

TIME WRECKED

"Pilot"

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TABLE DRAFT

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FADE IN:

INT. NISSAN LEAF - DAY

An all-electric NISSAN LEAF sits in a driveway, the dash modified to accommodate time-travel components and read-outs.

At the wheel is Caltech professor of theoretical physics, EVAN JOHNSON (42). Imagine Clark Griswold as a rocket scientist, Evan approaches his new step-kids like everything else in his life, as a puzzle to be solved.

EVAN

Who's ready for the best vacation
ever?

In the back is his step-daughter ISABELLA (14) who uses her brains and acerbic wit as a defense mechanism.

ISABELLA

If I wanted to see a bunch of
Neanderthals, I'd just go to a high
school football game.

In the passenger seat is Evan's wife, UCLA professor of anthropology, ADRIANA ZAPATA (40), Gloria Steinem meets Gloria from Modern Family (minus the accent).

ADRIANA

Ah, but unlike your 'roid-raged
knuckle draggers, these
Neanderthals lived in a society
dominated by women. Or at least
according to my theory.

ISABELLA

I'd still rather go to the future
and see the first cyborg president.

EVAN

Awesome. Unfortunately, I built
this time machine as a wedding
present for your mother so it's
only fair that she gets to decide
where we go on our first voyage.

ADRIANA

Thank you, hon.

Next to Isabella is her brother LUCAS (16), teenage playboy and man-about-town.

LUCAS
(while texting)
So why do we have to go on your
Honeymoon? Kind of disturbing...

EVAN
Because we're a family now and I
want to bond with you guys.

LUCAS
(while texting)
Well, can you set the time machine
to get back before we even leave? I
was supposed to hook up with
Ashlynn ten minutes ago, so...

Evan looks at BINGO, the English bulldog between Isabella and Lucas. The dog is pleased as punch at being included.

EVAN
At least Bingo's excited.

He turns back and starts the engine with a big smile and a twinkle in his eye.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Now let's make history!

LUCAS
(still texting)
Good one, Evan.

Evan pushes a red button where the hazard button should be. A sparkling rotating sphere appears in front of the car. It looks like a disco ball.

As they pull out of the driveway, the disco ball spins faster and faster, and the car disappears into its fabulousness.

EXT. MARSHY BOG - DAY

A MELEE is going on in this marshy bog. Knights in armor are fighting with swords, axes, and maces. Arrows fly everywhere.

Suddenly, the car emerges from the portal going full speed, and starts mowing down the knights. It's a bloodbath.

INT. NISSAN LEAF - DAY

Wham! Wham! Wham! Knights go flying.

ADRIANA
These aren't Neanderthals.

EVAN

Thanks, honey, real helpful!

Evan sideswipes a knight on his horse and sends him SAILING onto the hood, his armor cracking the windshield. Bingo BARKS as the knight lands behind the car.

ISABELLA

Sorry about your horse!

Suddenly, a barrage of arrows rains down on the car. One arrow strikes the electronics compartment and plasma arcs shoot out of the engine.

The car sputters to a stop, its engine spewing smoke, an axe sticking out of the hood. Outside, the soldiers surround the car. A knight steps forward tentatively.

LUCAS

Game of Thrones looks pretty pissed.

EVAN

Everyone stay calm. I'll just explain what happened and reason with them.

Evan opens the door...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DUNGEON - NIGHT

KING HENRY VIII presides over the family, whose wrists and ankles are bound, and whose heads are perched on chopping blocks (even Bingo). An Executioner wearing a mask and wielding an axe awaits the King's orders.

HENRY VIII

Execute them.

Lucas turns his head slightly to look at his sister.

LUCAS

Worst vacation ever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - DAY

Evan, Adriana, and Isabella, alive, fully-headed, but desperately despondent, pick at their breakfast, brought to them on platters by an assortment of pock-faced SERVANTS.

Breakfast is wild boar and ale. The boar's head is still attached.

SUPER: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

ISABELLA
Toothpaste.

EVAN
Computers.

ADRIANA
Suffrage.

ISABELLA
Tampons.

Evan pours the beer through a MacGuyver-rigged filtration system to get rid of the parasites and hands the cup to Adriana.

ADRIANA
Brita pitchers.

Lucas enters, listening to his iphone on earbuds and carrying a piss pot which he hands off to a grimy SERVANT who bows obsequiously. Suddenly, Lucas's music cuts out.

LUCAS
Goddamn it. Two hours of cranking
for three measly percent of battery
life.

