

The Interview

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EXT. WOODS. NIGHT.

A dark, clear night. The moon lighting the tops of the trees of the forest.

In between the still trees there is a light shimmering through the branches.

Closer, we can see a man holding a torch.

Walking alone. Tall, muscular, a modern looking suit, holding a torch with one hand, a briefcase with the other. This is SAMUEL WOLFE, looks to be in his 30s.

His torch is moving as though he is searching, his eyes looking over every possible section of the woodland floor.

He stops short of a fallen tree.

He crouches. Takes some dirt into his fingers, running it through.

SAMUEL WOLFE

...shit.

He stands up, using the torch to look over the surroundings.

Then the sounds of dogs barking.

He shines the torch in the direction of the sound.

SAMUEL WOLFE (CONT'D)

Shit.

He starts to open his briefcase, but his torch starts to fail.

SAMUEL WOLFE (CONT'D)

Shit.... Urgh.

He drops the briefcase, starts hitting the torch to get it working. It flashes, flashes, flashes.... and goes dark.

The sounds of the dogs barking gets louder, we hear men shouting, a whistle. He picks up the briefcase, and starts to run through the woods.

Running. He pants.

The sounds of oncoming dogs, the shouting men, and the whistle gets louder.

He trips, stumbles.

The briefcase is dropped.

As he stands up, the men with dogs surround him.

POLICEMAN

STOP!

He looks at the man shining the torch in his face, one man next time with a growling dog, another with a rifle.

He places his hands above his head.

SAMUEL WOLFE

Fuck.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.

SAMUEL WOLFE is in the backseat of a Police Car. The Car itself is a 1961 Triumph Herald. This is the early 60s.

The Policeman is driving the car through the night.

SAMUEL WOLFE looks annoyed and tired of the situation he is in.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL. NIGHT.

SAMUEL WOLFE is sitting on the bed of the cell, the cell doors slam in front of him. The Policeman locks the door.

SAMUEL WOLFE exhales loudly.

He lies down.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON CELL. MORNING.

SAMUEL WOLFE is lying down. The bars of the cell are hit with a nightstick. The banging jolts SAMUEL awake. He sits upright and looks at the GUARD standing at the door.

Behind him is the man from last night, the POLICE CAPTAIN.

POLICE CAPTAIN

You have a lot of explaining to do.

The GUARD opens the cell.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM. MORNING.

The POLICE CAPTAIN and SAMUEL WOLFE are in a room, sat on opposite sides of a table.

The POLICE CAPTAIN has a notebook, and a folder with him. There is a phone on his side.

There is a window looking out onto the courtyard.

The POLICE CAPTAIN opens the folder, revealing the case notes for a missing woman, LAURA CONNOR, 26.

POLICE CAPTAIN

You have some explaining to do. LAURA CONNOR went missing three weeks ago in the woods. Where we found you, running from us. At the scene where we found her shoes and the blouse that she was last seen in. We caught you after a dark figure was seen going into the woods, and then you ran. Incriminating. You were found with no identification, and your briefcase... well... we are unable to open it. Can you tell me who you are?

SAMUEL looks annoyed. His suit that looked immaculate the night before, is now creased and slightly disshelved.

SAMUEL WOLFE

I would say I haven't got time for this... but...

POLICE CAPTAIN

...but...?

SAMUEL WOLFE

I don't know. I can't be bothered with this. Wasting mine and your time. And hers.

The POLICE CAPTAIN looks up.

POLICE CAPTAIN

You.. you know where she is?

SAMUEL WOLFE

I do not. You interrupted that part
of my investigation.

The POLICE CAPTAIN looks annoyed.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Who are you then? And who are you
with?

SAMUEL points to his briefcase that is beside the POLICE
CAPTAIN.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Your briefcase? Your identification
is in there?

SAMUEL nods.

The POLICE CAPTAIN places the briefcase on the table.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me how to
open it?

SAMUEL WOLFE

You won't be able to.

POLICE CAPTAIN

And why is that?

SAMUEL WOLFE

You don't have my fingerprint.

