

BACK -TO THE SOCCER!

by

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ACT ONE

INT. MATT'S FLAT - PICTURES, FLAGS, ENGLAND MEMORABILIA --
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Spoof, and Matt are sat watching England get beaten by Brazil on TV.

As the final whistle blows Matt is very upset. He looks up at his signed photo of the 1966 England Team on the wall. He walks over to the wall

MATT

(laments)

This lot today are not fit to lace
their boots. These were real
footballers - no prima donnas
here. Gordon Banks would never
have let that free kick beat him.

Matt pulls down a treasured souvenir - a framed copy of the Sunday Mirror of 31st July 1966 – The headline proclaims: "ENGLAND VICTORIOUS".

MATT

D'ya know Spoof, I'd have loved to
have seen this team play. I'd have
done anything to have been there
that day... anything.

SPOOF

I know, wouldn't it be great.

MATT

I'll say it would.

SPOOF

Well perhaps you could.

(pause)

What you'd really need is a time
machine.

MATT

(in disbelief)

A what?

SPOOF

You know a time machine. You could
nip back, watch the game, and be
home for tea.

MATT

Yes, thank you for that. If you've any more helpful thoughts please let me know. Stupid p...

SPOOF

It's not that stupid. I know someone who had one

MATT

Now you're being annoying as well as stupid. You're sitting there straight faced telling me you know someone who has - had - a machine that travelled back in time and you expect me to believe you. Don't be ridiculous, that sort of thing only happens in films.

SPOOF

Listen. All I'm saying is there was this man - mad professor type, you know - who lived somewhere out on Blanchland Moor..., and he invented a Time Machine.. and it worked

MATT

And you knew him. You saw this did yer.

SPOOF

Well.. sort of!

MATT

Sort of...? As in sort-of no?

SPOOF

Sort of not exactly - but I heard it from a very reliable source. Impeccable even.

MATT

(pause) (tuts)
I thought as much. Pure bullshit as per usual.

The lads open another beer and retreat back into their silent mourning. In the background the TV pundits are analysing the game, drawing inevitable comparisons with the success of 1966. After a couple of moments...

MATT

Who told you?

SPOOF

Told me what?

MATT

Told you the story, y'know about
this Professor bloke and his Time
Machine. *Who* is your 'very
reliable source'?

SPOOF

It were mi' Granddad...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. LOCAL PUB – NIGHT . LATER THAT WEEK

.....

The lads meet up with Spoof's Granddad at his local, and treat him to a couple of pints. Before long they pluck up courage to ask him how he heard the story about the alleged Time Machine.

.....

MATT

Can I put you another in there
Granddad?

GRANDDAD

Another? 'ave had two already. Aye
all right, then. But I'll have to
pay a visit. It gets to be a
problem at my age. Your Gran's
always saying I've got prostrate
trouble you know.

SPOOF

Prostrate?

GRANDAD

That's right - I have to keep
lying down..
(chuckles)

Granddad staggers off to the gents.

MATT

(rising)
Right, I'll get these in and when
he gets back, you ask him, right?

SPOOF

Yeah, OK. But don't push him. I
don't think he likes talking about
it.

MATT

Your Granddad, doesn't like
talking. That'll be the day.

LATER - Granddad returns and sits down

SPOOF

There you go

GRANDDAD

Thank you son. That'll do nicely.
Are you er... sure it's not my
shout.

MATT

No wouldn't hear of it - anyway we
wanted to ask you about something.
Don't we Spoof, er Steven.

SPOOF

Er yeah... Granddad do you remember
you once told me about that mad
professor fellah on Blanchland
Moor. You know he supposedly had,
erm a sort of Time Machine I think
you called it.

GRANDDAD

(indignantly)

Supposedly. No supposedly. I saw
it! Saw it with my own eyes.

Just as clearly as I can see you
now.

Granddad's bottle-bottom glasses do nothing to reassure Matt.

GRANDDAD

Why are you askin'

SPOOF

Well I were telling Matt, and he
didn't believe me.

Granddad gives Matt a stern look.

MATT

(spluttering on a mouthful of
beer)

No, I didn't exactly say I didn't
believe it. I'm really interested
in science fiction and such.

