

CUT TO THEIR P.O.V. where they see a patch a turbulent water full of sharks and blood. Eventually a wooden brush-hand and a wooden dustpan-leg float to the surface.

POLLY
What a stupid thing to do!

PIRATE 1
Good riddance if you ask me.

PIRATE 2
(shouting)
He's gone! He's gone!

The rest of the PIRATE crew begin to cheer and shout and dance around and ostentatiously pick their noses and wipe them on their sleeves, belch and drop litter all over the deck. POLLY is astonished by the PIRATES' behaviour.

MOX
(disgusted)
Ugh, look, they're revolting. The Captain was right.

43 EXT SAILING-SHIP LATER

43

The anchor is weighed, the sails are unfurled and the vessel begins to move

On deck, witnessing the start of the voyage are POLLY and the GANG.

MOX, TANGLE are studying the time-hole map. They look worried.

The FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE, mounted, are in deep shadow at one end of a large conference room. The HORSES are restless, pawing the ground and snorting. The four winds are howling and swirling around the HORSES.

They are being addressed from the other end of the room by THE SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER (Glove Puppet) from a Punch and Judy booth.

SUPREME O.N.

These despicable creatures broke into our treasury and stole a very valuable map! I want them caught and dealt with and the map, returned! Immediately!

The winds howl and the HORSES stamp and snort impatiently.

SUPREME O.N. (CONTD)

And when I say 'dealt with', I mean DEALT WITH! I want no trace of them to remain! Not so much as the shadow of a memory! Do I make myself clear!? I want them TO BE NO MORE, FOR EVER!!!

45 EXT PIRATES' SHIP IN FULL SAIL DAY

45

The pirates' ship, in full sail, plows majestically through the waves. From it, wafting to us across the water, comes the sound of music and laughter.

46 EXT PIRATES' SHIP MAIN DECK THAT MOMENT

46

STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT, and TUBBY, are laughing, drinking, singing, and generally having a great time with the PIRATES.

47 EXT PIRATES' SHIP CROWS-NEST THAT MOMENT

47

In the crows-nest, far above the 'party', we find POLLY, MOX and TANGLE studying the time-holes map.

TANGLE

It's got marks on it now.

MOX

Where those time holes went to.

TANGLE

Amazing.

POLLY

What exactly are time-holes?

MOX

Flaws, imperfections, in the fabric of the universe. Holes in time and space.

TANGLE

When the Supreme Being created the universe he was in a bit of a rush, and time-holes are the places where it never got properly finished. He's very embarrassed about it actually.

MOX

We're using them to try and go to the end of the first millennium.

TANGLE

If we discover what happened then, we might learn how to save the world this time round.

POLLY

And the world really is in danger?

TANGLE

Yup.

POLLY

Can I come with you?

MOX

(grudgingly)

I guess you'll have to.

POLLY

Where are we going?

MOX

The wrong way. The nearest time-hole's in Venezuela and we're heading North-west, for Florida.

POLLY

Why?

TANGLE

The pirates want to go shopping.

POLLY

Maybe we could bribe them to turn round. Or hijack the ship.

MOX
(doubtful)

You reckon?

TANGLE sees something ahead.

TANGLE
Hey, what's that?

POLLY
What? Where?

TANGLE
(Pointing)
Over to the left a bit. There's
something shining.

MOX
Oh yes.

CUT TO THEIR P.O.V. where we see, ahead, a small iridescent
object glinting and gleaming in the water whenever it rides a
wave. It disappears when it goes down the back of the wave.

POLLY (V.O.)
It's like some kind of mirror.

CUT TO POLLY, MOX and TANGLE.

MOX
(with growing excitement)
Hey... If it's what I think it is...
Come on!

MOX climbs out of the crow's-nest and begins to scramble down
the rigging.

TANGLE
What?

MOX
Quick!

48 EXT PIRATE'S SHIP FORWARD DECK MINUTES LATER

48

POLLY and TANGLE reach the forward deck and join MOX who is
looking out over the side in the direction of the reflective
object which is getting closer as the ship bears down on it.
On the main deck the LADS and the PIRATES continue to party.

POLLY
What is it?

MOX
I think it's a time-hole.

TANGLE
Here? But that's not on the map.

MOX
It might have got lost, when they fell
out of the box. Maybe some of them
didn't get back to their places.

MOX picks up a grappling iron with a rope attached.

MOX (CONTD)
We'll only get one shot.

MOX hesitates then, to POLLY'S surprise, gives her the
grappling-iron.

POLLY
But...

MOX
You've got a longer reach.

MOX and TANGLE help POLLY onto the ship's rail and hold her
firmly in position to await the moment when the ship passes the
strange shiny rectangle.

The ship passes within yards of the rectangle whereupon POLLY
swings the grappling iron and throws it, nearly falling in the
process.

POLLY is a good shot and the grappling iron hooks the rim of
the rectangle and drags it alongside the ship where it skims
over the water, buffeting against the ship's hull.

MOX secures the rope.

MOX
Well done.

TANGLE
Yeh, brilliant.

POLLY
(very happy)
Thanks. Is it really a time-hole?

MOX
It looks like it. But the proof of the
pudding is in the eating.

49 EXT MAIN DECK MOMENTS LATER

49

CUT TO the party where STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT and TUBBY are
drinking rum and listening to the PIRATES sing sea shanties.

TANGLE approaches and catches STRUTTER'S attention.

MOX

Pst! Dad!

STRUTTER

What?

MOX

We think we've found a time hole.

STRUTTER

Eh?

TANGLE

A time-hole. We can go. Tell the others.

STRUTTER

Go?... Why?

MOX

Dad...

STRUTTER

Don't be daft, this is great! Tons of treasure. Bags of adventure. Gallons of rum...

OG takes a final swig of rum, smiles and passes out.

STRUTTER (CONTD)

What more could you want!?

MOX

(exasperated)

Listen to me you stupid old sot!

STRUTTER

Go away! You want to go, you go. We're staying here!

He turns his attention back to the party.

50 EXT FORWARD DECK A LITTLE LATER

50

MOX, TANGLE and POLLY are attempting to haul the time-hole out of the sea and up onto the deck.

TANGLE

(leaning over the rail)

Easy, easy... that's it.

MOX

We can't leave them here, can we?

POLLY

Gently does it.

They begin to haul the strange shimmering rectangle of wobbling light up the side of the ship.

MOX

(suddenly furious)

He's such a stubborn...

POLLY

How can we change his mind?

MOX

A quick brain transplant? No, that presupposes he's got a brain.

They haul the time-hole up to the railing and pull it on board.

TANGLE

Careful, whoops!

They slide it onto the deck where it lies like a dying fish, iridescent light wobbling and flickering from its surface.

MOX

Make sure you don't step in it, until you're ready.

TANGLE

Hey, it's still got a label.

(trying to read it)

Something, something... the ink's run.

(looking on the other side)

A complete smudge.

MOX glances anxiously in the direction of the partying PIRATES.

MOX

Let's get it out of sight.

51 INT IN THE SHIP'S HOLD A LITTLE LATER

51

MOX, TANGLE and POLLY drag the time-hole, with difficulty, into the confined space of the ship's hold. The ship is pitching and rolling.

As they set the time-hole on a couple of joists TANGLE slips and falls into it.

TANGLE

Ah....!

TANGLE disappears up to her neck before MOX and POLLY manage to grab her and pull her out. When they do so, they find that she has a small arrow embedded in the heel of her shoe.

MOX

Oh no.

POLLY

What?

MOX

This time-hole leads to a war zone.

TANGLE

(examining the miniature arrow)

A very small war zone.

52 EXT THE MAIN DECK NIGHT

52

POLLY, MOX and TANGLE are on the main deck stepping carefully between the sleeping drunken PIRATES. They lift the sleeping, drunken, TUBBY and begin carrying him away.

POLLY

(sotto voce)

But if it's bows and arrows... it could be the year nine-hundred and ninety-nine, couldn't it? And people were shorter then, weren't they? That might explain the little arrow.

53 INT THE SHIP'S HOLD A LITTLE LATER

53

POLLY, MOX and TANGLE are standing next to the shimmering time-hole strapping on bits of miscellaneous armour, most of which are too big for them. STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT and TUBBY, drunk and passed out, are dressed in armour, also mostly outsized, and are holding swords and shields. MOX adjusts STRUTTER'S breast-plate.

STRUTTER

Where am I?

MOX

(putting a sword into Strutter's hand)
I'm so ashamed of you.

TUBBY

Oh, my head.

OG

What's happening?

52

TANGLE
We're moving on.

FIDGIT
(singing)
Fifteen men on a dead man's chest.
Yo,ho,ho:...

MOX
Shut up, and listen! When we arrive,
stick together, okay? And be ready to
fight. Any questions?

TUBBY
Fight?

STRUTTER
(totally confused)
What?

MOX
(ruthlessly)
Good. Let's go. Good luck. And...

MOX and TANGLE topple the 'armed' GANG, one by one into the
time-hole. First STRUTTER...

MOX (CONTD)
One... And...

Then OG.

MOX (CONTD)
Two... And...

Then TUBBY and FIDGIT.

MOX (CONTD)
Three... And four.

POLLY, MOX and TANGLE solemnly shake hands before jumping, in
quick succession, into the shimmering time-hole.

54 EXT PUPPET THEATRE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FRANCE

54

CLOSE-UP on the proscenium arch of a puppet theatre. The
puppets, operated from above by strings and wires are quite big
(3ft - like Sicilian puppets). Two groups of puppet knights
face each other from either side of the stage. The French group
has a flag and shields with frogs on them, the English group
has the Cross of St George. One puppet has a bow and arrows of
the kind that stuck in TANGLE'S heel.

ENGLISH KNIGHT PUPPET
You silly French reptile eaters!

AUDIENCE (O.O.V.)
(Laughs)

ENGLISH KNIGHT PUPPET (CONTD)
It takes ten of you pathetic frogs to
equal even the weakest Englishman!

AUDIENCE
(Cheers)

CUT TO A WIDE shot where we see the cheering audience of
ENGLISH SOLDIERS sitting in front of the open-air puppet
theatre. In the background is the walled city of ORLEANS to
which the English are laying siege.

CUT TO A CLOSE-UP of the stage.

FRENCH KNIGHT PUPPET
You will not laugh when Jeanne d'Arc
arrives and beats you to a pulp!

ENGLISH KNIGHT PUPPET
Joan of Arc! That silly superstitious
wench! It's just like you garlic-
breaths to hide behind a girl. There
isn't a proper man among you!

AUDIENCE
(Laughs and Cheers)

CUT TO THE rear of the AUDIENCE where WARWICK the Duke of
Bedford is talking to a group of his KNIGHTS.

WARWICK
This is good. Very important to keep
up the morale. Especially for a siege.
There's no shortage of Yorkshire
pudding is there?

