

PROFESSOR WHEN AND HIS T.O.A.S.T.E.R.

By

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FADE IN:

INT. A CAR IN A SUBURBAN STREET. DAY

An old, beat-up car is parked at the side of a suburban road. TRENT, a very nervous young man, is at the steering wheel doing his best to ignore the instructions from SUSAN, an equally young woman who is in the passenger seat.

TRENT

You've only had your licence three days. You're not allowed to teach me.

SUSAN

Shut up and do what I say. You'll have your licence before you know it.

TRENT

So, what do I press to make it go fast?

SUSAN

Yes, we'll get to that.

TRENT

(lost in his imagination.)

I wanna press the fast buttons and shoot fire from the exhaust and go sideways and leave wheelie marks, just like in the video game.

SUSAN

Yes this will all happen in time,...by accident. For now, I just want you to turn that key to start the engine.

EXT. A LITTLE FURTHER ALONG THE SUBURBAN STREET. DAY

PROFESSOR WHEN, an elderly gentleman, walks along the sidewalk. He whistles softly and is lost in his own world. He carries a letter and approaches a letterbox.

A GREEN ALIEN slithers along the opposite sidewalk. It leaves a slime trail as it struggles to move from garbage to garbage, seeking cover. It is burdened by a large, extra-terrestrial rifle.

The green alien stops behind a cluster of garbages to study the Professor.

(CONTINUED)

The Professor suddenly stops. He realises that he has walked past the letterbox. He rotates on the spot, as he seeks the letterbox, and finds it.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh!

He smiles at his lapse of concentration. He looks down at the letter to give it a final review.

The green alien seizes the opportunity of the Professor being stationary. It rests its rifle on the nearest garbage, takes aim and pulls the trigger. The green light on the rifle turns red but nothing else happens.

The green alien spits out non-English words that are, nevertheless, obviously swear words. Its voice is high pitched and 'other worldly'.

GREEN ALIEN

Gnarrs non nimper poten!

The green alien studies the rifle, gives it a hit with his soft, slimy hand and tests the trigger again. The light turns green, there is a slight whirring sound and the letterbox vapourises silently.

The green alien studies the result with disgust. He face palms with a wet jelly noise. As he pulls his hand away, strings of slime dangle between his palm and his forehead.

GREEN ALIEN

Gnarrs non nimper poten!

The Professor walks to the letterbox to post his letter. It isn't there anymore. He looks confused and shifts his gaze between the empty space where he thought he'd seen the letterbox and the letter in his hand.

The Professor eventually accepts the situation, puts the letter in his coat pocket and walks back in the direction that he originally came from.

The green alien frantically presses buttons on the rifle. It stares, in disgust, at the red light on the energy pack. The green alien's attention moves between the Professor and the red light.

A distant sound of an over-revving engine and squealing tyres grows louder.

INT. AN OUT-OF-CONTROL CAR. DAY

SUSAN  
(screaming in panic.)  
The brake pedal! The brake pedal!

TRENT  
(screaming in panic.)  
I've got it to the floor!

SUSAN  
(screaming in panic.)  
The other brake pedal!

EXT. THE SUBURBAN STREET. DAY

The red light on the rifle has finally turned green. The green alien takes aim.

The out-of-control car ploughs into the garbage bins. Bins are everywhere. Trent continues to rev the engine but the car isn't going anywhere.

Professor When walks past on the opposite footpath. He shakes his head at the noise and confusion. He walks on.

INT. THE CRASHED CAR. DAY

Susan is screaming loudly to be heard over the revving engine.

SUSAN  
Take your foot off the pedal! Move  
away from the pedal!

All goes quiet.

SUSAN  
(sarcastically.)  
Thank you!

TRENT  
Well, that was fun. Now what?

SUSAN  
We run away before the cops arrive.  
I will now give you a quick lesson  
on reversing ...and hiding.

EXT. THE LITTERED SIDEWALK. DAY

A close up of the wheels of the car as they reverse off the curb. A large puddle of green slime trickles over the curb and into the gutter. A bin moves and reveals the green light of the rifle and more trickling slime. The rifle disappears.

The sound of an over-revving engine and the scream of tyres is heard, fading into the distance.

INT. INSIDE THE STATIONARY CAR. DAY

Susan is in the driver's seat of the parked vehicle. She and Trent have ice-cream cones. They lick them in silence. They are both bored.

TRENT  
We could catch a movie.

SUSAN  
Nothing on. Checked. Broke, anyway.

TRENT  
We could go to the lake.

SUSAN  
Oh, God. I'm so bloody bored.

Trent thinks for a while and then his mood brightens.

TRENT  
We could go visit that nutty  
Professor. He's always good for a  
laugh.

SUSAN  
Yeah. Let's go.

INT. PROFESSOR WHEN'S KITCHEN. DAY

The Professor works on his toaster on the kitchen table. He uses a bread and butter knife to leverage something on the inside. He wears diamond cutter's glasses and rubber gloves.

Susan and Trent wander in the open door.

SUSAN  
Hello, Professor.

(CONTINUED)

Susan is buoyant, in stark contrast to the Professor who removes his glasses and gives her a look that suggests that he still remembers her last visit and he bears some ill feeling.

The Professor releases the knife and takes off his gloves. He responds dryly and with caution in his voice.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Hello young, female type person.

Trent appears from behind Susan and takes an instant interest in what the Professor is doing.

TRENT  
Having trouble with your toaster?  
Here, let me help.

The Professor is instantly panicked. He has suffered from Trent's assistance before.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No. Do not touch the eating utensil  
that is currently performing the  
dual purpose of screwdriver and  
(MORE)

There is an electrical explosion and Trent vanishes.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
...leverage device. Oh, bugger!

SUSAN  
He touched the knife. Um, ...where  
is he, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
He has been transported inside the  
Time Orientation and Searing Toast  
Electrical Receptacle.

SUSAN  
He's inside the toaster?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
If you care to use the acronym for  
the Time Orientation and Searing  
Toast

Susan is already annoyed with his extrapolated elocution.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN  
Is he in the toaster? Yes or No!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Confirmation on your enquiry.

Susan slaps him.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Aarh! ...Yes, even.

SUSAN  
Just by touching the knife?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Do not touch the  
(MORE)

The Professor is in mid-sentence when there is an electrical explosion.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
eating utensil that is currently  
performing... Oh, bugger!

Two, high, squeaky voices echo from deep within the toaster.

SUSAN (V.O.) / TRENT (V.O.)  
Helllp!

The Professor leans over the toaster and talks into the bread slot.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
You are in no danger. Do not touch  
anything. I will now join you by  
touching this multi-purpose utensil  
and show you how to reverse...  
(MORE)

The Professor touches the knife and there is an electrical explosion. His next words are heard in a high, squeaky voice from within the toaster.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D) (V.O.)  
the miniaturisation and  
transportation process.

INT. INSIDE THE TOASTER. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

The three are inside the toaster, ...which is immense! The huge, ornate room is filled with electrical machines with flashing lights and regular beeps and whistles that the Professor pays no heed to.

They are standing next to a giant bread and butter knife that is next to a circular control panel. The control panel is covered by dials and meters and buttons and display units.

Trent is exploring the controls and is very impressed.

The Professor puffs his chest out with pride at his invention.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
You see, you are in no danger.  
Welcome to the time orientation and

TRENT  
Wow! This is great. Everything is  
so large. And look at all the  
electronic gadgets. What else can  
this toaster do?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well, it is a Time Orientation and  
Searing

TRENT  
What does this do?

The Professor panics as Trent's hand hovers over a red button.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Do not depress the red circular  
button with the inscription that  
says 'Time  
(MORE)

There is an electrical explosion and clunking mechanical noises. The lights flash off and on as if something is draining their power.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
...Travel'.

The scene goes to black but we hear Professor When's empty voice screaming through time and space.

(CONTINUED)



PROFESSOR WHEN (V.O.)  
Oh, Buggerrrrrrrr!

INT. INSIDE THE TOASTER. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

It has been a bumpy ride. The lights come back on and Trent and Susan are leaning on the console for support. Susan is annoyed. The Professor is on the floor.

The Professor gets up, dusts himself off and moves to the console.

SUSAN  
What happened, Professor?

The Professor reviews the readouts on the console.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well, according to the external  
audio receptor and visual display,  
we are somewhere in Asia minor  
...about 3000 years before you were  
born.

Susan slaps him.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Aarh!

Trent laughs hysterically at the Professor's joke.

TRENT  
Oh, Professor, you're such a fruit  
cake.

SUSAN  
I don't think he's joking.  
(MORE)

Trent stops laughing.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
What do you mean '3000 years'  
before we were born?

TRENT  
You're some sort of fruit cake. You  
ought to be locked up!

SUSAN  
I don't want to be in Asia Minor! I  
want to be home. Right now!

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Ah! Harsh reality dawns on our  
young, involuntary, yet  
some-what-responsible,  
chronological crusaders.

Stunned Silence.

SUSAN / TRENT  
What?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
We are all in Asia Minor, 3000  
years before your birth, as a  
direct result of you both touching  
the eating utensil that was  
performing the dual purpose of  
screwdriver and leverage device in  
the Time Orientation and Searing  
Toast Electrical Receptacle.

TRENT  
What?

SUSAN  
We touched the knife in the  
toaster.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Not forgetting that YOU depressed  
the red circular button that says  
'time travel'.

Trent is momentarily lost in thought as he recalls pressing  
the button. A childish smile crosses his lips. It is not an  
intelligent look.

TRENT  
Oh, yeah.

SUSAN  
I don't care about this. I want to  
go home!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Unfortunately, the red circular  
button that says 'Time Travel' was  
depressed before our time was  
notated as the origin point within  
the electronic circuitry of the  
time orientation and

( CONTINUED )

SUSAN

You don't know how to get back, do you?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Um, are you going to repeat the same brutal physical assault which I encountered when I previously answered one of your questions?

Susan slaps him.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Aarh!

SUSAN

Confirmation on your enquiry.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Aarh! I CAN get us back. I just need to know the exact date and time that we now occupy and I can make the calculations from there using now as the origin point within the electronic circuitry of the time orientation and

TRENT

How do we find that out?

PROFESSOR WHEN

By conversing politely with some intelligent life form of this period and ascertaining the time and date, ...of course after reversing the miniaturisation and transportation process by which we entered the time orientation and

SUSAN

Do you think we could call this a 'Toaster'?

PROFESSOR WHEN

(with confusion and frustration.)

Yes. If you must.

TRENT

And you want us to go outside and talk to someone?

(CONTINUED)

The Professor adopts a very slow method of speech in the hope of accommodating the perceived dumbness of his audience.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes. To ask them the time and date.

TRENT

You are a fruit cake.

SUSAN

OK! Stay cool! Let's go outside and find out the time and date so that we can go home.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Good philosophy! Now everyone hold hands and I will touch this extremely large eating utensil which you see before you and

There is an electrical explosion.

EXT. ON A BEACH. DAY

The Professor, Susan and Trent are beside the toaster. They are on a sandy beach. There are SOLDIERS, in Ancient Greek uniforms, looking shocked at their sudden appearance.

TRENT

It's very nice out here, Professor, but who are all these people?

SUSAN

The ones in armour with the shields and big swords.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, yes. Pick up the Time Orient  
(MORE)

Susan slaps him.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)

Arrh! ...The toaster! And put it under your arm. We don't want to be separated from it. Be careful not to touch the eating utensil

Electrical Explosion!

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

He touched the knife, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(talking into the toaster.)

To reverse the process, simply  
touch the

Electrical Explosion!

TRENT

I'm back.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Somewhere in time and space,  
someone may someday be pleased to  
hear that.

TRENT

I've got the toaster.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Good boy. Now don't touch anything!

AGAMEMNON, an impressive looking, older greek soldier steps  
forward.

AGAMEMNON

(speaking in Ancient Greek.)

EIMAI Agamemnon.

TRENT

What did the big, scary guy say?

PROFESSOR WHEN

I don't recognise the language.  
It's all Greek to me.

AGAMEMNON

(speaking in Ancient Greek.)

EIMAI Agamemnon.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I think he said 'Agamemnon'. Oh!  
This is exciting. Agamemnon was the  
commander-in-chief of the Greek  
armies attacking the city of Troy.  
This is wonderful! We may actually  
be in the midst of one of my  
favourite periods of history. The  
Trojan Wars!

(CONTINUED)

TRENT  
Wonderful.

SUSAN  
Oh, dear.

The situation finally dawns on Trent and he panics.

TRENT  
So, we are in the middle of a war?  
What do we do now?

The Professor resumes his slow speech for dumb people.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
All we need to do is to converse  
politely with Agamemnon to extract  
from him the information that we  
require on the calendar and  
chronological period that we now  
inhabit. Then, we simply invoke the  
miniaturisation and transportation  
process to re-enter the time  
orientation and  
(MORE)

Susan slaps him.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
Aarrh! The toaster, ...and then  
re-calibrate the ...toaster... and  
return to our origin point.

TRENT  
(turning to Susan.)  
Translation?

SUSAN  
We ask the big, scary guy what the  
date and time is. Then we go back  
into the toaster and go home.

TRENT  
Oh! Simple!

SUSAN  
Except that the big, scary guy  
doesn't appear to speak English.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well, of course not. Agamemnon is a  
great, Greek King and  
commander-in-chief of a  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN (cont'd)  
magnificent, Greek army. He speaks  
Ancient Greek.

TRENT  
So how do we converse politely with  
Agamm ...Agamenm ...with Aggy?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, I simply use my belt.

