

THROWN BACK

Written by

Simon K. Parker

Copyright 2021
Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

SHAWN, 31, tall and handsome has several gym memberships around the country. An investor in new tech and gadgets he lives his life like that of a traveling salesman. Always on the hunt for the next big thing.

He watches as TOMMY, 33, bigger in build, longer hair and rougher skin. The face of a gardener, which is his day job. A face that smiles in all weathers, because he has a happy and contented life. He plays around with his small SON, 3, in the sand box.

Shawn pulls out a handkerchief, wipes down a seat behind him and sits down.

Tommy is helping his son to build a sandcastle.

TOMMY

Come for dinner.

SHAWN

I've got plans. But thanks.

TOMMY

The wife is pregnant and this little guy will be a grown up in no time. I'd like for you and my kids to have a relationship.

SHAWN

We do.

TOMMY

You don't.

SHAWN

Is this really why you called me out here? Because I like getting down on my knees and digging around in a dirty sandbox as much as the next fully grown man but I am busy.

TOMMY

Come for dinner. I'd like you to.

SHAWN

No. Thanks though.

TOMMY

What is it that you want from life?

SHAWN

What do you want?

TOMMY
Happiness. And to see you happy
too.

SHAWN
I am happy.

TOMMY
Really?

SHAWN
I've got a plan. Alright. In three
years I'll have made my first
million. Then two years later I'll
have a name known around the world
and fame.

TOMMY
And that's it? That's all you care
about.

SHAWN
There is nothing more.

Shawn stands up. He offers his hand to shake with the small
child still playing. The child ignores him.

TOMMY
Stay. Play with us for a little
while.

Shawn reaches down and playfully ruffles Tommy's hair.

SHAWN
You're cute. I'll see you soon.

Tommy just looks sad. Shawn walks away.

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Shawn arrives at his upscale overly expensive, but tight for
space high rise city apartment. Over looking the river, it's
all about the location.

Shawn checks his fridge but it's empty except for a bottle of
milk.

Shawn takes out the milk, attempts to pour himself a glass
but the milk has long gone off, comes out lumpy and thick.

Next he hopefully inspects his cupboards, but these too like
his fridge are bare.

Only a single pot of instant noodles, just add boiling water.

INT. SHAWN'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Shawn sits in his armchair eating his instant noodles. The front room is almost empty, just his chair and a television.

He coughs, and his cough echoes around the room. Is this really better than having dinner with his brother and his family?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Another day and another expensive tailor made suit.

Shawn stands watching an elderly man, 70, typing on his computer.

SHAWN

You must have something for me?

OLD MAN

Well, there is talk about this guy. Invented some new kind of gardening tool. Isn't ready to take it to market yet, but there's a lot of interest. When he's ready I think he'll get a lot of offers.

SHAWN

Tell me his name.

OLD MAN

Why?

SHAWN

Because I want to ask him out on a date. Why do you think?

OLD MAN

I can't. It'll look like I'm favouring you. You're not the only investor I give tips too.

SHAWN

But I'm your favourite.

OLD MAN

Oh yeah. Then what's my name?

SHAWN

What a stupid question.

OLD MAN

Then tell me. You've been coming here to see me for six months now. So, what's my name?

Shawn thinks hard, he doesn't know what his name is, hasn't a clue.

SHAWN

I'm broke.

This news hits the old man hard. Stops typing and turns to face Shawn. Stares at him hard.

OLD MAN

You're broke?

SHAWN

Yes.

OLD MAN

How is that possible?

SHAWN

All my investments. Everything. They've all gone tits up. I'm bankrupt. I've already sold my car. Everything in my apartment. I slept on the floor last night. I need something. And I need it now.

OLD MAN

I don't know.

Shawn shuffles over to him, drops down onto his knees in front of him.

SHAWN

Please. This inventor. What's his name. I'm two weeks from being homeless. I need a hit. Or I'm done for.

OLD MAN

Now I'm beginning to feel sorry for you.

SHAWN

Good.

OLD MAN

You're going to have to travel. He's out in some little village deep in the country side.

(MORE)

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

Doesn't own a phone. No computer.
He's real old school. My brother in
law is a police officer and works
down there, told me about him.

SHAWN

Just give me his god damn name.

The old man frowns.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - DAY

Tommy drives, with a stiff back and two hands on the steering
wheel. He's going well below the speed limit. A very careful
driver.

Shawn reaches over and attempts to put the car into a higher
gear.

SHAWN

Come on, lets go.

Tommy slaps his hand away.

TOMMY

You want to get there on your own?

SHAWN

I can't.

TOMMY

Then don't tell me how to drive,
and really don't touch anything.

SHAWN

Then pull over and I'll drive.

TOMMY

No.

SHAWN

Let me drive.

TOMMY

No.

Shawn reaches over and grabs a hold of the steering wheel. He
and Tommy fight for control of it.

SHAWN

Pull over.

TOMMY
Have you lost your mind?