He removes the earbuds and pulls out from a drawer one of those emergency radios that have a hand-crank USB charger (Brookstone, \$59.99) and starts charging his phone by hand.

ISABELLA
Good thing your wrist is already so
strong from regular exercise.

LUCAS
Like there's anything else to do
here. So what are we playing?

ISABELLA
"I Miss."

LUCAS
Bingo.

INT. DUNGEON - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The family has been untied and massage their sore wrists.

EVAN
Hey, where's Bingo?

The executioner looks up, guiltily. REVEAL he's eating what looks like a giant turkey leg.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - DAY

REVEAL Bingo's head is mounted above the fireplace.

Lucas rips a rib off the boar and it makes a disgusting cracking sound. He takes a reluctant bite as Isabella chokes down her own piece of meat.

ISABELLA
I miss being a vegetarian.

LUCAS
Well, you gotta love beer for breakfast.

He takes a big swig of ale from a pewter tankard and burps.

EVAN
Bit of good news, the Earl of Shrewsbury has invited us to his castle for St. Crispin's Day.

LUCAS
Admit it, you like it here. All of a sudden, you're an important man, people actually care what you say, you're chilling with the king. Meanwhile, I gotta take a dump in the river.

ADRIANA
I've got it the worst. No job, no rights, no say in anything. They'd burn me at the stake if they ever heard my slam poetry.

INT. DER FREIHEITSGESTALT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Clad in black, Adriana performs onstage at a darkly lit club.

ADRIANA
Potential life? Potential death.
Clone, hone, velodrome. Lenticular process? Follicular holocaust.
D.N.A., C.I.A., Chardonnay.

People in the audience SNAP their applause.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - DAY

EVAN

Look, I know you blame me for this... detour, but I'm doing my best to get us home, guys. I've fixed everything I could, but we still need a new focusing crystal and they don't even have toilet paper let alone precision optics.

The family's hopes are dashed. They slump in their chairs. Just then, the austere butler JOHN (50s) enters.

JOHN

Your Grace, a message has just arrived.

He hands Evan a small folded paper and Evans reads it.

EVAN

The King. He's summoning me to Court. Well, time to make the donuts.

He gets up to excuse himself. Adriana gets up as well.

ADRIANA

Well, I might as well continue to sow dissent and fight the power, because the revolution will definitely not be televised.

INT. OUTSIDE DINING ROOM - DAY

Homely housekeeper JOAN (20s) whispers to butler John, who returns to grinding a LIVE RAT into sausage casings.

JOAN

What do you suppose they're on about now?

JOHN

I pray 'tis better not to ask. In three months, I've not been whipped once. Or even remotely thrashed.

JOAN

Aye. And I've not been groped by the Duke, even a little. If I'm being honest, I'm a bit insulted.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD TO LONDON - DAY

As Lucas and Isabella ride in a carriage into town, through the open window they pass a horror show of barbarism to which they pay no attention: Rows of hanged people, lepers begging, people shitting in the river, peasants throwing tomatoes at a woman in a stockade...

LUCAS

God, this place is so boring.

ISABELLA

I think it's nice that we spend time together. You never used to let me ride in your car back home.

LUCAS

Well you can thank dear old New Dad for this Hallmark moment.

Out the window, a kid stabs another boy his age and takes his bread (not a euphemism).

INT. KING'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

The weight of the world on his shoulders, Henry (batshit crazy dictator) takes an ornate box handed to him by his sniveling advisor CROMWELL (40s, a human Wile E. Coyote).

CROMWELL

A gift, Majesty. From Suleiman, Sultan of the Ottoman Empire.

Henry opens it to reveal an incredibly large diamond in the velvet case. Henry carelessly tosses the diamond on his desk.

HENRY VIII

At least it's not another one of those annoying little footstools. What else?

CROMWELL

Death warrants.

The King perks up. Cromwell places the stack in front of him and Henry starts signing them willy-nilly.

HENRY VIII

Hang, hang, behead, draw and quarter, hang, burn alive, hang, hang, boil, hang, bear bait, hang. The Earl of Winchester? I'm feeling charitable. Just castrate him.

(he stops at one)

(MORE)

HENRY VIII (CONT'D)

What's this? I've ordered no death warrant for this man.

CROMWELL

But with respect, how much can you trust the foreigner? He is an evil influence. He called the Duke of Norfolk, his "Home Boy."

Henry throws the stack of warrants in Cromwell's face.

HENRY VIII

Pardoned! The Duke of Pasadena dies when I say he dies!

EVAN (O.S.)

Did someone say my name?