STOKE
No, sir. It's roast beef, Yorkshire
pudding and chips on the menu,
morning, noon and night, sir.

WARWICK
Good. And brown gravy?

STOKE
Plenty of brown gravy, sir. We've just
had a fresh shipment.

WARWICK
With lumps?

STOKE
Absolutely chockful of lumps.

WARWICK
Excellent.

55

EXT A HILL OVERLOOKING THE ENGLISH CAMP THAT MOMENT

55

From a clump of trees on the top of a nearby hill JOAN OF ARC, in armour, and her GENERALS are watching the English camp below.

JOAN
Let's make our attack.

DUNOIS
Now?

JOAN
Why not?

LA HIRE
Jeanne, it's nearly lunchtime. The chef de guerre will have just begun to make the mayonnaise for the quails' eggs.

JOAN
Don't you want to drive the English out of France!?

LA HIRE
Yes, but he makes the best mayonnaise in the world. It would be a pity to waste it.

JOAN
(angry)
Imbeciles! Our moment of destiny arrives, St Michael and St Catherine tell me to attack the English, yes... there they are again...
(she listens to her voices)
Can't you hear them? 'Attack the English now. Drive the English out of France. Do not hesitate.'

LA HIRE and DUNOIS exchange looks.

JOAN (CONTD)
That's what they are saying! Beautiful words! And all you can think of are your stomachs! Idiots! We'll attack immediately!

She rides away.

DUNOIS

A peasant girl. No finesse. No taste-
buds.

LA HIRE

(darkly)

It makes one fear for the future of
French cuisine.

56 EXT PUPPET SHOW THAT MOMENT

56

A CLOSE-UP of the stage shows the puppet knights sword fighting. As they exchange blows STRUTTER, OG, FIDGIT and WALLY, in armour and carrying swords, crash down onto the stage.

CUT TO the PUPPET-MASTER and his ASSISTANTS who are startled and amazed.

CUT TO the LADS who, entangled in puppet strings, struggle to their feet. For a moment they look like puppets.

CUT TO THE AUDIENCE who, thinking this is part of the show, laugh, cheer and applaud.

CUT TO the LADS as they gather their wits and attack the sword-wielding puppets.

Having dealt with the puppets the LADS escape the confined stage-space by stepping out through the proscenium arch towards the AUDIENCE.

The SOLDIERS on the front row of the audience believe that the puppets have come to life. Terrified, they leap up and grab their weapons.

STRUTTER

(terrified)

Quick! Surrender!

(trying to smile)

Hello, we give in. We'd like to be
friends.

(aside to the others)

Anyone got a white hanky.

FIDGIT produces a filthy grey hanky.

STRUTTER (CONTD)

Ugh! Put it away! They'll think we're
trying to give them the plague!

The frightened SOLDIERS on the front row begin retreating back onto their colleagues behind them, causing more panic and confusion.

SOLDIERS
They're bewitched! It's devilry!

A few moments into the LADS' routine and POLLY, MOX and TANGLE crash down onto the stage. POLLY is the first to get up and step out front, off the stage.

SOLDIERS
(panicking)
It's Joan of Arc! She's a witch! Run!
(etc.)

CUT TO the back of the audience where WARWICK and his KNIGHTS risk being trampled to death by the fleeing, panicking SOLDIERS.

SOLDIERS
It's Joan! Joan of Arc! The witch! And those are her devils! Run! Run before they curse us! It's Joan the witch! Run! etc...

WARWICK
Easy now, easy now chaps, calm down, it's not the end of the world!

57 EXT THE EDGE OF THE ENGLISH CAMP THAT MOMENT

57

The FRENCH CAVALRY, led by JOAN OF ARC, swoop on the English encampment.

The ENGLISH SOLDIERS are already in flight when they see JEANNE D'ARC and the FRENCH CAVALRY bearing down on them.

CUT TO a panic-stricken WARWICK and his KNIGHTS as they hastily mount their horses and flee from the FRENCH.

58 EXT IN FRONT OF THE PUPPET THEATRE THAT MOMENT

58

POLLY and the GANG are watching the rout of the English by the French. There are skirmishes happening all around them.

MOX
Now what century are we in?

POLLY
If that was really Joan of Arc, I think it's fourteen hundred something.

TANGLE
We're getting closer.

MOX
But still no cigar.

Look out!

FIDGIT points off to the side of the, now deserted, audience benches.

Galloping towards them at full tilt, about six feet above the ground are the huge and hideous figures of DEATH and WAR on their horses.

POLLY and the GANG dive under the benches or back into the puppet theatre moments before DEATH and WAR arrive.

DEATH and WAR, reining in their horses, stop in a cloud of dust and look about them for the GANG. However WAR is restless and seeing the fighting in the distance he charges off to join in. DEATH follows him, slightly reluctantly.

POLLY
(shaken)

Was that...?

STRUTTER
Horsemen of the Apocalypse. They're after us.

POLLY
Wow!

TUBBY
(quoting portentously)
'And I looked and beheld a pale horse:
and his name that sat on him was
Death'.

MOX
They must know we've got the map.

TUBBY
(starting to cry)
I knew we should never have crossed
the Supreme Being!

OG
Well it's too late now, so shut up!

MOX
(opening the map)
Where's the nearest time-hole?

TANGLE
(examining the map)
Miles away.

That moment they are surrounded by FRENCH SOLDIERS.

JOAN OF ARC rides in triumph at the head of her army through the gates of Orleans. Flags are flying, cheering crowds line the route.

DUNOIS and LA HIRE riding behind JOAN OF ARC exchange meaningful looks.

DUNOIS

I don't like it. She grows more popular every day.

LA HIRE

After she's crowned the Dauphin, we'll give her to the English. They've got that beautiful square in Rouen.

(meaningfully)

The perfect spot for an execution.

Bringing up the rear of the procession is a wagon drawn by a couple of oxen. On it is a wooden cage containing POLLY and the GANG. SOLDIERS ride guard on either side. A banner on the cage proclaims that it contains 'ROSBIFS'. The CROWD hiss and boo and throw rotten fruit and vegetables.

CROWD

Stinking Rosbifs! English go home!
Burn the Rosbifs! France for the
French! Rosbifs go home! Vive la
France! etc.

POLLY and the GANG throw what lands in the cage back at the CROWD.

POLLY and the GANG are shackled to the walls of a dungeon eating bread from wooden plates.

POLLY

We did Joan of Arc in school but I can't remember much. I know she thought she heard the voices of saints telling her what to do.

STRUTTER

(spitting out a mouthful of food)
Ugh! I wish they'd give us traditional bread and water. These baguettes stuffed with liver and mushroom pâté and hollandaise sauce make me want to puke.

He throws the baguette away.

TUBBY
Somebody's coming!.

The GAOLER unlucks the door and admits LA HIRE and DUNOIS.

DUNOIS
Good evening.

POLLY
Will you please let us out of here?
We're not even rosbifs. I'm an
American.

LA HIRE and DUNOIS look uncomprehending.

LA HIRE
The food here is good, yes?

STRUTTER
It makes me...

TANGLE puts a hand over STRUTTER's mouth.

STRUTTER (CONTD)
Mnnn!

TANGLE
It's delicious. Thank you.

LA HIRE
In France, even our prisoners eat
well.

POLLY (CONTD)
Look, let us go and I promise you'll
never see us again.

LA HIRE
Hmhm? We too have a proposition.

FIDGIT
Oh yeh?

MOX
Go on.

LA HIRE
Jeanne d'Arc has crowned the Dauphin
king at Rheims cathedral. Which is
wonderful. But she can be very
stubborn and she has made
enemies...So, we are trying to
persuade her, for her own safety, to
go to Rouen... and we'd like your
help.

MOX

Rouen?

(aside to Tangle)

That's where the time-hole is.

DUNOIS

You know it?

MOX

No. But we like sight-seeing.

61 EXT CASTLE MOAT NIGHT

61

POLLY, the GANG, LA HIRE, DUNOIS and a couple of other CONSPIRATORS are standing on a barge which is floating on the moat. A shaky-looking ladder leads from the barge up to a stone aperture the bottom of which overhangs the moat.

LA HIRE

All right. Who is going to go?

MOX

Me.

LA HIRE

Alright. All you have say is

(demonstrating spooky voice)

'Jeanne d'Arc, go to Rouen'. Jeanne d'Arc, go to Rouen'. Keep it simple, okay?

TANGLE

Mox... It's dangerous... I'll go.

MOX

No.

POLLY

Let me do it.

While MOX, TANGLE and POLLY argue about which of them should go the LADS talk amongst them selves.

FIDGIT

While she's up there she should tell Joan of Arc to give us some treasure.

OG

Good idea. And a few gold muffin dishes.

STRUTTER

She'll never agree to do that. You'd better go.

OG
(horrified)
Me? I've got a bad arm.

STRUTTER and OG look at FIDGIT.

FIDGIT
I've got a bad leg

STRUTTER, OG and FIDGIT look at TUBBY.

TUBBY
I've got two bad legs and a...

STRUTTER
Oh shut up! I'll do it.

He turns to MOX, TANGLE and POLLY who are still arguing about which of them should go.

STRUTTER (CONTD)
(with great sincerity)
Mox, my dear daughter. I cannot let you take such a risk. I will go.

MOX
(suspicious)
Dad...

LA HIRE
(exasperated)
Please, decide quickly who is going to go?

STRUTTER
I must go. How could I live with myself if something happened to my only daughter.

MOX
(beginning to be affected)
Dad... you really mean it...

STRUTTER
Yes, of course.

LA HIRE
Get on with it before I throw you back in the dungeon and lose the key!

STRUTTER begins to climb the ladder.

POLLY
I don't like deceiving Joan of Arc like this.

DUNOIS
It's for her own good.

TANGLE
(aside to Polly)
We've got no choice if we want to get
out of here.

62 INT JOAN OF ARC'S ROOM A LITTLE LATER 62

In a sparsely furnished room a single candle burns in a wall bracket. On the bed JEANNE D'ARC lies sleeping.

THE CAMERA travels into an adjoining room where we find a washstand and a rudimentary stone lavatory in the corner. THE CAMERA looks down the lavatory where we see a stone chute drop apparently into infinity.

CUT TO:

63 INT INTERIOR STONE CHUTE THAT MOMENT 63

Somewhere in the stone chute STRUTTER is struggling up like a mountaineer, bracing himself against the sides.

CUT TO:

64 INT LARGE KNIGHT'S BATHROOM THAT MOMENT 64

A LARGE KNIGHT gets up from his stone seat, pulling up and buttoning his trousers. He then takes a bucket of water and throws it down the latrine.

CUT TO:

65 INT INTERIOR STONE CHUTE THAT MOMENT 65

STRUTTER is hit by the 'flush' from the Large Knight's latrine and nearly loses his balance. Recovering he continues and takes a left-fork in the chute system.