SUSAN  
And we use it to thrash him into  
submission, until he stops  
pretending not to understand  
English.

There is a pause while the Professor analyses the level of  
stupidity.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No.  
(MORE)

The Professor produces a gadget that looks like a T.V.  
remote control.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
This is my belt.

TRENT  
(laughing.)  
Professor, you're such a nut case.  
That's not a belt. It's a remote  
control unit.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No. It is a multi-purpose tool  
which has the acronym of B.E.L.T.  
Part of its purpose is as a  
language translator, which accounts  
for the L.T. part of the acronym.

TRENT  
Ah!

AGAMEMNON  
EIMAI Agamemnon.

The Professor is involved in explaining technical stuff to  
Trent and Susan. He doesn't have time for Agamemnon's  
interruption. He Dismisses Agamemnon with a nod and a wave  
of his hand.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Yes, yes, yes. In a moment.

Agamemnon looks confused and irritated but waits patiently.  
The Professor returns to his conversation with Trent.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I simply move the indicator to  
'L.T.' and point the belt at this  
great warrior and King ...and  
converse with him.

TRENT  
What's this switch on the belt do?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Quiet! I am adjusting the belt so  
that I can converse with one of my  
greatest heroes.

TRENT  
But I just want to know what this  
switch does?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Now I point it at Agamemnon and  
depress this green button  
(MORE)

TRENT  
This switch here.

As Trent points to the switch, he accidentally flicks it to  
another position.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
...and then I can

The Professor depresses the green button, mid-sentence.  
There is a thunderous explosion. Steaming, little bits of  
Aggy are distributed over a twenty metre radius. The  
surrounding soldiers respond with excited, unintelligible  
Ancient Greek.

SUSAN  
Oh! Yuck!

TRENT  
Ooh! I'm going to be sick. What did  
you do to poor old Aggy?

(CONTINUED)



SUSAN

You've blown him into a million grotesque bits.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(turning to Trent.)

Did you, by any chance, touch the switch on the belt?

TRENT

Yes, I did. You were ignoring me!

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, bugger! B.E.L.T. stands for Blast Emitting Language Translator. You have converted the Belt to Blast Emitter, the B.E. part of the acronym, and caused me to vapourise one of the greatest figures in Greek history ...not to mention, my hero!

SUSAN

This is disgusting! Is the process reversible, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Of course not!

SUSAN

OK. Don't get touchy. It was worth asking the question.

TRENT

Professor, I think Aggy's mates are a bit agitated. Can you understand what they are saying?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Of course I can! I have a Language Translator

(sarcastically.)

...when the switch hasn't been fooled with.

SUSAN

(with a level of urgency.)

Use it. They look upset.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I'll just move the switch to the L.T. position and point the Belt in their direction.

(CONTINUED)

The Greek Soldiers scream in fear and dive for the ground. ODYSSEUS, an older, rotund Greek soldier walks, on his knees, to the front of the group of soldiers.

ODYSSEUS  
Please, Great Zeus, forgive us and  
spare our meagre lives.

SUSAN  
That works well, Professor. I can  
understand him perfectly.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(whispering)  
Shh! He thinks I am Zeus, King of  
the Gods.

ODYSSEUS  
Please, Great Zeus, stay your  
lightning bolts.  
Susan is greatly relieved at the turn of events.

SUSAN  
Well, now that we can communicate  
with these Greeks, Professor

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(whispering)  
Great Zeus!

SUSAN  
What?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Call me Great Zeus. They think I am  
the King of their Gods.

Susan and Trent are indignant at the suggestion and both  
reply loudly and emphatically.

SUSAN  
I refuse to call you 'Great Zeus'.

TRENT  
So do I!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Then they will hack us into tiny,  
little pieces with those big swords  
that they carry.

SUSAN / TRENT  
(loudly and without  
hesitation.)  
Oh Great Zeus, King of the Gods!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Don't overdo it.

SUSAN  
(annoyed and sarcastic.)  
Please, Great Zeus, ask them the  
time and date so that we can go  
home.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
We can't go now.

SUSAN / TRENT  
What?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I have just vapourised their  
Commander-In-Chief. I have changed  
history. We must remain here until  
we are sure that the outcome of the  
war has not been changed.

ODYSSEUS  
I am Odysseus. Your most humble  
warrior.

TRENT  
Oh, who cares? Butt out!

Odysseus meekly accepts Trent's angry rebuttal.

ODYSSEUS  
Sorry!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Odysseus! ...or Ulysses. A great  
warrior!

TRENT  
No-one cares! I want to go home.  
Now!

SUSAN  
Right! Now!

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I will not go anywhere until I am  
sure that the outcome of this war  
has not been altered.

Trent already understands the hopelessness of arguing with  
the Professor.

TRENT  
OK! OK! And we can't go home until  
you have reset the circuitry. So  
what is the outcome of the war?

Odysseus very politely and softly interjects.

ODYSSEUS  
Great Zeus, may I speak?

SUSAN  
No, you may not. Shut up!

ODYSSEUS  
Sorry.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I will be with you in a moment,  
Odysseus.

ODYSSEUS  
Thank you, Great Zeus.

SUSAN  
Outcome?

The Professor begins counting off the list on his fingers as  
if listing the items on his shopping list.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Yes! The Greeks must win the war.  
The city of Troy is sacked and  
destroyed. The Trojan men, women  
and children are killed or taken as  
slaves.

SUSAN  
(sarcastically.)  
Now there's a goal worth working  
for.

TRENT  
Oh, parts of it could be fun.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
But it is very important that the  
victory include a large wooden  
rabbit.

SUSAN  
Horse.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No, it's true.

SUSAN  
(momentarily confused.)  
No. I mean it was a large, wooden  
horse.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I'm sure I saw a reference to a  
rabbit, somewhere.

SUSAN  
Believe me, it was a horse.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I think I am the more educated on  
the subject of Troy.

TRENT  
I'd go with the Professor.

SUSAN  
(turning on Trent.)  
Who cares? It was a horse!

The Professor is unconvinced but wants to move on.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well, let's talk detail later.  
Right now, we need to talk to  
Odysseus and sort things out.

The Professor turns his attention to Odysseus.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Odysseus, how goes the war?

Odysseus smiles broadly at finally being addressed.

ODYSSEUS  
I would be happy to tell you of the  
war, Great Zeus, but would it not  
be better to bring Agamemnon, our  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ODYSSEUS (cont'd)  
Commander, back from Mount Olympus  
so that he can answer you?

Susan remains annoyed over the 'horse' argument.

SUSAN  
Yeah, bring him back, Great Zeus.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Quiet slave!

SUSAN  
What?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I have not sent him to Mount  
Olympus, Odysseus.

ODYSSEUS  
I thought you had sent him to  
Olympus on your lightning bolt.  
What have you done with him then?

SUSAN  
Yeah, what have you done with him?  
...Great Zeus.

TRENT  
Um, this is not a good time for a  
domestic. Sharp swords, people!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(to Odysseus.)  
Um, when did Achilles last fight in  
the war?

ODYSSEUS  
Not for a month, Great Zeus.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Bring him to me. I will speak to  
Achilles about the war and his  
attitude.

ODYSSEUS  
And about Agamemnon?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Yes, ...if I must. Now go and bring  
him to me.

(CONTINUED)

Odysseus and all of the surrounding soldiers look relieved and immediately run off to find Achilles, leaving the Professor, Susan and Trent alone on the beach.

TRENT

They're doing what you tell them to, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Of course. They think I am King of their Gods.

TRENT

We could be very powerful in this time period, Professor.

SUSAN

Why have you sent for this Achilles guy, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Achilles was very important in the winning of the war.

TRENT

But he hasn't fought for a month.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Exactly! And you will notice that we and the Greek Armies are standing on the beach near their ships.

TRENT

So, what's your point?

SUSAN

(slowly and sarcastically.)  
That this beach is not inside the city of Troy.

TRENT

(confused.)  
Is there a beach inside Troy?

SUSAN

(astounded by the stupidity.)  
Oh, no.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Perhaps I can clarify the issue.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

This could make history.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Due to the varying fortunes of battle, the Trojans and Greeks often find themselves either on the defensive or the offensive. When Achilles and his soldiers sojourn into battle, then the offensive attribute is more predominant and the Greeks find themselves in the proximity of the city. In Achilles absence, the defensive attribute is forced upon the Greeks and they find themselves strategically placed on the beach protecting their means of returning to their point of origin. Now...

TRENT

Excuse me, Professor.

Trent turns to Susan with desperation in his eyes.

TRENT

Susan, treat me as dumb as you like. Use sarcasm if you will, but please explain to me ...so that the Professor doesn't have to.

SUSAN

Our team's goal line is the city. The other team's goal line is this beach. The other team is in our half. Achilles is a big, burly forward and we want him to play.

In excitement, Trent hugs Susan and kisses her on the cheek.

SUSAN

Oh, yuck!

TRENT

Thank you, Susan.

With a huge smile on his face, Trent returns to the conversation with the Professor.

TRENT

It's alright, Professor. I understand now. You don't have to clarify any more.

(CONTINUED)



PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, that's a very acceptable end result. I'm pleased that the football analogy met with your approval and clarified the 'beach in Troy' confusion.

TRENT

(to Susan.)

What'd he say?

SUSAN

He said 'that's good'.

TRENT

Oh!

EXT. FURTHER UP THE BEACH. DAY

Odysseus and the soldiers are returning across the beach, led by two handsome, muscular young men. ACHILLES has long blonde hair that flows behind as he runs, gracefully, up the beach. He looks very much in charge. His good-looking friend, PATROCLUS, runs beside him, glancing adoringly at Achilles.

Cut to a close, slow motion shot of Achilles running. This is a model-type shot to display his 'beauty' image.

EXT. BEACH. DAY

The Professor, Susan and Trent wait impatiently on the shoreline.

SUSAN

Professor, why hasn't Achilles fought for a month?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Because he argued with Agamemnon.

TRENT

(snickering.)

Well, he'll never do that again.

The Professor is annoyed by Trent's attitude toward Agamemnon's demise. He gives him a dirty look and is about to say something when Susan intercedes.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

He sounds like a bit of a girl.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Well, I wouldn't tell him that if I were you.

SUSAN

What was the argument about?

PROFESSOR WHEN

A girl.

TRENT

(still snickering.)

Well, they'll never do that again.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Young man, I don't believe that you're treating this situation with the gravity that it deserves.

TRENT

Sorry, Professor, but wasn't this war started by an argument over some tart?

PROFESSOR WHEN

How dare you! 'Tart' indeed! You are talking about Helen of Troy. The face that launched a thousand ships. How I would like to look upon her.

SUSAN

Professor! You're in love.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Am not! ...And stop calling me 'Professor'. Here comes Achilles. Call me 'Great Zeus'.

Odysseus and the soldiers return, huddling behind the protection of Achilles and Patroclus.

Achilles is loud and aggressive.

ACHILLES

Who dares call the great Achilles from his rest?

(CONTINUED)

TRENT  
(in fear.)  
Oops!

SUSAN  
(admiringly.)  
Oh, yum!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(intimidated.)  
Oops! ...Um, it is I, Achilles.  
Great ...aarh ...Zeus.

ACHILLES  
Fool of an old man! You shall pay  
for this insult to our Gods.  
Patroclus, my friend!

PATROCLUS  
(with a wisp ...er ...lisp.)  
Yeth, my fwend.

ACHILLES  
Cut the old fool into sections,  
kill the boy and drag the girl to  
my tent.

TRENT  
Oops!

SUSAN  
oh, yum!

PATROCLUS  
I'm sowy, my fwend, but don't you  
mean 'kiwl the girwl and dwag the  
boy to my tent'?

Achilles, puts his hands on his hips and adopts a very  
he-man-type pose while looking disdainfully at his friend.

Before any further discussion can take place, Odysseus peeps  
out from behind Achilles and tentatively puts his hand up to  
interrupt.

ODYSSEUS  
Achilles, before you kill the old  
man, please make him return  
Agamemnon.

ACHILLES  
Why should I care what has happened  
to Agamemnon? He has insulted me.

(CONTINUED)

Odysseus cowers backward a couple of steps.

ODYSSEUS

Well, yes ...but we were planning  
to go into battle later today and,  
well, he is in charge of the Armies  
...you see.

Achilles heaves a huge sigh and shakes his head in disgust.

ACHILLES

So where is Agamemnon?

ODYSSEUS

Well, you see. I believe this God,  
...um ...old fool, has sent him to  
Olympus.

ACHILLES

Rubbish! Old fool, where is  
Agamemnon?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Um, you're standing in him. Sorry!

ACHILLES

Oh, yuck!

ODYSSEUS

oh, sh ... err!

PATROCLUS

What a wotten meth.

ACHILLES

Oh, yuck! It's ...he's ...all over  
my sandals.

TRENT

Yeah! And if you're not nice to us  
and the Prof...and Great Zeus, then  
you'll be next.

SUSAN

Trent! shhh.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes! That's right. I will take no  
more of this nonsense. I am Great  
King, Zeus of the Gods. Um, you  
know what I mean.

Achilles feels less confident but puts on a tough act.

(CONTINUED)

ACHILLES

I am not convinced. Prove that you are Zeus.

TRENT

Yeah! Show him Great Zeus. Belt him!

PROFESSOR WHEN

No! Achilles is a great warrior. I want him to go into battle against the Trojans.

ACHILLES

I will not return to the war until Agamemnon apologises.

Silence.