Evan enters unannounced, a nervous PAGE chasing after him.

PAGE

Your majesty. The Duke of Pasadena.

Evan bows.

EVAN

Your majesty.

HENRY VIII

Leave us.

The Page exits. Cromwell bows and backs out of the office. Evan sits across from Henry, a bit informally, and plays with the King's letter opener.

HENRY VIII (CONT'D)

How goeth the Mildew of Rejuvenation?

EVAN

Penicillin? Great. We've made buckets-full. Superbugs will probably wipe out the human race in the 21st Century, but at least we saved your life.

HENRY VIII

And that's why I saved yours. Now, how goeth the seafarer's scourge?

EVAN

(pirate)

Avast, no man'll be callin' ye "limey" no more.

Henry just stares at him.

EVAN (CONT'D)
Um, yeah, we cured scurvy.

HENRY VIII
And the oral hygiene reforms?

EVAN
Hey, I'm not a miracle worker. Your people are still struggling with bad teeth in the 21st century.

HENRY VIII
No matter, future man. I have a new problem that I'd like you to solve with your splendid knowledge of what is to come.

EVAN
Name it. That's why you're paying me the big bucks. And didn't murder me and my family.

HENRY VIII
Scotland.

EVAN
What about Scotland?

HENRY VIII
I'd like to pave the roads of Edinburgh with the bones of every Scot in their whole God-forsaken country.

Uh oh. Evan looks concerned. He puts down the letter opener.

EVAN
Okay, so what I'm hearing is infrastructure improvements?

EXT. MARKET - DAY

The bustling 1546 London street market. A town cryer rings a bell and yells...

TOWN CRYER
Executions today! A dozen lords and ladies on the block! See it live!

Isabella looks around for something edible. There are live animals, entrails, and shit everywhere.

ISABELLA

Do you have any kale? No, of course you don't. How about spinach? Do people have spinach in 16th Century England?

MERCHANT

I've onions.

He holds up a handful of puny, dirty onions.

ISABELLA

Well, at least they're organic.

She continues on, looking at other produce, live chickens, eels. Isabella stops at a carrot vendor.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

Okay, I can work with these.

But before she can examine the carrots, the merchant SNEEZES and wipes the snot with his hand. He picks up the carrots with the same hand and offers them to her.

Isabella tries to hold in her revulsion. Nope. Too difficult. She HURLS onto the street.

A beat, then a young STREET URCHIN comes by and quickly sweeps her vomit into a pan.

STREET URCHIN

Porridge! Porridge for sale! 'alf penny a bowl!

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Meanwhile, Adriana steals a peasant's smock from a basket and puts it on over her fine clothes. She checks her research notes, then walks up to three HAGS stirring a big pot of boiling lye like the witches in the not-yet-written Macbeth.

Adriana grabs a pole and starts stirring the laundry alongside the others. She assumes a horrible cockney accent:

ADRIANA

'allo, Mrs. Peacock is me name.
First day on the job, wond'ring
'bout the working conditions.

OLD HAG #1

Your hair. So fine.

OLD HAG #2
And your skin looks like you've
just come out of the womb.

ADRIANA
(flattered)
Oh, well, thank you very much. The
key is a good moisturizer.

The pot of water bubbles up. Adriana recoils.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)
And not splashing lye in your face.
Are there no safety regulations at
all here?

The hags just look at each other confused.

OLD HAG #3
I seen Agnes fall in. Boiled alive
she was. The constable said she
must have been a witch. But after
that we was given longer poles.

ADRIANA
And nice poles they are. So... show
of hands, who here thinks it should
be against the law for a man to
kill his wife for refusing sex?

She readies a pen to take notes. They just stare at her.

EXT. MARKET - DAY

Isabella walks by a side of beef and tries to suppress her
gag reflex. Just then, a cute noble boy, PETER (14,
cherubically innocent), approaches and bows his head.
Isabella self-consciously smooths her hair.

PETER
Lady Isabella. I have been wanting
to speak to you.

Isabella makes doe eyes.

ISABELLA
You have?

PETER
Your angelic visage haunts my
dreams.

Isabella laughs nervously.

ISABELLA
Like "Bride of Chucky" haunts,
or...

PETER
Seeing you now is but kindling to
fuel my imagination. One glance
from you sparks an inferno of
desire.

Isabella is intrigued.

ISABELLA
Go on.

PETER
Your skin. Your smile. Your hair.
Soft as snow and nary a louse to be
found. You truly are the fairest in
the land.

A peasant girl walks by with matted hair and a hunchback.