66 INT JOAN OF ARC'S ROOM MOMENTS LATER 66

JOAN OF ARC is still asleep when we hear STRUTTER'S voice floating eerily around the room.

STRUTTER (O.O.V.)
Joan of Arc...

Joan wakes, gets up and listens.

STRUTTER (O.O.V.)
Go to Rouen. Joan of Arc go to Rouen.

CUT TO:

67 INT THE STONE CHUTE THAT MOMENT 67

STRUTTER has wedged himself across the chute. He turns, about to descend, then stops, turns back and adds...

STRUTTER
(imitating La Hire's spooky voice)
But before you do, make the little people very rich... Give them money... Actually anything will do... Providing it's extremely valuable and portable.

68 INT JOAN OF ARC'S ROOM THAT MOMENT 68

JOAN, slightly puzzled, is listening intently to Strutter's voice as it echos around the stone room.

STRUTTER (O.O.V.)
Go to Rouen... but first make the little people extremely rich.

69 EXT THE ROAD TO ROUEN DAY 69

JEANNE D'ARC is riding at the head of a column of SOLDIERS. Towards the back of the column, on horseback and dressed in finery and armour are POLLY and the GANG. All carry money bags and are wearing gold chains and other gold jewellery.

MOX
(annoyed)
So Saint Michael told Joan to give us all this stuff did he?

STRUTTER
(very pleased with himself)
Yeh, clever eh?

MOX
(disgusted)
Whatever did mum see in you?

They pass a mile-stone on which is written 'ROUEN 3 MILES'.

POLLY
(to Mox and Tangle)
There's something bothering me about going to Rouen.

LA HIRE and DUNOIS meet WARWICK who is at the head of a company of ENGLISH CAVALRY.

DUNOIS

She's coming.

WARWICK

Jolly good.

WARWICK beckons his PAGE who's carrying money.

WARWICK (CONTD)

How much do you want?

LA HIRE

(disdainfully)

Nothing. We do it for the good of French gastronomy.

WARWICK looks doubtful.

LA HIRE (CONTD)

Ah, I can see you haven't tried toads' testicles Provençal.

WARWICK

(fighting the urge to vomit)

No. No I haven't.

He waves his SOLDIERS on.

POLLY and the GANG are riding along, as before. POLLY suddenly pulls up.

POLLY

Oh no!

The others stop too.

MOX

What is it?

POLLY

I just remembered what happens! Joan gets captured by the English and burnt at the stake! In Rouen!

TANGLE

That's horrible!

POLLY
Come on, we've got to warn her!

POLLY spurs her horse into a canter and begins to ride towards JOAN. The GANG follow.

They have only travelled a few yards when WARWICK and his SOLDIERS launch their ambush from behind trees up ahead.

POLLY and the GANG quickly find themselves in the middle of battle. SOLDIERS are fighting, horses are throwing their RIDERS, dust is swirling and there is general chaos.

MOX
(to Polly)
Polly! Come on!

POLLY
I've got to find Joan!

TANGLE
There's nothing we can do!

POLLY
We've got to try!

MOX
Look! There it is!

CUT TO MOX'S P.O.V. where we see a time-hole in the middle of the battle ground.

CUT TO MOX.

MOX (CONTD)
(checking her watch)
We've got thirty seconds!

POLLY and CO dismount and make their way as quickly as possible to the time-hole, climbing over the dead and wounded and struggling through groups of fighting SOLDIERS.

POLLY
(looking frantically around)
Where's Joan!

TANGLE
Look out!

POLLY turns to see DEATH and WAR bearing down on her through the dust.

The LADS jump into the time-hole leaving MOX and TANGLE to grab POLLY and push her into the time hole as DEATH and WAR gallop towards them menacingly. The time-hole closes just in time.

SUPREME BEING is lying in bed asleep. He is wearing a night-gown and matching night-cap and is snoring. Sitting beside him on a pillow, wide awake, is his SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER (the glove-puppet). He is wearing pyjamas and dressing-gown.

SUPREME O.N.

Yes, go on, sleep, you big lug!

(he looks at his watch)

It's my turn in three minutes... Hm, maybe I should just kill you now and save myself a lot of aggravation later!

He draws a dagger from his dressing-gown and raises it above the SUPREME BEING'S sleeping body as though on the verge of stabbing him.

SUPREME O.N. (CONTD)

'To be or not to be, that is the question.'

At this point the SUPREME BEING wakes up, sees the dagger hovering above him and grabs it from the SUPREME O.N.

SUPREME BEING

What the...! Were you about to murder me in my sleep?

SUPREME O.N.

Of course not! I was protecting you!

SUPREME BEING

It didn't look like it.

SUPREME O.N.

Oh great! I think I hear somebody sneaking up on you; I prepare to risk my life and save you, while trying not to wake you up, and that's all the thanks I get! Very nice!

SUPREME BEING

Shut up and go to sleep!

SUPREME O.N.

Anything not to have to listen to you!

The SUPREME O.N. lies down leaving the SUPREME BEING sitting up. The SUPREME BEING picks up a book.

SUPREME O.N.

(sitting up)

And another thing.

SUPREME BEING
(exasperated)

What!?

SUPREME O.N.
The Four Horsemen.

SUPREME BEING
What about them?

SUPREME O.N.
They're slacking. They've been chasing
those little parasites for days and
they still haven't recovered that map!
And that girl's still alive!

SUPREME BEING
Patience.

SUPREME O.N.
I don't like slackers.

During the above THE CAMERA finds a wire running from the
picture over the bed and follows it up the wall and out through
a hole in the ceiling.

SUPREME BEING (O.O.V.)
I don't want to discuss this now! I'm
trying to read! Goodnight!

CUT TO:

73 INT WALLY'S OFFICE THAT MOMENT

73

THE CAMERA continues to follow the wire when it enters the
CHIEF ACCOUNTANT'S office. The conversation between the Supreme
Being and his Supreme O.N. now sounds as though it is coming
along a wire.

SUPREME O.N. (V.O.)
We still pull the final plug on
Thursday, right?

SUPREME BEING (V.O.)
(wearily)
Yes. Anything for a quiet life.

THE CAMERA finally reaches WALLY who is sitting in his wheel-
chair listening, with head-phones, to the conversation between
The Supreme Being and His Opposite Number.

SUPREME O.N. (V.O.)
Goodnight.

SUPREME BEING (V.O.)
(tetchily)

Goodnight.

WALLY looks thoughtful.

74

EXT ROMAN STREET MARKET 15TH MARCH 44BC MORNING

74

The market is full of TRADESPEOPLE, ROMAN CITIZENS, SLAVES, and SOLDIERS going about their business when POLLY and the GANG drop out of the sky and land in the awning over a fruit stall. The awning collapses precipitating POLLY and CO into the fruit.

FRUIT STALL HOLDER

Hey, hey, hey! Stop! Please! What are you doing? I pay my dues, every Friday. Always. Did I ever miss a payment? Never. Not once. Ask Tony. I've got a wife and six children. What do you want from me, blood?

MOX takes a handful of gold pieces from her bag and gives them to the stallholder.

MOX

Will this cover it?

The bemused STALLHOLDER examines the gold coins.

TANGLE

Now where are we?

POLLY

(looking round)

I don't think it's the right year.

STRUTTER sees a group of SOLDIERS approaching.

STRUTTER

Time to go!

POLLY and CO. hurry away through the market stalls.

75

STEPS OF THE CAPITOL A LITTLE LATER

75

POLLY and CO emerge from behind bushes and find themselves half way up the steps of the Capitol. Groups of SENATORS and CITIZENS are scattered around.

STRUTTER

This must be Athens. Fifth Century BC, I'd say. You can tell by the architecture. Magnificent eh? Those fluted columns and decorated capitals. We have arrived at one of the zeniths of human civilization. The glory of Ancient Greece. Athens at the height of her sublime achievement.

OG

Very nice. I wish I had your education and brains Strutter.

FIDGIT

Yeh, me too.

STRUTTER shrugs and smiles fake-modestly.

STRUTTER

I do hope we can meet Pericles, their great leader.

Close to POLLY and CO. is an exotically-dressed, ancient, blind FORTUNE TELLER.

FIDGIT

Excuse me, where's the best resturant in Athens?

FORTUNE TELLER

Athens? No idea. I've never been out of Rome.

POLLY

Rome? We're in Rome?

STRUTTER

(mortified)

What? Are you sure this isn't Athens?

FORTUNE TELLER

Of course I'm sure! I'm a Roman, born and bred! Are you trying to do my head in? That'll be three dinarii.

STRUTTER

What date is it?

FORTUNE TELLER

Three dinarii.

STRUTTER
(irritated)

The date, the date, what's the date?

FORTUNE TELLER
Three dinarii or I'll put a curse on
you!

POLLY
We haven't got any dinarii. We've got
some gold from fifteenth-century
France...

FORTUNE TELLER
(getting hysterical)
Dinarii! Dinarii!

POLLY
Shhh. Or some chewing gum.

FORTUNE TELLER
What?

POLLY
Tell us the date and I'll give you a
stick of Wrigleys Sugarfree Spearmint
Gum.

FORTUNE TELLER
(thinks)
Two sticks.

POLLY
Okay.

FORTUNE TELLER
It's the Ides of March, 44 B.C.

POLLY
Oh no!

She gives the FORTUNE TELLER the last of her gum.

MOX
What's the matter?

POLLY
The ides of March! This is the day
that Julius Caesar was assassinated,
right here!...

OG
(impressed)
She knows a lot doesn't she?

POLLY

And here he comes!

CUT TO POLLY'S P.O.V. where we see a plump, bald man, wearing a laurel wreath, begin to ascend the steps. He is accompanied by a couple of SERVANTS.

CUT TO POLLY who looks up towards the top of the steps.

POLLY

And those must be the assassins!

CUT TO POLLY'S P.O.V. where we see a group of cloaked SENATORS waiting near the top of the steps.

CUT TO POLLY and CO.

POLLY (CONTD)

This is terrible!

OG

It's great! We've got ringside seats!

TUBBY

(disapprovingly)

Dad!

As JULIUS CAESAR climbs the steps POLLY becomes increasingly agitated.

POLLY

We've got to do something!

MOX

We can't interfere with history.

TANGLE

Just pretend we're not really here.

POLLY

But we are here!

Before the others can stop her POLLY rushes out onto the steps.

POLLY

Julius Caesar! Look out! They're going to kill you!

CUT TO CAESAR who spins around and looks at POLLY. On the steps above him the ASSASSINS look confused. BRUTUS'S cloak slips from his grasp revealing, for an instant, a dagger.

CUT TO MOX and the OTHERS.

MOX
(covering her face with her hands)
That's torn it.

CUT TO A WIDE SHOT as SOLDIERS, seeing the dagger, rush forward and grab the ASSASSINS. JULIUS CAESAR looks extremely irritated.

