

I N F I L T R A T I O N

written by

Leon Springer

This is the story of the Timewriter & Mindis. The Timewriter changes the past and therefore the present (Butterfly effect). The Committee of Timewriters expects him to infiltrate Mindis's life as a test for time school. John Smith is his pretend-to-be-human name.

## FIRST MEETING

EXT: RURAL STREET - DAY

MINDIS walks on the sidewalk, talking on his phone.

MINDIS'S AUNT (V.O.)  
You know, I can't throw it away, it  
contains so many memories.

MINDIS  
(breathing out annoyed)  
Why do you always have to hold on  
to your past so strongly...

Mindis approaches a corner.

EXT: RURAL STREET AROUND THE CORNER - DAY

John Smith, the TIMEWRITER, walks towards the corner, where  
he meets Mindis.

TIMEWRITER  
Hello Mindis.

MINDIS  
I'm sorry, who're you?

TIMEWRITER  
I am a colleague at -

MINDIS  
(confused)  
Cermey, oh - um, didn't recognize  
you, somehow...

TIMEWRITER  
Anyway, I have got to show you  
something.

MINDIS  
(confused again)  
What? I was about to visit my aunt  
at her place.

TIMEWRITER  
I arranged our meeting two weeks  
ago.

MINDIS  
Right, sorry. Where was it again?

TIMEWRIter  
(choosy)  
Uhm, just this building over there.

He said while thinking about where he might have lived. Then he points at the house on the other side of the street.

INT. HALLWAY

Mindis and Timewriter walk towards a door.

THEY ENTER THE TIMEWRITER'S ROOM.

The room is entirely empty. They stand.

TIMEWRIter  
This is the room I grew up in.

They look around. Just before Mindis decides to ask why it's empty the Timewriter starts:

TIMEWRIter  
I want to tell you a little story.

## FEAR

EXT. SCENERY SHOTS OF MANCHESTER - DAYTIME

Which portray how large the city is and how easy it is to get lost there.

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D, V.O.)  
My mother was visiting her grandma  
in Manchester, but since it was  
boring for us at the time, my two  
brothers went to a basketball court  
nearby and took me with them.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DAYTIME

THE BROTHERS playing, SMALL TIMEWRITER(5) watching,  
unwillingly, it was the only semi-entertaining thing he could  
do.

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D, V.O.)  
But they didn't let me play. And I  
said:

SMALL TIMEWRITER  
I don't want to watch you play,  
let's go back to grandma's.

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D, V.O.)  
They denied my offer.  
Therefore defiance made me go  
alone. I knew the way, so I went by  
myself. And they were too invested  
in their game to see me leave.

Small Timewriter leaves.

INT. TIMEWRITER'S ROOM

Timewriter and Mindis are still standing, Mindis captivated  
by the story.

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D)  
Did I mention it was evening? Yeah,  
well it was darkening.

EXT: STREET - EVENING

MUSIC PLAYING: In the Hall of the Mountain King by Edvard Grieg played with just a piano amateurishly (with an uncertainty of following notes; out of rythm), to support the feeling of uncertainty.

Small Timewriter walks along the street, with every step becoming more unsure of his path. The sun has already sunken. Dark desaturated colour grading. Quick cutting between him and the houses left and right to create disorientation.

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D, V.O.)  
I walked along a street and scanned the buildings for my grandma's apartment. And every step I took, I got less convinced about my path. I thought about getting back, but I forgot how I got there. The city felt huge. Large houses were towering over me left and right. I had no idea where I was. Lost. But then arrived two lights to save me. Liberating me from fear.

MUSIC FADES AFTER CLIMAX

His MUM's car arrives, displacing the dark and bringing saturation. In the car are also the brothers.

TIMEWRITER (V.O.)  
It was my mother.

Small Timewriter gets in the car and they drive off.

INT. TIMEWRITER'S ROOM

There is now a bed in the room. They both sit on its edge.

MINDIS  
How'd she find you?

TIMEWRITER  
I do not know.  
Could be destiny.  
Could be a coincidence.  
I never asked my mother, but I was so grateful. No night did I sleep so well in my bed. I was home and safe.

Mindis struggles to find a fitting response and ultimately stays quiet.

TIMEWRITER

Today I am an extremely calm person, but I was not always. I want to portray how that defined my life.