ISABELLA
Not saying much. I'm the only girl
with all her teeth.
(off his look)
Sorry, it's a defense mechanism.
Where I'm from, the guys can barely
string two words together. Besides,
back home I'm considered... average
in the looks department.

PETER
I should like to see this Elysium
where you are but average.

Impulsively, Isabella plants a kiss on him.

PETER (CONT'D)
(shocked)
What are you doing?!

ISABELLA
You want me to stop?

A beat then she kisses him again. It gets hot and heavy. Then
his eyes go wide and he pulls away.

PETER
Was that your tongue?!

ISABELLA
Well... yeah. Did you like it?

PETER

I've not kissed a girl before! This
is the greatest day of my life! I
shall compose an ode to our love!

He runs off.

ISABELLA

Maybe this place isn't all bad.

INT. COURT OF HENRY VIII - DRAWING ROOM - DAY

In this lavish room with velvet chairs and harpsichord music, Lucas is gambling with some asshole noble boys (think Cobra Kai with cod pieces). A pile of gold coins, chains, and jewelry sits in the center of the table, next to some period playing cards dealt in a familiar Hold 'Em spread.

One boy, FRANCIS, studies his cards. A servant pours wine.

FRANCIS

I am, how do you say it, "all in"?

He pushes his gold into the pot.

LUCAS

Good bet. I like your odds. But I'm
gonna have to call you down.

Lucas pushes his coins in as well. He deals the river card.

FRANCIS

Huzzah! I make a straight!

LUCAS

Ooh, so sorry. Full boat. Threes
over knaves.

Lucas sweeps the pile of gold coins. Enraged, Francis pulls out his dagger but before he can use it, he suddenly stops himself. Lucas looks over to see Princess ELIZABETH (Henry's 15-year-old daughter and England's future Queen) and her entourage enter.

ELIZABETH

What game is this?

FRANCIS

'Tis a game of chance.

LUCAS

Eh, more a game of skill. It's from
a place in my neck of the woods
called "Texas."

ELIZABETH
How do you play?

LUCAS
Are you sure you can handle the
stakes?

ELIZABETH
Are you sure you can?

LUCAS
You know, there's a variation on
the game called strip poker...

He pours on the charm with a practiced smile and she is
digging his chili. Lucas shuffles the cards with a card sharp
fan and Russian shuffle.

But before he can deal, Adriana enters and pulls him away.

ADRIANA
Pardon me, your Highness. We have
an urgent matter to attend to.

Lucas steps back to grab the pile of gold coins and chains.

LUCAS
Bye.

Elizabeth smiles. Her ladies in waiting giggle.

INT. COURT OF HENRY VIII - ADJACENT HALLWAY - DAY

Adriana pulls Lucas into a private area but Lucas is busy
separating out the gold chains from the coins and jewels.

He proudly drapes the chains around his neck like Mr. T.

LUCAS
I never expected my own mother to
cock-block me like that.

ADRIANA
Are you crazy? That's the future
Queen of England.

LUCAS
She was flirting with me.

ADRIANA
She's the Virgin Queen and I want
to keep her that way.

LUCAS

Who cares?

ADRIANA

The people of Virginia! Stay away from Elizabeth. Or the only poker you'll be playing, is with the hot one up your ass.

Lucas gulps.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

That night, Evan, Adriana, and Lucas eat eel and pigeon pie.

ADRIANA

I'm thinking about expanding my book to include workers' issues. Like less dismemberment, more overtime pay. Ooh, maybe I can unionize them...

Isabella makes a grand entrance. She's given herself a makeover but as someone who doesn't wear makeup she's not exactly skilled in that department. Everyone notices.

LUCAS

Were you going for full-on street-walker or just Liverpool strumpet?

ISABELLA

I'm hot-- get used to it.

Evan mentally puts a pin in that. Back to his conversation.

EVAN

Look, we've got bigger problems than a few disfigured peasants. Henry wants to murder everyone and I'm his angel of death.

ADRIANA

Well, did you think he was going to be satisfied with dental floss and Jazzercise?

EVAN

Hey, who's to say we won't be doing them a favor? I mean, wouldn't you rather have a bullet in your brain than get ripped apart by a battle axe?

LUCAS
Actually, those are mom's exact
words every time your mother comes
to visit.

Butler John enters.

JOHN
My grace, Baron Cumberland is here
requesting an audience.

Evan motions for John to send him in. John goes off.

LUCAS
Isn't that Peter's father?

ISABELLA
(nervous)
That's weird.