The POLICE CAPTAIN looks confused. Picking up the briefcase,
he inspects the latches. There are no keyholes, no code
combination. Only a single small black panel in the centre.

The POLICE CAPTAIN places his thumb on the panel.

It flashes red.

SAMUEL WOLFE (CONT'D)

Told you.

The POLICE CAPTAIN looks annoyed. But he concedes the
briefcase to SAMUEL.

SAMUEL places his cuffed hands onto the briefcase, looks at
the POLICE CAPTAIN, then places his right thumb onto the
black panel.

It flashes green.

There is a click.

The briefcase is open.

The POLICE CAPTAIN takes the briefcase, and opens it.

Inside there is a black notebook, a red notebook, a computer tablet, and a ragged paperback copy of 'A Brief History Of Time' by Stephen Hawking.

The POLICE CAPTAIN takes all four items and places them onto the table.

He opens up the black notebook, flips through the pages and places it down.

He then looks at the tablet, but is confused by the sleek metal facade on the back, and the clean glass front.

The paperback book is next, he flips through the pages. He then opens it up onto the first page. He sees the year of publication...

POLICE CAPTAIN
...1998? That... this is fake.

SAMUEL WOLFE
I can assure you, it is very much
real. Can I have the tablet?

SAMUEL points to the tablet. The POLICE CAPTAIN, looks as though he is realising he is out of his depth. He slides the tablet across the table.

SAMUEL picks it up, presses his index finger on the glass surface, and it lights up.

The UI is unlike anything we have seen. It is certainly unlike anything the POLICE CAPTAIN has seen.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Who... who are you?

SAMUEL looks at the POLICE CAPTAIN, then at the tablet. He shows the POLICE CAPTAIN the screen.

It shows the face of SAMUEL, a few years younger. His name, AB- Blood Type, and the words 'ENFORCEMENT INVESTIGATOR'. There is a logo, spelling out T.I.A.-R

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
T.I.A.-R? Never heard of it.

SAMUEL WOLFE

You wouldn't. Nobody would for another 150 years or so.

The POLICE CAPTAIN looks even more confused.

POLICE CAPTAIN

150.. years? You're telling me you are from the future?

SAMUEL WOLFE

Technically speaking, no. But for the purposes of me talking to you, why not. My name is SAMUEL WOLFE, identification number 2084057. I am an Enforcement Investigator for the TIME INTELLIGENCE AGENCY, REPERATIONS DIVISION. I find anomalies in the time continuum, and investigate the reasons behind such problems. You interrupted me whilst, like yourselves, I was investigating the disappearance of LAURA CONNOR and her kidnapper, JONATHON CAMERON.

The POLICE CAPTAIN is writing this information down as SAMUEL is speaking.

SAMUEL WOLFE (CONT'D)

Like you said, she disappeared three weeks ago here. But, she and JONATHON went to somewhere else. I was attempting to find out where, and why.

POLICE CAPTAIN

How can you be from the future?

SAMUEL WOLFE

My tablet, briefcase, and that paperback not proof enough for you?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Fakes, forgeries.. optical illusions... Ramblings of someone who needs to be institutionalized.

SAMUEL WOLFE

Uhuh...

SAMUEL presses on the black screen of the tablet. The haptic feedback responds.

SAMUEL WOLFE (CONT'D)
 Today's Date.

The tablet responds.

TABLET
 Tuesday. March 14th. 1961.

SAMUEL looks at the tablet, then at the POLICE CAPTAIN.

SAMUEL WOLFE
 If you were to have the newspaper,
 which I have'nt seen as I have been
 in the cell all night, you will
 find out that Floyd Patterson
 knocked out Ingemar Johansson in
 the 6th, for the heavyweight boxing
 title.

The POLICE CAPTAIN gets up from his seat, and goes to the door. Opening it he looks in the corridor, seeing a deputy.

POLICE CAPTAIN
 Can I have this mornings Herald?
 Also bring me my suitcase, and a
 cup of tea.

He looks at SAMUEL.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
 Can I get you one?

