

# Sorted

## Cast

Houston Zax	Timestream Engineer.
Daglan Lunt	His boss
Sir Isaac Newton	17 <sup>th</sup> Century Scientist
Chastity Smith	Fruit Farmer

## Scenes

Daglan Lunt's office  
Chastity Smiths orchard.

## Notes

I would like the whole thing to have something of a seventies feel, to bring back memories of the classic seventies science fiction (eg Dr Who, Tomorrow People, Ace of Wands) when some cracking sci-fi was produced on very little money. I (and probably many other Sci Fi viewers) have an incredible nostalgia for that time.

The credits should be colourful but simple and the theme music should have a sort of martial feel with the merest hint of BBC Radiophonic Workshop.

At the end of the credits, we see the outside of a building. A close up of a sign says

Hilbert House  
Home of the Timestream Engineers

The following cards are displayed over the picture of the building.

Card 1

This is the home of the Corps of Timestream Engineers.

Card 2

When history is tilted off it's axis, the brave men and women of the Corps are there to put time back on track.

Card 3

One such man is Houston Zax...

Daglan Lunt's office is a reasonable size but cluttered with junk from a wild variety of eras, both past and future. The set should have a scattering of replica props from sci fi series to appeal to the anoraks amongst us as well as obvious historical artefacts. If this film is to be shown many times, the details of this scene will give the viewer the chance something different every time. LUNT sits behind a large wooden desk. In one corner there is a shower cubicle with a Mickey Mouse shower curtain. Zax enters. Both men are wearing vaguely militaristic uniforms that

would not have looked out of place in Blake's Seven. Both are middle aged, Zax is stiff and formal, Lunt hassled looking.

Lunt  
(*gestures to a seat*)

Ah, Zax. Glad you could make it. Please be seated.

Zax

I'd prefer to stand.

Lunt

Your choice. Houston, we gotta problem.

Zax

I've heard that one before.

Lunt

But not in this context. There's a disturbance in the timeline. For some reason, Sir Isaac Newton is failing to formulate his famous theorems.

Zax

Who?

Lunt

Newton, Isaac Newton, you remember him. He said apples fall down.

Zax

He said apples fall down?

Lunt

Yes

Zax

Well that must have revolutionised the British Fruit Industry, what did they do until then? Tie nets over the tops of trees and wait for them to fall up?

Lunt

Don't be facetious, Zax, you know the story. In May 1666, Isaac Newton was sat under a tree in Chastity Smith's Orchard when an apple drops on his head. This crystallises his thinking about gravity and he formulates his famous theory.

Zax

Yes, okay, but it's hardly rocket science is it?

Lunt

Well, yes it is. Gee equals gee em em over ar squared. It keeps satellites in orbit.

Zax

That's beside the point. At the moment he's not keeping anything up. So what do we think is going wrong?

Lunt

We don't know. That's why you're going to have to go back to Chastity Smith's orchard to find out. You'll need these. Your Causality Wand and Clothing Reprogrammer.

Lunt hands them over. The clothing reprogrammer is a simple credit card. The wand looks like a pocket calculator and is capable of displaying short text messages in that nice pocket calculator type writing (remember props should have that tacky seventies feel). Zax bangs it on the table and it makes a flat squawking sound.

Close up on wand. The display reads MAJOR DISRUPTION IN TIME STREAM

Zax takes both items and with military stiffness steps into the shower cubicle. He pulls the curtain round him and shot moves to interior of shower. Zax looks round uncomfortably and finally finds a slot in the wall and, clumsily in the cramped space, inserts the clothing reprogrammer into it. There is a blinding flash of light which clears the screen and sound like a slowed down flash of lightening. When the picture recovers, ZAX is dressed in 17<sup>th</sup> century clothing – jacket, pantaloons, hose and large buckled shoes. There is something not quite right about the rig. The fit is less than perfect and the colours too bright.

Zax

Do you have to keep the program on the underpants two sizes too small?

Lunt

Yes. I like to think it keeps you focussed.

Zax

And I like to think I'll be able think I'll be able to have children when all this is over.

Lunt

The amount of radiation that thing chucks out means we'll both be carrying two headed mutants in the trouser tadpole department. I shouldn't worry about it.

Zax

Great. They've still not got you proper anti-proton shielding then?

Lunt

No, they can't even get me a respectable shower curtain.

Zax

The Micky Mouse is nice though, it has that sixties kitsch.

Lunt opens a drawer in his desk and reveals a small illuminated control panel which has a handy looking big red button.

Zax

Is this thing safe?

Lunt

What's that to you? You're one of the brave men and women of the Corps.

Zax

I'm also one of the brave men and women wearing with strangulated gonads. So I ask you again.  
Is this thing safe?

Lunt

What do you think?

Lunt presses the handy looking big red button and there is another blinding flash and when the screen clears, Zax is standing behind a bush in Chastity Smiths orchard. There are apples on the floor. This could be an exterior set, but in keeping with the sort of seventies feel, it might work better as an interior. As well as the bush there must be two apple trees.

Camera moves to Isaac Newton, who sits under one tree sucking contemplatively on a long quill and occasionally scribbling in a large book. He keeps glancing up the tree. He is dressed similarly to Zax, but here the costume is more authentic. The camera pans back to take in the bush with Zax hiding behind it and the second tree. The camera zooms back in on the second tree and we see apples are falling from its branches in their dozens.

Zax

*(To himself)*

Aha. I think I see the problem. He's picked the wrong tree.

Close up on the Wand the text reads SNAFU. Zax smiles and sets off towards Newton

Zax

Good morrow good fellow

When Newton speaks, he speaks with a thick Yorkshire accent.

Newton  
(*Confused*)

Why are you talking like that?

Zax

Forsooth my good man for it is my wish that I shalt have words with thou.