John returns with BARON CUMBERLAND.

EVAN
Good evening, Baron. How can I help
you this evening?

BARON CUMBERLAND
My grace. I am sorry to disturb
your supper but I come on a most
urgent matter. I am here to
negotiate the terms.

EVAN
What terms?

BARON CUMBERLAND
The terms of betrothal. Between
your daughter and my son.

Everyone stares at Isabella whose eyes go wide in terror.

LUCAS
Oh, snap.

Lucas pulls out his phone and takes a selfie of himself
posing next to the still shocked Isabella.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Later, after the Baron has left.

ADRIANA
What did you do?

ISABELLA

Nothing! It was just a kiss.

LUCAS

(fake teary-eyed)

My little sis is getting married.
And I would have bet anything that
you'd die an old maid.

ISABELLA

But I don't want to get married! I
want to go to the prom. I want to
have an adventurous phase in
college and be a proud, sexually
confident single woman in the city
like AOC.

ADRIANA

Okay, let's focus, people.

EVAN

This is a power move for a Baron's
son to marry a Duke's daughter--

ISABELLA

You're not really a Duke!

ADRIANA

If we repudiate him, they'll ruin
her reputation at Court.

EVAN

Well, what if we tell them Izzy's
already betrothed to someone else
back home?

ADRIANA

Then they'll say she's a harlot for
kissing someone else.

LUCAS

Just do what I do. Tell him you're
not looking for a relationship
right now.

ADRIANA

Harlot.

ISABELLA

Ooh, how about we tell him I have
syphilis?

ADRIANA

Harlot!

(rubs her brow)

You're not listening. Women are worth less than sheep here. Yes, you should have the right to choose your own career and to decide if and when and to whom you marry! But this is ye olden times. Or maybe you didn't notice the severed heads on spikes at the market.

EXT. MARKET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A line of severed heads adorns the market.

STREET URCHIN

Head cheese! Head cheese for sale!
'alf penny a head!

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

LUCAS

Is it me or do their eyes follow you?

INT. OUTSIDE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joan whispers to Butler John who's snacking on a squirrel.

JOAN

Have you ever heard such tripe? A woman choosin' her own career and husband.

JOHN

Aye. And I'd ne'er speak against the Duchess, but a strong woman's worth at least three sheep.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Isabella is still in a panic.

EVAN

Let me talk to them, Izzy. See if they'll listen to reason.

ADRIANA

Honey, I love that you're trying to be a modern, sensitive co-parent, but medieval times is no time to be a pussy.

She gets up from the table, ready to kick some ass.

EXT. BARON CUMBERLAND'S MANOR - DAY

A beautiful country estate. A swan swims on a serene pond.

Suddenly, an arrow PIERCES the swan's neck and a burly hunter grabs the dead bird and slings it over his shoulder.

EXT. ENGLISH GARDEN - DAY

Adriana walks through a hedge maze with the Baron's wife, BARONESS ANNE.

BARONESS ANNE

I was married at thirteen. They've had conjugal relations. I should think you'd like to preserve her honor.

ADRIANA

Okay, well, how should I put this gently? Is it possible your son is a big fat liar? Or maybe he imagined these supposed conjugal relations. I hear the dropsy's going around.

BARONESS ANNE

Or maybe your daughter is a woman of loose morals like all Spaniards.

ADRIANA

We're not Spanish! My grandparents were from Mex--

(catches herself)

The fact is, my daughter is not going to marry a mere Baron's son.

BARONESS ANNE

You may be a Duchess in some poor benighted country, but this is England, and let me assure you, this wedding is going to happen. If you cross me, I will destroy you and your whore of a daughter.

Adriana loses her shit.

ADRIANA

You. Bitch.

She takes a karate stance.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)

All right, bring it on. But here's a little head's up: I was captain of my taekwondo team at Stanford so I know a little something about kicking ass.

Adriana does the Morpheus "come at me" hand gesture but Baroness Anne has no idea what she's talking about.

INT. KING'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Evan sits down with Henry, who looks troubled as usual.

EVAN

Okay, so I've put a lot of thought into this Scotland thing and this may not sound like what you had in mind, but hear me out and I think you'll be pleased. If we improve crop output using basic pesticides, that would give you a strategic advantage over Scotland because one famine would do all the hard work for you.

HENRY VIII

Are you trying to vex me? I don't want bigger onions! I want to crush my enemies and take over the world!

EVAN

Bit short-sighted. Agricultural reforms, that's playing the long game.