76 INT JUDICIAL WAITING ROOM LATER

76

POLLY and CO are sitting waiting in a large marble-lined room filled with groups of PEOPLE all in various stages of being processed by ROMAN CLERKS who are standing at lecturns entering data onto scrolls. The GANG are now minus their fifteenth century armour, money-bags and gold chains.

POLLY
How about that? I saved Julius Caesar's life!

MOX
You've tampered with history. Who knows what the consequences will be.

POLLY
I couldn't just stand there and watch him be stabbed to death.

TUBBY
Why are we waiting here?

STRUTTER
It's their system. They're doing their records. Then, when that's all straight, they'll reward us.

FIDGIT
Yeh. A big parade and the presentation. Maybe they'll give us Constantinople or Egypt.

TUBBY
Why have they taken our gold?

OG
Because it wasn't good enough. They're going to give us something really valuable.

A CENTURION and a couple of SOLDIERS approach.

CENTURION
Come on.

MOX

Where to?

CENTURION

The magistrate wants to see you.

MOX

The Magistrate?

CENTURION

You're to be tried for spying.

POLLY

'Spying!?'

FIDGIT/OG/STRUTTER

What?/Eh?/Spying!?

POLLY

We're not spies! I saved Caesar's life!

CENTURION

This way.

POLLY

But...

STRUTTER

What about our belongings!?

FIDGIT

Our treasure.

CENTURION

Shut up and follow me!

The CENTURION sets off with POLLY and CO in train. The other two SOLDIERS bring up the rear.

TUBBY

(quoting gloomily)

'And they cried out with a loud voice, saying....'

OG/FIDGIT/STRUTTER

(sotto voce)

Shut up!

77 INT MARBLE CORRIDOR A LITTLE LATER

77

POLLY and CO are walking, under guard, down a long marble corridor lined with antique vases and statues.

MOX and TANGLE are communicating, surreptitiously, with each other and then with the LADS. The CENTURION and the two SOLDIERS are unaware that their captives have made a plan.

As the GROUP approaches a transverse corridor MOX stops, doubles up and groans with pain.

CENTURION

What's the matter with you?

MOX

Ughnm!

During the couple of seconds in which the GUARDS are distracted by MOX, OG moves behind the CENTURION and bends over.

TANGLE

Now!

Instantly, TUBBY pushes the CENTURION who falls backwards over OG, while FIDGIT and STRUTTER simultaneously stamp on the feet of the two SOLDIERS.

While the CENTURION lies dazed on the floor and the two SOLDIERS hop about in pain, POLLY and CO race off down the transverse corridor.

78

INT MARBLE STAIR-CASE MOMENTS LATER

78

POLLY and CO appear on a staircase landing. From somewhere behind them we hear the shouts of the pursuing CENTURION and SOLDIERS.

MOX and TANGLE are following a route in the map. They leap onto the staircase-bannister and slide quickly down. POLLY and the LADS follow suit just as the CENTURION and SOLDIERS appear on the landing.

CUT TO POLLY and CO as they arrive at the bottom of the stairs. The CENTURION and SOLDIERS come thundering down the stairs after them.

Consulting the map MOX runs into an alcove under the stairs. Here, behind a pile of baskets they find a time-hole which has been tied in the middle with a length of string. The string has pulled the sides of the time-hole together so that its shape is now like an hour-glass. This distortion has affected the area surrounding the time-hole, so that the understairs alcove and the adjacent architecture is bent out of shape. The time-hole has a label attached to it but this is not noticed by POLLY and CO.

MOX

(untying it)

It's tied up with string!

TANGLE
I wonder who did that?

When the string is untied the time-hole reverts to its usual shape, allowing the surrounding area to do likewise.

POLLY and CO then step into it and disappear. The CENTURION and SOLDIERS arrive and, not seeing their quarry, race off in the wrong direction.

79 TIME-HOLE VORTEX

79

POLLY and CO tumble, at speed, through the vortex.

MOX
Everybody concentrate on the end of
the year nine hundred and ninety-nine.
Concentrate hard.

Suddenly, they're in a small, still, dark space. From somewhere nearby comes the murmur of voices. The GANG look around and see that they are in a narrow tunnel. A few yards away light is coming from a grille in the ceiling of the tunnel. They begin to crawl towards the grille.

80 EXT ROMAN VILLA TRICLINIUM DAY

80

In the triclinium four men, JULIUS CAESAR, MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS and CASCA are lying on couches playing cards. MARCUS throws down a card and picks up another.

MARCUS
But Julius, think again, you're the
best caesar we've got.

CASSIUS
Damn right.

JULIUS
Fellahs, I appreciate your kind words
but... life's gotten too difficult. I
wanna do it.

CASCA
You sure, boss?

JULIUS
Sure I'm sure.

He throws down a card.

CUT TO the atrium outside the entrance to the triclinium. Here we find POLLY and CO hiding behind an assortment of potted plants.

POLLY
(sotto voce)
It's Julius Caesar all right.

MOX
(disgusted)
Ridiculous. What kind of a time-hole
was that?

TANGLE
Look out!

They duck behind cover as CALPURNIA enters the atrium and
crosses into the triclinium. She is accompanied by CLERKS and
SCRIBES carrying documents.

CALPURNIA
Ye gods, Julius! Are you still playing
cards?

JULIUS
Now what?

CALPURNIA
You're hopeless. Just sign these will
you?

She waves to the CLERKS who present their documents to JULIUS
to sign. He does so, grudgingly.

JULIUS
Never a moment's peace.

CALPURNIA
I've re-drafted the veterans' land
distribution statutes. I've also
prepared legislation against luxury...

JULIUS frowns.

CALPURNIA (CONTD)
... and in favour of increasing the
birth-rate.

JULIUS
(playing to his buddies)
Now that sounds interesting.

He laughs. MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS and CASCA join in. CALPURNIA
stops them all with an icy stare.

CALPURNIA
Hurry up and get ready for the Senate.

JULIUS
Calpurnia...

CUT TO POLLY and CO.

POLLY
(sotto voce)
Calpurnia. That's his wife.

CUT TO JULIUS and CALPURNIA.

JULIUS
Why don't you go to the Senate darling
and present the statutes?

CALPURNIA
Don't try to wind me up. You imperial
bum.

JULIUS
(winding her up)
Oh, sorry dear, I forgot for a moment
that women aren't allowed in the
Senate.

He winks at the BUDDIES.

CALPURNIA
I've drawn up proposals for the reform
of the legal system...

JULIUS
Again?

CALPURNIA
And you're going to present them. I'll
tell you what to say.

CUT TO POLLY.

POLLY
Hey, they don't tell you that in
history class.

CUT TO CALPURNIA as she turns and marches towards the exit
followed by her CLERKS and SCRIBES.

JULIUS
Hey, darling... What about this beware
the Ides of March business, aren't you
just a little bit concerned about my
safety?

CALPURNIA
That's a lot of baloney, and you know
it! Put about by you so you can have
the day off to play cards with your
disreputable so-called friends.

CUT TO POLLY and CO who exchange looks before ducking down as CALPURNIA sweeps out of the triclinium followed by her CLERKS and SCRIBES.

POLLY

We're here before we arrived the last time.

The LADS look puzzled.

OG

Eh?

POLLY

He gets killed later today.

CUT TO inside the triclinium where JULIUS is pacing up and down.

JULIUS

It's too much! I can't stand it! I cannot take any more of that woman!

BRUTUS

Why not just have her wrapped in a concrete toga and quietly dumped in the Tiber?

JULIUS

(shakes his head)

Listen, I know Calpurnia... She'd come back and haunt me.

CASCA

But...

JULIUS

No. I want you to assassinate me.

CUT TO POLLY and CO who exchange astonished looks.

CUT TO JULIUS and CO.

JULIUS (CONTD)

I know it'll work. Brutus brings the dummy under his cloak. Casca brings a little bag of pig's blood or ketchup or somethin'. I sneak away with Cassius under his cloak. Brutus does a big public number about me being dead and all that stuff. I take off to Gaul - I got a great place there, Calpurnia has to step aside, and you guys take over. You'll do a great job. I know it.

CUT TO POLLY and CO.

POLLY

(sotto voce)

They're not going to believe this in school.

MOX

You know what? I think we might just be able to straighten out history.

81 INT CALPURNIA'S OFFICE LATER

81

CALPURNIA is working at her scrolls of state when a WOMAN SLAVE brings POLLY into the office.

CALPURNIA

(looking up)

What's this?

SLAVE

She was spying on you from the garden.

CALPURNIA

What strange clothes. Who are you?

POLLY

(awkward)

Er... Polly, just call me Polly.

CALPURNIA

What are you doing here? Where are you from?

POLLY

I'm er, I know it sounds kinda silly but... I'm from the future.

CALPURNIA exchanges looks with the SLAVE WOMAN.

CALPURNIA

Give her some money and put her out.

The SLAVE WOMAN grabs hold of POLLY.

POLLY

No wait! I've got something important to tell you.

CALPURNIA looks at POLLY expectantly. POLLY glances at the SLAVE WOMAN.

CALPURNIA

You may speak.

POLLY
(takes a deep breath)
Caesar, Julius, your husband... He's
planning a sort of fake assassination
of himself. Then he's going to bunk
off to Gaul.

CALPURNIA
I know.

POLLY
(amazed)
You know?

CALPURNIA
Yes. I wish it.

POLLY
What?... Why?

CALPURNIA
Because I love him.

POLLY
I don't get it.

CALPURNIA
Being Caesar is a dangerous job. They
always get killed, sooner or later,
mostly sooner, in battle or by rivals.
I want Julius to live.

POLLY
But... what about you? What will you
do?

CALPURNIA
I don't know yet. I haven't decided.
I may join him in Gaul or I might stay
here and...
(she laughs)
become Julia Caesar.

POLLY
Hey that's really cool.

CALPURNIA
Why did you come to tell me this?

POLLY
Er... sort of... feminist solidarity.

CALPURNIA looks quizzical.

POLLY (CONTD)
I guess I wanted to... help.

CALPURNIA
Thank you.

POLLY
I'm afraid you don't appear much in
the history books of the future.

CALPURNIA
Oh.

POLLY
When I go back, I'll try to put that
right.

CALPURNIA
Please do. Come here.

POLLY steps forward. CALPURNIA takes off a necklace and puts
it over POLLY'S head.

POLLY
(disbelieving)
For me?

SLAVE
(disapproving)
Madam...

CALPURNIA
No. It's right. Something tells me
this is important.

POLLY
It's beautiful. Thank you.

82 EXT THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL DAY (AS IN SCENE 75)

82

POLLY and CO are behind one of the low walls which runs up
either side of the Capitol steps. Keeping out of sight, they
make their way up the incline until they can observe the steps
from behind the cover of bushes.

MOX
(suspicious)
Nice necklace. What did you say to
her?

POLLY
Not much. Hello, that sort of stuff?

MOX
I hope you didn't go messing up
history again.

POLLY
No way. Hey, look.

CUT TO POLLY AND CO'S P.O.V. where we see, from a different angle, scene 75 unfold, complete with POLLY and CO (MARK I) who are still wearing their armour and are still in possession of their money and gold.

POLLY and CO (MARK II) watch themselves as they were in the previous Capitol steps scene. They see POLLY (MK I) talk to the FORTUNE-TELLER and exchange chewing-gum for information. They see JULIUS CAESAR arrive and begin to climb the steps. They see too the 'ASSASSINS' move to the top of the steps.

CUT TO POLLY AND CO (MK II) as they move forward in preparation to thwarting POLLY and CO (MK I)

CUT TO POLLY (MK I) as she is about to run forward and shout her warning to CAESAR.

CUT TO POLLY (MK II) who runs forward and grabs POLLY (MK I) putting her hand over her mouth and preventing her from shouting.

MOX (MK I) and TANGLE (MK I) step forward to try and rescue POLLY (MK I) from this assault. MOX (MK II) and TANGLE (MK II) rush forward to hold back their Mark I versions.

Very soon POLLY and CO (MK I) are struggling on the side of the Capitol steps with POLLY and CO (MK II).

This attracts some interest from CITIZENS, SENATORS, SOLDIERS etc. during which CAESAR reaches the top of the steps and we see the fake assassination take place.

CUT TO the POLLYS and COS battle where POLLY (MK I) is distressed to see the 'assassination' while POLLY (MK II) is pleased.

As ROMAN SOLDIERS begin to converge, the two groups of 'identical twins' see the danger, stop struggling with each other, and run off.

83 INT MARBLE STAIRCASE (AS IN SCENE 78) LATER

83

As before, POLLY and CO slide down the bannisters of the marble staircase. But this time they are followed by an identical set of themselves, POLLY and CO (MK I). After this come SOLDIERS in hot pursuit.

Both MOXs, who have maps, locate the time-hole in the alcove under the stairs. This time it is not covered with baskets nor is it tied in the middle with string.

POLLY and CO (MK I) are all for diving into the time-hole, but MOX (MK II) waves them back from it.

MOX (MK II)

.. No! This one goes round in circles.

TANGLE (MK II) sees the label and checks it.

TANGLE

Yup.

(reading)

The Ides of March 44BC.

The pursuing SOLDIERS are nearly upon them.

POLLY (MK I)

(indicating the pile of baskets)

Under here!

Both sets of POLLY and CO dive into and under the pile of baskets. Before they do so, MOX (MK I) takes a few gold coins from her bag and places them on the floor, in a line, leading to the time-hole.

A split second after POLLY and CO (MK I and II) have taken cover the SOLDIERS arrive. They look around and are on the verge of investigating the pile of baskets when one of them sees the gold coins on the floor. Picking them up he sees the time-hole in the alcove. The other SOLDIERS examine the coins and then, in the hope of finding more, prod the time-hole with their swords before tentatively going into it.

And soon as the SOLDIERS have disappeared into the time-hole POLLY and CO (MKs I and II) break cover. MOX (MK II), finding a length of string on the floor beside the baskets, (same string as in scene 78) picks it up and ties up the time-hole. This has the effect of pulling in the space and distorting the architecture and surrounding area as in Scene 78.

MOX II

(tying up time-hole)

Keep 'em from wandering out again.

TANGLE II

This time-hole's a menace. Let's cover it.

MOX II

Hey, we were wondering who did this!

TANGLE II
(stunned realization)
It was us!

The POLLYS and COS pile the baskets in front of the time-hole.
Having done so they have a their first proper opportunity to
look at one another.

OG (MK I)
(to Og mk II)
Are you really me?

OG (MK II)
I was just about to ask you that.

POLLY (MK II)
(to Polly mk I)
Hi.

POLLY (MK I)
Hi.

STRUTTER (MK II)
I see you've still got your gold.

STRUTTER (MK I)
Yes. What happened to yours?

TUBBY (MK II)
(blubbering)
They took it from us.

TUBBY (MK I)
How dreadful.

TUBBY (MK II)
(grateful)
I knew you'd understand.

The MOXS and TANGLES have been comparing Maps.

MOX (MK II)
Weirder and weirder. These maps are
different.

MOX (MK I)
I can't find another time-hole here.

FIDGITS (MKS I and II)
(in unison)
Since we're in the rare and fortunate
position of being able to eat twice as
much as usual. Let's go to the best
restaurant in Rome. They won't look
for us there will they?

POLLY and CO (MKS I and II) are most of the way through a sumptuous Roman dinner which they are eating while lying on couches set around a central table covered with exotic food. They are all laughing and talking and having a great time.

The restaurant PROPRIETOR and the WAITERS (while not coming and going, with dishes) stand around gawping at the most astonishing CUSTOMERS they've ever had.

STRUTTER (MK II)

Wine! More wine!

MOX (MK I)

No. You've had enough.

STRUTTER (MK II)

What's it to you, you're not my daughter?

MOX ((MK II)

Yes she is!

STRUTTER (MK I)

Now wait a minute.

MOX (MK II)

You've had enough too.

STRUTTER (MK II)

(To Strutter MK I)

How come we're still outnumbered?

CUT TO the POLLYS.

POLLY (MK II)

My parents just don't understand me.

POLLY (MK I)

Mine neither.

At this point a wide eyed, tenth-century MONK, in a habit and with a tonsure enters. He is carrying a large crucifix, (about a meter high). He looks around in rapture.

MONK

This is wonderful! Bliss! Heaven!

CUT TO THE MOXS and TANGLES who see the MONK and exchange puzzled looks.

MOX (MK II)

Where's he come from?

MOX (MK I)
He's not from this century is he?

CUT TO the MONK who goes to the table where he starts eating the food.

MONK
Hmm! Delicious! Divine! Ambrosia! I never, in my wildest dreams, expected heaven to be so... heavenly!!!!

The PROPRIETOR sends a couple of WAITERS to expel the uninvited MONK. However, the MOXS wave the WAITERS away.

MOX (MK II)
Excuse me. Where have you come from?

MONK
Who, me? A dreadful place. An awful place, and a ghastly, fearful, time. But this is miraculous! I'm so happy!

MOX (MK I)
What fearful time?

MONK
(shudders)
The end of the world. The end of the millennium.

The MOXS the TANGLES and the POLLYS leap up, excited.

MOX (MK II)
Which one?

MONK
What?

TANGLE (MK I)
Which millennium?

TANGLE (MK II)
First or second?

MONK
First of course.
(eating)
Mnn, so good. You know, I never really expected to go to heaven.

MOX (MK I)
(grabbing the monk)
Whereabouts did you first arrive here!?

MONK
(startled)

What?

MOX (MK II)
Where are the gates to heaven!?

MONK
Just round the corner.

MOX
What are they like? Sort of blue with
a white edge?

MONK
Yes. Very pretty. Not like gates at
all.

The GANGS grab the MONK and dash to the exit.

85 EXT DESERTED GARDEN MINUTES LATER

85

The two groups of POLLY and CO accompanied by the MONK who is
carrying handfuls of food, head for the corner of a garden
where they see, behind oleander bushes, a pulsating time-hole.

MONK
There it is.

MOX (MKS I and II)
(in unison)
Brilliant!

MONK
What on earth do you want to go back
there for?

TANGLE (MK II)
You're not coming then?

MONK
Certainly not.

MOX (MK I)
Okay, let's go.

MOX (MK II)
No wait. Let's split up. That way we
double our chances of success.

TANGLE (MK II)
You're right.

TUBBY (MK I)
(disappointed)

Oh.

(indicating Tubby MK II)
We want to stay together.

MOX (MK I)
Well, you can't. Come on move it!

FIDGIT (MK II)
Who's for staying and who's for going?

FIDGIT (MK I) produces a coin.

FIDGIT (MK I)
Heads or tails?

He flips up the coin which THE CAMERA FOLLOWS into the sun.

CUT TO:

86 EXT PLAIN NIGHT

86

FAMINE and PESTILENCE are racing across a dark barren plain towards a distant hill on top of which is a blazing beacon.

In the foreground are CORPSES and groups of STARVING PEOPLE.

After FAMINE and PESTILENCE have passed POLLY and CO clamber out of a ditch. (These are POLLY and CO minus their gold)

STRUTTER
Famine and Pestilence.

OG
What do they want?

FIDGIT
Us.

POLLY
But, if they're looking for us. Maybe we're responsible for bringing them here. or wherever we go.

TUBBY
Why don't they go after the other lot of us?

FIDGIT
Wherever they are.

MOX
Maybe they will.

Suddenly a band of LEPERS appears out of nowhere ringing hand-bells and groaning as they stagger along.

LEPER A
Unclean! Unclean!

LEPER B
The end is nigh! Thank God!

LEPER C
Yes! Put us out of our misery!

POLLY and CO move aside as the LEPERS lurch on.

POLLY
How terrible.

OG
Yeh, who was the idiot who called
tails?

FIDGIT
You.

87 EXT MONASTERY SITE THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR 999 NIGHT

87

THE CAMERA PANS across the site of a monastery which is being built. Some parts of the building are more advanced than others, but sufficient work has been done for us to understand what's happening. The scene is illuminated by flaming torches which provide light for dozens of MONKS who are working feverishly digging foundations, cutting and laying stones, carving masonry, erecting scaffolding etc.

On a hill beyond the monastery there are blazing beacons and from somewhere in the distance comes the cacophonous sound of several groups or choirs each singing or chanting something different.

Having shown us the above THE CAMERA now moves back and down to reveal POLLY and CO surveying the scene from behind a low, unfinished, wall.

STRUTTER
I hope these monks are the liquor
brewing variety.

TUBBY
(sees something)
Look out.

TWO MONKS are walking briskly towards the low wall behind which POLLY and CO are crouching. One of them is holding a sheaf of drawings which they discussing. They reach the wall turn and compare what they see with their drawings.

BROTHER BERNARD
Well... in one hours' time I trust
that we will have passed from this
millennium to the next.

CUT TO POLLY and CO who exchange surprised and then jubilant
looks.

CUT TO BERNARD and MICHAEL.

BROTHER MICHAEL
Yes. If God approves of our endeavours
and grants us a future.

BROTHER BERNARD
Indeed. I have vowed that, if he
spares us, I will, henceforth, never
again cut my toenails.

CUT TO POLLY and CO who look baffled.

CUT TO BERNARD and MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
Brother Bernard, I hope you're not
suggesting that your toenails weigh
more in the balance with God than our
new monastery?

BERNARD
I am suggesting, Brother Michael, that
no precaution should be overlooked and
that no vow is too small.

MICHAEL
Well... you may be right.

They get up and walk away.

CUT TO POLLY and CO.

MOX
We're here!

TANGLE
We've done it!

POLLY
Brilliant!

FIDGIT
(unimpressed)
Oh yeh? Now what?

OG
Exactly.

MOX and TANGLE look uncertain.

MOX
(trying to sound positive)
Well...

STRUTTER
(exasperated)
You haven't got a clue have you? We've come all this way, lost most of our treasure, haven't had a decent meal in days, the Four Horsemen want our guts for garters, and here we are on a construction site with a bunch of loonies!... And I don't mean the monks!

MOX
(admonishingly)
Dad...

From the other side of the wall we hear chanting and what sounds like shouts and screams.

POLLY and CO peer cautiously over the wall.

CUT TO THEIR P.O.V. where we see a large group of FLAGELLANTS enter the precincts of the monastery.

Some of the FLAGELLANTS are carrying flaming torches, others are swinging incense burners, all hit themselves periodically with knotted ropes, cudgels, etc. All are chanting, groaning and screaming.

When the MONKS see the FLAGELLANTS enter the monastery precinct they grab picks, shovels, and whatever other 'weapons' come to hand and rush forward to stop them.

MICHAEL
Halt! In the name of God!

The FLAGELLANTS stagger to a halt.

FLAGELLANT X
Let us pass! In the name of God!

MICHAEL
Go back! We are building a monastery here to please God and ensure the future.

FLAGELLANT Y
And we are scourging ourselves to please God so that, come midnight, he will allow the world to continue!

BERNARD

Get out! You're defiling our beautiful
monastery with your disgusting
scourging!

MICHAEL

Do you really imagine that God will be
pleased by such grotesquery!?

FLAGELLANT X

Listen, 'brothers', if you think God's
going to resist destroying the world
because of your pathetic pile of
stones, you need your heads examined!
Out of our way!

The FLAGELLANTS advance and clash violently with the MONKS.

CUT TO POLLY and CO where as the battle rages, bits of masonry
and other missiles begin to land dangerously near them.

TUBBY

(quoting)

'For the great day of wrath has come
and who shall be able to stand?'

FIDGIT

(dodging a missile)

Not me.

They retreat.

88 EXT HILLSIDE A LITTLE LATER

88

The hillside is covered with blazing beacons and various GROUPS
all doing their best to prevent or promote the end of the
world.

A group of VILLAGERS, following their FEUDAL LORD and his
FAMILY, are ascending the hill on their knees. A slow and
painful business.

POLLY and CO hurry past them.

FEUDAL LORD

Hey! You!

POLLY

Me?

FEUDAL LORD

All of you! Get down on your knees!

POLLY

Er, no thanks. We'd rather go on foot.

FEUDAL LORD'S WIFE
You insolent little brat! Get down on
your knees before God sees you and
damns us all!

MOX
(looking around)
Is he here?

FEUDAL LORD
Who?

MOX
The Supreme Being?

FEUDAL LORD
Of course he's here!

TANGLE
Where?

FEUDAL LORD'S WIFE
Are you trying to be funny?

TANGLE
No.

FEUDAL LORD
He's everywhere! Everyone knows that!

FEUDAL LORD'S WIFE
They're devils, Sydney, they're
devils! Smite them! Smite them! Smite
the devils!

The PEOPLE ON THEIR KNEES begin to scream abuse and to throw
stones at POLLY and CO. MOX, TANGLE and the LADS run on while
POLLY stands her ground.

POLLY
Hey, stop that! That's not right!

A large stone narrowly misses POLLY. TANGLE returns, takes her
by the hand and pulls her on out of range.

CUT TO POLLY and CO hurrying towards the top of the hill. From
all around come the sounds of chants, singing and drums
beating.

MOX
Only half an hour to go.

STRUTTER
Why are we climbing up here?

TANGLE
To get a better view.

STRUTTER
A better view! It's dark! It's nearly
midnight!

Suddenly, they are surrounded by twenty sinister PEOPLE wearing
white gowns and pointed white hoods (a la Ku-Klux-Klan).

HOOD A
Yup, they're devils all right. 'And
the smoke of their torment ascendeth
up for ever and ever'!

POLLY
We're not devils!

HOOD B
What are you then?

POLLY
We're... we're people and we're trying
to save the world! Really trying to
save it!

HOOD C
'Really' trying to save the world, eh?
What do you think we're doing?

HOOD A
Do we detect the sin of pride here?
'And they have no rest day or night,
who worship the beast and his image!'

HOOD B
Kill them! Burn them! Destroy the
devils!

The HOODS begin to close in. TUBBY starts to cry.

OG
(to Tubby)
Shut up.

HOOD A
God is displeased with parts of his
creation. We shall save the world by
destroying all anomalies. Gypsies,
cripples, queers, giants, Jews,
blacks, liberals, vegetarians, people
with no credit rating...

FIDGIT
And dwarves.

HOOD A
What?

FIDGIT
You missed out dwarves.

HOOD A
Oh yes, and dwarves. Thank you.

STRUTTER
(to Fidget)
Terrific. What did you say that for?

FIDGIT
We didn't want to be excluded from
that list, did we? It sounded
interesting.

89 EXT NEAR THE TOP OF THE HILL A LITTLE LATER

89

The sound of drumming, chanting, screaming, shouting etc.
coming from the various GROUPS on the hill is now greater than
ever as midnight approaches.

Near the top of the hill there is a circle of stakes with fire-
wood stacked round their bases to which weeping and wailing
MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN have been tied.

Most of the HOODED PEOPLE are gathering around a fire in the
centre of the circle of stakes from which they are igniting
flaming torches.

POLLY and CO are all tied to one stake. They are dressed, like
the other intended victims, in hooded capes (sanbenitos).

TUBBY
They're going to burn us alive!

POLLY
That's barbaric!

TANGLE
Yeh, well it is only the end of the
first millennium.

MOX
You think it gets better?

POLLY
Maybe this is our punishment for not
rescuing Joan of Arc.

MOX

Don't be daft. We couldn't be expected
to go through history rescuing
everybody. It'd take years.

FIDGIT

Anyway, how can you be punished for
something that hasn't happened yet?

OG

(puzzled)

Good point.

The HOODS each with a flaming torch approaches POLLY and CO.

HOOD A

Let's start with this one.

HOOD B

In five minutes we will have brought
in the new millennium by pleasing God
with the smell of your burning flesh.

The HOODS begin to apply their torches to the wood at the base
of the stake. A few small flames appear.

STRUTTER

Oh well, I'm glad we went out with a
bit of an adventure.

FIDGIT

(ironically)

Yeh. Definitely.

FIDGIT begins to sing 'Always look on the bright side of life'.
The other LADS join in when...

Just as the flames begin to take hold and a few whiffs of smoke
begin to rise, a furious wind strikes the hill instantly
blowing out the flames and extinguishing the torches and
beacons and whipping up a storm of dust.

The HOODS lose their hoods in the wind and all those GROUPS OF
PEOPLE on the hill preparing for the end of the millennium
throw themselves to the ground and cling to whatever anchor
they can find. Those who are unable to secure themselves get
blown away.

HOOD A

(while being whisked away)

'And when the thousand years are
expired, Satan shall be loosed out of
his prison!'

HOOD B
(while being whisked away)
'And he shall go out to deceive the
nations which are in the four quarters
of the earth!'

HOOD C
(while being whisked away)
'Gog and Magog, gather them together
to battle: the number of whom is as
the sand of the sea!'

POLLY and CO remain tied to their stake which rocks and is buffeted in the wind but seems firmly secured to the ground.

The FOUR HORSEMEN appear in the swirling dust and begin to circle POLLY and CO.

MOX
Okay, listen you guys! We've got the
map! We'll give you the map! But it
won't do you any good!

TANGLE
We'll lose our jobs tomorrow, but your
jobs won't last long either!

MOX
That's right! Downsizing is a loser's
strategy! In the long run it dumps us
all in the garbage!

TANGLE
Think about it!

MOX
No more riding off into the sky
feeling the cosmic wind on your cheek.

TANGLE
Let's face it, no more famine,
pestilence, war or death!

FROM POLLY and CO'S P.O.V. the FOUR HORSEMEN pause, exchange looks then turn and charge at them.

Somehow, in the swirling dust, the FOUR HORSEMEN, without impeding each other, manage to pluck POLLY and CO magically from their stake.

The FOUR HORSEMEN gallop at full speed down a tree-lined road. POLLY and CO are distributed between them, clinging onto the backs and fronts of THE HORSEMEN. Clearly they are terrified.

(Perhaps this scene might be shown in negative like the car ride in Doctor Mabuse or the coach journey in Nosferatu, giving the impression of something really freakish?)

91

EXT SOMEWHERE NEAR THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE MOMENTS LATER

91

The FOUR HORSEMEN, with POLLY and CO, arrive in the vicinity of the administration block (built in Romanesque style?).

POLLY and CO slide off the horses and run into the building by a side door.

92

INT THE SWITCH ROOM A LITTLE LATER

92

The SUPREME BEING and his SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER (Glove-puppet) are pacing excitedly around the giant ON/OFF switch in the middle of the huge room with the vaulted ceiling (i.e. scene 13). They are dressed in the fashion of the end of the first millennium.

An anachronistic analogue clock on the wall shows three minutes to midnight.

SUPREME O.N.

(hyper excited)

Only three minutes left of the stinking so-called first millennium... Three minutes to go and then bye-bye solar system! Bye-bye planet earth! Bye-bye crappy creation!

SUPREME BEING

Just calm down will you?

SUPREME O.N.

What's to be calm about? We're about to pull the lever and start the wickedest fire-works display ever! Let's do it!!!

He tries to move to the lever but the SUPREME BEING drags him back.

SUPREME BEING

Wait!

(glancing at the clock)

We have to wait for the right time!

SUPREME O.N.
A minute and a half! Why bother?

SUPREME BEING
(uncertain)
Well... There are a few nice prayers
coming up, and that monastery looks
promising...

SUPREME O.N.
Listen you dope! Those humans down
there don't give damn about you! Never
have, never will! They just keep
trying to create us in their own lousy
image! Blast 'em! Fry 'em! Blow 'em
away and have a decent vacation!

At that moment a group of FOUR SMALL HOODED FIGURES appear, in
line, from behind a filing cabinet doing a soft-shoe-shuffle
and accompanying themselves with a scat song - while juggling?

SUPREME BEING
What the...!

SUPREME O.N.
Hell's bells!

CUT TO the wall above the clock where we see a grille being
removed from a small aperture.

POLLY looks out to make sure that the SUPREME BEING and his
SUPREME O.N. are being distracted.

CUT TO HER P.O.V. of the SUPREME BEING and His SUPREME O.N.
where we see that they are indeed still mesmerized by the sheer
awfulness of the song and dance routine.

CUT TO POLLY as she leans down to the clock to try and move the
minute hand past the hour. MOX and TANGLE hold her by the
legs.

POLLY stretches down as far as possible but is unable to reach
the clock hands. The attempt looks like failing when POLLYS
gift from CALPURNIA slips out of the top of her pyjama top and
dangles over her face. POLLY takes off the necklace, loops it
over the minute hand and drags it past the hour.

MOX and TANGLE then begin to haul her back up into the
aperture.

CUT TO the hooded SONG AND DANCE TEAM as they begin to shuffle
towards the door.

The SUPREME BEING steps forward to stop them but as he does so
the SUPREME O.N. tugs in the opposite direction.

SUPREME O.N.
Deal with them later!

He glances up at the clock and staggers back dragging the SUPREME BEING with him.

SUPREME O.N.
ARGHHHH! We've missed it! We've missed it! It's past the hour! You STUPID IMBECILE!

SUPREME BEING
It wasn't me!

SUPREME O.N.
It was them! Get them! Grind them! Destroy! Kill! Hate! Burn! Arghghgh!

The SUPREME O.N. goes completely crazy and the attacks the SUPREME BEING. Within seconds they are rolling around the floor screaming at each other and wrestling ferociously.

As the SUPREME BEING and his SUPREME O.N. fight we hear the sounds of distant church bells ringing.

93 EXT HUB OF UNIVERSE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING THAT MOMENT 93

The SONG AND DANCE JUGGLING TEAM run out of the administration building together with POLLY, MOX and TANGLE. As they do so the FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE arrive in a tornado of wind, sweep them up and carry them away.

The distant church bells continue to ring.

94 EXT THE MONASTERY ONE MINUTE PAST MIDNIGHT THE YEAR 1000 94

The MONKS are still battling with the FLAGELLANTS, but both sides are now somewhat weary. From all around them comes the sound of church bells, ringing from towns and villages near and far.

POLLY and CO are once more ensconced behind the low wall watching the now sluggish battle taking place in front of them. BROTHER MICHAEL, blood streaming from a head wound, strides into the middle of the fray.

BROTHER BERNARD
Brothers! Brothers! Good flagellants! Stop! Cease this strife! Hark, the bells are ringing. We have safely entered the new millennium. Instead of fighting we should celebrate!

FLAGELLANT X
You are right brother. Surely the
bells signify that we have been
spared. Let us celebrate!

By now all the bruised, bleeding and battered COMBATANTS have
stopped fighting.

BROTHER MICHAEL
We must give thanks to the Supreme
Being for accepting our pledge and for
sparing us to complete this monastery.

FLAGELLANT Y
Hang on a minute, hang on! The Supreme
Being spared us because we beat
ourselves! We must thank him for his
appreciation of our suffering.

BROTHER MICHAEL
Rubbish!

BROTHER BERNARD
Actually, it's just possible that he
was impressed by my pledge not to cut
my toenails.

Stones begin to fly and within moments the MONKS and
FLAGELLANTS are, with renewed vigour, once more at each other's
throats.

CUT TO POLLY and CO who once again retreat to a safer spot.

95 EXT EDGE OF MONASTERY PRECINCT MOMENT LATER

95

POLLY and CO arrive at a safe spot. From the other side of the
monastery precinct we continue to hear the sound of battle
under the bells.

MOX
(stunned)
How about that!?

STRUTTER
What?

TANGLE
Now we know how the earth was saved at
the end of the first millennium.

OG
We do?

POLLY
Yes. We saved it.

FIDGIT

We did?

MOX

So now we have to save it again.

TUBBY

They'll never fall for that trick a second time.

MOX

Where's the map?

TANGLE

(searching her pockets)

Oh no.

POLLY

(anxious)

You haven't lost it?

MOX, TANGLE and POLLY start to search for the map.

STRUTTER

I've got it.

MOX

What? Why didn't you say? Give it here.

STRUTTER

No.

MOX

What? Dad, stop playing about.

STRUTTER

I'm not playing about. We... The lads and I... we don't want to go back.

TANGLE

You've got to go back!

STRUTTER

We're happy, well... happier, being Time Bandits for a little bit longer.

MOX

Dad, don't be so juvenile!

OG

He's right. What's the point in going back?

FIDGIT
It's either work, work, work, or
you're on the scrap heap.

MOX
Give me that map!

STRUTTER
No.

POLLY
Listen, please, we've got to go back
to try and save the world?

STRUTTER
Why?

POLLY
Why?... Because... life is amazing,
isn't it?... and I want it to go on
and... I miss my Mom and Dad, and
anyway how do you know you can go on
being Time Bandits? I mean, if the
world gets destroyed doesn't time get
destroyed too?

STRUTTER
Maybe our doubles will save it.

TANGLE
And maybe they won't.

POLLY
And if the world comes to an end
nobody'll be able to see your routine
again. That'd be a shame.

STRUTTER
(sceptical)
Would it?

POLLY
Yes.

FIDGIT
(hopeful)
You really like it?

POLLY
I think it's great.

OG
(to Tubby)
I told you some people like it.

TUBBY
I never said they didn't.

POLLY
And we're a pretty good team, aren't
we? And if we're going to succeed....

STRUTTER
(thinks)
Oh, all right.

He tosses the map onto the ground from where MOX snatches it
up, opens and examines it.

MOX
Let's hope we can get out of here.

TANGLE
(pointing at map)
What's that?

CUT TO POLLY and CO as they race across the monastery precinct,
ducking and weaving between battling MONKS and FLAGELLANTS.

In the middle of the battle-ground is a well-head which POLLY
and CO reach and climb into.

96 INT WELL THAT MOMENT

96

POLLY and CO are climbing down metal rungs set in the wall of
the well. From above them we can still hear church bells and
the occasional sound of the fight. Thirty-feet below the top
of the well the metal rungs stop beside the opening to a
tunnel.

MOX
Okay folks, in here. And hurry up,
it's due any second.

POLLY and CO crowd into the tunnel.

FIDGIT
I can't see a thing.

That moment two rectangles of wobbly light appear next to them.

STRUTTER
Two of them!

TANGLE
Now what?

MOX
Take the right one. Quick!

STRUTTER
No, the left one, the left one!

TUBBY
Anybody got a coin we could flip?

OG
No.

Suddenly a HAND comes out of the right time-hole grabs MOX and pulls her into it. TANGLE tries to hold MOX back but, as a result, she too is dragged into the time-hole. Now other HANDS come out of the time-hole grab POLLY and the LADS and pull them in.

97 INT THE SUPREME BEING'S STRONGROOM (AS IN SCENE 31)

97

POLLY and CO are back in the Supreme Being's strongroom in the custody of the GUARDS. The two time-holes they left behind are leaning against the wall. Otherwise the place is as they left it and full of GUARDS.

STRUTTER
(to Mox)
I told you to take the left one.

MOX
We didn't actually get a choice did we?

OG
(to a Guard)
Hello. Long time no see.

POLLY
Where are we?

TANGLE
(depressed)
Back to square one.

98 INT CHIEF ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE LATER

98

POLLY and CO, their hands tied behind their backs and surrounded by GUARDS and ACCOUNTANT ACOLYTES, are standing in front of THE CHIEF ACCOUNTANT'S desk. WALLY surveys them from his wheelchair.

WALLY
You got me into big trouble.

MOX
(with exaggerated patience)
We're very sorry but we were trying to
save the universe as we know it.

WALLY
We're on the same side you know, you
and me?

MOX
(scornfully)
Oh yes?

WALLY
You think I want to see the world
destroyed?

MOX
I don't know. You seem very keen on
the macho downsizing bit.

WALLY
Not any more. That's old-fashioned.
Stake-holder partnerships. Getting
people involved. That's the way of the
future.

POLLY
Is there a future?

WALLY
Maybe.

POLLY and CO exchange looks.

MOX
Go on.

WALLY
(waving to the guards and acolytes)
Leave us.

The GUARDS and ACOLYTES troop out.

WALLY (CONTD)
There's something I must tell you. The
Supreme Being has gone away.

TANGLE
What?

WALLY
He left several thousand years ago...

POLLY
But...

WALLY
To measure the limits of infinity. He never returned. I found out, but I had no one to confide in... besides it was dangerous. Those... that creature in there is an impostor.

STRUTTER
You're joking!

WALLY
He was the Supreme Being's servant. He used to be a nice fellow, before the Supreme Being left him in charge. Now he's crazy. I've been trying to restrain him, keep things under control.

MOX
What can we do?

WALLY
They, he, is in the bunker. Only I am able to visit him.

MOX
How long have we got?

POLLY
(glancing at her watch)
Twenty minutes.

99 INT THE SWITCH ROOM A LITTLE LATER

99

THE SUPREME BEING and his OPPOSITE NUMBER are pacing around the giant ON/OFF switch (See scenes 13 and 92). They are wearing their trendy Armani-type suits. The digital-clock above the switch says 23.50.

SUPREME O.N.
This time - no mistakes.

SUPREME BEING
I hope we're doing the right thing.

SUPREME O.N.
There you go again! Always talking big until crunch time comes, then you start whinging!

SUPREME BEING
I'm not as temperamentally reckless as you.

SUPREME O.N.
No? Who gave 'em wildebeeststeaks and
mammothburgers?

SUPREME BEING
What's wrong with that?

SUPREME O.N.
The population explosion! Remember?
That's why I had to give 'em flint
axes and poisoned arrow-heads. Keep
'em down a bit.

The door-bell buzzes and a light above it, on the wall,
flashes.

SUPREME O.N.
Now what?

SUPREME BEING
Yes?

WALLY's voice comes over the intercom.

WALLY (V.O.)
It's Wally, your Almightyness.

CUT TO:

100 INT CORRIDOR OUTSIDE SWITCH-ROOM THAT MOMENT 100

WALLY is sitting in his wheel-chair, next to the intercom.

Facing the centre of the door, is another wheelchair into and
around which POLLY and CO are packed and covered with a car
rug.

WALLY
(into intercom)
I've brought the final accounts.

CUT TO:

101 INT THE SWITCH ROOM THAT MOMENT 101

SUPREME O.N.
(to the Supreme Being)
'The final accounts!' What a nerd!

SUPREME BEING
We may as well do it properly.
Bring them in!

He takes a remote control from his pocket and presses a button.

Sliding-doors open to reveal another set of similar doors inside.

POLLY and CO drive their wheel-chair into the space between the two doors, leaving WALLY outside. The doors slide closed on them..

CUT TO inside the vestibule where a camera in the ceiling investigates the wheelchair.

CUT TO inside the switch room where what the camera sees is relayed onto a screen on a wall.

The SUPREME BEING glances cursorily at the screen and then pushes buttons on the remote once more causing the inner doors to open. He looks at the clock which now reads 11.55 and moves towards the on/off switch.

POLLY and CO drive into the room and head for the SUPREME BEING and his SUPREME O.N.

SUPREME O.N.

What the...

At that moment POLLY and CO, carrying a net and ropes, burst from the wheel-chair and rush the SUPREME BEING and his SUPREME O.N.

The SUPREME BEING/O.N dodges away towards the on/off switch. POLLY and CO. follow and the SUPREME O.N. whips a revolver out of his suit and holds it to the SUPREME BEING'S head.

SUPREME O.N.

Anybody move and he gets it.

POLLY and CO look uncertain.

SUPREME BEING

(apparently terrified)

Don't move! Please. He means it.

SUPREME O.N.

You'd better believe it! The Supreme Being's brains all over the wall! How would you like that?

He glances at the clock and puts a hand on the on/off switch.

SUPREME O.N. (CONTD)

Four minutes to go. An eternity.

POLLY

You can't do this!

SUPREME O.N.

Who says?

POLLY

You're just a puppet! You're not even real!

SUPREME O.N.

(apoplectic)

What!!! How dare you!!!

SUPREME BEING

It's true.

SUPREME O.N.

Shut up! Or I'll blow your head off!

POLLY

You're only a bit of cloth and plastic or something.

SUPREME O.N.

Plastic!?

(sudden realisation)

You're that vile little girl aren't you? The little brat! The glimmer of hope those useless horsemen were supposed to trample to death!!!

He laughs maniacally.

POLLY

You're mad.

SUPREME O.N.

I am not mad!

POLLY

Not you. Him!

(pointing at Supreme Being)

SUPREME O.N.

Leave him out of this!

He takes the gun away from the SUPREME BEING'S head and points it at POLLY.

SUPREME O.N.

Bye-bye little girl. Let's see just how hopeless hope can be!

The SUPREME O.N. pulls the trigger and fires at POLLY. But not before STRUTTER is able to throw himself between POLLY and the bullet. He falls, wounded, to the ground.

MOX

Dad!

MOX rushes to help her dad.

MOX (CONTD)

Oh Dad, you did something noble.
Something good.

STRUTTER

What, get shot?

FIDGIT, TUBBY and OG incensed by what's happened to STRUTTER rush the SUPREME BEING/O.N.

The SUPREME O.N. blazes away at them wounding all three. While this happens The SUPREME BEING closes his eyes and covers his ears with his free arm and hand.

The SUPREME BEING/O.N. throws the empty gun at POLLY and runs to the door which slides open before them.

TANGLE manages to lasso the SUPREME O.N. and pull him back into the switch room just as the sliding doors close, separating the SUPREME O.N. (Glove-Puppet) from the SUPREME BEING.

SUPREME O.N.
(struggling)

Argh!

The SUPREME O.N. now produces a mobile phone and punches in a number on the keypad. From the other end of the line comes the sound of an eery wind.

SUPREME O.N. (CONTD)
(screaming)

GET HERE! FAST!

Instantly the FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE crash into the room from the four points of the compass.

SUPREME O.N. (CONTD)
Kill them! Destroy them! Now!

For a brief moment it looks as the HORSEMEN will do just that. Instead they attack the SUPREME O.N. hurling bolts of lightning which change his shape and colour, shrinking and expanding him, covering him with boils, making him melt, turning him to a skeleton, engulfing him with flames, covering him with crawling ants.

SUPREME O.N.
(in agony)
NO! STOP! PLEASE! HAVE MERCY! AAAARGH!

At this point the clock clicks to 12.00 and all the lights go out.

TANGLE

What happened?

POLLY

It's midnight. Maybe it's the end of everything anyway.

VOICE

Far from it. It's just that the wretched computers weren't programmed to deal with the year two thousand. They need a moment to regroup.

POLLY

Who said that?

VOICE

I did.

The lights come on brighter than before. Standing in the middle of the room is a tall elegant figure wearing a white linen suit and a Panama hat. He is carrying a silver-topped cane. Under his arm are several rolls of blue-print plans. In front of him, on his knees, is the now EX-SUPREME BEING. The EX-SUPREME O.N. (glove puppet) is lying on the floor beside him. WALLY too is in the room.

MOX

Are you...?

MAN IN WHITE

The real Supreme Being? Yes. Well done. I'm sorry to have been away for so long but measuring infinity took longer than I thought and frankly I wanted to see how things would work out in my absence...

EX-SUPREME BEING

Master...

REAL SUPREME BEING

Silence! My bad and faithless servant! I'll deal with you in the fulness of time. Perhaps a little psychotherapy combined with work in the community. But first things first.

He waves his cane at STRUTTER, OG, TUBBY and FIDGIT who are instantly made whole and who bounce, magically, back onto their feet.

REAL SUPREME BEING
Now, my map, please.

MOX hands it over.

REAL SUPREME BEING (CONTD)
Thank you.

POLLY
So it isn't the end of the world.

REAL SUPREME BEING (CONTD)
Certainly not.

He waves his stick at the on/off switch which shorts circuits
with a flash and pop followed by smoke.

That's all a lot of silly nonsense.

MOX
But...

REAL SUPREME BEING
Personally, I don't approve of cheap
stunts.

TANGLE
What about...

REAL SUPREME BEING
Creation? It's coming along very
nicely thank you, though I say so
myself. It just requires patience.
We're in this for the long haul you
know?

STRUTTER
Er...

REAL SUPREME BEING
And I have work for you.

STRUTTER
(pleasantly surprised)
Oh.

REAL SUPREME BEING
Yes, a great deal of work for all of
you.

MOX and TANGLE and the LADS look interested.

REAL SUPREME BEING (CONTD)
I have the blue-prints here for
millions of new life-forms.

CLOSE UP on the REAL SUPREME BEING.

REAL SUPREME BEING (CONTD)

Now, Polly, thank you for your faith and help. You above all have convinced me that there is hope for life on earth.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the REAL SUPREME BEING sitting in a dinghy which is floating in the sea. POLLY, amazed by the transformation, is sitting opposite him.

All around the dinghy STRANGE NEW CREATURES swim and leap up out of the water. The REAL SUPREME BEING pats a couple of them on their weird heads. POLLY is delighted. Following the REAL SUPREME BEING'S example she too pats a couple of them on their heads.

REAL SUPREME BEING

It's time we had something new, don't you think?

Before POLLY can answer MOX, TANGLE, STRUTTER, FIDGIT, OG and TUBBY appear on pedaloos, waving as they pedal past. POLLY waves back at them.

MOX

Thanks for your help Polly.

STRUTTER

You won't forget us will you?

POLLY

Are you kidding?

The GANG pedals away.

REAL SUPREME BEING

And now Polly, I know you wish to return to your family. Once again, thank you.

(raising his cane)

Au revoir.

The REAL SUPREME BEING brings down his cane like a conductor's baton and POLLY disappears.

103 INT POLLY'S ROOM 23.50 31ST DECEMBER 1999

103

MOM and DAD enter POLLY'S room and switch on the light. They see that POLLY is asleep and find that the floor and the rag-rug are soaking.

DAD

Oh my God!

They hear water flowing and DAD squelches across to POLLY'S bathroom where he sees that there is a small stream of water running from a tap and overflowing from the wash-basin.

DAD (CONTD)

Just what we needed.

He goes into the bathroom, turns off the tap and pulls the plug out of the basin.

MOM

We'll clean it up later. Polly, wake up it's nearly midnight.

104 INT THE LIVING-ROOM MOMENTS LATER

104

MOM and DAD, a bleary-eyed POLLY and her parents' FRIENDS are watching the TV which is showing scenes of celebration from around the world.

ALICE

(aside to Polly)

Your don't really believe the world's going to end in fifty seconds do you, Polly?

POLLY

Not any more.

ALICE

That's good.

POLLY

I know it'll be okay now. I saved it.

ALICE

What?

POLLY

Me and my friends, we saved it. With a little help from Calpurnia.

ALICE

Calpurnia?

POLLY

Julius Caesar's wife.

ALICE wonders if POLLY is quite sane.

POLLY (CONTD)

It's true. She gave me a necklace.

POLLY puts her hand to her neck but finds the necklace gone.

POLLY (CONTD)
(dismayed)

It's gone!

ALICE
You've been dreaming.

At this moment the door opens and a tall MAN in a suit and tie enters. It's the REAL SUPREME BEING. POLLY is astonished.

MOM
Ah. Polly, let me introduce you to Mr Primo. Mr Primo, this is our daughter, Polly.

PRIMO
Al, please. Hello Polly.

DAD
Mr Pri.. Al is the President of AlphaOmega. He's just bought out the company Mom works for.

PRIMO
And we're opening a whole new division.

MOM
Al's offered your Dad a job.

POLLY
(confused)
That's great. But...

PRIMO
We've got a lot of plans and high hopes.
(glancing at the TV)
Here we go. Let's not miss it.

Clock chimes or an electronic time signal sound from the TV studio where a party seems to be going on.

EVERYBODY cheers when the midnight hour is struck except POLLY who looks on happily content that everyone is still here.

DAD
Happy new millennium!

MOM
Happy new millennium!

POLLY
Happy new millennium!

MR PRIMO
Happy new millennium.

He winks at POLLY.

At this point DAD uncorks the champagne which causes an explosion of champagne spray into the room.

The spray of champagne fans out IN SLOMO filling the air with tiny droplets which freeze at their apogee. THE CAMERA then slowly closes in on the droplets as we MIX TO the stars and galaxies in the universe.

105 SOMEWHERE IN THE UNIVERSE

105

As in the opening sequence THE CAMERA is sailing through space showing us the universe to the accompaniment of a harmonious wind.

The EARTH enters the frame, at a great distance but recognisable.

Moments later THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE appear from BEHIND CAMERA and ride towards the distant earth kicking up dust which fills the lens.

106 INT POLLY'S ROOM 2AM 1ST JANUARY 2000

106

MOM, still in her party clothes, is finishing mopping the floor of POLLY'S room. In the bathroom we see that the soaking rag-rug is in the bath.

DAD, also still in party clothes, enters carrying a sleeping POLLY. MOM helps DAD to tuck her into bed. MOM kisses POLLY lightly on the forehead, lifts her bucket and mop and heads for the door. DAD picks up a basin and sponge and follows MOM.

They look at the sleeping POLLY, exchange wry smiles and a quick kiss before exeunting. DAD puts the light out as he goes.

THE CAMERA lingers on POLLY for a moment then PANS across to the shelf containing POLLY'S toys and dolls. It comes to rest at the far end of the shelf on the SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER glove puppet.

The SUPREME OPPOSITE NUMBER looks at THE CAMERA and winks.

BEGIN CREDITS:

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER (SUPER)
Dear Polly, thank you for your letter.
Your comments will be forwarded to the
appropriate department. May I take
this opportunity to express my hope

that you will continue to show your faith in this proud country of ours by giving generously to our great Party. A Party whose values and traditions are ideally suited to the challenges and opportunities of the new millennium. Remember, no donation is too small. With all best wishes for the year 2000.

Yours (Signature)

The President and Commander-In-Chief.

END.