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Tommy's car comes off the road and crashes hard into a large oak tree. BANG. The windshield shatters.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Shawn is now suddenly walking through a cute little village. Old Victorian in style. The villagers around him, all dressed in Victorian clothing.

Shawn blinks hard, shakes his head confusedly.

SHAWN
What the hell.

He spins around. AGATHA, 27, long brown hair and wide brown eyes. She's worked fulltime since she was a child, but still has a huge amount of energy and determination each day when she wakes up. An old head on young shoulders.

She comes walking towards him, carrying a large wicker basket that's filled with freshly washed white sheets.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Excuse me, have you seen a car
around here?

She stops, stunned. She doesn't understand.

AGATHA
A car? What's a car?

SHAWN
You know. Four wheels. Takes you
from place to place. There's
millions of them. They fill up the
roads. My brother was driving. I
think we were in a car crash. I
don't even know how I ended up
here. I just need to find out that
he's OK.

AGATHA
What's your brother look like?

SHAWN
About my height. A little older. A
little fatter.

(MORE)

SHAWN (CONT'D)

He might be sitting in a wreck of a car. Hit a big tree. A smashed up car, do you think you'd know it if you saw one.

She shakes her head.

AGATHA

No. Sorry. I don't know what a car is. Do you mean a cart?

He smirks at her.

SHAWN

You don't know what a car is?

AGATHA

No. But I hope you find your brother.

She continues walking. He watches her go. Looking around the village. There's no street lights. There's no powerlines. And for sure there's no cars, bikes or trucks of any kind.

SHAWN

Where the hell am I?

EXT. VILLAGE - WOODLAND - DAY

On the edge of the village Shawn enters the surrounding woodlands. Still hunting for his brother, the car. The road. Any road.

But it's nothing but trees. He keeps going.

WHOOSH.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Shawn is magically transported back to the village square. Back where he first appeared from the car crash.

He's lost, confused. Doesn't understand. He breaks out into a sprint.

EXT. VILLAGE - WOODLAND - DAY

Shawn is back amongst the trees, but now running. Shawn tries to get away.

WHOOSH.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Yet again Shawn is transported in the blink of an eye back to the village square.

He drops down to his knees and punches down at the ground.

SHAWN

Come on. What is this? The worlds dirtiest prison?

INT. VILLAGE INN - DAY

Shawn stands at the counter, facing the INN KEEPER, 50.

INN KEEPER

I've got a room for you. You got the coins for me?

Shawn takes out his wallet. He's only got credit cards. And he's got a lot of them.

Shawn hopefully shows them to the inn keeper, who simply frowns, shaking his head.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Shawn is lying on the cold dirty ground, trying to sleep. But it's not working.

Agatha appears.

AGATHA

Have you got somewhere you need to go?

SHAWN

I can't leave. That's the problem. I think I'm in hell.

AGATHA

Are you sick?

SHAWN

I don't think so. I'm lost. Hungry. Confused. Tired. And I don't have any money. And I need a bed. But I think this might be a dream.

AGATHA

Can you work?

SHAWN

I was an investor. I invested. But I wasn't very good at it apparently. But that's what I did.

AGATHA

I don't know what that is?

SHAWN

Of course you don't.

AGATHA

Have you ever washed clothes before?

He frowns, thinking about it.

SHAWN

What, like have I ever used a washing machine before?

Now it's she who frowns.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - WASHING ROOM - DAY

Old-timey washing tubs, scrubbers and drying racks.

Several piles of dirty clothes that all need cleaning wait.

SHAWN

Well, I'm not using any of this stuff.

AGATHA

You're going to have to if you're going to get these clothes clean.

SHAWN

It's going to take hours. Maybe even days.

Agatha gestures to them.

AGATHA

Well, you can get started right now.

He looks around the room.

SHAWN

What year is this? Look at this stuff?

AGATHA
You complain an awful lot don't
you.

He settles on her.

SHAWN
(begging)
What year is it?

AGATHA
If this is a joke I don't get it.

SHAWN
No. The year. Tell me.

AGATHA
1821.

SHAWN
Well I'm from the year 2021.

AGATHA
OK. I really don't get the joke.

He shakes his head.

SHAWN
In the future. No joke. I ended up
here somehow. And two hundred years
in the future, we have machines
that do everything for us.

AGATHA
Like steam engines?

SHAWN
Yeah. Like steam engines. But
better. We don't have to do
anything. At home, I just put
clothes into a box, press a button
and the clothes come out washed.
Easy.

AGATHA
People sound lazy in the future.

She picks up some of the clothes and shoves them into Shawn's
arms.

AGATHA (CONT'D)
You want paying. You're going to
have to work.

SHAWN

If I could take you into my time with me, you'd be lazy too.

AGATHA

No way. I like doing things for myself. Makes me feel good.

SHAWN

Only because you've got no other choice. Wait until you see electricity. And the internet.

AGATHA

Electricity. The internet. What are those things?

SHAWN

Well, electricity kind of makes things work. And the internet is a thing that's filled with everything.

AGATHA

You're not very good at explaining things are you?

SHAWN

Well, no one knows how they work. Or what makes them work. I don't know where electricity comes from or the internet. We just sort of have them.