## ANGER

INT. SPORTS HALL

Dodgeball. The CLASS(9) plays, which includes: KID TIMEWRITER, NATAS, MELLON, the COOL KIDS, and OTHERS. MISS BAKER on the side.

TIMEWRITER (V.O.)  
The class played dodgeball. And one  
kid kept cheating.

Natas takes the ball from the enemy's field, knowing it's forbidden and enjoys it. Kid Timewriter sees it.

KID TIMEWRITER  
(mad, alerting like a  
policeman)  
Miss Baker! Natas is taking the  
ball from our side!

MISS BAKER  
(without much authority)  
Natas would you please stop?

Natas ignores Miss Baker's alert. Miss Baker returns to watching passively. Kid Timewriter is slightly angry already.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. CABIN

Natas, Kid Timewriter, and the classmates enter. Natas talks to his clique, the cool kids, about the fun he had.

NATAS  
Saw how I shot Lucas?

KID TIMEWRITER  
(loud, angry)  
You played unfairly. You cheated.

Kid Timewriter's comment captivates the attention of the classmates who then keep on observing.

NATAS  
(provoking, speaks towards  
others)  
Oh, he's gonna start crying, isn't  
he?



Kid Timewriter is like a volcano, about to explode. The cool kids are looking at Kid Timewriter with suspense.

TIMEWRITER (V.O.)  
I got frustrated.

Kid Timewriter escalating with tears of anger, he's sobbing and snuffling. Then runs towards Natas furiously, hitting and kicking him a few times, but Natas dodges the hits. A few attempts later the cool kids forcefully hold him back.

INT. TIMEWRITER'S ROOM (WITHOUT TIMEWRITER AND MINDIS)

Kid Timewriter sits at a desk, head buried in his arms, which lay on the desk. Crying, sobbing, shaking. The desk has a book on volcanoes lying on it.

TIMEWRITER (V.O.)  
My teacher compared me to a  
volcano. I build up anger and then  
I burst in one instance.  
That desk is soaked in tears of  
despair.

The camera is turning to remove Kid Timewriter out of the picture and showing Mindis sitting on the bed, then moving to further expand the picture to see Timewriter sitting on the chair, but turned towards Mindis.

MINDIS  
I hate that people tend to be mean  
about other people's weaknesses,  
instead of helping them change.

Timewriter agrees, they sit in silence, thinking Mindis's comment through.

## SADNESS

TIMEWRIter

When I was young I did not want to  
be friends with the unpopular kids,  
because they all had some  
characteristics that annoyed me.  
And I did not want to be alone, but  
the cool kids did not want ME as  
their friend.

Camera turning to remove the Timewriter out of the picture,  
revealing Kid Timewriter and his friend MELLON watching "The  
Fellowship of the Ring" on a TV standing on a chest of  
drawers. The ending plays; Sam chases Frodo's boat.

TIMEWRIter (CONT'D, V.O.)

Except for one.  
With whom I shared a passion for  
Tolkien's world. We talked about  
it, we re-enacted it, we lived it.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. INSIDE OF A MUSEUM (SCHOOL TRIP) - DAYTIME

The cool kids talking, including Mellon, Kid Timewriter  
walking around the exhibits, keeping himself entertained.  
Mellon leaves the group to talk to Kid Timewriter.

MELLON

Umm - I need to talk to you.

Kid Timewriter agrees and they walk around a corner. Mellon  
waits shortly, struggling to get the words out. He likes the  
Timewriter, but can't live with some of his character traits.

MELLON

(feeling sorry for Kid  
Timewriter)

We can't -

We can't be friends anymore.

Mellon walks away. Kid Timewriter starts to cry, having lost  
his best friend. It's the end of the world to him.

CAMERA ZOOMING OUT SHOWING HIM ALONE SITTING AGAINST THE  
WALL, CRYING, OCCASIONAL SOBBING AND SNUFFLING.

INT./EXT. BUS - DAYTIME

On the way home the Kid Timewriter sits alone, looking down, his eyes red from crying.

INT. TIMEWRITER'S ROOM

There are "Lord of the Rings" DVDs laying on the chest of drawers with the TV on it. Timewriter and Mindis impacted by the sadness of the story. Pause before Timewriter says the following.

