

20% OFF AT TOMMY'S PIZZERIA

[FIFTH DRAFT]

written by

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BRIGHT NEON COLOURS.

A Blue screen with VHS imperfections wiping over flashes  
'PLAY' in the top corner.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Rain falls on a buzzing neon sign outside the window that  
illuminates TIM's apartment. In front of floral wallpaper, he  
slouches, almost brain dead, staring at his CRT television. A  
dog pants next to him.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO  
The space-time continuum is the  
most fascinating thing, you see, we  
experience it in a linear fashion.

EVENING TIM looks past the TV, out to the rain.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO (CONT'D)  
No going forward.

He winces as his stomach rumbles.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO (CONT'D)  
No going back.

EVENING TIM's hand reaches out to a plate, his fingers  
rummage around in crumbs.

INT. KITCHEN. DARK.

Quick cuts from inside cupboards as EVENING TIM opens the  
doors, time and time again to emptiness. No food, sometimes a  
few rogue strands of spaghetti and loose grains of rice.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO  
(From the other room)  
This is why, if time travel did  
exist, the traveller's greatest  
threat would be the infamous  
paradox.

EVENING TIM opens the fridge, bare shelves except for a jar  
labelled 'Pickles' greet him.

He looks at it.

He contemplates.

He closes the fridge door in disgust.

EVENING TIM uncomfortably gets on his knees and opens a low cupboard.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO (CONT'D)  
 Meaning they would never have  
 existed in the first place.

He pulls out a large box which reads 'EMERGENCY FOOD'.  
 Prizing it open, the inside reads: 'IS THIS REALLY AN  
 EMERGENCY?', two smaller boxes greet him, one labelled 'YES',  
 the other 'NO'. EVENING TIM ponders, his stomach rumbles.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO (CONT'D)  
 Although, currently in the realms  
 of science-fiction, it makes one  
 introspective. If you could go  
 back, what would you do? What would  
 you change?

EVENING TIM pulls open the 'YES' box to reveal a single moist  
 pickle.

He looks at it.

It looks at him.

YUCK!

EVENING TIM holds the pickle in his hand and accidentally  
 stands on a squeaky Dog toy. The dog turns its head,  
 confused.

DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO (CONT'D)  
 And now, a word from our sponsors.

EVENING TIM slowly turns the corner to see the Television.

A low-polygon, jagged PS1-style animated advertisement fills  
 the screen.

ANIMATED: EXT. FIELD. DAY.

Two colourfully clothed children stand in a field.

CHILD #1  
 Gee whiz, I could really go for  
 some Pizza from Tommy's Pizzeria  
 right now!

CHILD #2  
Momma already said we had food at  
home!

CHILD #1  
Awh shucks, what's for dinner?

CHILD #2  
(Solemnly)  
Pickles

A laugh track plays.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
Are you sick of pickles?

LIVE ACTION: INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

EVENING TIM moves towards the TV, nodding in desperation,  
looks to the pickle in his hand and throws it behind him.

The pickle lays underneath the armchair next to a Pizza  
Cutter.

ANIMATED: EXT. FIELD. DAY.

A Pizza with eyes, a mouth, arms, and legs walks into frame.

CHILD #1  
Who are you?

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
It's me! Tommy from Tommy's  
Pizzeria!

BOTH CHILDREN  
TOMMY!!

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
Yea! From Tommy's Pizzeria! Did  
someone say they were hungry?

CHILD #2  
Yea, but Momma said we got pickles  
at home.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
Don't let pickles ruin your day!  
Head on down to Tommy's Pizzeria.

CHILD #1  
 B-B-but, Mr Tommy... from Tommy's  
 Pizzeria, we can't afford no Pizza.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
 You gotta do what you gotta do!

INT. TOMMY'S PIZZERIA. DAY.

CHILD #1 sits alone eating Pizza. Blood spatters their face.  
 TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA approaches.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
 Hey Kid, Enjoying your Pizza?

XCU. CHILD #1 stares blankly.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA (CONT'D)  
 What did you do?

XCU. CHILD #1 ponders their crimes.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA (CONT'D)  
 Was it worth it?

LIVE ACTION: INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

EVENING TIM watches, inches from the screen.

ANIMATED: INT. TOMMY'S PIZZERIA. DAY.

A CROWD OF CHILDREN VO  
 YEAH!!!

Confetti pops as the Logo comes up.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
 Hear that at home Boys and Girls?  
 You can do anything to get your  
 hands on some Pizza from Tommy's  
 Pizzeria, where Pizza is better  
 than pickles!

EVENING TIM opens his wallet, almost empty. He pulls out a  
 polaroid of his dog and admires it. The next advert plays.

ADVERTISEMENT #2 NARRATOR VO  
 Are **you** strapped for cash?

EVENING TIM still smiles at the Polaroid.

ADVERTISEMENT #2 NARRATOR VO (CONT'D)  
Then it's simple! Have you  
considered selling a loved one?

EVENING TIM turns to look at his Dog panting.

INT. FOYER. NIGHT.