AGATHA

OK. From your time, people are lazy and they're stupid, got it.

She piles more of the dirty clothes into his arms.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Shawn and Agatha are both looking exhausted, the end of a very long day.

Both sitting, relaxing at a long table.

SHAWN

Would you like to see my time?

AGATHA

No. I'm happy here. Thanks.

SHAWN

You can't be.

AGATHA

Well I am.

SHAWN

You don't even know what movies are. Or TV. Or music.

AGATHA

We have music.

SHAWN

Heavy metal music?

AGATHA

I don't know what that is.

SHAWN

You see. You're missing out on so much living in this backwards time.

AGATHA

(hurt)

Hey. This backwards time as you so horribly put it just so happens to be my life. I only invited you here because you were trying to sleep on the side of the road. I should have just left you there and let a horse stand on your head.

He feels bad, knows he's stepped over the line.

SHAWN

Alright. I'm sorry. Heavy metal music is my favourite kind of music. There, now you know something about me.

AGATHA

Well I've never heard it.

He stands up, does an air guitar show for her. Making the sounds of an electric guitar with his mouth.

SHAWN

Like this. Dvvvv, dvvv, dvvv,
dvvvvv, dvvvvvv, dvvvvv...

He then starts to head bang for her. Getting more into the 'music.'

She watches on, laughing.

INT. AGATHA'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Agatha and Shawn kneel down in front of the empty fireplace.

AGATHA
Light me a fire.

SHAWN
I don't know how.

AGATHA
Let me guess. You have a machine
that does that for you?

SHAWN
Sort of.

AGATHA
Come on, light me a fire. I know
how.

SHAWN
Well I don't.

She smirks, smug.

AGATHA
Well, well, well. Now look who's
backwards.

SHAWN
Are you going to show me or not?

She nods.

AGATHA
Alright.

She then starts to build the fire, Shawn watches on with
great interest.

EXT. VILLAGE - MEADOW - DAY

Shawn and Agatha walk together through a beautiful meadow on
the edge of the village.

AGATHA
You know how to ride a horse?

SHAWN

No. You know how to drive a car?

AGATHA

No. You know how to bake your own bread?

SHAWN

No. You know how to change a lightbulb?

AGATHA

Now you're just making up words.

He smiles, taking a moment just to admire her.

SHAWN

Have you ever been kissed?

She stops, blushes.

AGATHA

Once or twice.

SHAWN

May I?

She shrugs.

AGATHA

Have you ever been kissed?

SHAWN

Lots of times. Maybe we kiss better in the future?

AGATHA

Only one way to find out.

He leans down and they kiss. But it's only a brief embrace. As he goes to put his arms around her, she slowly begins to disappear.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Shawn suddenly wakes up in a hospital bed. Wires coming out of him, Tommy sits in a chair beside him.

Shawn sits upright, looking around the room. Breathing heavy.

SHAWN

Where am I?

Tommy stands up out of the chair.

TOMMY
You're finally awake.

SHAWN
I need to get out of here.

Tommy tries to force Shawn to lay back down onto the bed.

TOMMY
You're in shock. Relax. You're OK.
They just couldn't get you to wake
up that's all. You're confused.

SHAWN
I'm not. I need to go back.

TOMMY
You need to lay down.

SHAWN
I have to get back to the village.

Tommy shakes his head.

TOMMY
(shouting)
Nurse. Nurse, come in here now.
Help.

SHAWN
Let go of me.

TOMMY
No.

They struggle against each other. Shawn wants to leave, but Tommy fights to keep him where he is.

INT. TOMMY'S CAR - DAY

Shawn sits in the front passenger seat beside Tommy, who's in the drivers seat.

SHAWN
I went back. Two hundred years.

TOMMY
No, you didn't.

SHAWN
It was real.

TOMMY
You went into a coma.

SHAWN
No. The village is real. Let me
take you there.

TOMMY
You're crazy.

SHAWN
Let me. Please. Let me show you. I
have to go back. I left someone
behind.

Tommy just stares hard at Shawn, doesn't know what to think.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Shawn is now in the drivers seat. He has the driver side door
open and looks out to Tommy who stands at the side of the
car.

SHAWN
I'll be OK.

TOMMY
What are you doing? Get out.

Shawn shakes his head.

SHAWN
I need to go back.

TOMMY
There is nothing around here.

SHAWN
I love you. You'll see. I'll try to
find a way back.

TOMMY
What are you doing.

SHAWN
I'm going back to the village.

Shawn slams the driver side door closed and drives the car
forwards.

TOMMY
My car. Shawn. Get back here now.

Shawn speeds the car towards that same large oak tree.
Crashing into it.

Tommy sprints towards him, fearing the worst.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Oh my god Shawn, what have you
done?

Tommy reaches his car, there's no damage to it at all. He
opens the driver side door and Shawn has magically
disappeared.

No damage to the car despite driving it into the tree, and no
sign of Shawn at all.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Shawn is back, and with a big smile walks confidently back
into the village.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END