TIMEWRITER

Ever since I lost my friend I  
searched for new ones but never  
found a friend I really connected  
with, someone who was unique and  
irreplaceable.

Pause until Timewriter starts again.

## ACCIDENT

TIMEWRITER

I was wondering, do you value memories?

MINDIS

Dunno, umm- not much really, I live in the moment.

TIMEWRITER

Do you have an example?

INT. KINDERGARTEN

Kids sitting on chairs laid out as a circle. Including SMALL MINDIS (4), swinging and swaying his chair. SUPERVISOR talking something indistinct.

MINDIS (V.O.)

(occasional pausing,  
thinking before speaking)

In Kindergarten we were having a chair circle, umm and talking about something, I don't remember. And I was swinging my chair back and forth. Which at some point caught the supervisor's attention.

SUPERVISOR

Stop swinging your chair Mindis!  
You're going to fall and hurt yourself.

MINDIS (V.O.)

But like you I also tended to defiance. So I swung even more. Until..

Small Mindis falls over landing with his face on the ground. Blood all over.

INT. TIMEWRITER'S ROOM

Timewriter shocked and surprised simultaneously.

MINDIS

(amused)

Well and that would be the first memory I remember.

Timewriter chuckles.

TIMEWRITER

I can see defiance coins us both.

HAPPINESS

MINDIS

Indeed. Your memories are all so depressing, do you have anything positive?

TIMEWRITER

Hm, let me think...

CUT TO WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON, WITH TEENAGE TIMEWRITER

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D, V.O.)

So I was in London,

CUT TO WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON, WITH TEENAGE TIMEWRITER  
AND CLASSMATES

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D, V.O.)

on a study trip.

CUT TO WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON, WITH TEENAGE TIMEWRITER  
AND CLASSMATES, FOCUS ON THE FIVE CLASSMATES HE MENTIONS.

TIMEWRITER (CONT'D, V.O.)

(emphasis on "unique and  
irreplaceable")

And a few of my classmates were  
unique and irreplaceable.  
I asked whether they'd mind me  
spending my day with them.

INT. MARKETPLACE

MUSIC PLAYING: Bundle Of Joy by Michael Giacchino (or similar  
music)

MONTAGE

Timewriter and classmates pick up fruits.

CUT TO THEM PAYING

INT. ENTERING TUBE STATION

INT. INSIDE TRAIN

EXT. HYDE PARK TUBE STATION EXIT - MID-DAY

EXT. WALKING THROUGH HYDE PARK

CUT TO ONE OF THEM POINTING AT A SPOT TO PICNIC

CUT TO THEM SITTING AT THE SPOT

They are eating, drinking, talking (inaudible) and enjoying the day out below the treetops.

CAMERA ANGLE TURNS TOWARDS SKY/TREETOPS

MUSIC FADES AWAY

END MONTAGE

BREAKING APART

INT. TIMEWRITER'S ROOM

A picture of the group in Hyde Park is now in the room.

MINDIS

Are you still in contact with them?

TIMEWRITER

(not finding any names,  
panicking)

I'm still friends with - Uhm uhuh

MINDIS

Nevermind -

I think I should also start looking  
into my past, in a way it defines  
me as a person. Reminds me of my  
aunt, she's also very nostalgic.

TIMEWRITER

Where does she live?

MINDIS

Winwick, few miles from here, why?

TIMEWRITER

Just curious.

MINDIS

(complimenting)

I have to say: Your memories feel  
like created stories, like art.

TIMEWRITER

(panics, presses onto  
hidden earpiece)

Infiltration unsuccessful.  
I've been detected.

Tries to find a way to escape the situation. After a short  
pause:

TIMEWRITER

(hastily)

Disable fixed points.  
Remember that time we didn't meet?

IMAGE DISTORTS TO:



EXT. RURAL STREET - DAYTIME

Around the corner, Timewriter suddenly changes direction.  
Will not meet Mindis.

EXT. RURAL STREET - DAY (REPLAYING FOOTAGE FROM EARLIER)

MINDIS

(breathing out annoyed)

Why do you always have to hold on  
to your past so strongly...

Credits roll. In the background, Mindis walks along the  
street, but away from the camera, until he meets his AUNT and  
disappears inside.