Pillock of Society

By

Preston Thyme

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OPEN ON:

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

Some digits are punched in.

FADETH IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD – DAY

A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT

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

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

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

Krono-Kid looks up disdainfully at his master.

KRONO-KID
What the...
(looks around)
Where the fuck have you sent us, ContMan?

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

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

Continuum Man surveys his surrounds.

CONTINUUM MAN
Well, of course our challenge was Heathrow, 1975 to realign the timing of the maintenance schedule of the Air Phoenix Boeing 747, so the correct tail shaft circlip is
CONTINUUM MAN
placed. And therefore making the
appropriate continuum adjustment to
ensure the crash of 1978 did not
occur. This then, as you know,
would ensure the President of the
Democratic Republic of Kanibaswe
would not have perished on that
flight. Which, needlessly to say,
would--

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

CONTINUUM MAN
Information? Dump?

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

Continuum Man hands over the device.

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

CONTINUUM MAN
What? What?

KRONO-KID
You dialed in 1597 instead of 1975!

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

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

The device shuts down with a lame WHIRRR. The duo remain
exactly where they are.
KRONO-KID
Did you charge up the Kronotrator this morning, CM?

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

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

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

Krono-Kid palm slaps his forehead.

KRONO-KID
(to himself)
Another topic for the Superhero Sidekick Support Group.

CONTINUUM MAN
Look, here come some locals. (waves)
Hello, fine people of this time period. Please stop.

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

They look in startled amazement.

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

KRONO-KID
(points to CM)
You guys don’t need a village idiot, do you?

CONTINUUM MAN
What? Um, anyway. We are crusaders of time and space and we are from a time in the past, to align--
KRONO-KID
(tugs CM’s cape)
Ah, the future. We came from the future this time.

CONTINUUM MAN
Yes, we come from the future, to align the time continuum, so as to protect the human race from disaster and calamity.
(beat)
Can you lead us to your village, my newly found friends?

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

PEASANT WOMAN
Husband. He doth wear’n nay pantaloons.

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

The woman guffaws.

PEASANT WOMAN
(snorting laughter)
Aye. Aye. And all’s to view yon shapely pillock.

Both laugh out loud.

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

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

CONTINUUM MAN
(turns to Krono-Kid)
What’s a pillock?

KRONO-KID
(half smile)
You’re a pillock.
CONTINUUM MAN
Ah. I see.
(beat)
Yes, my good folk. Thank you for
your kind words. Continuum Man is a
pillock. A true pillock of society.

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

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

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD – DAY

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

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

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

KRONO-KID
(again disdainful glance)
What? No, you pillock. We only need
ten percent power to activate the
reaction capacitor. That will be
enough to get to our next
destination. Preferably after the
invention of electricity.

CONTINUUM MAN
So how long will it take?

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

CONTINUUM MAN
Excellent.
(looks skyward, hands on hips)
This will be an exciting new
challenge for me. Seven days in old
England. Shall be called,
‘Continuum Man’s Seven Day
Challenge’. 
KRONO-KID
Or you could call it your one week challenge.

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

KRONO-KID
Let’s keep walking. I think yonder small hamlet of Heathrow is in desperate need of a Village Pillock.

CONTINUUM MAN
And I shall be he.

FADETH TO BLACK

THE END