

SHOOTING SCRIPT V7

True Love & Wormholes

Written by

Dave Florez

Scene Updates:

Sc 7 No customers.

Sc 9 happens inside now in the hallway.

Sc 10A No knickers.

Sc 10B Craig dialogue modifications.

Sc 19 "All cliches aside," added to Maggie's line: "I was born ready."

Sc 22 Craig dialogue modifications.

Sc 18C New scene GV's of squawking seagulls.

Sc 20 No stars, and we stay on Maggie at end.

Sc 21 No clipboard.

Sc 22 Envelope shoved into hand and clearer stage directions.

Sc 23 Maggie reads the footy result aloud to herself. No shooting star.

6 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY (D1)

6 *

Maggie sits behind the counter - doom-scrolling through floods and forest fires. This shop is her domain. It sells a bit of everything. She has snuck in an organic range on the counter.

A CUSTOMER goes to pay - peanut butter and 'hearts' swimming trunks. Maggie picks up the jar...

*

MAGGIE

Palm oil. What have the orangutans ever done to you?

On the customer - WTF?

Suddenly a A YOUNG MAN runs into the shop - knocking a bottle of olive oil. SMASH!

CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Oil spill, aisle 2!

The few CUSTOMERS fuss about the mess, while Maggie searches for the man seeking refuge. She spies him crouched down by the fridges - he's naked! And looks like he's been dragged through a hedge backwards... This is CRAIG, a manic but trustworthy look about him.

They lock eyes - a crackle between them... Craig stands up slowly, scoffing a snack, hero-pose.

CRAIG

(mouthful)

You need to help me. The future of the human race depends on it.

She averts her eyes, passing him a nearby pair of swimming trunks off the shelf.

MAGGIE

Maybe put these on first.

He puts them on. As he does, she gets an eye-full of his birthmark just above his left bum cheek. She cocks her head curiously - she's seen that shape before...

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Antarctica?

CRAIG

Huh?

Maggie pulls her sleeve down instinctively. Snaps out of it.

MAGGIE

Um... are you in trouble?

CRAIG
(scoffing a nearby snack)
We all are... Can you get me to a
safe house? I need to lie low.

MAGGIE
Why aren't you wearing any clothes?

CRAIG
Clothes don't travel through time.

MAGGIE
(confused, beat)
Are you okay? Can I call someone?

CRAIG
Nope. Not... particularly.

MAGGIE
It's just... we're about to close.

CRAIG
Oh. Right.

MAGGIE
Let me just grab you a coat from
lost property.

Maggie leaves. Beat. He hungrily stuffs another nearby snack
into his gob.

7 **EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY (D1)** 7 *

Maggie changes the 'open' sign to 'closed' and locks the door. *
She notices Craig loitering. *

MAGGIE
Good luck, yeah?

She walks off. Beat. He sort of walks off. But stalls a bit... *

8A **EXT. WHALE MURAL - DAY (D1)** 8A *

Maggie walks home. Craig meanders after her. She notices.

8B **EXT. STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS (D1)** 8B *

Maggie turns the corner, sees Craig.

MAGGIE
Are you serious?

Craig casually looks up from his keto snack.

CRAIG
Oh. Hey. Checkout girl.

MAGGIE

What?! *Clerk* - it's checkout *clerk*,
or cashier - never call anyone a
checkout girl, get me?!

On Craig - sheepish and shocked. Nods. Maggie reins it in a tad.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Look, I can't help you, yeah?

CRAIG

Help me how?

MAGGIE

I can't! Is what I'm saying. So I'm
going this way. And you should go
back to... wherever you came from.

On Craig - crestfallen and now imprinted on her.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're like a gosling. Gonna
call you Ryan.

CRAIG

...but my name's Craig.

MAGGIE

Course it is.

Maggie walks off. Craig lingers there. Beat. Maggie walks back.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(fed up)

Come on Ryan!

*

9 **INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, HALLWAY - DAY (D1)**

9

*

Maggie opens the door. They enter.

*

MAGGIE

Right, you can have a shower. I was
gonna give some stuff to charity
anyway - hope you like cardigans.
And then I'll get you an Uber.

CRAIG

I bloody love cardigans. What's an
Uber?

MAGGIE

(beat)

House rules: shoes off.

Craig looks down. He is barefoot.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Good start, well done. Coat on the
peg. Toilet seat down.

CRAIG

(confused)

Can I lift it up to use it --?

MAGGIE

Well yes, but then put it down after.

CRAIG

Gotcha.

Maggie is about to close the door. *

MAGGIE

Just one last thing. You're not
gonna kill me are ya?

On Craig - nice one. Oh, she's sort of serious.

CRAIG

What--? No. God no. You - you think-?

MAGGIE

No. Course not. But it's always
worth checking.