SUSAN

Um, I heard him apologise. Just before he died.

Achilles sceptically narrows his eyes at Susan and then surveys the myriad of smoking bits of flesh covering the ground around him.

ACHILLES

Really? Which bit said it?

SUSAN

Um. You stood on it.

TRENT

Aggy is in a million crispy pieces. How can you still have an argument with him?

ACHILLES

Very well. If the old man proves to me that he is Great Zeus, then I will return to battle.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, yes, I can prove it. But you won't like it.

ACHILLES

Prove it or die!

PROFESSOR WHEN

Very well.

(CONTINUED)

The Professor points the B.E.L.T. at Patroclus. Susan panics while Trent folds his arms, in supreme confidence, and smiles.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Patroclus, could you just step  
forward and look toward this  
please.

SUSAN  
(whispering. horrified.)  
Professor! You can't belt  
Patroclus.

Patroclus takes a step forward, in front of Achilles.

PATROCLUS  
Wike thith?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Yes. Just another step to the left,  
please.

All of the Greeks are confused by the instruction, and a look of dumb confusion appears on all of their faces. Patroclus, totally confused, just rocks on the spot.

The Professor smiles, apologetically, as he realises the ambiguity of his instruction.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Sorrry! Your left, Patroclus.

Everyone appears relieved by the clarification, except Patroclus who is still thinking hard on the direction. The Professor points in the direction that he wants Patroclus to go.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Your left. Away from Achilles.

Patroclus smiles as he finally understands what is required of him. He takes a long, sideways step away from Achilles.

PATROCLUS  
Wike thith?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Yes. Excellent. Thank you.

Susan is beside herself with worry over what is happening to Patroclus. She whispers a plea to the Professor.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN  
Professor!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(whispering.)  
Shh! Patroclus died in battle and  
Achilles returned to the war to  
avenge his death. Things must get  
back on track.

TRENT  
Yeah, belt him one, Professor  
...er, Great Zeus.

SUSAN  
You're both sick. It's murder.

TRENT  
Yep.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Now, Achilles, you're not going to  
like this.  
(MORE)

SUSAN  
Neither are you, Patroclus.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
But I want you to know that I have  
to do this because Hector, the  
leader of your enemies, has made  
offerings to the Gods. You should  
avenge your grief against Hector  
and his forces.

ACHILLES  
What should I grieve about?

TRENT  
Smile into the gadget, Patroclus.

Patroclus obediently smiles into the gadget.

PATROCLUS  
Wike thith?

TRENT  
That's it. Good boy!

SUSAN  
Oh, you're a sick puppy.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Nothing personal in this,  
Patroclus, old lad.

The Professor flicks the switch to B.E. and depresses the green button. There is a thunderous explosion. The Greeks respond with excited, unintelligible Greek that suddenly turns to English as the Professor switches back to the L.T. setting on the B.E.L.T.

ACHILLES  
Oh, yuck! Patroclus, old pal!

ODYSSEUS  
oh, sh ... err! What a mess!

SUSAN  
Oh, poor Patroclus.

TRENT  
Oh, wow! What do you say to that,  
Achilles?

Achilles and Odysseus share a quick look between them and both go down on one knee.

ACHILLES / ODYSSEUS  
Oh Great Zeus, King of the Gods.  
Tell us your commands.

The Professor is rather pleased with himself that he has got history back on track.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Go and fight the Trojans, kill  
Hector, and force them into their  
city. ...And then come back and  
talk to me about a rabbit.

SUSAN  
Horse!

ACHILLES / ODYSSEUS  
What?

Achilles and Odysseus look confused but, nevertheless, stand to obey the command from their God. Odysseus starts backing away, while bowing profusely, but Achilles goes down onto his knee again.

The panic shows in Odysseus' face and he moves backwards quickly. When he stops, he realises that he is in line with Achilles and Great Zeus. Remembering Patroclus' fate, he takes one huge sideways step to his right.

(CONTINUED)



ACHILLES

Great Zeus, why have you killed my  
friend, Patroclus, with your  
thunderbolt?

Panic shows in the Professor's eyes. He thought everything  
was resolved and being questioned is not a good turn of  
events.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I am sorry, Achilles, but your  
enemy, Hector, made me do it.

ACHILLES

But how could Hector command the  
King of the Gods?

SUSAN

(sarcastically.)

Well, there's a good question.

TRENT

Susan. Shhh!

SUSAN

(angrily.)

Don't shhh me, ...you murderer.

The Professor shows concern. Things are starting to unravel.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Um, Hector made offerings the ...er  
...right way. We Gods can't refuse  
when the correct procedures are  
followed.

With this new information, Odysseus has started to creep  
closer to hear more. Achilles is satisfied with the answer  
and rises and half turns to go into battle.

ACHILLES

I am so angry! I will avenge my  
friend.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(relieved.)

Good boy! Go get him!

As Achilles turns to run, he almost runs into Odysseus who  
has crept back into the conversation. They scare each other.

(CONTINUED)

ODYSSEUS

First, Great Zeus, tell us the  
'right way' so that we, too, can  
command the Gods.

SUSAN

(still angry.)

Yeah. Tell him, Great Zeus.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(whispering.)

You are being less than helpful,  
young lady. My aim is to restore  
the historical situation so that we  
can ascertain the time and date,  
reset the circuitry and take you  
home. Would you prefer to make this  
your new home?

There is silence, while Susan absorbs this information. She  
turns on Odysseus.

SUSAN

Odysseus, why are you standing  
there asking silly questions? Don't  
you care that Patroclus has been  
killed by Hector?

TRENT

You tell him, Susan.

ACHILLES

(annoyed with Odysseus.)

You never did like my friend ...um,  
friend, ...did you?

ODYSSEUS

Of course I did. Patroclus was a  
sweet guy.

ACHILLES

You didn't remember his birthday.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(impatiently.)

Gentlemen, the time is ripe to  
avenge Patroclus. Now is the time  
to lead your armies into battle.

ODYSSEUS

I've never known when his birthday  
was. No-one ever told me.

(CONTINUED)

ACHILLES

You only had to ask. But did you ask? No! Why should you? You didn't like him.

As the argument between Achilles and Odysseus intensifies, they draw their swords and pull their shields into a defensive position. Both look frightened by the prospect of the fight.

The Professor shakes his head at the stupidity. He raises his eyes to the sky. He talks in a sing-song voice because he knows that no-one will listen.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Hector is your enemy. Lead your armies against him ...now!

ODYSSEUS

I will not be insulted this way. I did not dislike Patroclus.

SUSAN

Hey morons! The one who bashes up the most Trojans in the next ten minutes is the one who liked Patroclus the most.

Achilles and Odysseus both look at Susan and then at each other and then turn to run up the sand dune and toward Troy. They are still arguing as their voices disappear into the distance

ODYSSEUS

It was me.

ACHILLES

I loved Patroclus the most.

ODYSSEUS

Did not!

Odysseus and Achilles reach the crest of the sand hill.

EXT. TOP OF SAND HILL ABOVE THE BEACH. DAY

As Odysseus and Achilles reach the crest of the sand hill, a yellow, slimy, alien life form lowers itself into the sand so that it cannot be seen.

The YELLOW ALIEN is surrounded by slimy sand and has sand stuck to its slimy body. It has a large, extra-terrestrial rifle. The light on the energy pack is green.

(CONTINUED)

Odysseus and Achilles run very close to the yellow alien but they are too busy arguing to notice it. They puff heavily with their exertion as they try to talk.

ACHILLES

Did so love him the most!

ODYSSEUS

Liar, liar. Pants on fire.

The yellow alien waits for them to disappear into the distance before raising itself onto what might be elbows to view down onto the beach. It sees the Professor talking with Susan and Trent and lifts its rifle, with some difficulty, into position.

Cut to a long shot of the conversation between the Professor and Susan and Trent. The Professor is full of both relief and self-satisfaction.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Well, we appear to be almost back on track.

SUSAN

I can't believe that Homer actually wrote a poem about these dimwits. The guy must have been blind not to see how dumb they were.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(astounded by the stupidity.)

Yes. ...Blind.

Cut to a view down a rifle barrel with the site aimed at Professor When.

Cut to show the yellow alien aiming down the rifle. It pulls the trigger. The energy pack falls off the rifle and lands in the sand.

YELLOW ALIEN

Gnarrs non nimper poten!

The yellow alien frantically grabs the energy pack and tries to wipe off the sand. It only covers it in slime. It stops as it hears a noise close by and looks up.

Cut to see a huge Greek soldier, standing over the yellow alien, with his big sword raised over his head.

Cut back to the yellow alien. It has a look of acceptance of its fate. It exclaims softly in a very alien voice but with perfect English.

(CONTINUED)

YELLOW ALIEN

Oh, bugger!

Cut to the Greek soldier bringing down his sword with all his force.

There is a sound like a large mound of jelly being carved in half.

EXT. ON THE BEACH. DAY

There are dim sounds of battle over the sand hill. At intervals, Greek soldiers run up the sand dune. The noise and bedlam of battle increase as the scene progresses.

SUSAN

Can't we go home now, Professor?

The Professor considers the question with a smug look on his face. He is quite chuffed with his success. A flash of a Greek uniform (quite close to the Professor) moves quickly past.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes, well, I do seem to have resolved all of the historical problems that were detaining us within this time period. I suppose I could leave a drawing of the Trojan...um ...animal. Let us instigate the miniaturisation and transportation process and re-enter the time orientation and  
(MORE)

The Professor looks around for the T.O.A.S.T.E.R. and realises that it is gone. He screams in panic.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)

Aarh! Where is it?

Trent turns to point toward the toaster.

TRENT

It's just ...Aarh! It's gone!

SUSAN

Aarh! You fool! You've lost the Time Orientation and Searing Toast Electrical Receptacle.

(CONTINUED)

Susan realises that she has said the entire name of the T.O.A.S.T.E.R. and freezes. She calmly stands in complete bewilderment.

SUSAN  
I can't believe I didn't say  
'toaster'.

TRENT  
Someone's stolen our ticket home.  
Call the police!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Everybody remain calm! Trent has  
lost the Time Orientation and  
Searing Toast Electrical  
Receptacle.  
(MORE)

He realises what he has said and pauses to be slapped.  
Nothing happens. He turns to Susan.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
I said it. Why didn't you hit me?

Susan is in a state of shock.

SUSAN  
I said it.

TRENT  
I'm sorry, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Sorry? Why, my dear young man,  
there's nothing to be sorry for.  
You visit my home uninvited. You  
fool with things that you shouldn't  
have. You press a button and take  
us back 3000 years in time and then  
lose our means of returning home.  
Why should you feel the need to  
apologise?  
(MORE)

In his anger, the Professor reaches for the B.E.L.T. and  
holds it in front of Trent's nose.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
Now, would you please look into  
this apparatus and smile.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN  
(lost in her thoughts.)  
I said it.

The Professor is momentarily distracted by Susan's utterance.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
What?

Trent's very wide, scared eyes look over the B.E.L.T. that is almost touching his nose.

TRENT  
Um ...Susan appears to have gone  
bye-bye, Professor.  
(MORE)

Trent scans around for a means of escape from the B.E.L.T. He is suddenly very excited.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
There it is! The really big guy  
running up the sand hill.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
He's running off into battle with  
our property. We have to get it  
back. Come on!

TRENT  
Um ...Into battle, Professor? You  
go. I'd better look after Susan.

SUSAN  
I can't believe I said it. It must  
be the stress.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I'm not going into battle alone.  
Either we all go or we all spend  
the rest of our days in Asia Minor.

TRENT  
This isn't such a bad place, you  
know.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I'm pleased you like your new  
environment. We will all spend the  
rest of our days here.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

Fine.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Together!

SUSAN

I can't believe I said it.  
(MORE)

The word 'together' filters through to Susan and she is instantly snapped back to reality.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Together? No! I'd rather die in  
battle. Follow me.  
(MORE)

Susan yells a battle cry and launches herself toward the sand hill.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Let's get our toaster.

Professor When pauses, undecided for a moment, and then scurries after her.

TRENT

Susan! Come back.

As he climbs the sand hill, the Professor yells back to Trent.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Come on, lad. Into battle!

TRENT

(confused & frightened.)  
No! I'm not coming. Susan! Come  
back. No. Don't leave me here all  
alone. Hold up. I'm coming.  
(MORE)

Trent runs after them, up the sand hill. They disappear over the crest while he, frightened and already puffed, frantically chases after them.

TRENT (CONT'D)

Stop! ...Please stop.



EXT. TOP OF SAND HILL ABOVE THE BEACH. DAY

As Trent crests the sand hill, he collides with Susan and Professor When, who have stopped to wait for him. They all fall over and scream with the collision.

SUSAN / TRENT / PROFESSOR WHEN

Aarh!

TRENT

You didn't have to stop that quick.

They all scramble to their feet.

SUSAN

Er, yuck! This is almost as disgusting as the belt. There are hacked bits and pieces everywhere.

(MORE)

Susan shakes her hand and thick, yellow slime trails from her fingers.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

And where did this slime come from?

TRENT

I don't like this anymore, Professor. I want to go home.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Then let's find our property so that we can go home.

(MORE)

The Professor looks around and is suddenly yelling excitedly and pointing.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)

There it is!

SUSAN

Hey you! ...Thief! That's ours.

TRENT

Tact, Susan. Try some tact on the big, scary man with the big sword.

The 'big, scary man with the big sword' is AJAX. He stops and responds with a big, booming voice.

(CONTINUED)

AJAX

Who dares call the great Ajax, a thief?