HENRY VIII

Let me be clear so there is no more misunderstanding. I want the weapons I need to take Scotland, then France and the Holy Roman Empire, until I have planted the English flag on the four corners of the earth.

EVAN

You do know the earth is round, right?

Henry rubs his brow. He's trying to keep his shit together.

HENRY VIII

Have you any idea the pressure that rests on the crown?

(MORE)

HENRY VIII (CONT'D)

I am trying to create a legacy for this house. My father seized the throne on the battlefield. What have I done, but gone through wives like the French go through cheese?

Evan sees Henry is opening up to him.

EVAN

You want your children to look up to you. Some things haven't changed, even in my time.

With a look, Evan knows Henry understands.

HENRY VIII

You have done much for me-- I owe you my life-- but what I need is weapons of, I don't know, mass destruction. Rains of fire like dragon's breath. Or enormous catapults whose boulders can reach Calais.

EXT. FRENCH PALACE - DAY

The King of France sits at an outside dining table and the servant uncovers a plate of snails and frogs. The King is about to dig in when the sky starts to grow dark. It gets darker and darker. He looks up, concerned.

GOOGLE EARTH VIEW of France with a giant boulder on it.

BACK TO SCENE:

EVAN

All good ideas. But, hm, you see, the thing is... Oh, God, how does Picard put this? I'm just not sure it's a good idea to provide advanced weaponry before you've achieved, you know, the wisdom to use it.

Enraged, Henry throws his goblet of wine against the wall.

HENRY VIII

Cromwell!

Cromwell rushes in.

CROMWELL

Yes, majesty?

HENRY VIII

Have the Sergeant at Arms take the Duke into custody. And tell the Dungeon Master to prepare the disemboweler.

CROMWELL

Delighted, your majesty.

Cromwell grabs Evan gleefully.

EVAN

Wait, wait, wait! I have a much clearer understanding of what you're looking for now. Dragon's Breath. Giant boulders. Let me get to work on that right away.

With a look to Cromwell, Henry cancels his torture order. Cromwell looks disappointed. Henry shoos him off.

Just then, Evan notices that huge diamond on Henry's desk.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Wow, nice diamond.

HENRY VIII

Get. Out.

Evan rushes out of there.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - RESEARCH SHED - DAY

Evan inspects the time control circuits on the car as Isabella paces and Lucas hangs back playing Pharrell badly on a lute.

EVAN

I think I could modify the beam. That diamond looked pretty clear. It could make a crude focusing crystal.

LUCAS

Uh, one question, Evan. How are you going to steal a two-hundred carat diamond from the King of England?

EVAN

Superior intellect and guile.

LUCAS

As much as I'd love to work on my gangster image, I don't want to see any more dungeons from the inside.

Just then, Adriana enters, pissed. Isabella runs up to her.

ISABELLA

What happened? Am I off the hook?

ADRIANA

I called his wife a bitch.

EVAN

Hm, interesting strategy.

ISABELLA

But Mom! The boys here know how to speak to a lady! They're educated! They know poetry! I don't want to lock it down just when it's getting good! What are you going to do?!

ADRIANA

Simple. I'm going to go medieval on their asses.

INT. COURT OF HENRY VIII - GRAND BANQUET ROOM - DAY

The King's Court. All the nobility has gathered to hear a jig by lute and harp. Evan and Adriana wait anxiously.

EVAN

This marriage thing is just the tip of the iceberg. As time goes on, they're going to expect us to do more and more things we find morally repugnant.

ADRIANA

We'll do what we have to do to survive, babe.

EVAN

Or we could just lock the kids in a tower. They do that here.

Meanwhile, sickly princess MARY (31) comes up to Lucas who's flirting with Elizabeth. Mary tries to smile but her black teeth are gruesome.

PRINCESS MARY

Lord Lucas.

LUCAS
(yikes)
Hey, how'ya doin'?

PRINCESS MARY
Perhaps you would honor me with a
dance? 'Tis a merry melody...

LUCAS
Yeeeahhh, that sounds fantastic, it
really does, but see, the thing
is... I injured my... leg in a...
jousting thing, so... not really
able to dance a jig at the moment.
Rain check?

Mary turns away, insulted, and Lucas turns his attention back
to Elizabeth.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Wow, you sure she's your sister?

Elizabeth laughs. The song ends and Baron Cumberland takes
the opportunity to make an announcement to the crowd.

BARON CUMBERLAND
Your majesty, if I may, I have
grand news to announce. The Duke of
Pasadena has obliged to wed his
daughter to my first son Peter.

The crowd oohs and applauds.