CRAIG

You are entitled to an explanation.
And I will give you one. I promise.

There's an honesty in his voice, and his eyes are kind.

MAGGIE

As long as you promise to... give
me one.

That wasn't supposed to come out like that.

CRAIG

I will give you a thorough one.

God, she's been so ignored over the years - getting killed would
almost be worth it... She closes the door. *

10A INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, HALLWAY - DAY (D1)

10A *

It's cosy, and cluttered with books. The globes, lava lamps and
polar bear/whale ornaments lend a somewhat magical hue. Maggie
facetimes best mate SUZY.

SUZY

Show me, show me... zoom in...

Maggie points her phone through the crack in the door - where we
can just about make out Craig in the shower.

SUZY (CONT'D)

You minx.

MAGGIE

You were the one who wanted to see.

SUZY

Do not get involved with that man.

Maggie notices a stray bra, quickly hides it behind a cushion. *

MAGGIE

Wasn't intending to. I was just checking in to let you know -

SUZY

That you've let a strange man into your home. I'll ring in an hour...

Maggie hangs up.

10B **INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, BED/LIVING ROOM - DAY (D1)**

10B *

Maggie sits on the floor, pretending to read. Craig enters in a tiny cardigan and neon yoga leggings. *

MAGGIE

Yep. Okay. That'll do.

There are charity bags with second hand clothes. And lots of plants. Craig, suspicious, peeks out of the window. *

CRAIG

Phone off please.

He unscrews the lightbulb, peers inside the fitting.

MAGGIE

What are you looking for?

CRAIG

(reading her notes)

Huh. Paleoclimatology. Thesis?

MAGGIE

(nervous, quick)

Reconstructing Holocene Climate Variability in the Bristol Channel?

CRAIG

Ah, the mid-Holocene warming event 6000 years ago...

MAGGIE

(wtf, beat)

Have we met -?

He puts a finger to her lips.

CRAIG
I need to frisk you.

MAGGIE
Okay, you are well dodge...

CRAIG
Fine, you frisk me first.

He stands there open-stance.

MAGGIE
It's alright, I don't need to -
okay, go on then.

She tentatively touches his arms. Does a shy pat down of his legs... and finds one of her granola bars...

He snatches it, stuffs it back down his leggings.

CRAIG
So - may I?

He pats her down. Thoroughly and briskly. He's done this before. Breathless, Maggie reaches for her Rescue Remedy.

MAGGIE
Think I could do with some...
floral essences.

CRAIG
Okay. An explanation. You deserve
it. (clears throat)

She pipettes a few drops to shore herself up.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
I'm from the future. 2130. It's not
good. *

Beat. She knocks back the entire bottle.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
Right now, humanity is on a warpath
to self-destruction, but it's not
too late. I've been sent back to
stop the Great Unravelling and save
the human race. *

He looks at her. Hopeful.

Maggie suddenly twigs...

MAGGIE
Suzy put you up to this - I knew
it! I mean, I know it's been a
while, but I'm not an idiot -

He rips a page from her notes. Maggie winces. He marks two points.*

CRAIG

If this piece of paper is the space-time continuum, then it's possible to connect two separate black holes by folding time and space. In your time, the academic world believes this to be impossible - the wormhole would collapse under its own gravity.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

He folds the paper so the points meet, and pokes the pen through.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

But our scientists discovered how to create something called "negative energy".

*
*
*

His whole pen pierces through the paper, goes back and forth...

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Nice healthy wormhole, see?

*

Looks like something else... Maggie blushes a tad...

*

CRAIG (CONT'D)

I'm not crazy - I'm here to save humanity, or die trying. Hopefully we both are.

*
*
*

MAGGIE

(beat)

That's ambitious, I like it.

She moves closer to him, intoxicated.

CRAIG

(warming to her)

I need a base. Cover. An ally.

MAGGIE

I mean, I *was* looking for a lodger...

CRAIG

Perfect - and money won't be a problem. I've got today's football results in my head, and a few winners at Aintree.

*
*

On Maggie - yeah right.

11 **EXT. BOOKIES - DAY (D1)**

11 *

They walk out - a wadge of cash in both their hands. She's gobsmacked. Craig is dressed undercover - tiny pink hoodie, green poker hat and neon shades. They're close.

CRAIG
 (taps head)
 I've got more in here somewhere.

He gives her his cash.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 When you commit to light speed, you submit to the cosmos. I believe we found each other for a reason, Maggie. Say you'll join me to save Earth.

MAGGIE
 Well when you put it like that.

CRAIG
 You're beautiful, do you know that?

MAGGIE
 --No, you're beautiful. I'm tripping.

CRAIG
 This is real.

MAGGIE
 (beat)
 Prove it.

He pulls her sleeve up. She has a tattoo of Antarctica. He kisses it.