SUSAN

Oh! ...You are big, aren't you.  
(MORE)

Susan points at Trent.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

He dares call you a thief.

TRENT

What?

AJAX

Then prepare to die, little man.

TRENT

Um, Professor, what do you know about this 'great Ajax'?

The Professor is lost in his admiration of Ajax and in his delight at actually meeting this great warrior.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, a great warrior. Second only to Odysseus and Achilles.

TRENT

Um, is he supposed to die in the war?

The Professor laughs at Trent's lack of knowledge on the subject of the Trojan wars.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, no. Of course not. Ajax lived through the war. A great warrior.

TRENT

(disappointed.)

I don't suppose you could belt him anyway?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Of course not! That would be changing history.

AJAX

Come, little man. Prepare to die.

(CONTINUED)

Trent replies to Ajax in a friendly and amicable voice, in the hope of placating the huge warrior, while he negotiates with the Professor.

TRENT

In a moment, Ajax. Please be patient.

(MORE)

Turning back to his discussion with the Professor.

TRENT (CONT'D)

He returned home then?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, no. He died by his own sword after the war because Agamemnon said that Odysseus was the better warrior.

TRENT

Who said?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Aga ...Oh, I see!

(MORE)

The Professor giggles at his near oversight and produces the B.E.L.T. from his pocket.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)

Whoops! Almost left a loose end. Ajax, would you please look at this apparatus and smile.

AJAX

Like this?

SUSAN

Yes. That's wonderful. Thank you.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Nothing personal, my friend.

The green button is depressed with the now familiar explosion and distribution of smoking, fleshy bits. Trent is both excited and relieved.

TRENT

I'll get the toaster, Professor.

(CONTINUED)

Trent runs, tentatively (tip-toeing through the 'mine field' of flesh so that his shoes don't get messy), over to the toaster, retrieves it from the ground and returns to Susan and the Professor.

SUSAN

Now can we go home?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Well, ...now that we have regained  
the time orientation and searing  
toast electrical receptacle

Susan slaps him.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Aarh!

SUSAN

It's alright. ...I've recovered.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh joy. Oh rapture. Now, let's go  
home.

There has been a growing sound of people running toward them. Odysseus and several Greek soldiers arrive. They all go down on one knee before the Professor, who looks particularly unimpressed to see them.

Odysseus and his soldiers babble in Ancient Greek until the Professor produces the B.E.L.T. and changes the setting back to L.T. The Greeks recoil in wide-eyed fear.

ODYSSEUS

Oh, mighty Zeus. I come to beg your  
assistance.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Sorry. Must go! Can't possibly stay  
another moment.

SUSAN

By the way, what day and year is  
it?

ODYSSEUS

What?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Forget it, Odysseus. It doesn't  
matter.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

(in anger.)

What do you mean 'it doesn't matter'? The only reason we came out of the toaster was to find out what time we were in.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Ah, yes. As a matter of fact, it has since dawned on me that the Greeks used a different calendar which I don't have a conversion for.

Odysseus has his hand in the air. He wants to talk but he is pointedly ignored. He and his soldiers change the knee that they are kneeling on. Odysseus puts his hand back up and waits with a bored expression on his face.

SUSAN

So, even if he told us his date and time, it wouldn't help? We needn't have come out of the toaster.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Well, you do seem to have grasped the essence of the matter.

A confused Trent turns to Susan, looking for a translation.

TRENT

What'd he say?

SUSAN

He said he's an idiot and he's risked all our lives for no reason.

Odysseus gives up waiting and interrupts.

ODYSSEUS

Mighty Zeus, we have done as you commanded. We have driven the Trojans to the gates of their city and Achilles is locked in single combat with Hector. We need your assistance to ensure that Achilles will win.

The Professor really wants to leave and he can feel the pressure of Susan and Trent's gaze. They all need to leave.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I'm sure that Achilles can look  
after himself.

TRENT  
Hear, hear! Let's go, great Zeus.

SUSAN  
Yep! Let's go!

ODYSSEUS  
If you refuse to help, our warriors  
may lose heart and the Trojans will  
win.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, bugger!

TRENT  
I want to go home!

SUSAN  
Yeah! Let's go home, great Zeus!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, bugger!

Trent and Susan look at each other and shake their heads as  
they acknowledge that they will not be leaving soon.

TRENT  
Oh, alright. Let's go give Achilles  
some moral support and then let's  
go home. Hate this place!

SUSAN  
Oh, alright. But make it quick,  
Great Zeus!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I'm really getting tired of being  
called that.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF THE CITY OF TROY. DAY

Achilles runs around the walls of Troy with HECTOR in  
pursuit. Both warriors, weighed down by their armour, shield  
and sword, are puffing, sweating profusely and labouring  
under their exertion.

(CONTINUED)

The Greek soldiers surround the race and look particularly bored with events. A scan of the Trojan soldiers and general Trojan populous, on the walls of Troy, shows that they are equally bored.

ODYSSEUS

There they are! Hector is chasing Achilles around the city walls.

SUSAN

Why is Achilles running away?

TRENT

Dumb question, Susan. Look at the size of Hector.

PROFESSOR WHEN

This isn't how it's supposed to be. I'm really starting to doubt the validity of Homer's account.

SUSAN

I told you before, the guy must have been blind.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(astounded by the stupidity.)  
Yes, ...blind.

TRENT

Is Hector supposed to die, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Call me Great Zeus! Achilles is supposed to kill him in mortal combat.

SUSAN

Well, that's obviously not going to happen anytime soon!

TRENT

Not unless Hector has a heart attack while chasing Achilles around Troy.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, bugger!

Odysseus anxiously looks around at his soldiers.

(CONTINUED)

ODYSSEUS  
Our mighty warriors are losing  
heart, Great Zeus.

SUSAN  
Do you not hear how stupid that  
sounds?

Odysseus is offended by Susan's comment and does his best to ignore the slave girl.

ODYSSEUS  
Great Zeus?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
It shouldn't be up to me! Achilles  
is a great warrior. Surely he has a  
battle strategy!

Odysseus is confused by the words but is excited by the prospect of a plan.

ODYSSEUS  
He may have, Great Zeus. What does  
this 'battle straight E.G.' look  
like?

There is silence while the Professor, eyes wide, digests the meaning behind the question. There is no concept of a 'battle strategy' in this Ancient, Greek Army.

Face palm from both Trent and Susan.

SUSAN  
(sarcasm.)  
Oh, you know. Just like your  
average unbent, fighting example.

They all look, with exasperation, at Susan.

TRENT  
Not helpful, Susan.

SUSAN  
Well?

ODYSSEUS  
Have I said something wrong, Great  
Zeus?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No, you have answered my question  
perfectly, Odysseus.

(CONTINUED)



Odysseus beams with satisfaction at having done so well.

Achilles' scream can be heard as he approaches, completing another lap, with Hector in pursuit, close behind. He looks, pleafully, at Great Zeus as he lumbers past.

ACHILLES

Arrrrrrh!

TRENT

It's not going to get any better than this, Prof ...Great Zeus. I think it is up to you.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, bugger!

SUSAN

Come on, Great Zeus. We want to go home.

Achilles does a u-turn and dodges Hector's sword swing. They run back toward the Professor. The Professor takes aim with the B.E.L.T.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I'm really tired of the bloodshed.

TRENT

Me too!

SUSAN

At last!

The Professor flicks the switch to B.E. and depresses the green button. There is a thunderous explosion. The Greek warriors respond with excited cheers. The Professor returns the switch to the L.T. setting.

Odysseus yells in triumph.

ODYSSEUS

Hector has been destroyed by Great Zeus' thunderbolt.

SUSAN

Oh, yuck!

Amid all of the excitement, Odysseus becomes even more agitated and jumps up and down on the spot, while he points toward Troy.

(CONTINUED)

ODYSSEUS

Look! Helen stands on the walls of  
Troy to see Achilles' great  
victory.

The Professor becomes equally excited.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Helen! I must get closer. I must  
see her face.

The Professor and Odysseus begin running toward the walls.  
Susan and Trent are aghast at yet another diversion.

TRENT

Professor! Stop!

SUSAN

Come back, Great Zeus!

TRENT

Oh, bugger! ...After him!

Susan and Trent run after the Professor. They scream at him  
to stop, as they run, but he pays no attention. Eventually  
they all stop within sight of the people on the wall.

The very excited Professor shows no sign of his exertion in  
running the distance but Odysseus, Susan and Trent are all  
very red faced and puffing to the point of having difficulty  
talking.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Look! On the wall. Is one of those  
women really Helen of Troy?

Achilles runs past on his victory lap, arms raised high in  
boastful exuberance, to the cheers and adoration of his  
warriors. He chants the one line over and over.

ACHILLES

I am the champion. I am the  
champion.

ODYSSEUS

Oh, shut up, Achilles.

(turning to Professor When.)

Yes, Great Zeus. She stands next to  
King Priam, beside the banner.

Achilles voice fades as he continues his victory circuit.

(CONTINUED)

ACHILLES  
I am the champion.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Helen of Troy! How exciting!

TRENT  
Who cares? I want to go home.

SUSAN  
Yeah! Home!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
What, ...next to the little fat  
one?

Odysseus is bewildered by the Professor's inability to understand his simple direction.

ODYSSEUS  
Um, ...she stands next to King  
Priam, beside the banner.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(dejected.)  
She is the little fat one ...isn't  
she?

Odysseus is still bewildered. He narrows his eyes and talks slowly to the Professor, as if he is not very intelligent.

ODYSSEUS  
She stands next to King Priam,  
beside the banner.

The Professor is annoyed with his tone and with the situation. He narrows his eyes and replies to Odysseus slowly, as if he is not very intelligent.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
This is the face that launched a  
thousand ships. I think you're all  
very silly.

TRENT  
She's got six chins, at least.  
You're all mad!

SUSAN  
Well, I don't think it matters that  
she's cuddly. Would it have made  
this war any more sensible if she  
had been skinny?

(CONTINUED)

Silence, as each of the men look at each other, realising that there is no safe answer. Eventually, Trent opens his mouth to speak and the Professor has a moment of panic.

TRENT

I'm not dumb enough to get involved  
in this conversation.

The Professor's eyes widen with surprise as he realises that there is a ray of hope for Trent.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Trent! ...My boy! I do believe that  
we may be able to save you after  
all.

Trent is only confused by the attempted compliment.

TRENT

What?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, well. I suppose tastes and  
fashion change over time. Even in  
women.

SUSAN

(sarcasm.)

Never mind, Professor. You still  
have me.

PROFESSOR WHEN

(far from impressed.)

Yes, ...quite!

The familiar chant, faintly announces yet another lap by Achilles. The Professor gets back to the business of returning home and turns to give instructions to Odysseus.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Odysseus, ...

ACHILLES

I am the champion.

They have all had enough and, in unison, yell back at Achilles.

ODYSSEUS/PROFESSOR WHEN/SUSAN/TRENT

Shut up, Achilles.

(CONTINUED)

Achilles only looks back in bewilderment at his hecklers, as he continues his run. He is only slightly deflated but soon gets back into being adored by his warriors.

ACHILLES  
I am the champion.

They watch him until he cannot be heard above the cheers of the warriors. Odysseus, sensing an important moment, returns to the conversation with the Professor.

ODYSSEUS  
Yes, Great Zeus?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Take this note and follow the instructions carefully. It will tell you how to finish the war.

ODYSSEUS  
(excited.)  
Oh, thank you, Great Zeus.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Trent! Put the ...toaster ...down  
and everyone join hands and Trent  
can touch the eating utensil that

There is an electrical explosion!

INT. INSIDE THE TOASTER. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I do wish that you would allow me  
to finalise my sentence to the  
point of the full stop before

SUSAN  
You still don't know the time and  
date. How are you going to take us  
home?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I can approximate and guesstimate  
to within a century or two and talk  
to some intelligent life form and

SUSAN  
So we are not going straight home?

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
You have drawn that conclusion  
without awaiting the full stop that  
would have indicated that I had  
reached the end of my senten  
(MORE)

Susan slaps him.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
Arh! No. We are not going straight  
home.

TRENT  
Can I reset the circuitry,  
Professor?

The Professor has become increasingly annoyed by this conversation and he is now totally indignant that Trent would even ask to reset the circuitry of his beloved T.O.A.S.T.E.R.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No, of course you may not.

He quickly presses a button and deftly twists a knob.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
There! I've done it.

TRENT  
That was it?

There is an electrical explosion and clunking, mechanical noises. The lights flash off and on as the power is diverted to the engines.

This experience is different to their last and the Professor looks up at the lights, with concern. The lights do not go off completely and his brow knots with worry as they return to full power. The noises stop.

TRENT  
We seem to have stopped.

There is a huge explosion and a glare of blinding white light from within the T.O.A.S.T.E.R. console.

SUSAN  
What was that?

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, dear. That's not good. One of  
the capacitors appears to have self  
destructed within the

Both Susan and Trent look horrified at the prospect of being  
stuck in time with a broken part of the circuitry.

SUSAN  
Do you have a spare?

The Professor is supremely confident in his answer and  
somewhat amused by their concern.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Of course I do. It's sitting on my  
kitchen table at home. I was just  
about to change it when you  
arrived.

TRENT  
Professor! If its sitting on your  
kitchen table at home, then you  
don't have a spare!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, yes I do. You see, it's a  
matter of location rather than  
existence.

Susan is close to a melt down and this conversation is not  
helping.

SUSAN  
I'm sure I would normally enjoy  
this philosophical discussion,  
Gentlemen, but my mind is  
preoccupied with stress and panic.  
Do we know how to fix the problem,  
Professor?

The Professor takes a second to formulate his answer.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well. ...There

SUSAN  
(yelling.)  
Use 'yes' or 'no' and nothing else  
...or die!

The Professor's contemplation turns to fear. He answers  
meekly and without conviction.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes.

SUSAN

Good boy! Do you need anything from outside? ...Yes or no?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Um ...yes. I need

SUSAN

Good! Let's go outside.

Susan and Trent grab each of the Professor's arms and Susan touches the immense knife. There is an electrical explosion.

EXT. THE DECK OF A LARGE SHIP. EVENING

It is extremely cold and the water is very rough. There are deck chairs but no-one else is in sight. Trent puts the toaster under his arm and states the obvious.

TRENT

It's a ship, Professor. We're at sea.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, good. When we get to shore, I'll get the part I need and

TRENT

(in panic.)

Ah, Professor. The life preserver says 'Titanic'!

PROFESSOR WHEN / SUSAN / TRENT

Oh, bugger!

Susan resumes her melt down.

SUSAN

You madman! Of all the places to drop us! I don't want to drown on the Titanic.

The Professor immediately sees the error in her statement and begins, good-humouredly, correcting it.

PROFESSOR WHEN

My dear young lady. You cannot drown 'on the Titanic'. You can

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



PROFESSOR WHEN (cont'd)  
drown in the Titanic when it is  
full of water or you can drown in  
the ocean, ...but

SUSAN / TRENT  
Shut up, Professor!

TRENT  
You're babbling, Professor. Get us  
off this boat.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
'Ship', my boy. A boat is much  
smaller.

SUSAN  
Oh, God!

The Professor is lost in his nautical line of thought.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Or a submarine. A submarine is a  
'boat'.

TRENT  
We're in the hands of an idiot.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
But I don't know whether submarines  
were all that common in 1912.

SUSAN  
Oh, Professor. Come back to us.  
(MORE)

The Professor looks Susan in the eyes, thoughtfully, and  
gives every indication that he has returned to the problem  
at hand.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Professor. Titanic!

There is a profound silence while the Professor eyes Susan  
intently. She waits patiently to hear his escape plan.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Remind me to research the history  
of submarines. Particularly around  
the decades

(CONTINUED)

TRENT  
(yelling.)  
Professor!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Um, yes?

TRENT  
Get us out of here, Great Zeus,  
before we all drown.

SUSAN  
Oh, this is awful.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, no! This is going exactly to  
plan.

SUSAN  
I don't think he lives on the same  
planet as the rest of us.

TRENT  
He's not even orbiting the right  
star!

SUSAN  
We are about to run into an iceberg  
and drown. How are things 'going  
exactly to plan'?

TRENT  
(to himself.)  
Since when did we have a 'plan'?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
We know, within a month, where in  
time we are. It is 1912 ...March or  
April ...and we can easily converse  
with some English speaking,  
intelligent life form to find out  
the date and even Greenwich Mean  
Time. That's a vast improvement  
over being somewhere around 1000BC,  
surrounded by buffoons who speak  
Ancient Greek.

SUSAN  
(sarcasm.)  
You're absolutely correct,  
Professor. I apologise for not  
seeing it earlier. It is so much  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN (cont'd)  
more comforting to die of drowning  
in a close neighbour to our own  
century than die by the sword in  
BC.

TRENT  
(sarcasm.)  
Yep! I feel much more relaxed now.

SUSAN / TRENT  
(yelling.)  
Get us out of here!

They have been preoccupied with their conversation and  
haven't noticed MR POSH and MRS POSH, an elderly, well-to-do  
couple, walking toward them.

Cut to Mr and Mrs Posh.

MR POSH  
Oh I say! Do keep it down, chaps.

Everyone is shocked at the sudden appearance of the  
strangers but the Professor recovers quickly.

Cut back to the Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Very sorry. The children are  
over-excited.

SUSAN / TRENT  
What?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Shh!

The couple nod and continue to walk past, noses in the air.  
Their voices are only just audible to hear their subsequent  
comments.

MRS POSH  
Alfred, I do believe that one of  
those 'chaps' may have been a girl.

Mr Posh casts a glance over his shoulder.

MR POSH  
Surely not, Elizabeth.

Mrs Posh casts a glance over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

MRS POSH

No. On second thought, Alfred, I do believe that you were correct.

SUSAN

What?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Shh!

SUSAN

I'm gunna mop the floor with the toffs. Let me at em.

Susan begins to move in the direction of Mr and Mrs Posh.

TRENT

Go get em, Susan.

The Professor stops her in her tracks with some quick thinking logic.

PROFESSOR WHEN

We are stow-aways. We don't want to attract any attention to ourselves. Do you want to end up in the brig of a sinking ship?

Susan immediately stops and returns to Trent and the Professor.

Trent has been thinking. Clearly, not one of his best cards.

TRENT

Professor, the ship doesn't have to sink. We could save everybody. We could talk to the captain and

PROFESSOR WHEN

(shocked at the suggestion.)

My dear boy! You almost changed the outcome of the Trojan wars and now you want to save the Titanic and the lives of all those on board. You really are a chronological criminal.

SUSAN

Trent's right! We could prevent a catastrophe.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
How ridiculous! Certainly not! It  
wouldn't be right.

Susan and Trent are both silent as they study the Professor.  
The difference between them is that Susan is thinking. She  
sidles up to the Professor and plants a thought.

SUSAN  
If we don't get the toaster fixed,  
it would probably be a good idea to  
save the Titanic.

TRENT  
I'm with Susan. If the toaster  
can't be saved, let's save the SS  
Titanic.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
R.M.S.

SUSAN / TRENT  
What?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Ah! An interesting snippet for the  
nautically inclined amongst us.

SUSAN  
Not interested.

TRENT  
Me either.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
'SS' stands for Steam Ship whereas  
the Titanic was, in fact, RMS  
Titanic.

SUSAN  
Still not interested.

TRENT  
Still don't care.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
'RMS' stands for 'Royal Mail Ship'  
which means it was contracted to  
the British Government to deliver  
mail. It had a whole deck ...'G'  
deck, I believe, ...allocated to  
just mail.

( CONTINUED )

SUSAN  
Not even listening.

TRENT  
Wait. Are you saying that this is  
not a Steam Ship?

Susan stares aghast at Trent, amazed that he has been suckered into the Professor's waffle.

The Professor chuckles good humouredly at Trent's naive question.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, my dear boy! Yes, of course it  
was still a Steam Ship but the

Susan snaps and screams at both of them.

SUSAN  
Enough! Sinking ship! Broken  
toaster! Drowning Susan and Trent  
...and drowning mad Professor.  
(MORE)

The Professor and Trent are immediately silenced. If they had planned to respond, it was overridden by Susan's plan.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
I vote that we talk to the captain  
and warn him about icebergs. Then  
we can fix the toaster when we  
reach shore.

TRENT  
I'm with Susan. You're outvoted,  
Professor.

The Professor stands tall and adopts his best 'captain' voice.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
As my default chronological crew of  
the Time Orientation And Searing  
Toast Electrical Receptacle, do you  
understand the consequences of  
mutiny at sea?

TRENT  
No! And what's more, we don't care.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN  
I'm with Trent.

TRENT  
That's right. We're a team. All for  
one and one for all.

SUSAN  
Yeah. That's us.

The Professor continues to stand tall and captain-like while  
he considers his options.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
You have no understanding of the  
consequences of mutiny at sea, do  
you?

SUSAN  
None.

TRENT  
Nope!

The Professor tries his best to sound official.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
It involves a firing squad.

The Professor gives every indication that he is unsure of  
the firing squad bit.

SUSAN  
Do you have a firing squad?

TRENT  
Can't see a firing squad.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Maybe it's hanging?

Both Susan and Trent fold their arms across their chest and  
move closer, threateningly close, to the Professor.

SUSAN  
You and what army?

TRENT  
Yep.

The Professor can see that the position he has chosen is, in  
fact, quite weak.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
This level of ignorance is  
difficult to counter even with  
historical and nautical knowledge.

SUSAN  
Yep!

TRENT  
Ignorance is my super power.

Trent's statement was meant to impress and intimidate but he has crossed the line. They both glare at his self-professed stupidity. The Professor tries a different tack.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well. What if I say I can easily  
fix the toaster and take us  
straight home?

TRENT  
I'm with you, Professor.

SUSAN  
What?

TRENT  
How soon can we go, Professor?

SUSAN  
Judas! What happened to the team?  
All for one and one for all?

TRENT  
What do you need to fix the  
toaster, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well, I need a simple capacitor and  
a special ingredient to fill it  
with.

SUSAN  
(sulking.)  
Morons!

TRENT  
I like fiddling with electrical  
gadgets, Professor?

SUSAN  
Really?

(CONTINUED)



TRENT

I'm sure I can scrounge a capacitor  
out of some gadget on this boat.

SUSAN

Ship!

PROFESSOR WHEN

Good boy! While you do that, I'll  
ponder on a particular solution to  
providing this special ingredient  
that hasn't yet been discovered.

SUSAN / TRENT

What?

Trent immediately transforms from a state of excitement to  
disappointment and anger. Susan is delighted that her  
cynicism has proven to be well-founded.

TRENT

Professor, you had me all excited.  
I thought for a brief moment that  
you might actually be sane. Susan  
and I are going to talk to the  
captain. Aren't we, Susan?

SUSAN

Who are you calling 'we', Judas?

TRENT

Oh, Susan?

Cut to MISS POSH, a beautiful young woman, dressed in the  
finest apparel of the day, as she turns a corner and walks  
toward them. As she approaches, the Professor addresses her.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Excuse me, Miss. Could you please  
tell me the time. My fob watch  
appears to have stopped.

She casts the Professor a beautiful smile and then speaks in  
a very cultured, friendly voice.

MISS POSH

Oh you poor man. There's nothing  
more exasperating than a stopped  
watch.

Susan is annoyed at the interruption to her angry outburst.  
The Professor relishes this early twentieth century moment.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN

Quite!

Trent is in love. He wants to say something to impress the young lady.

TRENT

Yeah. The battery must be flat.

MISS POSH

I do beg your pardon?

The Professor panics at Trent's anachronism.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh nothing! He babbles.

(aside to Trent.)

Shut up, my boy.

Trent is confused. He doesn't know what he has done wrong but the young lady gives him a compassionate look ...so he is OK with the flow of the conversation.

MISS POSH

Oh, I see. Poor lad.

Trent smiles at the young lady's kind words but she doesn't notice as she is looking at her watch.

MISS POSH

The time is 11:30pm.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Why thank you so much. May I also trouble you for the date?

Miss Posh giggles at the question and blushes a little.

MISS POSH

Oh, I see. You and your companions have really spent too long in the bar, haven't you?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Um. Yes. I am rather embarrassed to say that we have somewhat overdone things.

Susan rolls her eyes at the rubbish conversation that is going on in front of her. Trent looks at Miss Posh with big, puppy eyes and searches for the words to impress her.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

Yeah. Um. Quite right.

Susan is close to throwing up. She looks at Trent with disdain.

SUSAN

Yeah. You bet.

MISS POSH

Sir, it is the last hour of the  
fourteenth of April.

Miss Posh gives a little curtsy and beams a brilliant smile before moving on.

MISS POSH

Good night.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I thank you for your kindness,  
young lady. Good night.

TRENT

Oh, Professor. She's so lovely. And  
did you hear her voice?

Susan is less than impressed with the delay and keen to get back to the business of not drowning on the Titanic.

SUSAN

Yeah, gorgeous. How many days have  
we got before the iceberg,  
Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Ten minutes.

SUSAN / TRENT

What?

SUSAN

The Titanic is going to hit the  
iceberg in ten minutes? Get us out  
of here! Now!

TRENT

Yeah. I don't want to get wet. I  
already had a bath this week.

The Professor is captivated by Trent's statement. He lifts an instructional finger as if to begin a lesson. This creates panic within Susan.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
What 'week', my boy? Think about  
it!

SUSAN  
Oh please don't get distracted.  
I'll be standing on ice talking to  
a penguin before we get back on  
track.

TRENT  
Oh yeah. That bath was in the  
future. I'm actually ahead of  
schedule.

The Professor chuckles at the paradox and sees an  
opportunity to display his sense of humour.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well, that's one way of looking at  
it. Or you could say that you  
haven't had a bath since 1000 BC.

The Professor and Trent share a laugh at their own humour.  
Susan seethes.

SUSAN  
Stop this, please! Please get back  
on track. Iceberg, gentlemen. Ten  
minutes, gentlemen.

Both Trent and the Professor are disappointed to have their  
moment spoiled. They are about to respond to the killjoy but  
notice Mr and Mrs Posh walking toward them.

Cut to Mr and Mrs Posh.

MR POSH  
(complaining to Mrs Posh.)  
These people really are quite  
intolerable, my dear.

MRS POSH  
Even on a maiden voyage of a ship  
like this, you still have to suffer  
the riff-raff.

Susan is in no mood to pretend to be nice.

Cut to Susan.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Up your nose, morons.

Mr and Mrs Posh don't look back but increase their walking speed. Mrs Posh can be heard to make a final comment as they move out of hearing range.

MRS POSH

No, I don't think it can be a girl.

SUSAN

Ooh, I hate them. They're so bloody posh.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes. That is probably a correct usage of the acronym.

SUSAN / TRENT

What?

The Professor is delighted to have an opportunity to enlighten his young, fellow-travellers.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Well, you see, 'posh' is an acronym for 'port out, starboard home'. The only way for the wealthy to travel. Good grammatical usage, Susan. I'm very impressed!

Susan doesn't care about the compliment on her grammar.

SUSAN

Oh, God. I can feel my last minutes slipping away.

Trent catches on to Susan's desperation and tries to bring the conversation back 'on track'.

TRENT

What's this plan that you mentioned, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Plan?

There is a short, uncomfortable delay while the Professor gives them both a blank stare. Suddenly, his eyes widen as he remembers their plight.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, yes. Plan!

SUSAN  
There is no plan, Trent. There has never been a plan.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh I beg to differ, young lady. Now if you will both excuse me for a minute.

SUSAN  
One of the few that we have remaining.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I will go into the time orient  
...the toaster and get what I need.

The Professor reaches across to the toaster in Trent's arms and touches the knife. There is an electrical explosion and he is transported inside the toaster.

Trent and Susan lean over the toaster and hear the Professor singing in a thin, echoed voice. They both react despondently.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Then man the capstan off we go as  
the fiddler swings us round. with a  
yo heave ho ...Aha! Here it is.

There is another electrical explosion and the Professor reappears, startling both Trent and Susan.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Now that I have my capsule, I can

SUSAN  
(dryly.)  
It's a toy gun with a suction cup.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Young lady, you have learnt very little in the last 3000 years. This is my capsule. Capsule is an acronym for Compressed Air Propelled Suction Utensil - Length Extending.

It's a gadget so Trent is very interested.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

Does it have a dual purpose,  
Professor?

The Professor is delighted that Trent has shown an interest in one of his inventions.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Of course it does, my boy. You see  
this purple button here.

SUSAN

Five minutes to a very cold swim.  
Is the capsule part of the plan?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes. Of course it is. I will  
explain as we walk to the front of  
the boat.

SUSAN

(sarcasm.)

The bow of the ship.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes. The sharp, pointy bit. No time  
for pedantic semantics, young lady.  
Time is of the essence.

Susan rolls her eyes in exasperation.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Trent, I will entrust you to carry  
the capsule.

TRENT

Oh, thank you, Professor.

The Professor hands the capsule to Trent who has difficulty juggling it with the toaster.

EXT. AN UPPER DECK OF THE TITANIC. EVENING

Looking through the sights of a rifle. The crosshairs are on Professor When, on a lower deck, as he talks excitedly to Susan and Trent.

Pull out to reveal an orange, slimy alien aiming a large, extra-terrestrial rifle and adjusting its position to get a better shot. The ORANGE ALIEN glows in the darkness and is lying in a pool of glowing orange slime.

(CONTINUED)

A red light on the rifle turns green. The alien's face contorts into what might be a smile. It settles itself and poises, ready to pull the trigger.

Cut to the crosshair shot of Professor When, who suddenly moves toward the front of the ship, with Susan and Trent, and out of the crosshairs.

Pull out to reveal the orange alien peering over its rifle scope as it searches for its target. The Professor is no longer in view from the alien's vantage point.

ORANGE ALIEN

Gnarrs non nimper poten!

As the alien begins to move to a different location, the power pack falls off the very large rifle and the green light turns red. The alien rolls his bulbous eyes in frustration and repeats its curse loudly.

ORANGE ALIEN

Gnarrs non nimper poten!

With great difficulty, and an even greater amount of slime, the alien repositions the power pack. It grimaces as it sees that the light stays red and shakes its head.

The alien slithers off to gain another vantage point. It finds its movement to be very easy and fluid on the ship's metal deck and moves relatively quickly, dragging behind its lethal weapon.

The rolling motion of the ship on the rough seas causes it to cut a waving, slimy path as it slides from one edge of the deck to the other.

EXT. A DECK OF THE TITANIC. EVENING

The Professor is moving at speed, followed closely by Susan and Trent. They are headed to the pointy end of the boat.

PROFESSOR WHEN

We should be able to see the  
iceberg when we reach the front.  
Hopefully it will be blue.

TRENT

Why 'blue', Professor?

(CONTINUED)



PROFESSOR WHEN  
Because the blue ones are more  
compacted and contain the  
micro-organisms that I need.

Susan is hearing a flaw in the plan and is becoming  
sceptical.

SUSAN  
What if it isn't blue, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Then we will just have to resort to  
plan B.

Susan is suspicious. They are still trying to work out what  
plan A is.

SUSAN  
Do you have a plan B, Professor?

The Professor is exasperated with her need for detail.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well of course not. We don't need a  
plan B yet. Let's not waste our  
time on plan B when the iceberg  
might be blue ...as per plan A.

SUSAN  
Doesn't plan A involve a capacitor,  
Professor?

The Professor is becoming thoroughly exasperated now and  
starting to puff from the exertion of walking all the way to  
the front of the boat. He opens his mouth to reply but is  
interrupted by Trent.

TRENT  
I've got a capacitor, Professor.

Trent opens his hand to show the capacitor.

The Professor is delighted with Trent's effort and rounds on  
Susan.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
See. Isn't it good that at least  
one of the team is being proactive  
instead of searching for problems?  
(MORE)

The Professor turns to Trent and pats him on the shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
Good boy. That's exactly what we  
need. Where did you get that from?

Trent glows at being praised. Susan turns dark.

SUSAN  
Can we discuss the cute little  
detail bits later. It doesn't  
matter where it came from. Let's  
get on with this plan, whatever it  
is.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Look! There's the iceberg! And  
we're in luck. It's blue.

SUSAN  
(sarcasm.)  
Oh bugger! What a terrible waste of  
plan B.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Now the plan is coming to fruition.  
You see, young people, the  
advantage of planning is

SUSAN  
(confused.)  
That can't be the right one,  
Professor. We're going to miss that  
iceberg. It's no danger to the  
Titanic.

The Professor and Susan and Trent all strain to see the  
iceberg in the darkness and study its position relative to  
the direction of the Titanic.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Well, perhaps you are right ...but  
it is blue and we need a chip off  
it.

TRENT  
So how do we get some of the  
iceberg, Professor?

SUSAN  
(still confused.)  
I don't see any other iceberg.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Hand me the capsule, my boy, and I  
will show you.

Cut to a couple walking toward the pointy end of the boat.  
The Professor, Susan and Trent try to act casual as the  
couple pass. (They don't do a very good job of acting.)

The couple are an older, military-style of man, GENERAL  
POSH, with LADY POSH, an attractive young lady.

LADY POSH  
Oh, General, your war stories are  
always so interesting.

GENERAL POSH  
Why thank you, my dear lady. So,  
you see, in this instance, the  
Boers were taken completely by  
surprise. Our little ruse worked  
just like a Trojan rabbit.

The General laughs at his own story and Lady Posh politely  
joins in. The Professor is getting anxious. He is watching  
them walk slowly across the ship and the iceberg racing  
quickly alongside.

LADY POSH  
Oh, General, you're so clever.

The couple turn to walk back, out of sight, on the other  
side of the ship. The Professor swings into urgent action  
but Susan only shakes her head, disappointedly, at the  
Professor.

SUSAN  
Trojan rabbit! Oh, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
See! I told you it was a rabbit.  
Trent, hand me the capsule.

TRENT  
Professor. There's something I  
should tell you about the capsule.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(laughing good-humouredly.)  
Oh, my boy, there is nothing you  
can tell me about the capsule. I  
designed and built it myself.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

But...

PROFESSOR WHEN

Quiet please. I am concentrating.

SUSAN

Something tells me that you should listen to Trent, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Quiet, both of you. One minute you are hurrying me because we only have a few minutes and now you are preventing me from concentrating on my target. Please be quiet while I take aim with the capsule.

The Professor takes aim. There is an explosion as the capsule fires. The suction cup flies through the air and hits its target. The Professor is very proud of his marksmanship.

PROFESSOR WHEN

There! Perfect shot! The suction cup is attached to the iceberg.

Trent is very relieved that the capsule has worked so well.

TRENT

Well, that worked ok.

The Professor is quite chuffed that his plan is going so well. He is feeling very confident.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Of course it did. How could you possibly doubt that it would.

SUSAN

What now, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Now I tie the steel rope around this sticky out piece of metal bit here.

SUSAN

You haven't spent much time around boats, have you, Professor?

( CONTINUED )

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, I'm sure I would have at some stage. Long time ago, though. Now I turn on the little motor in the capsule and pull the iceberg toward us.

The Professor presses the green button and the electric motor can be heard, pulling the iceberg toward the Titanic.

Again, Trent is relieved that the capsule is working so well.

TRENT

That works ok, too.

Susan is concerned about this plan.

SUSAN

It's coming toward us, Professor. Or we're going toward it? It's moving very fast. Is this safe, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, yes. I only want it to come close enough for us to get some of the ice and then I will touch the reverse button and the steel line will stiffen and push the iceberg away again.

SUSAN

(in great concern.)

I think it's close enough, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes. We can reach that. Now I simply press the red, stop button.

The Professor presses the button but the electric motor continues to whirr.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Um, now I simply press the red, stop button a second time.

He presses the button again. Still nothing. He presses the button, in wide-eyed panic, again and again.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Just give me a moment, while I  
construct plan B so that we can...

The Professor's voice trails off as he diverts all of his brain effort to thinking of a Plan B.

EXT. AN UPPER DECK OF THE TITANIC. EVENING

A very weary orange, slimy alien is aiming its large, extra-terrestrial rifle at Professor When. It has wiggled underneath the guard rail to get a clear shot.

The red light on the rifle turns green. Again, the alien's face contorts into what might be a smile of self-satisfaction. It settles its soft, orange, slimy finger on the trigger.

EXT. THE POINTY END OF THE TITANIC. EVENING

The Professor has stood still for a while, pondering the nearing collision with the iceberg. A plan B would be good about now but nothing has come to mind. At the point of 'no return' he yells his command to Susan and Trent.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Stand back, everybody.

The Professor, Susan and Trent turn and run.

The ship and the iceberg collide. The noise is intense as the iceberg tears open the side of the ship and buckles the deck where the Professor, Susan and Trent had been standing.

EXT. AN UPPER DECK OF THE TITANIC. EVENING

The orange alien is thrown, by the collision, into a slimy slide that sends it against the inner wall of the deck. The rifle falls out of its hands as it shows signs of pain.

It reaches for the rifle but is in full slide as it bounces and slimes its way back toward the seaward side of the deck.

ORANGE ALIEN  
Gnarrs non nimper poten!

(CONTINUED)

It travels under the guard rail and falls a large distance to the sloping cover of a motor housing. It groans as it bounces and slides off the cover to fall another painful distance.

It lands with a wet jelly noise on the deck and groans another soft, pitiful curse.

ORANGE ALIEN

Ohhh ...Gnarrrs non nimper poten.

The alien seems to have come to rest when a second shock rolls the ship yet again.

ORANGE ALIEN

Oh, bugger!

The alien free-slides under the guard rail and off the ship. It splashes into the water. A few bubbles reach the surface and then a large area of water turns orange as the alien dissolves like a marshmallow in hot coffee.

EXT. THE POINTY END OF THE TITANIC. EVENING

Sirens are sounding, PEOPLE are screaming and running.

Cut to a montage to show the chaos.

Cut back to Trent, standing quietly, surveying the damage.

TRENT

Um, that didn't work so well.

The Professor surveys the resulting damage and chaos. He stares, accusingly, at Trent.

PROFESSOR WHEN

So ...I am left with the bewildering questions of 'where did the capacitor come from' and 'why didn't the red stop button work'.

TRENT

Um, Professor ...

PROFESSOR WHEN

Shut up! Pick up a piece of blue ice and place it in the capacitor and let's go back to the ...toaster.

Susan stares, wide eyed, at the Professor.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Professor, you sank the Titanic.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Did not! It was going to sink anyway.

SUSAN

It was going to miss the iceberg.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Probably because our weight on this side of the ship had affected the steering mechanism. If we hadn't been here, it would have run into the iceberg.

SUSAN

Sure!

TRENT

Professor ...What have you done?

PROFESSOR WHEN

I have had enough of this. Let's repair the time orientation and searing toast electrical receptacle. Bring the capacitor, Trent.

They walk, hurriedly, down the ship, looking for a surface where they can repair the toaster. People are running everywhere in panic. Chaos reigns.

TRENT

Professor, we've got to help all of these people.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Hand me the toaster and the capacitor.

Trent is suddenly very excited.

TRENT

Look! Here comes that lovely, young lady.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Hello! Please hand me the toaster and the capacitor.

Trent is lost to love. He waves and screams to the young lady so that she will hear him above all the hysteria.

(CONTINUED)



TRENT

Young lady!

She doesn't hear him, so he moves to stand in her way.

Her eyes pierce through him as she speaks coldly and deliberately.

MISS POSH

Sir, this ship is sinking and  
you're standing between me and the  
lifeboat.

Trent casts her a friendly, confident smile. He is going to save her and then she will be in love with him, too.

TRENT

Don't worry. I'm a time traveller.  
I'll look after you.

Miss Posh replies with a voice from hell ...or the gutters of London.

MISS POSH

Move aside or lose it, Bozo!

Miss Posh charges at Trent and sends him flying to the deck with her shoulder.

TRENT

Aah!

The Professor and Susan rush to assist him before he is trampled. As they approach him, he is yelling at the surrounding throng of people.

TRENT

I've been hit by a front-row  
forward. Who was that gorilla?

SUSAN

That was your lovely, well-spoken,  
young lady.

The Professor is becoming exasperated with the continued interruptions to his toaster repairs and decides to try some psychology.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Come on, Trent. Get to your feet.  
We have to help all of these  
people.

(CONTINUED)

Trent struggles to his feet with the assistance of Susan, ...a disgruntled look on his face.

TRENT

Me! ...Help them? This is how it's supposed to be, Professor. Can't change history, you know.

PROFESSOR WHEN

We should go home then? Is that what you are saying?

TRENT

Yep. I want to go home.

SUSAN

Yep. Let's go.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Excellent. We are finally on track.

Susan and Trent look around at the chaos of the sinking ship with wide eyes.

SUSAN

How is this on track? We are on the deck of a sinking Titanic with a broken toaster.

TRENT

How is this on track?

The Professor puts the toaster on a level surface, smiles and lifts an instructional finger.

SUSAN

Don't do it! There will be pain. Just get on with the repair.

PROFESSOR WHEN

No! It is only right that I should explain why our problems are over.

SUSAN

Make it quick. Use acronyms, where applicable.

TRENT

Yep. Summary version!

PROFESSOR WHEN

We are back on track because we have not changed history in either Asia Minor or the North Atlantic.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Horse!

TRENT

Let the rabbit go, Susan. Please talk faster, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

We are back on track because we know the exact time and date and we can precisely set our instruments to take us home to the precise time and date that we want to arrive home.

SUSAN

I'm glad we chose the summary version.

TRENT

Let him finish, Susan.

PROFESSOR WHEN

We are back on track because we have a capacitor filled with the correct ingredient to repair our time orientation and searing  
(MORE)

Out of frustration, Susan slaps the Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)

Arhh! I do wish that you would desist with this repetitive physical assault upon my person.

SUSAN

Call it a toaster.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Toaster is simply the acronym. It is in fact a time orientation and

Susan slaps him again.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Arhh!

SUSAN

Call it a toaster.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
I will not be bullied in this  
manner.

TRENT  
Susan. Professor. Sinking ship!  
Let's go home, while we can.

The Professor giggles at Trent's naive comment.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, my boy. The ship will take  
hours to sink. We don't have to  
panic.

TRENT  
I just think that we should go now.  
Before anything else goes wrong.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(giggling.)  
Oh, what could possibly go wrong?

There is a huge explosion nearby. As the Professor is  
propelled, he makes a grab for the toaster.

EXT. BESIDE THE TITANIC, IN THE OCEAN. AFTER MIDNIGHT

The Professor, Susan and Trent find themselves coughing and  
spluttering in the very cold North Atlantic Ocean.

The Professor is clutching the toaster and desperately  
trying to keep it out of the water.

There is a great deal of panic.

TRENT  
Oh, no! I don't want to drown in  
the North Atlantic. ...And I don't  
need another bath!

SUSAN  
It's very cold in the North  
Atlantic, Professor. What now?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Swim to me! I have the Time  
...thingy.

Trent sees the Professor's difficulty in keeping the toaster  
above water.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

Is the toaster designed to float in water, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Don't be ridiculous! Why would I invent an amphibious toaster? Whoever heard of such a thing? ...But now that you mention the concept.

SUSAN

Swim while he's prattling, Trent. It saves time.

Susan and Trent swim to the Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Good! Now everybody hold hands and I will touch the eating utensil that is

Susan touches the knife.

INT. INSIDE THE TOASTER. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

All is not well. Water is flowing into the toaster.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I said that I would touch the

SUSAN

I would have drowned before you finished talking about it.

TRENT

Professor, there's water coming in. The toaster is sinking!

PROFESSOR WHEN

Well, let's get out of here. If the circuitry gets wet, it won't work.

The Professor stops mid-panic and gives Trent a serious, questioning look.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Please tell me that you still have the capacitor.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

I still have the capacitor,  
Professor. Here it is.

Trent hands the capacitor to the Professor who opens a compartment on the console and begins replacing the old capacitor.

The Professor stops his work to talk to Trent.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Good boy! I'm really quite  
impressed. With a bit of training,  
you and I could be quite a team.

SUSAN

(sarcasm.)

I had noticed this.

TRENT

Thank you, Professor.

SUSAN

Could you both stop talking long  
enough to fix the toaster?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Young lady, you could learn a great  
deal from this young man about  
staying cool in a situation.

SUSAN

He's not cool. He's just dead from  
the neck up.

The Professor shakes his head and returns to the console. He presses the capacitor into place and closes the compartment.

PROFESSOR WHEN

There! It's fixed.

The water flow suddenly increases. In panic, Trent states the obvious.

TRENT

Professor, the water is pouring in.  
The circuitry is getting wet.

The Professor panics.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Press a button, lad.

Trent panics.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

Which one?

SUSAN

Now he gets particular. Any one,  
Dumbo. Get us out of here.

TRENT

OK. The orange one.

PROFESSOR WHEN

No! Not the orange button marked  
Space Travel.

There is an electrical explosion and clunking mechanical noises. The lights flash off and on.

The scene goes to black but we hear Professor When's empty voice screaming through time and space.

PROFESSOR WHEN (V.O.)

Oh buggerrrrrr!

INT. INSIDE THE TOASTER. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

The toaster has arrived at its destination. The lights are on. The Professor is sitting despondently in a puddle on the floor. Susan and Trent look on in silence.

TRENT

Can we help, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

(sarcasm.)

No. I think you've both done quite  
enough for one day. Thank you.

Trent thinks for a moment and then tries some humour.

TRENT

Yeah, but which day was it? The day  
at Troy or the day we landed on the  
Titanic or this day now?

The Professor only looks up with a black look before  
returning to his sulk.

SUSAN

Oh, come on. Cheer up. We're no  
worse off.

There is no response. Susan searches for a positive.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

The toaster is fixed. Capacitor replaced! Most of the water has drained away.

Still no response.

SUSAN

We just need to find some intelligent life form to tell us what the date and time is and

PROFESSOR WHEN

We are no longer on the planet, Earth.

There is a moment of stunned silence while Susan absorbs his words.

SUSAN

So, ...maybe we are just a little bit worse off.

The Professor takes a deep breath and drags himself up. He turns on a monitor on the console.

TRENT

So, where are we, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

The only thing that I can ascertain with any degree of certainty is that we have not left our Universe.

SUSAN

(sarcasm.)

Oh, wonderful.

TRENT

How do you know that, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Because the I.U.T. button is the only button that you haven't pressed, during your brief time near this console.

SUSAN

What does I.U.T. stand for, Professor?

(CONTINUED)



TRENT

Is it even possible to leave our  
Universe?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes, it certainly is but you should  
wish that it never happens. You  
cannot conceive of the consequences  
...the boggling of the mind!

SUSAN

Oh, yes, we can conceive of the  
boggling. We have seen it in  
action. What does I.U.T. stand for,  
Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

I.U.T. stands for Inter Universe  
Travel.

TRENT

I.U.T. isn't much of an acronym.  
Iut doesn't really mean anything,  
does it?

The Professor is frustrated with the course of this  
conversation.

PROFESSOR WHEN

It is not an acronym. It is an  
abbreviation!

SUSAN

Why didn't you make an acronym for  
it?

TRENT

Yeah. You usually do acronyms. I  
didn't know what an acronym was  
until I met you and now I can use  
it in a sentence.

PROFESSOR WHEN

It's just a button! It's not a  
multi-purpose tool! You just press  
it to make something happen.

TRENT

Why didn't you just call it 'Inter  
Universe Travel'?

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(even more frustrated.)  
Because it didn't fit on the  
button! I would have needed a  
bigger button!

SUSAN  
OK! Cool down everyone. What say we  
go outside?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, yes please!

TRENT  
Yep.

Susan grabs them both and leans against the really big  
knife.

INT. INSIDE A GREY METAL CORRIDOR. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

The three stare around but there are only metal walls, a  
metal floor and a metal ceiling. There is no clue to  
indicate where they are. Trent tucks the toaster under his  
arm.

TRENT  
Where are we, Professor?

The Professor stares at Trent, trying to determine his  
actual level of 'dumb'.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
(sarcasm.)  
Oh, look! We appear to be in a  
long, metal corridor, somewhere in  
our Universe.

Trent and the Professor stare at each other, both  
obstinately out staring the other. After an awkward silence,  
Susan intercedes.

SUSAN  
Let's go for a walk, boys, and see  
if we can find an intelligent life  
form to talk to about going home.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Good plan.

They walk down the corridor.

INT. INSIDE A WHITE METAL CORRIDOR. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

A RED ALIEN slithers along the metal floor leaving behind a slime trail. As it struggles to move along the floor, the voices of the Professor, Susan and Trent can be heard in the distance.

PROFESSOR WHEN (V.O.)  
I suggest we go this way.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
We've already been that way.

TRENT (V.O.)  
I'm confused. All these corridors  
look the same.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Look! That one is painted white. We  
haven't been in a white corridor  
before.

PROFESSOR WHEN (V.O.)  
We should navigate our way down the  
white corridor, then.

The alien listens and then slithers to the wall and opens a panel, revealing a number of buttons. With great difficulty, he presses one with his slimy, jelly-like finger.

There is a noise of dozens of tiny wheels running on a metal floor, with a background purr of little motors.

Cut to a close up of the tiny wheels at the base of small TIN CANS that are whizzing over the metal floor of a corridor. We don't see the top of the tin cans.

Cut back to the alien who is still lying next to his panel, listening intently to the approaching noise of the tin cans and, from the other direction, the growing volume of the voices.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Can anyone else hear a noise?

TRENT (V.O.)  
It sounds like remote control cars.

PROFESSOR WHEN (V.O.)  
My dear boy, why would there be  
remote control cars?

(CONTINUED)

TRENT (V.O.)  
I said 'sounds like'.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Please stop talking.

The alien slithers to another panel and opens it to reveal a large, extra-terrestrial rifle. As the alien pulls it out of the panel, water flows out of the rifle onto the floor. The alien shakes its head in frustration.

RED ALIEN  
Gnarrs non nimper poten!

The alien presses buttons on the rifle and shakes it. Slowly the red light faintly glows and then goes out. It is dead.

RED ALIEN  
Gnarrs non nimper poten!

The sound of approaching tin cans has been growing louder. The noise of the wheels stops, leaving just the purring of many motors. The alien knows that they have arrived and his face contorts into what is probably a sinister smile.

INT. INSIDE THE SAME WHITE METAL CORRIDOR. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

The Professor, Susan and Trent round a bend in the corridor and find themselves confronting a slimy, red alien, lying prostrate on the floor, with a small band of wheeled tin cans purring behind it.

Susan and Trent are repulsed at the sight of the alien and worried about their first encounter with an alien life form. The Professor is immediately excited.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
My dear friend, Torgish!

The red alien eyes his dead rifle with disgust.

RED ALIEN  
Gnarrs non nimper poten!

The Professor dives into the pockets of his coat and finds the B.E.L.T. He points it toward the alien.

The alien cowers as the B.E.L.T. is aimed at him.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN

Please forgive me, my dear, long lost friend. I wasn't expecting company and didn't have my Language Translator ready. What were you saying, Torgish?

RED ALIEN

We didn't mean it. I'm sorry!

TRENT

Is that thing friendly, Professor?

The alien eyes them all suspiciously.

The Professor is shocked at Trent's insulting words.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Manners, my boy! This is my great friend, Torgish!

Torgish gives the rifle a subtle hit. Nothing happens. He casts the Professor an attempt at a friendly 'smile'.

RED ALIEN

So, Professor. You have survived to visit my planet, yet again.

SUSAN

You've been here before, Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes. A long time ago ...I think. It's hard to tell without a time reference.

TRENT

What does he mean by 'survived', Professor?

The Professor shakes his head and taps the B.E.L.T. against the palm of his hand.

PROFESSOR WHEN

It is a language translation thing. For some reason, the B.E.L.T. has never worked well on Torgish's language. It approximates the meaning. Very confusing sometimes.

The Professor points the B.E.L.T. more intently at the alien as if it would improve its operation. The alien cowers again.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
How long has it been since my last  
visit, Torgish?

The alien's eyes narrow and it hisses its reply.

RED ALIEN  
We haven't been cursed with your  
presence for over thirty of our  
years.

Trent and Susan are both very wary of the alien's unfriendly  
demeanour.

SUSAN  
Professor! 'Cursed'? I don't think  
it likes you.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, nonsense! Torgish and I go back  
a long way. It was he who first  
sent for me to consult on  
improvements to his planets power  
systems.

TRENT  
But it said 'cursed with your  
presence', Professor. Surely, you  
can see that it doesn't like you?

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Nonsense! I told you it's an L.T.  
thing. The language translator  
often gives me antonyms of the real  
meaning.

SUSAN / TRENT  
What?

The Professor addresses the alien.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Pardon me, Torgish. These young  
people today! So much to learn  
about travel and technology.

The Professor smiles broadly at his old friend before  
addressing Susan and Trent.

The red alien gives the rifle another shake. The red light  
dimly glows before failing again. The alien mumbles to  
itself.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN

'Antonym' is the word that means the opposite to the word you have. For example 'bad' is the antonym of 'good'. Torgish said 'cursed' so he meant...

The Professor leaves the sentence hanging so that Susan or Trent can provide the correct answer. They both stare at him in silence, waiting for him to finish the sentence. The Professor's eyes narrow as he stares into the blank faces. He moves to end the failed lesson.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Torgish said 'cursed' so he meant 'blessed', obviously. Now, back to talking to my friend.