HENRY VIII
Oh, what happy news.

The Baroness looks at Adriana smugly. Adriana in turn gives
Lucas a signal. Lucas whispers to Elizabeth:

LUCAS
If you'll excuse me, Princess, I
gotta go do a thing.

Lucas walks up to Peter and shakes his hand.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Welcome to the family, bro.

Meanwhile, Evan steps in front of the baron.

EVAN
Actually, the Baron's announcement
is premature. We have not consented
to the details of any betrothal.

BARON CUMBERLAND
But your daughter kissed my son.

Gasps.

BARON CUMBERLAND (CONT'D)
(hushed)
In the French manner.

Even more gasps. One lady faints.

BARONESS ANNE
So unless you confess her loose
morals, the wedding will proceed.

ADRIANA
Hang on, hold the phone, don't send
the evite just yet. There is
another explanation of why the two
allegedly engaged in lewd behavior.

All eyes are on her. Adriana milks the moment.

ADRIANA (CONT'D)
Your son bewitched my daughter!
He's in league with Lucifer!

BARONESS ANNE
Lies!

ISABELLA
Mom? What are you doing?

ADRIANA
'Tis true. I saw it with mine own
eyes. He cast a spell on my
daughter most foul.

PETER
I cast no spell! I am no warlock!

Lucas pulls out his phone and presses play. Suddenly, a
familiar scream starts playing from a bluetooth speaker in
Peter's pocket. No question about it, it's classic David Lee
Roth...

VAN HALEN (V.O.)
RUNNIN' WITH THE DEVIL! RUNNIN'
WITH THE DEVIL!

All heads turn to the hapless Peter.

HENRY VIII
Seize him!

The guards drag Peter away.

ISABELLA
Mom, what's going to happen to him?!

HENRY VIII
He will be tried for witchcraft and executed.

ADRIANA
Oops.

ISABELLA
"Oops"? What do you mean "oops"?

LUCAS
(to mom)
Before they execute him, can I get my Jambox back?

INT. PALACE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The family regroups in the kitchen where the royal TASTERS are eating pieces of everything and spitting them back onto the plates.

ISABELLA
How could you do this?!

LUCAS
You're welcome. I saved you from being the next star of "16 and Pregnant."

ADRIANA
I'm sorry. I didn't think they'd go through with it. They forced my hand. I was trying to protect you.

ISABELLA
You're ruining my life! Evan, do something!

EVAN
You want my help?

ISABELLA
You can't let them execute the first boy who's ever wooed me!

Evan is touched. He seizes the opportunity.

EVAN

Okay. I'll take care of this.

Isabella looks hopeful. Evan heads out. Lucas calls after him:

LUCAS

Don't forget my Jambox!

INT. KING'S PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Evan is presented to Henry by a Page who then exits.

HENRY VIII

Ah, good. I am eager to learn the details of my dragon's breath.

EVAN

Right. Well, here's the thing. Napalm won't work because you don't have any petroleum, or airplanes for that matter, but I've got something better. Easier to manufacture. Huge military advance. You'll have the Scots peeing their kilts.

HENRY VIII

Go on.

EVAN

Okay. So right now, your main offensive weapon is still a steel-forged sword, even though you have access to projectile weaponry.

HENRY VIII

Our guns are slow and without any measure of accuracy.

EVAN

Ah, well, you need to rifle the barrels... Spinning the projectile increases its angular momentum--

HENRY VIII

I know not of what you speak.

EVAN

Never mind. The point is, when you spin a bullet, it stays straight. Very accurate. Very deadly. We still kill people with them all the time in the 21st Century.

Evan pulls out a crude sketch of a flintlock rifle. The King examines the sketch and starts smiling.

HENRY VIII

Good. We are pleased. Get to work.

EVAN

At once, your majesty.

Evan gets up, but then turns back.

EVAN (CONT'D)

There is one thing. A favor really.
I'm hesitant to ask...

HENRY VIII

And the house and land and title
are not enough?

EVAN

Well, I am providing you with the
means to conquer the world, a goal
you failed miserably according to
history, but if you feel I've been
ungrateful...

Henry relents. He knows he needs Evan.

HENRY VIII

What is it?

EVAN

You would be doing me a huge solid
if you would pardon the Cumberland
boy.

HENRY VIII

I will, if you agree to the
betrothal.

EVAN

I can't do that.

HENRY VIII

And why not? She's just a daughter.
Give her away.

EVAN

She doesn't love him.

HENRY VIII

Love is for peasants and poets. The
nobility marry for power.