12 INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, BED/LIVING ROOM - DAY (D1) 12 *

They compare tattoos in front of the mirror. A bending magnetism between them that inevitably leads towards a cosmic consummation. Globes falling everywhere. Suzy calls on Maggie's phone, which is on silent... Maggie's otherwise engaged.

13A INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, BED/LIVING ROOM - DAY (D1) 13A *

Post-coital, they lay in bed, watching themselves spill out into infinity in the mirrors laid around the room.

MAGGIE
 So many versions of us.

CRAIG
 In every dimension.

13B EXT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, VERANDA - DAY (D1) 13B *

Maggie and Craig relax in each other's arms on a pink plastic sofa. They look out over the bay with binoculars.

14A **EXT. BEACH/SEAFRONT - FOLLOWING DAY (D2)** 14A *

We see drawn outlines of Maggie and Craig on the sand. Maggie has seaweed as pubic hair, pebbles for nipples. Craig has shells for genitals. Their names are scrawled in the sand under their drawings.

14B **EXT. SEAFRONT - DAY (D2)** 14B *

Maggie and Craig eat ice-cream.

15 **INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY/EVENING (D3)** 15 *

Craig has made an elaborate detective board taking up most of the wall. A web of string, pegs, photos and mad scribblings. All the usual suspects: Big Oil, Mining, Consumer Industries linked to deforestation... Various nefarious CEOs and billionaires. And perhaps on the fringes, a mental health hospital, which Maggie notices...

Craig is transfixed by the board. Maggie's impressed, but a tad concerned...

16 **INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, KITCHEN - EVENING (D3)** 16 *

Maggie sees Craig from her window... he tries to light a brazier with a make-shift flame thrower he has made from a gas canister. Maggie looks slightly concerned - but then shrugs it off.

17 **INT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, BED/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (D4)** 17 *

Several weeks have passed: Maggie, hair-up, looks altogether more with it. Her flat tidier and upgraded. She works on her thesis, making notes in the margins of her Climatology textbook.

Craig passes her her laptop - we see an advert: "Come Work With Us - CLIMATE CRISIS COORDINATOR".

CRAIG

You should totally go for it.

On Maggie - eyes lighting up. She looks at the stars, full of hope... as the universe winks back.

18 **EXT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, VERANDA - DAY (D5)** 18 *

Maggie is on the veranda, looking into the kitchen through the window. She is on a video call with Suzy.

MAGGIE

I told you, he's not like other guys. He's different, he's...
alive.

SUZY

Yeah psychosis has that effect.

We glimpse through the door into the kitchen of Craig, cooking naked in an apron, intently listening to a radio frequency.

MAGGIE

I can heal him. I know it.

SUZY

He's one missed Fluoxetine pill away from braining you in your sleep.

MAGGIE

That's rude! And actually, if you have mental health issues you're more likely to be a victim than a perpetrator -

SUZY

Man says he's from the future!

MAGGIE

Guys say stuff!

SUZY

What's he doing now?

MAGGIE

(smug)

Cooking me dinner naked.

SUZY

He's up to something.

MAGGIE

For once, someone actually believes him - or at least *in* him.

SUZY

But you don't really though, right?

Craig now dismantles the radio with a screwdriver.

MAGGIE

His science stands up. And the boy knows his football, trust me.

SUZY

Oh she gonna be found in a bin bag...

Maggie hangs up. She looks lovingly at her man through the crack... He is smashing an internal component of the radio with a hammer on* a chopping board... while the soup boils over. Close up on the boiling soup.

18C **EXT. SEAFRONT - DAY (D6)** 18C *

GV's Seagulls circle the sky squawking. *

19 **EXT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, VERANDA - DAY (D6)** 19 *

Maggie and Craig return carrying litter-pickers and flyers. Craig tosses his stash to the floor. He seems in his head, brooding.

MAGGIE
You okay?

CRAIG
(weighing her up)
We need to go to the next level.

MAGGIE
What, in our relationship?

CRAIG
(beat)
Question is... are you ready?

MAGGIE
(beat)
All cliches aside, I was born ready. *

20 **EXT. PSYCHIATRIC UNIT - DAY/DUSK (D6)** 20 *

They crouch by the bushes. Craig has a bag on his shoulder. *

MAGGIE
Is... is something going to happen?

Craig looks up. Maggie follows his gaze. *

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What is it, aliens? Tsunami? Please don't say nuclear holocaust - I'm really bad with holocausts. (beat)
What is this place?

CRAIG
They do experiments. On people.

She looks at the building.

MAGGIE
Nice, interesting ones?

Craig gives her binoculars. Maggie looks through them. The penny drops.

CRAIG
I've been inside.

Maggie looks at Craig.

CRAIG (CONT'D)
 Undercover. They're removing
 people's consciousness, wiping
 their personalities. Government
 conspiracy to make us supplicant.
 (beat) We need to burn this place
 down.

She has to play this carefully.

MAGGIE
 Could we... at least let the people
 out first?

CRAIG
 'Course. You cause a distraction, I
 trigger the alarm. No-one harmed.
 Well, maybe some collateral damage.

MAGGIE
 Sure, can't make an omelette
 without... We're not doing it now
 though right?

CRAIG
 This is just a recce. We'll come
 back tomorrow night.

MAGGIE
 Great. Sounds... sensible.

Craig picks up his bag. It has part of his Master Plan rolled up
 and poking out the end - with bits of radio wires sticking out.
 Looks almost cartoonish.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 What's in the bag, babe?

Craig looks at the building. Then makes a subtle explosion sound. *

On Maggie - damn. She takes a deep breath. *

21 INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY (D7)

21 *

Maggie is at her post, sweating, biting her nails. She's on the
 phone to Suzy.

MAGGIE
 Suze, can I come stay at yours?

SUZY (O.S.)
 What's he done?

MAGGIE
 Nothing. Just need to chill for
 a bit. Maybe change my SIM.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

And my name. Your dad still got
that hut in Minehead? *

Maggie looks up - PC LEWIS, 30s, stand there, grave and concerned.*

On Maggie - shocked. Is this the end of the road?

22 **EXT. PSYCHIATRIC UNIT - NIGHT (D7)**

22 *

Maggie and Craig look out at the hospital. Maggie sees that Craig has his bag with him - swallows hard. Craig is looking at the night sky... Greens, purples and blues.

CRAIG

Aurora borealis. More common than
you think. It's just that no-one
bothers to look up anymore.

MAGGIE

Babe, what happens? (beat) In 2130.

CRAIG

(beat)

I won't lie to you, it's bleak. *
We're way beyond all tipping *
points. We simply lost the fight. *

MAGGIE

(sobbing)

I'm so sorry...

He takes her hands. He knows what's coming...

CRAIG

It's okay. The courage is there.
You just have to find it.

PC Lewis and NURSE HAWKINS, 40s, austere, emerge from the dark. *
Craig is surrounded, and yet, accepting. *

MAGGIE

You could have killed someone...

CRAIG

Only for the greater good.

MAGGIE

(unsure)

Yeah...

PC LEWIS

Craig, step away from the bag.

Craig steps away, towards Maggie.

PC LEWIS (CONT'D)

(eye rolls)

Now step away from Maggie. *

Craig ignores him, and quickly shoves an envelope into her hand. *

CRAIG
 (urgently)
 Hey, I respect you. You're not a
 passenger anymore. You're a decision
 maker. And that's all on you.

Maggie smiles through her tears. She appreciates this.

PC LEWIS roughly pulls Craig away from her, cuffing him. *

MAGGIE
 (reaches out) *
 Babe... *

Nurse Hawkins takes Craig's arm. *

NURSE HAWKINS
 (sugar sweet)
 Hello Craig, you remember me...

PC LEWIS then takes a closer look at the bag - his expression
 changes as he picks it up, looks inside. He pulls out some PJs
 and a toothbrush.

NURSE HAWKINS (CONT'D)
 It's just an overnight bag.

On Maggie - but...

As PC Lewis and Nurse Hawkins leave, the nurse turns to give an
 appreciative nod to Maggie - but is that a cruel glint in her
eye...? *

23 **EXT. MAGGIE'S FLAT, VERANDA - NIGHT (D7)** 23 *

Maggie opens the envelope. She takes out a betting slip... *

MAGGIE
 (reads) *
 Worsley Rovers nil - Cliffport *
 Wanderers nil...? *

Baffled, she looks again in the envelope - and sees a letter... *

On Maggie as she reads the letter... *

CRAIG (V.O.)
 They'll say I'm a threat. That you
 did the right thing. But they are
 not what they seem. I'm not the
 only one from the future.

Maggie recalls Craig's captors, there's something off about them.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Trust has to be earned. So after you read this, a man shouts 'Nobhead' from a passing car. You receive some good news. And then the heavens open. (beat) Maggie, this isn't our first rodeo, and it won't be our last. True love is a wormhole. I'll see you on the other side...

Maggie waits. Silence. She turns to go inside - but then hears the*
distant sound of a slight traffic altercation. She strains to *
listen to it... but nothing. Silence once more. Crestfallen, she *
pockets the letter and makes to go inside... *

But then a BLOKE shouts 'Nobhead!' from a passing car. On Maggie - she hears this. Her eyes widen. She then gets an email through - she got the climate co-ordinator job.

Then a flash of light and rumble of thunder, as she looks up to the skies... *

On Maggie from above - a small smile as she realises Craig was right all along... Her smile turns to resolve. A counter attack is forming... she looks off into the night with purpose...

24 OMITTED

24

OMITTED