TRENT

I don't think that is what he meant.

SUSAN

He doesn't like you. You can read it in the body language and facial expressions.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Rubbish! You can't read a blob of jelly.

The Professor turns to Torgish and realises what he has said. He giggles with embarrassment at his remark.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, please excuse me, my old friend. That was just a little insensitive.

The alien spits out his words in anger.

RED ALIEN

I once stood upright like you. My body was once similar to your body. We walked on two, solid legs. Our skin pigment was like yours. My people once passed unnoticed on your planet.

TRENT

Wow! What went wrong?

The Professor hastens to change the subject.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, we don't need to go into that.  
It is a very long, boring story.  
How are my good friends, Manish,  
Deshan and ...Tim?

RED ALIEN

Apparently, very dead ...as you  
would know.

The Professor looks with frustration at the B.E.L.T. and  
gives it a vigorous shake.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I'm very pleased to hear that their  
condition is good. Please give them  
my regards.

The alien shrinks back with fear and grips his dead rifle.

TRENT

This L.T. thing is really weird,  
Professor. Who are Manish, Deshan  
and Tim?

SUSAN

It's not a language translation,  
antonym thing. Listen to his words.

She is ignored by both Trent and the Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Manish, Deshan, Tim and Torgish run  
this planet as a council. All  
brothers who look very much alike  
except for their colours. Manish is  
orange, Deshan is green and Tim is  
yellow.

SUSAN

That's a big job for four um  
...people. What is the planet's  
population?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, yes, there were billions the  
last time I was here. Torgish, what  
is the current population of your  
planet?

( CONTINUED )



RED ALIEN

I suppose you would like me to count myself and my brothers in the calculation?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes, of course. Always keen to get the accurate picture. No point in statistics unless there is some precision.

RED ALIEN

Four.

Stunned silence falls on the room.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Four? Four billion?

RED ALIEN

Four. Without the billion. Just 'four'.

The Professor is embarrassed. Susan and Trent are amazed.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Four? Well, that is a substantial decline. No overcrowding in the subway here.

RED ALIEN

We needed the extra nuclear power from the project that we employed you for. We had used up this planet. We wanted to invade, and slaughter, the inhabitants of the third planet in the Delta Solar System.

SUSAN

Professor?

TRENT

Wow! You've been naughty, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

To be fair, they didn't tell me that at the time. I was keen to help because they told me they needed extra power to make life better for the population. It wasn't until later that I found out

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN (cont'd)  
the truth. And the whole population  
knew the truth and everybody lied  
to me!

RED ALIEN  
And you failed us!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No! My designs were excellent. Not  
just the nuclear ones ...but all of  
the things I designed and built  
while I was here. I made you that  
rifle!

The alien shakes the rifle and it springs into life with a  
green light. Its eyes widen in excitement but the rifle  
immediately dies again. It curses in frustration.

RED ALIEN  
Built by Professor When!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
The problem was the solar wind from  
that Super Nova.

TRENT  
You've got to watch that solar  
wind.

SUSAN  
Stay with us, Trent.

TRENT  
Sorry.

RED ALIEN  
The Super Nova would not have made  
us glow in the dark and melt to  
slimy jelly and change colour.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Could have.

SUSAN  
I've heard they can do that.

TRENT  
Yep.

( CONTINUED )

RED ALIEN

And quadrupled our gravity so that our bodies are squashed to the ground so badly that we have to live underground in this artificial environment.

TRENT

Oh, that's definitely a Nova Super thingy.

SUSAN

One of the main effects, I've heard.

The Professor gives Susan and Trent an acknowledging nod for their support.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I really don't think you can blame any of this on me, Torgish. I applied my superior intellect to solve your problem and a freak of nature intervened.

TRENT

Is he talking about me?

SUSAN

Not this time. A different freak of nature.

The alien shakes the rifle. It is still dead.

RED ALIEN

Enough of this. I will have my revenge.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Young lady, you were quite accurate, by the way.

SUSAN

What?

RED ALIEN

K.A.I.T., activate.

PROFESSOR WHEN

The L.T. is working perfectly. He really doesn't like me.

The sound of purring motors, behind the alien, intensifies.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

No, he doesn't, Professor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I really think we should move along the corridor in a direction that takes us away, with speed, from these tin cans, that would appear to be dangerous to our health.

TRENT

(to Susan.)

What'd he say?

SUSAN

He said 'Run'!

The Professor, Susan and Trent turn to run away just as another group of tin cans appear around the corner. The alien sputters a horrible, evil laugh.

RED ALIEN

You cannot escape, Professor. You are surrounded.

The Professor, Susan and Trent await their fate.

RED ALIEN

K.A.I.T., prepare to fire.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I really think we should talk about this, Torgish. After all, we have been friends for a long time.

The inhabitants of the tin cans show their heads as they prepare to fire. They are the fluffiest, cutest kittens with big adorable eyes.

SUSAN

O.M.G! They are so cute.

TRENT

Ooh! I was so scared, I almost wet my pants. Look at those adorable kittens.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, Torgish. You really had us going for a minute there, my old friend.

The alien looks perplexed at their reaction.

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

Why are the cute kittens in tins,  
Professor?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Because they are kaitts, my boy.

SUSAN

Yes. We know what they are,  
Professor, but Trent asked why they  
are in tins? And the pronunciation  
is 'cats'.

PROFESSOR WHEN

No. The earthly resemblance is to  
cats but

RED ALIEN

Can we get on with this?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Shush, Torgish. Education of young  
people in progress.

RED ALIEN

Education is a waste of time if  
(MORE)

PROFESSOR WHEN

I had forgotten about these life  
forms. You observe so many  
different variations on life that  
you cannot be expected to remember.

RED ALIEN (CONT'D)

...grotesque death is imminent.

PROFESSOR WHEN

You see K.A.I.T. is an acronym for  
Cute Alien In Tin.

TRENT

Aww ...that's a nice acronym.  
They're gorgeous!

SUSAN

So, that makes the acronym  
'C.A.I.T.', doesn't it?

RED ALIEN

Would like to get on with my plan.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN

No, no, no ...no! The acronym is  
'K.A.I.T.'.

TRENT

It really doesn't matter, people.  
It's just nice that they're cute  
and not the killers we thought they  
were.

SUSAN

Of course it matters! 'Cute' does  
not start with a 'K'.

The red alien has become very impatient. He points to one of  
the kaits.

RED ALIEN

You! Warning shot over their heads.

The kait looks up and lazer rays fire from its eyes. The  
ceiling explodes and rubble falls down onto everyone.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Killer! Killer starts with K. The  
acronym is 'K.A.I.T.'. Killer Alien  
In Tin.

Susan and Trent look, wide eyed, at each other.

TRENT

Well, I'm glad we sorted that out.

SUSAN

Can we leave now, Professor?

RED ALIEN

No-one leaves. There will be some  
dying.

The Professor studies the situation and walks over to the  
alien. The alien cowers as the Professor leans over him.

PROFESSOR WHEN

A point of negotiation, Torgish.

RED ALIEN

I have kaits. I don't need to  
negotiate.

(MORE)

As it talks, the rifle in the alien's hands fires up and the  
light turns green. It grins broadly (I think) and looks at  
the Professor with excited eyes.

(CONTINUED)

RED ALIEN (CONT'D)  
And I have the rifle that you  
built.  
(MORE)

At the completion of the sentence, the rifle dies. The alien  
is deflated.

RED ALIEN (CONT'D)  
I have kaits!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Yes, Torgish, you have kaits. But I  
saw the excitement in your eyes  
when you thought you may be able to  
kill me with my own weapon. That  
would be the perfect result  
wouldn't it?

RED ALIEN  
That would be the way of my people.  
That would be my perfect revenge.  
But I will settle for using the  
kaits!

PROFESSOR WHEN  
But what if you don't have to  
settle, Torgish?

RED ALIEN  
I'm listening.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Good. It should never have got to  
this point. You should have just  
called me and told me that you were  
unhappy with the results of my  
project.

RED ALIEN  
I mean I'm listening to the  
alternate way of killing you.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
Oh, yes. Sorry. Misunderstood!

The Professor puts his hand into his coat and pulls out the  
C.A.P.S.U.L.E.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
This, too, is a weapon that I  
designed and built.

(CONTINUED)

SUSAN

Professor, what are you doing?

TRENT

Don't give him the capsule.

RED ALIEN

It's a toy gun with a suction cup.

The Professor smiles knowingly at the alien.

PROFESSOR WHEN

You're not the first to make that erroneous judgement.

RED ALIEN

What are you proposing? Given that it might be a weapon.

TRENT

Oh, it's a weapon all right.

SUSAN

One shot! Hundreds died! I saw it with my own eyes.

The Professor casts Susan a dirty look.

PROFESSOR WHEN

They were going to die anyway.

RED ALIEN

What are you proposing?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Let my young friends go free and I will allow you to shoot me with it.

SUSAN

Aww, Professor!

TRENT

That's really nice of you, Professor. I'm gunna miss you when you're dead.

The Professor's train of thought is interrupted while he considers Trent's comment. He gives him a black look.

PROFESSOR WHEN

After all, they weren't involved in the Super Nova, were they?

(CONTINUED)



RED ALIEN

The Super Nova had nothing to do with it.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Either way, they weren't involved, were they?

RED ALIEN

No. I suppose they can go. How does this capsule work?

PROFESSOR WHEN

You just press this purple button and then count to twelve and it will be fully charged.

The alien moves to press the purple button.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Hold on!

RED ALIEN

What now?

PROFESSOR WHEN

I just need to take my young friends to the end of the corridor and explain to them how they can get home. Is that acceptable to you?

RED ALIEN

Yes, but be reminded, Professor, that you cannot outrun my kaits.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Oh, I don't intend running. I have given you my word. You may now press the purple button.

RED ALIEN

You have been a worthy adversary, Professor. You have outwitted and terminated my dumb, assassin brothers.

The Professor looks with all the compassion he can muster.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Yes. Well. Not much of a compliment when you really think about it.

(CONTINUED)

The remark doesn't appear to register. The alien depresses the purple button.

RED ALIEN

One, Two,

PROFESSOR WHEN

Come, Susan. Trent. To the end of the corridor. I will explain how to go home.

TRENT

This is really nice of you, Professor. Dying for us like this.

PROFESSOR WHEN

I have no intention of dying, my boy.

TRENT

But you gave him your capsule. He pressed the purple button.

SUSAN

Do you have a plan, Professor?

They continue walking toward the bend in the corridor. The Professor is indignant that the question has even been asked.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Of course I have a plan.

RED ALIEN

Eight, nine

PROFESSOR WHEN

Quickly, around the corner.

There is a huge explosion. Tins bounce off the walls and ceiling. A red splatter of slimy jelly covers the walls of the previously white corridor.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Quickly, into the time orientation

There is an electrical explosion.

INT. INSIDE THE TOASTER. ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

The Professor goes immediately to the console and begins adjusting the settings.

TRENT

Professor, you fibbed. You didn't let him shoot you.

PROFESSOR WHEN

It wasn't a gun, my boy.

SUSAN

So the dual purpose of the capsule was as a bomb?

The Professor is still busy calibrating his instruments.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Capsule stands for 'Can Actually Propel Stuff Utilising Liquid Explosive'. The button had a ten second delay.

TRENT

Ooh! You told him to count to twelve. Fibber!

SUSAN

Why would you think you would ever need a bomb?

PROFESSOR WHEN

It wasn't a bomb. It was a propellant. In case I ever needed to propel ...stuff.

SUSAN

Professor. This is bigger than the Titanic. You just killed the last person ...thingy on this planet.

PROFESSOR WHEN

The Super Nova got the other three billion. Anyway, they were all psychopaths. They destroyed their own planet.

SUSAN

Super Nova?

(CONTINUED)

TRENT

What did they do that was so bad?

PROFESSOR WHEN

Think about it! There aren't all that many inhabitable planets. Where do you think the third planet in the Delta Solar System might be? You remember! The planet they were going to invade and kill all of the inhabitants.

The Professor is still calibrating his instruments.

SUSAN

Not good at astronomical games.

TRENT

Nope. Don't know.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Third planet is a hint.

SUSAN

Ooh.

TRENT

Nope. Still don't know.

Susan whispers in Trent's ear.

TRENT

Ooh.

SUSAN

You're spending a lot of time on this setting, Professor.

TRENT

Yeah. You just did a quick twiddle last time.

PROFESSOR WHEN

Torgish told me how long it had been since I was last here and I know what planet we're on. I can take us straight home.

The toaster is rocked by an explosion, throwing the Professor and Susan to the floor. Trent hangs onto the console.

(CONTINUED)

PROFESSOR WHEN  
We need to get out of here quickly.  
The kaits are attacking our time  
orient

As he talks, the Professor struggles to his feet but another explosion rocks the toaster and sends him back to the floor.

TRENT  
It's alright, Professor. I've got  
this.

PROFESSOR WHEN  
No, my boy. It's set to  
(MORE)

Trent makes a lunge at the button when another explosion rocks the toaster. He smacks the wrong button.

There is an electrical explosion and clunking, mechanical noises. The lighting turns red and sirens sound through the depths of the toaster.

PROFESSOR WHEN (CONT'D)  
Oh no! You've hit the I.U.T.  
button.

Lights flash. Explosions occur throughout the toaster. Sirens grow louder. Bedlam.

SUSAN  
I don't want to go to another  
Universe!

TRENT  
I'm still confused by this one.

A final explosion. Everything goes black. Silence.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Oh, bugger!

THE END.