EVENING TIM hands the Dog to a pair of hands which exchanges it for a pile of notes.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

EVENING TIM counts the money, each note is just paper labelled '#1 MONEY'. He counts enough, celebrates and rushes to the phone.

He punches in the number and the phone rings twice.

The clock ticks round.

EVENING TIM waits anxiously, looking out the window. Hoping any passing car holds the treasure.

Finally, the doorbells rings.

INT. DOORWAY. NIGHT.

EVENING TIM flings open the door to see someone holding up the dog.

STRANGER AT DOOR  
I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

EVENING TIM closes the door.

The clock continues ticking round.

The doorbell rings again, the door swings open, FINALLY!

EVENING TIM's eyes transfix on the pizza box, taking over all his thoughts. The pizza box sits, warm, succulent... loving. EVENING TIM stands, besotted, in-love... devoted. The PIZZA DELIVERY GUY waits, awkward, looking around... confused.

EVENING TIM snatches the pizza box and slams the door.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

EVENING TIM opens the box, HALLELUJAH!

He searches for a pizza cutter, looking under the armchair he pulls out a pickle, throws it at the dog bed only then pulling out the pizza cutter.

He uses the cutter to craft the perfect slices.

We cut as pieces disappear and the TV playing skips showing the passage of time. EVENING TIM sits watching a cheesy, overacted action film.

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
I don't believe it, but you're-

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO  
Yes, yes... I am you. It was I all along, dear child, the orchestrator of my own doom.

Another slice of Pizza gone.

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO (CONT'D)  
The future is desolate, we have nothing. Just give me what I want and I'll be gone.

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
And that is?

Pause.

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO (CONT'D)  
No... NO! You know I can't do that.

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO  
You don't know how to make the most of it, you make poor choices, look at that wallpaper!

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
What the hell man?

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO  
So what now?

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
We finish this.

Cut. Time passes, another slice of Pizza gone.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
Was it worth it?

As he stuffs his face, EVENING TIM nods along smiling.

Only two slices remain. EVENING TIM sits back in his chair, holding his bloated stomach.

His hand hesitates above the slice, can he make himself eat it?

He forces himself to finish the pizza.

WE LOOK AT THE EMPTY PIZZA BOX AS WE MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

The empty Pizza box sits in the sun. The dog bed remains cold, unused.

Still sat in the armchair, MORNING TIM jolts awake, taking a second to process where he is.

He grabs his stomach as it rumbles.

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

The cupboard doors remain open, he searches but again finds nothing.

MORNING TIM opens the fridge, he contemplates and then grabs the pickles.

Opening the jar he looks down into it, they swim in vinegar.

He looks away as his hand ventures in.

MORNING TIM holds a pickle in front of his face.

He looks at it.

It looks at him.

Slowly, he goes in.

No, no, no, he can't do it.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

MORNING TIM stumbles back into the lounge, he holds his painfully hungry stomach as he looks longingly at the empty pizza box.

MORNING TIM looks to the off TV.



## DOCUMENTARY NARRATOR VO

(Echoed)

Although, currently in the realms of science-fiction, it makes one introspective. If you could go back, what would you do? What would you change?

MORNING TIM looks from the TV, to the Pizza box, to the clock. He gets an idea.

INT. FOYER. DAY.

MORNING TIM goes around collecting seemingly random items: a microwave, clock, a reinforced battle vest, a jar of pickles etc.

We see him taping different objects together as well as putting on knee pads and other protective gear.

Finally, he stands in protective clothing in front of a make-shift time machine - a duct taped microwave, clock, desktop calculator etc.

He holds out a juicy pickle, then tightly wraps it in his dressing gown to stuff it into the microwave.

MORNING TIM sits back and looks on at his TIME MACHINE!

He pulls down a balaclava covering his face and puts on some goggles, he looks back to the clock then plays with some dials.

INT. APARTMENT. DAY.

With a pulse, a bright light emits from the other room.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

The neon sign and rain return, along with the chatter of the TV. Another pulse and bright light comes from the other room.

EVENING TIM with Pizza box in hand looks over, alarmed. Bolting upright he holds his fists out to investigate, leaving the Pizza on the side.

INT. FOYER. NIGHT.

MORNING TIM pats himself down as smoke emanates from his battle ready suit. Slowly, EVENING TIM grabs a long dog toy and creeps up behind MORNING TIM who is doing a quick stock take, making sure all his arms and legs are there... Success! EVENING TIM hooks MORNING TIM by the neck with the dog toy, they flail around.

INT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

MORNING TIM sees the pizza box on the side, holds the dog toy tightly and headbutts. EVENING TIM falls back as MORNING TIM goes straight for the pizza.

EVENING TIM recovers and taps MORNING TIM on the shoulder, he turns, only to be greeted by a punch to the face. They both react, one with an injured face and the other a hurt hand.

Both inexperienced fighters they awkwardly extend their hands out and circle the space, waiting for the other to make the first move.

EVENING TIM accidentally stands on a squeaky dog toy and looks down, MORNING TIM takes the chance and kicks them in the chest. EVENING TIM falls onto the floor, bewildered.

On the floor, EVENING TIM tries pushing himself back as MORNING TIM grabs his Pizza Cutter and approaches. EVENING TIM spots his pizza cutter under the chair and before he can go to reach it, in an impulse EVENING TIM kicks his leg out, getting MORNING TIM in the throat, pushing him to the floor.

MORNING TIM struggles for air so raises his balaclava revealing himself to EVENING TIM who looks on in disbelief. The TV plays in the background.

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
I don't believe it, but you're-

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO  
Yes, yes... I am you. It was I all along, dear child, the orchestrator of my own doom.

MORNING TIM looks at the TV and back to EVENING TIM.

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO (CONT'D)  
The future is desolate, we have nothing. Just give me what I want and I'll be gone.

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
And that is?

MORNING TIM looks over to the pizza box.

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO (CONT'D)  
No... NO! You know I can't do that.

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO  
You don't know how to make the most  
of it, you make poor choices, look  
at that wallpaper!

They both look to the floral wallpaper.

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
What the hell man?

ACTION CHARACTER #2 VO  
So what now?

ACTION CHARACTER #1 VO  
We finish this.

MORNING TIM pulls the balaclava back down as they stand back  
up, mirroring each other, bracing the leg to get back on  
their feet.

They both stand, ready to fight for what they want. They both  
go in for the same punch, their fists meet in the middle!  
OUCH! They go for the same kick to the stomach, ARGH!

MORNING TIM retreats back, looking to see what he can use.

Before EVENING TIM knows it, he is getting hit with dog toys,  
at first he braces and then realises it doesn't hurt, he  
looks around to see what he can use. At first throwing a TV  
Remote and then out of instinct just going to throw the Pizza  
Box.

WOAH, WOAH, WOAH! MORNING TIM holds his hands out trying to  
stop EVENING TIM from making a grave mistake. He snaps back  
into what he's doing, how could he risk the pizza? He  
gestures to apologise and places the Pizza back down.

EVENING TIM runs up and hits MORNING TIM in the face with the  
TV remote, we hear the channel change.

MS. We stay on the TV.

A weather presenter stands in front of a map.

## WEATHER MAN

Tonight, you can be expecting a lot  
of-

MORNING TIM gets hit by the remote again, the channel changes  
to two people in a boxing ring.

## SPORTS COMMENTATOR

Brutal carnage! That's going to be-

Another hit, the channel changes to a cooking program.

## CHEF

Sore and tender.

A final hit, in a whirlwind of snow a presenter wears a big  
puffer jacket.

## SNOW PERSON

And as you can see, it's only  
getting colder and colder.

MORNING TIM looks to the pizza, it's time to end this.

EVENING TIM falls to the floor, battered.

MORNING TIM straddles his younger self.

EVENING TIM struggles to hold up MORNING TIM's hands as the  
Pizza Cutter starts to descend towards his face.

Both their arms, shaking.

Both men, determined.

The Pizza, waiting patiently.

In the struggle MORNING TIM's balaclava gets pulled off.

The sharp cutter gets lower and lower.

EVENING TIM looks scared, he doesn't want to die.

The Pizza Cutter gets dangerously close to EVENING TIM's  
cheeks.

EVENING TIM shoots one last look at his killer.

MORNING TIM looks down, nothing else going through his head  
other than VICTORY!

We stay on MORNING TIM, the music swells as his face lights  
up. Bloodlust in his eyes, we see he pushes all his weight  
down.

Hold.

He stumbles back.

The TV plays.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA VO  
What did you do?

EVENING TIM's hand twitches then lays still.

MORNING TIM contemplates what he's done.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
VO (CONT'D)  
Was it worth it?

The horror.

A CROWD OF CHILDREN VO  
YEAH!!!

The death.

He then looks over to the Pizza and smiles. He uses the pizza cutter to craft the perfect slices, is all that red just tomato sauce?

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA VO  
Hear that at home Boys and Girls?  
You can do anything to get your  
hands on some Pizza from Tommy's  
Pizzeria, where Pizza is better  
than pickles!

MORNING TIM picks up a large slice, the stringy cheese perfectly pulls away.

Just before eating, he looks down to his other hand, starting to fade away. He looks back to the Pizza, goes to take a bite but fades through it.

He accepts his fate.

The Pizza picturesquely falls back into the box, perfectly placed over the other slices.

The 'TOMMY'S PIZZERIA - where pizza is better than pickles!' logo fades in with '20% off with code TIMETRAVEL20' beneath it.

TOMMY FROM TOMMY'S PIZZERIA  
VO (CONT'D)

(Sped Up)

Tommy's Pizzeria is not associated with any other Pizzeria's or Tommy's or indeed any other Tommy's Pizzeria's and as a company we fully promote self-love and support, we do **not** endorse hating or hurting your past self. Please be kind to them, remember to look in-store for our meditation and self-love pamphlets. Except you Kyle, you know what you did.

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