Newton

Have you been drinking?

Zax

Pray tell good fellow. Is this not the lingua franca by which all good citizens herein towards and hence forth do communicate.

Newton

This is the seventeenth century, pal. You're not talking to some Elizabethan thug. We're dead sophisticated here tha' nose. You're not from round here, are you?

Zax

No, not exactly.

Newton

Well, don't worry about that, we're dead cosmopolitan round here. What can I do for you old son?

Zax

I would like to ask you a favour.

Newton

Anything for thee old son.

Zax

Would you sit under that tree over there?

He points to the other tree and we show the falling apples.

Newton

Don't be daft. There's apples falling out of it.

Zax

Good point.

Zax looks at the Causality Wand. The display reads UTTERLY SCROTIE BAGGED.

There is another blinding flash and we are back in LUNT's office. This time Zax is seated but appears to be still re-arranging his underpants.

Lunt

You've got to admit he's got a point

Zax

How do you mean?

Lunt

Well, possibly the most intelligent man in the civilised world and he gets a choice between two tree. One offers him a dry patch and some shade the other possible concussion from impact from some sort of arboreal seed pod. Which would you pick?

Zax

True

Lunt

And let's face it, some foreign bloke spouting English older than his granny's bible is hardly likely to convince him otherwise.

Zax

*(Still fiddling with his groin but finding no apparent relief)*

So what am I going to do now?

Lunt

Well, first, you're going to sort out you under crackers and then it's back to the seventeenth century for you. I've got a plan...

There is another blinding flash and we find Zax back in the seventeenth century, this time hiding behind the bush. Suddenly, he looks up, throws one of the fallen apples at Newton and then drops back behind the bush. Close up on Newton as the apple hits him on the head. It is

important that the apple comes in sideways. He looks around him angrily, but seeing no-one, he goes back to his scribbling. Zax looks at the causality wand.

Close up on wand. Text reads MODIFICATION TO TIME STREAM.

Zax seems pleased with the result so throws another apple with much the same effect but this time Newton looks contemplative. Same close up with apple coming in sideways.

Close up on wand. Text reads COULD BE GETTING THERE.

Zax throws loads of apples, each bouncing off Newton's head. Newton turns and one hits him in the face. His expression changes from confused and angry to amazed. It is as if a lightbulb has come on in his head.

Newton  
(*Enthusiastic*)

My god, I think I've got it. *Apples fall sideways!*.

Newton starts to scribble furiously. Zax slaps himself on the forehead.

Close up on wand. Text reads TOTALLY TITSED UP.

There is another blinding flash and again we are back in Lunt's office.

Lunt  
(*Mad*)

"Apples fall sideways!!" How did he come to that conclusion?

Zax

I don't know. It's like seeing two short pants in a wig. It's you that keeps telling me he's a genius.

Lunt

I know. Are you sure it's the right man? Records show Chastity Smith had a large family, four sons and seventeen grandsons. Could you be talking to one of those?

Zax

No, I had a good look round and with the exception of Chastity Smith herself who's picking apples there's no-one else there. If Newton is in that garden at that time, that's him.

Lunt

You're going to have to go back a third time and just explain it to him.

Zax

Oh great.

There is another blinding flash and Zax is back in the seventeenth century, walking towards Newton.

Newton

Oh, it's you again. What do you want?

Zax

I'm here to tell you you're wrong about the apples.

Newton

What do you mean I'm wrong. I've seen it for myself. Apples falling sideways. Loads of them.

Zax

No, no. That was me. I was throwing apples at you.

Newton

*(Annoyed and incredulous)*

Let me get this right. First you want me sit under a tree with apples dropping out of it and then you throw apples at me? What is it with you and apples? Do you want me to be hit by apples?

Zax

Well, yes.

Newton

And you're proud of it? Are you trying to be clever?

Zax

Not exactly. I'm trying to get you to be clever.

Newton

Oh, Smart Alec, eh?

Newton punches Zax. We see this from Zax's point of view as Newton effectively punches the camera. This time everything goes black. When the picture returns, we see Zax regaining consciousness on the grass. Newton is starting to help him up.

Newton

Sorry old son, bit of a temper and I don't know mi own strength.

Zax is ignoring him and staring up into the tree.

Zax

Who's that up in the tree?

Newton

It's old lady Smith.

Zax

What's she doing up there?

Newton

Tying nets over the top to catch the apples. It's apple picking time.

Smith

*(As she falls from the tree)*

Aaaaaaargh

Smith lands on Zax, knocking him flat for a second time. Newton rushes over to help Smith up.

Newton

Granny Smith! Granny Smith! Are you all right?

Newton suddenly pulls up short. He looks at Granny Smith on the ground and then at up at the tree and then at the apples which are still falling from the adjacent tree. He repeats this several times and then the light of realisation comes on in his eyes. He picks up his quill.

There is another blinding flash and we are back in Lunt's office with Zax back in uniform looking more comfortable.

Lunt

So it wasn't an apple that fell on him, it was Granny Smith?

Zax

That's about it, but she didn't fall on him, she fell on me. But you can see where the confusion comes from.

Lunt

Isaac Newton gets hit on the head by a Granny Smith and time is back on the right track.

Zax

Yes, and all the satellites are back in orbit. A genuine happy ending.

Lunt

It could have been worse, you could have been dropped on by Pippins Orange Cocks.

Lunt and Zax laugh in that artificial way that was popular at the end of seventies cop shows. There is a final blinding flash and we're back in the seventeenth century. Granny Smith is still unconscious on the floor. Newton is scribbling away furiously in his book. The camera zooms in on the Time Wand which lays on the ground.

Text reads SORTED

Credits roll and are completed with the formula

$$g = \frac{GmM}{r^2}$$