SAMUEL shakes his head.

SAMUEL WOLFE
 Just a glass of water.

POLICE CAPTAIN
 And a water for MR. WOLFE here.

He stands there waiting.

The DEPUTY hands him the paper and the suitcase.

The POLICE CAPTAIN closes the door.

He places the suitcase and the newspaper on the table. There is a knock on the door.

The POLICE CAPTAIN goes to the door, opens it and takes a cup of tea and a glass of water from the DEPUTY.

The door closes.

The POLICE CAPTAIN places the cup and glass on the table and sits back down, taking the newspaper and opening it up.

After a moment, he sees a photo of Floyd Patterson winning the heavyweight boxing title.

The caption agrees with the description given by SAMUEL.

He is silent.

SAMUEL WOLFE

Yeah. Now, can you let me go?

The POLICE CAPTAIN takes out a key and unlocks the cuffs.

SAMUEL rubs his wrists with relief. He stands up and looks out the window.

POLICE CAPTAIN

So, what can you tell me about this JONATHAN...

SAMUEL WOLFE

...CAMERON.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Yes. What would be useful for us to know with our investigation?

The POLICE CAPTAIN sips his tea.

SAMUEL WOLFE

Born in 2185. Apprehended and then recruited by us, 2214. And then 10 years later, went AWOL on an investigation in this century. The thing about JONATHAN, is that, like me, he was an Enforcer. Then just went off the deep end.

SAMUEL drinks some water. The POLICE CAPTAIN is writing notes.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Sounds like a slippery customer.

SAMUEL WOLFE

You have no idea. The Enforcers that have been sent to find him have either turned up missing, or dead. I am the first to track his movements to this year, to now. To where LAURA CONNOR comes from.

POLICE CAPTAIN

What now? We, well I, am available to help you with your investigation if needed.

SAMUEL WOLFE

No.

POLICE CAPTAIN

No?

SAMUEL WOLFE

No. There is not anything you can do to help. Nothing for you to do.

The POLICE CAPTAIN looks annoyed by this response.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Oh.

SAMUEL WOLFE

But in about 15 minutes the M.E.'s will be here to undo this mess.

POLICE CAPTAIN

M.E.'s?

SAMUEL WOLFE

Memory Erasers. Can't have your knowledge alter the future.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Oh.

The POLICE CAPTAIN opens his briefcase with a key. The top stands up at a right-angle. It obscures our view.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Don't have fancy, uhhh, whatever that is.

The POLICE CAPTAIN takes out a photograph, but we only see the back of it. It looks old.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Do you have family, MR. WOLFE?

SAMUEL shakes his head. He turns to look out the window, looking at the garden outside.

SAMUEL WOLFE

No. I do not.

POLICE CAPTAIN
Ahhh, a single man.

SAMUEL WOLFE
Yeah. Well, our line of work
doesn't enable attachments, or love
for that matter.

POLICE CAPTAIN
I'm aware.

SAMUEL turns around.

The POLICE CAPTAIN is holding a weapon. A much more advanced
weapon that what belongs in 1961.

The POLICE CAPTAIN fires two shots into the chest of SAMUEL.

SAMUEL staggers. Stunned, hurt, bleeding he hits the floor
with a thud. His breathing is panicked, then slowing.

The photo that the POLICE CAPTAIN was holding is on the
table.

It is the same one that was in the folder, just aged many
more years.

The POLICE CAPTAIN is JONATHAN CAMERON.

JONATHAN sits on the seat. He watches the life fade from
SAMUEL.

JONATHAN picks up the receiver of the phone.

He dials.

JONATHAN
Hey sweetie. Yeah... Put your
Mother on. Hi. Yeah it is good so
far.

JONATHAN looks through the red notebook. There are sketches
of time travel machines. A DeLorean, a Flux Capacitor, a
Phone box, a Shuttle.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)
Uhuh... Yeah... No, no thats fine.
I am just calling to say that I
will be a little late for dinner.
Okay.
I love you LAURA.

JONATHAN hangs up.

CUT TO BLACK.

END.