EVAN

But she hardly even knows him.

HENRY VIII

So? I married my fourth wife sight unseen. Turned out she looked like a horse, but that's just the risk you take with Germans.

On the wall is a portrait of Anne of Cleves. She does indeed look like a horse.

EVAN

Your majesty. She doesn't want to marry the boy.

Henry shakes his head in disbelief.

HENRY VIII

'Tis a strange future where a daughter's whims take precedence over a father's wishes.

EVAN

Yes, we're a very backward people.

HENRY VIII

As you wish.

EVAN

Thank you, your majesty.

Evan bows. He turns to leave, but as he does, Evan sees that diamond again. The King is examining the rifle sketch. Evan quickly pockets the diamond! He hurries to the door.

HENRY VIII

Wait.

Oh shit. Evans stops in his tracks. He turns around slowly.

HENRY VIII (CONT'D)

I believe this belongs to you.

He tosses Lucas's jambox back to Evan who catches it. Whew.

HENRY VIII (CONT'D)

"I found the simple life ain't so simple." Wise words indeed.

EVAN

David Lee Roth. One of our greatest poets.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - RESEARCH SHED - DAY

As Evan places their essential belongings in the trunk, the family is getting excited. Lucas is wearing all the gold chains he's won in poker. Forget Mr. T-- now he looks like he's in Run D.M.C.

ISABELLA

I'm going to miss it here.

EVAN

I thought you hated it here.

ISABELLA

I don't know. It's complicated.

ADRIANA

It's literally medieval.

LUCAS

Well, I can't wait to get back.
What good is being famous without
the internet?

Everyone hops in.

INT. NISSAN LEAF - DAY

Evan starts the ignition. He pulls out of the shed.

EVAN

Look. I just want to say I'm sorry
for getting you all into this mess.
I wanted to be a part of this
family and well, I guess it didn't
work out so well.

ISABELLA

Thanks for saving Peter. Dad.

Evan beams at being called that.

LUCAS

Oh, for fuck's sake, can we just go
home now?

EVAN

Right. Sorry. Back to the future!

He turns to see everyone staring at him.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. Had to say it.

He fires up the time machine circuits. Presses the red button... The time machine whirs and sputters out.

EVAN (CONT'D)
What the--? I don't understand--

Suddenly, a phalanx of infantrymen barge into the shed pointing their ancient guns at them.

The family gets out of the car with hands up.

EXT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - RESEARCH SHED - DAY

Henry has the diamond in his hand and a smug smile on his face.

HENRY VIII
(re: the diamond)
Looking for this?

EVAN
Actually yes. Could I borrow that back for a sec?

HENRY VIII
Did you really think I would let you leave so soon? We have a lot of work left to do, you and I.

Henry pockets the jewel. Evan sees there's nothing he can do. Adriana and the kids look deeply disappointed.

A look from the King and the infantrymen BLAST THE CAR with their guns. Musket-balls fly in every direction, breaking windows and equipment, but a few of them actually do hit the car as well.

The time machine circuits spark and fizzle.

HENRY VIII (CONT'D)
See you tomorrow, your grace.

Henry and his men leave. Lucas pulls out his phone and starts thumb-typing.

LUCAS
Royal guards shot time machine.
Hashtag bogus.

But the phone is dead of course. The family glares at him.

LUCAS (CONT'D)
Sorry. Old habits.

INT. GREYSTOKE MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family mopes around, depressed, picking at their goat.

EVAN

The damage to the car is superficial but we can't activate the time circuits without another focusing crystal.

ISABELLA

Where are we going to get another gem of that size and clarity?

ADRIANA

Well, of course there is one diamond like that we all know of.

LUCAS

What are you talking about?

ADRIANA

The Crown Jewels.

They all look at her, shocked, then slowly break out into smiles. They know they can do this if they work together. Just then, John enters.

JOHN

A message from the King.

Evan opens it and starts reading. Then his face goes white.

ISABELLA

What is it?

EVAN

Henry wants to solidify our relationship. To keep us from attempting to escape again.

ADRIANA

Uh oh, what is he proposing now?

EVAN

Ironical choice of words. He's proposing that Lucas marry his daughter.

ADRIANA

What?!

Lucas is stunned but kind of excited.

LUCAS

He wants me to marry that babe
Elizabeth? He wants me to be the
future King of England?

EVAN

Uh, well, yes and no. He wants you
to marry his oldest daughter. Mary.

Isabella laughs out loud. Lucas slumps in his chair.

LUCAS

Bloody hell.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW