

A SLICE IN TIME

Written by

Gary Parr

FADE IN:

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

A large open space, white walls, cold and sterile.

The middle of the room is dominated by a raised platform, 5ft by 5ft, a control panel mounted on a pedestal sits in front of the platform.

A door slides open at one end of the room with a swish, and two boys enter. The door slides shut behind them and they walk to the control panel. Both boys are wearing matching, shiny red jumpsuits.

JACKSON(13) is jittery, constantly checking over his shoulder. BROPHY(14) strides confidently to the machine.

JACKSON

I'm not sure about this. Why don't we just use the food synth?

Brophy shakes his head.

BROPHY

The food synth sucks! It just uses reconstituted atoms. Makes everything taste like chicken.

They reach the panel and Brophy begins pressing buttons. A hum begins to fill the air.

JACKSON

What if we get caught?

BROPHY

We wont. My dad's off planet, and my mom's got a zero g yoga class.

Jackson still looks unconvinced. He looks around the room nervously. Brophy sighs impatiently.

BROPHY (CONT'D)

Stop being such dongleberry. I've got this.

Brophy carries on pressing buttons and a screen on the console comes to life and fills with an image of planet earth.

JACKSON

You're really going to order a pizza from the past?

BROPHY

That's the plan. I just need to tell the time cube when and where to go.

JACKSON

Why do you even have a time cube in your house? I thought these things were restricted.

BROPHY

They are. My dad's an archeologist, he uses it to collect artifacts.

JACKSON

That is so cool.

BROPHY

I know, right? Last week he used it to grab something called a betamax.

Jackson frowns in confusion.

JACKSON

What's a betamax?

BROPHY

I thinks it's some kind of entertainment system. I bet everyone had one.

JACKSON

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

BROPHY

Damn right I do. I've watched my dad use it loads of times.

Brophy continues to press buttons, then uses a dial to zoom in on the image earth on screen. The image expands until a bustling metropolis appears.

As he turns the dial it zooms in even further until a building appears in frame. It has a sign saying **Nicky's Pizzeria.**

Jackson stares at the screen, mesmerized.

JACKSON

Are we looking at the actual past?

BROPHY.

Yep. I've gone back to a city called New York in 1985. My dad showed me a docu-holo once that said New York made the best pizza.

Brophy double checks everything on the panel, nods, then puts his finger over a big blue button.

BROPHY. (CONT'D)

That should be it. Here we go.

He presses the button

A large, glowing blue cube forms on the platform. There is a sudden flash of light. Both boys stagger back, shielding their eyes.

The light fades to reveal a large gloopy mess on the platform. Jackson reels back in disgust.

JACKSON

What the hell is that?

Brophy leans forward for a closer look.

BROPHY

I think it's a pizza delivery guy.

They both stare at the bubbling, steaming pile of goo for several beats. Brophy shrugs.

BROPHY (CONT'D)

Oh well, food synth it is then.

FADE OUT.