GRANDDAD

FICTION!

MATT

(in a deeper hole)

No. No! I'm really fascinated with science I mean. It sounds amazing! I'd like to know more about it.

SPOOF

Go on Gramps. Tell him what you told me

GRANDDAD

Well, all right then. But every word is Gospel true I tell you.

You'll remember that before I retired for good, I worked part time as a meter reader for the Electricity Board. They used to send *me* out to all the 'difficult' jobs that no one else wanted.

Well, one of these 'difficult jobs' was a remote old farmhouse out on Blanchland Moor, known as Duck Hall. The owner was a disgraced science professor. Why he was disgraced wasn't clear, but there were many stories of strange lights, witchcraft, and all the usual scary stuff, including a bizarre tale of a Time Machine, which, they said, *'came straight from a lad who once worked there as his assistant'*.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUCK HALL, BLANCHLAND MOOR. LATE AFTERNOON –
FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Action to follow Dialogue

GRANDDAD (V/O)

Now, Duck Hall was at the end of a two mile long, unmade track that

was difficult in summer and well nigh impossible in winter.

Many had tried to make the journey. Some had succeeded, but none had ever got a reply... and what with stories of weird happenings, rabid Rottweilers, wild bulls and killer geese, somehow the meter reading was always estimated.

This had gone on for far too many years, so, they sent for me. I was a veteran of the Second World War. I'd beaten Hitler, and I wouldn't let some local madman get the better of me.

So one afternoon, I walked to the farm across the Moor, skirted round the bulls, made friends with the dogs - I was an expert dog handler of course, from my time in the circus, - locked the geese in the barn and, finding no sign of human life, set up camp in the farmyard.

Well I didn't have long to wait. It was about 30'clock on the very first night, which as in all good stories just happened to have a full moon. I was woken by the sound of the dogs howling and a-yelping. Through the wall of my tent I could see light coming from the direction of the barn. Fearlessly, though with some trepidation I decided to go out and investigate. As I approached the barn the light inside grew brighter.

Suddenly the doors flew open.

(CONT'D)

GRANDDAD (V/O)

The barn was empty save for the geese who were looking decidedly

apprehensive. At that very same moment this almighty noise came from behind me. My military training had not been wasted. I flung myself to the ground, just in time to feel the draught from what I felt sure must have been an 150-millimetre Howitzer shell pass over me. There was bang, and a flash, and the geese let up with such a wild cackling.

I was expecting an explosion so I kept my face buried in the farmyard mire. But nothing happened. Slowly I lifted my head and could scarcely believe my eyes. The barn doors were wide open, and inside goose feathers were falling gently, like snowflakes on a very cold day. The light had changed to a gently pulsating greeny-orange glow, and there in the middle of the building was this *Machine*.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ENDS

CUT: BACK TO PUB

MATT & SPOOF

Machine?

GRANDDAD

Well more like a car really, but not like any car I'd ever seen. There were bits welded on, and wires sticking out...

MATT

Go on, what happened then?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUCK HALL – NIGHT. FLASHBACK SEQUENCE RESUMES

Action follows Dialogue

GRANDDAD (V/O)

The 'Machine' was glowing gently, and by now everything had fallen silent save for the regular tick, tick, ticking of cooling metal. There was a strange smell in the air. From my time in the perfume business I immediately identified it as a blend of paraffin, bonfire night and roast goose.

With a gentle creaking the car door started to open. Although prepared for anything, I thought it best to keep quiet for the moment. Slowly a bare, hairy leg appeared. A yell split the night air.

PROFESSOR 'DUCK' DUCKWORTH

(desperate yell)

Who, in God's name put those geese in here?

GRANDDAD (V/O)

Slowly, the owner of the hairy leg stumbled out of car, collapsing in a smouldering heap to the floor of the barn. In the dim light I could just make out the shape of a tallish, middle-aged man with long flowing white hair.

He was wearing some kind of robes. Being a God-fearing man, it flicked through mi mind that this could be some kind of religious visitation. Then I thought well surely my Creator, in whatever form, would not arrive on Earth in the middle of Blanchland Moor in a battered old car. I decided that whoever he was, he needed help.

GRANDDAD (V/O CONTINUED)

It was time to break cover. Picking myself up I cautiously walked towards the barn. As I

moved inside I could now see that the place was packed full of electronic gadgets, with hundreds of blinking lights and flickering dials, which accounted for the mysterious glow.

'Blimey,' I thought, 'this must use a hell of lot of electricity!'

I peered round and sure enough there on the back wall was the object of my desire - a NEEB 10/53 Forty-four Megawatt Three-Phase Meter - and a Mark 2 version at that!

Well being the consummate professional, the sight of such a rare specimen rendered me temporarily oblivious to the plight of the poor creature lying at my feet. I reached into my pocket, pulled out my NEEB standard issue Torch and Notepad, and took the reading.

This was no ordinary meter - there were ten digits! I checked and double checked, not quite believing what I'd written, and stood back in admiration.

There was a groan from behind me, and I suddenly remembered this poor bloke on the floor. Before I could move though, the man sat bolt upright and let out another yell.

PROFESSOR DUCKWORTH
(shouts)

What... what have I done! This must never ever happen again!

GRANDDAD (V/O)

I instinctively ducked back into the shadows. The man, who moments before had seemingly been out like a light, leapt to his feet. Jumping back in, he started the engine. From my vantage point I

watched as the man then attached a massive cable to the back of the car.

His fingers were a blur as he pushed buttons and switched switches. There was a large display on the back wall. I saw the numbers come up one by one: 3, 0, 0, 7, 3, 9, 5, 6. *'What did they mean?'* I wondered.

It didn't matter. As the last number flickered into life the car revved up to full power. The noise was unbelievable. White hair flowing in the wind, with a triumphant yell the man reached through the open driver's door and hit a big red button on the dash.

PROFESSOR DUCKWORTH

(shouts)

Go...! Go for ever...!

GRANDDAD (V/O)

There was a flash and a bang, even louder than before. He was thrown to the floor and the car shot off and out through the barn doors. In a trailing shower of sparks, it headed across the yard straight for the house and... simply disappeared.

By now I'd seen enough. Bravery is one thing but this was unnatural, and after all I had got what I came for. The man was moaning and babbling incoherently but otherwise seemed capable of staying alive under his own steam.

GRANDDAD (V/O)

Without stopping even to pick up my tent I legged it down the track just as fast as I could....

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT: BACK IN PUB

MATT

And did you ever go back?

GRANDDAD

Never! When I got back they wouldn't believe me. They said that according to my reading the man's bill would be well over a million quid. They sacked me for gross incompetence, drinking on duty, and telling porkies. I had to turn in my torch.

Matt and Spoof look at each other

MATT

That's quite a tale Granddad!

GRANDAD

Aye, it is. And as I said every word is Gospel truth

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT: STREET LATER

The lads discuss what they've heard as they walk home

.....

Matt is not at all convinced. Granddad had been known to stretch the truth from time to time. However, Spoof is adamant that on this occasion, the old man seems to be sincere. Pulling out a map of the moors, the lads get directions and agree that the following weekend they 'might just go and have a look'...

.....

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

EXT - WINDSWEPT MOOR - DUSK. FOLLOWING WEEKEND

Establish location

CUT: INT. MATT'S CAR

Matt is driving, Spoof is struggling with map and torch

SPOOF

He wasn't very nice was he?

MATT

What d'ya mean?

SPOOF

That old bloke we stopped for directions. When I said I couldn't find Duck Hall round here, he said we should go bugger off back where we came from then.

MATT

We should have been there hours ago. Trust your daft Granddad to get it wrong. It's getting dark now. We'll have to pack it in shortly.

SPOOF

Well he seemed sure enough. Hang on, what's that sign up there?

MATT

(peering out)

Shine your torch on it then.

(pause)

It says, 'Keep Out - Private Property - Definitely No Visitors.' That sounds like our man. AND... there's a picture of a white duck underneath. This must be it!

CUT: EXT

Matt turns the car into the track.

CUT: INT CAR

SPOOF
(looking back)
That's not a duck you fairy,
that's bird-shit!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUCK HALL

.....

Spoof and Matt arrive at Duck Hall and pull into the farmyard. The place is obviously occupied – but at first sight there doesn't seem to be anyone about. No wild bulls, no killer geese - not even a barking dog. It's not at all what they expected, which makes them all the more apprehensive.

Still, they decide to get out have a look round. Sure enough there's a light coming from the barn. They quietly walk over and listen. There are some soft bubbling and snuffling noises coming from inside, so they decide to gently open the door.

.....

SPOOF
H-Hello...

MATT
Anyone here?

There's no response.

Moving inside they see the scientific paraphernalia - bubbling jars, electronic panels, flashing lights – much as Granddad had described.

SPOOF
(lets out a soft whistle)
(whispering)
This must be the place alright -
look at all this lot.

In the gloom they spot a table, and lying flat out on it is a long ghost-like figure, in his forties, with flowing white hair. There are several brightly coloured wires attached to a Viking helmet on his head, which lead off to the back of the barn, where they seem to be connected to some mysterious shape in the far corner.

MATT

Duck Duckworth, the mad professor.

SPOOF

Is..., is he dead ...

They creep apprehensively towards the body,

SPOOF

...I can't see him breathing.

Matt leans closer to the body:

MATT

Hello... Mister D-Duck-w-worth.

Matt prods him in the chest. As he touches the body there's a banshee squeal from the shape in the corner and the fattest porker pig comes running out, attached to the other end of Duck's cables.

The lads scream, Duck is pulled off the table, falls onto the lads and the pig legs it through the open door.

DUCK:

Holy Moses - who the hell are you?

MATT:

We thought you were dead.

DUCK:

Dead? I could well have been thanks to you two. I was merely carrying out an experiment in animal telepathy - attempting to control the pig by sending my thoughts to the pig's brain.

SPOOF:

Well you looked dead.

DUCK:

I always look dead. Now, tell me, what exactly did you do?

MATT:

I stuck my finger into your chest..

DUCK

Yees..

MATT

..and the pig squealed like it
caught it's arse in a bacon
slicer.

DUCK:

'Really! That's amazing! We must
have bonded! Come inside, let's
have some tea.

.....

Duck has indeed bonded with the pig. As the story unfolds, he takes on more and more porcine mannerisms!

.....

INT: DUCK HALL

.....

Over tea they introduce themselves, and Matt attempts to explain why they came. Under Duck's questioning they confess to being curious about time travel, and relate Granddad's tale. Duck listens without comment, except his eyes narrow slightly when the geese are mentioned.

Eventually Matt comes right out and asks if the time machine actually exists. Duck is reluctant to talk about it.

.....

MATT

So the stories aren't true then.
Granddad was lying.

DUCK

(incensed)

Not true...!! Of course it's true,
and I remember that night like it
was yesterday. Time travel is not
only perfectly feasible, I did it!

MATT

And...?

DUCK

I shall NEVER EVER do it again.

SPOOF
What happened???

DUCK:
I can't talk about it.

MATT
But you built a machine..

DUCK
(misty eyed)
Yes I did. I called it...
The TODGER.

MATT & SPOOF
(Together)
THE TODGER!!

DUCK:
Time Oscillation Digital
Generating Equipment.

SPOOF
(thinking)
...But that only spells TODGE.
What's the R for?

DUCK
(dismissively)
Er... never mind. It's not
important.
(reflecting)
It was my greatest achievement.

MATT
Hang on. You mean to say.. I mean,
your standing there telling us
that you actually built a Time
Machine, and it actually *worked*.
So where is it now?

DUCK
It's - gone - gone for ever.
(pause)
So you see, even if I wanted to I
couldn't do it again.
(rising)
Now, thank you for coming, I must
get on and find that pig.

SPOOF

But couldn't you just build
another

Duck dismisses the idea with a wave of his hand.

DUCK

No, sorry, haven't got the, er,
time.

(Grunts momentarily at his own
humour)

Anyway why all this interest in
time travel?

.....

As they are ushered towards the door Matt explains enthusiastically about the World Cup and the 1966 Final. Duck sympathises and pauses thoughtfully as if considering the idea... then bids them goodnight.

.....

Matt and Spoof return to the car and resignedly set off for home.

INT. MATT'S CAR

Eventually Matt breaks the silence, as they bump down the dirt track

MATT

I suppose it was a bit of a far-
fetched idea.

Spoof nods agreement.

SPOOF

Yeah, well. Never mind - just
forget it, mate. Let's go an' have
a pint or two

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

.....

The days pass by, but instead of forgetting it Matt only becomes more and more captivated by the whole story. He dreams of time machines and flying pigs, and meeting Alf Ramsay.

He can't forget the look on Duck's face when he mentioned the 1966 Cup Final and eventually convinces himself that it would be worth having another try to talk Duck round.

He confides in Spoof

.....

EXT. STREET – WEEKDAY EVENING

Matt and Spoof are walking along

MATT

You know Spoofy I'm sure I hit a nerve when I mentioned the '66 World Cup Final. I think I'll go back and have another chat.

SPOOF

Well I think you're wasting you're time me old mate. And anyway as he said he couldn't do anything even if he wanted.

MATT

Yeah, but there's more to this old geezer than meets the eye - and I think I know a way to get round him.

SPOOF

How?

MATT

What's the best way of getting somebody to do something they don't want to do? ALCOHOL! ..and in this particular case, whisky!

.....

The following Saturday Matt returns alone to Duck Hall, armed with an expensive bottle of Single Malt, and a lame tale about wanting to apologise for the previous weeks shenanigans.

.....

INT: DUCK HALL – NIGHT.

Duck shows Matt in and motions to him to sit down. Matt offers the bottle wrapped in a paper bag.

DUCK
Whisky, you say? It's a very kind thought, but you really didn't need to apologise. Anyway I, er, never touch the stuff you know.

Matt's gaze turns to a half empty bottle of Bells 8 Year Old on the sideboard.

DUCK
Er.. Medicinal! You never know when you might need it living so far out here.

MATT
Well, surely you could just have a small drop with me - just to show there's no hard feelings...

Matt's instincts had been right. As he reveals the label of a particularly rare single malt, the Duck's eyebrows raise in appreciation, and he makes two fine cut glasses appear as if from nowhere.

DUCK
Well.. OK but just the one, mind, (grunts).

.....

Just the one bottle that is. Matt and the Duck hit it off and natter well into the night. Matt wisely lets Duck do most of the drinking and consequently most of the talking. Eventually, inevitably, Matt steers the conversation back to 1966. Duck's defences have disappeared along with the Scotch and he pours out his story...

.....

DUCK

I was just a lad, and like most lads back then, I was a absolutely soccer mad. And being a proud Geordie my special heroes were the two Charlton brothers, Jackie and Bobby, who as you know were making history by playing together in the England Team that day.

MATT

I know. Brilliant

DUCK

Well by some minor miracle my father had managed to get two tickets for the Final. Don't ask me how, he just said he 'had contacts'. Even better, the Final was on my tenth birthday - 30th July. What a perfect present! It was fate. Simply *meant* to be...

Sadly, fate had a rival - my mother. Inexplicably, she ruled that I was too young, and decided that my older brother Terence would go instead. No amount of whingeing, pleading, screaming or shouting would change her mind, and as it is in many a household then and now, dad was not inclined to argue.

(shaking his head)

Terence. Bloody Terence, who never kicked a ball in his life...

Duck's eye's glaze over and he gazes into the fire with a look somewhere between nostalgia and hatred. He very occasionally grunts. It's a pivotal moment, and Matt holds his breath.

Duck jumps to his feet and begins pacing excitedly round the room.

DUCK

(yells)

Right, we'll do it!

(eyes narrowing)

I never forgave them for missing
that day. It's time to get even.

Matt is elated. He can see his dream taking shape. He can sense victory. Then reality takes over.

MATT

But you destroyed the machine. Can
you build another one?

DUCK

No! I simply can't get the
Trapatonium 94 isotope anymore -
but anyway I don't have to.

MATT

But you said you destroyed the
TODGER - the *only* TODGER.

DUCK

No, no, I never said I destroyed
it. I said it was *gone*, forever.

MATT

Gone? Gone? Where Gone? Gone
where?

DUCK

Into the future! Don't you see,.
It's still here in the barn, but
gone - far into the future. With a
time machine forever can be
reversed.

Matt struggles to get his sodden brain to focus on what Duck is telling him. By now his emotions are on a roller coaster.

MATT

Far into the future? How far?

DUCK

Well, about two -
(coughs)
ish years.

MATT

Two 'ish'? What's 'ish'?

DUCK
Thousand.

MATT
Thousand!

DUCK
(excitedly)
Yes. To the 30th July 3956. 3,0,...
0,7,... 3956...

MATT
(recollecting)
...the numbers that Granddad saw in
the barn...

DUCK
That's right! It'll be my two
thousandth birthday!

MATT
Is that meant to be some kind of
joke? 'Cos I'm not laughing. I
hardly think we can wait till you
get your 20th telegram from the
Queen before we set off, and
without a another time machine I
don't see how we can go and get
your TODGER, and if we had a time
machine, which we don't, we
wouldn't need to go and get the
TODGER would we..?

Matt's brain overheats and he slumps down in the chair with his head in his hands. His dreams are fading...

DUCK
Calm down, lad. I've got this.

He goes over to a picture of Albert Einstein on the wall. Matt recognises the genius who first proved that time travel was possible, and is mildly surprised that he'd never noticed it before.
He watches with puzzled amazement as Duck presses hard on Einstein's nose. The picture springs open and hinges out to reveal a safe. After much ceremony he opens it and takes out a small box. Unlocking it with a special key, he opens the velvet lined box to reveal...

...a video remote control. He takes it over to Matt.

MATT

Th -That's a zapper, Duck, how can that help?

DUCK

Well you see, the machine is in the future...

MATT

Yes.

DUCK

...but it's still *here* in the barn.

MATT

Yes.

DUCK

(Slowly, and slightly
superciliously)

Well I programmed it, so all we have to do is press rewind, and it should - come - back.

Matt puts a hand to his temple as if tempted to stop trying anymore to make any sense of what's going on.

MATT

(quizzical)

Duck, did you by any chance spike my drink with some illegal substance?

DUCK

(snorting laugh)

Absolutely not! It's really quite simple!

MATT

It should come back?

DUCK

Yeah, should do.

Matt purses his lips and nods wearily. He stands and faces Duck.

MATT

OK. It..

MATT AND DUCK
(together -nodding their heads)
Should - come - back.

MATT
(enthusiastically)
So what are we waiting for?

The button is pushed.

Nothing.

Then, a faint, distant noise. Their eyes meet with a look of anticipation.

A louder noise. Their eyebrows shoot up in amazement and almost disappear off their heads.

They dash for the door and stumble out into the farmyard.

There's a flash of light, an explosive sound, a rush of wind, and a splintering of wood. They run over to the barn, which by now is issuing clouds of smoke, and is glowing with a pulsating orange light.

Running over, they stop outside and gaze in. The smoke starts to clear and there stands – THE TODGER – a smouldering Ford Capri 1.6 GXL, in two tone finish of orange and soot, complete with vinyl roof and 'go-faster' flux capacitors.

They begin to laugh excitedly at what they have just witnessed.

DUCK
(turns to Matt and shouts)
Next time, Matthew, remind me to
open the barn doors!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN

EXT. A WINDSWEPT AMBERLEIGH BRIDGE - 5 AM

.....

The Great Day has arrived. On a quiet country road the car is sat, ready and waiting for it's epic journey. Ahead, the valley is spanned by the Amberleigh bridge, which carries the road across both the railway and the river. Duck, Matt and Spoof are standing on the bridge.

.....

SPOOF

Isn't it time you told me what I'm doing here, on Amberleigh Bridge at this unearthly time of day. I should be at home, tucked up in bed.

DUCK

You're a vital part of the team Spoof! We couldn't do it without you.

SPOOF

I know, you said. But what exactly do I have to do?

DUCK

Well, on the outward journey we need a high voltage electricity supply, which naturally has to be applied at precisely the right moment, down this cable.

SPOOF

So...

DUCK

One end of the cable will be picked up by a hook on the Todger just before it reaches the bridge.

SPOOF

And the other end?

DUCK

The other end is attached to a lightning conductor at the end of this pole. The conductor has to make contact with the overhead cable on the railway just as the Todger reaches the pre-determined point. This means that someone has to be on the bridge. It's job for someone who is brave, fearless and trustworthy.

MATT

(under his breath)
Or stupid.

SPOOF

(to Matt)
What?

MATT

I said 'Like you, Spoof'. You are definitely the man for this job.

SPOOF

Wait a minute. I, I don't think I like the sound of this at all.

DUCK

Don't worry! It's perfectly safe as long as you're wearing your wellies.

SPOOF

Yeah, but...

DUCK

(actions follow dialogue)
Look Spoof, all you have to do is...
when we reach this point - here...
you lean over... and touch that
electric train cable - there...
with the end of this pole -
(passes pole to Spoof)
here!

Couldn't be simpler!

MATT:

That's right Spoofy.

(looks at Duck with raised eyebrows)
 Couldn't be simpler. But I thought
 you needed 100 megavolts, Duck.

DUCK

You shouldn't believe everything
 you see in the films Matt! A few
 hundred volts should do it.

SPOOF

Well I don't erm.. are you sure I
 won't get fried.

Duck puts a reassuring arm round Spoof's shoulder.

DUCK

No, no. No danger at all. In
 theory the charge will go round
 you. You won't feel a thing. It's
 known as the Cagney Effect.

Spoof is temporarily re-assured by the technical term. Matt and Duck start to
 walk away

MATT

Cagney effect?

DUCK

James Cagney - Angels with Dirty
 Faces - 1938. At the end Rocky
 gets executed in the Electric
 Chair.

MATT

And did the current go round him?

DUCK

Well, he lived to make another
 thirty-eight films didn't he.

(shouts back)

What do you say Spoof?

SPOOF

Oh all right then...

(to himself)

Theory?

(shouts)

Hey! What d'ya mean, theory?

INT. CAR – THE TODGER

.....

Duck and Matt settle into the Capri. Despite Duck's dire warnings about the dangers of altering the past, Matt has secretly brought his copy of the 1966 Sunday paper, neatly folded and tucked into his inside pocket.

.....

Duck proceeds to switch switches and press buttons. With each push and press strange noises start and lights begin to flash. On the dashboard a display starts to show numbers -

3, 0, 0, 7, ... The revs rise and blue smoke pours from the exhaust

..1, 9, 6, ... The smoke changes to orange and the engine is racing

..6! As the last number clicks into place, Duck drops the clutch and the Pirelli Cinturatos scrabble for grip on the damp tarmac. With a squeal the GXL lurches forward, and starts to accelerate.

They pick up speed. By the time they reach the cable pick-up point they're doing a steady 42 miles an hour.

MATT

(shouting)

We're not going fast enough, Duck!
We need to get to 88!

DUCK

Yes we are, Matty - you really do
watch far too many films! Fifty
will do it!

The speedo shoots upwards 44, 47, 50!!

They reach the bridge. At the very last moment Matt spots a sign on the parapet
– *This Bridge Was Opened by John Prescott, MP – May 1971!*

MATT

(yelling frantically)

DUCK! STOP! The bridge - it

won't be there in Nineteen Sixty
Siiiiix...

But it's too late. Spoof carries out his task to perfection.

He leans over the parapet. The electricity flashes, and they vanish.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN

EXT. AMBERLEIGH BRIDGE – 30 JULY 1966. VERY EARLY SATURDAY MORNING

The smouldering Capri, is still on the road. Duck is outside pulling on the cable

DUCK

Matt come and help...

Matt opens his eyes and staggers out of the car

MATT

But I don't understand - the bridge was only built in 1971. We should be in the river!

DUCK

What kind of fool do you take me for. I knew that, I checked up and as you can see there was an old bridge here before that. Now help me with this lead, there seems to be some kind of problem.

They try to pull the lead up over the side of the parapet. Peering over the edge they see Spoof on the bank, sat on the mud, hands still clenched tightly on the pole.

MATT

It's a problem all right.
(shouts)
Are you all right?

No reply.

MATT

Well he's shaking so he must still be alive

They drag Spoof up to the road, and start to clean him up

DUCK

Why didn't you let go?

SPOOF

You n-never said to let g-g-go...

Duck surveys the scene. At first he can't quite believe that they are actually back in 1966. Then an 'old' Bedford lorry goes past tooting his horn, with the English flag on the side, and the message 'Good luck to Alf's Army'.

Duck makes a speech.

DUCK

(proudly)

We're here, we've actually done it. This must rank as the greatest achievement of all time, and we, we did it.

It's a truly historical day, boys.

MATT

I'll say. England in the World Cup Final - it doesn't get any bigger than that...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. A TRANSPORT CAFÉ ON THE A1, SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN ENGLAND. MID MORNING.

.....

The lads are getting hungry and decide to pull over. Duck is keen that they don't draw attention to themselves. 'Keep a low profile – and don't talk unless you have to', are his instructions.

But Duck hasn't noticed Spoof's rear end. Spoof is wearing his England shirt. Unfortunately it has BECKHAM 7 on the back. As they walk across the car park a man (David Beckham? Look-alike? – but older!) approaches him. The man has a little boy with him who is bouncing a football.

.....

BOY

Hey, mister why have you got my name on your back?

SPOOF

(unable to resist the urge to seem clever for once)

Oh , erm, well one day, Beckham will be captain of England.

MR. BECKHAM

Really? You hear that, Clacton?
You keep practisin' like I told
yer, and you'll be captain of
England one day.
(laughs)

CLACTON

(walking off)
But dad I want to be in a beat
group...

SPOOF AND MATT

(looking at each other)
CLACTON??

INT. CAFÉ

The waitress is taking their order.

WAITRESS

Right then boys, that's three full
breakfasts with tea and white
bread. I'll be right back with
your drinks.

She goes off.

DUCK

I simply can't believe you did
that Spoof. After all my warnings.
Do you not realise what the dire
consequences of time travel can
be? I dread to think.

SPOOF

Sorry. I didn't mean to. It just
sort of came out.

MATT

Well no harm done eh.

LATER The waitress returns with the drinks

WAITRESS

Tea for three, and that'll be
nineteen shillings and fourpence
all together please.

Duck turns to Matt with anticipation

DUCK
Pay the lady, Matthew

Matt looks slightly alarmed. Spoof tries to divert the waitress by asking about the weather.

Whispered conversation

MATT
(softly, in Duck's ear)
Me? Are you sure?

DUCK
I asked you to get some old money,
didn't I? You *have* got some,
haven't you?

MATT
Yeah. I've brought some ten pound
notes, but...

DUCK
Notes?
(with a furrowed brow)
Where did you get notes?

WAITRESS
(harder tone)
Nineteen shillings and fourpence.
Perleese.

DUCK
(turns and smiles condescendingly)
Er ..., I do apologise miss but it
seems we only have a ten pound note.
Would you by any chance have change...?

The waitress is flabbergasted.

WAITRESS
Ten pound note? Well we don't get
many of those in here! I'll have
to ask the manager...

She goes round the back of the counter and consults with the manager. They throw some suspicious looks at the lads. Duck is not happy and a more than little worried.

DUCK

(to Matt through clenched teeth)
Oh, dear, oh dear... and I didn't
want us to draw attention to
ourselves. Couldn't you get
anything smaller?

The manager stands up and starts to walk towards them.

DUCK

Give me the note and just let *me*
do the talking.

Matt hands over the money – a very grubby but *modern* tenner.

DUCK

(wide-eyed)
What in God's name is THIS?

MATT

It's an old ten pound note. It was
the oldest they had at the bank

DUCK

But this is old *new* money!

MATT

So...??

I wanted... OLD *OLD* MONEY!!

MATT

But you said...

DUCK

(interrupting)
Quick, let's get out! Leg it,
Spoof.

They jump up and head for the door. The manager tries to cut them off.

MANAGER

Just a minute, sir! Hey, Stop!

DUCK

(shouting back)
Terribly sorry! Doctor on call,
have to dash. Cancel the order,
it's an emergency!

The café is in uproar. As they're running out Matt grabs a bacon sandwich off an old man's plate..

OLD MAN
Oy!! Come here!

MATT
Medicinal purposes, dad. It's a
nasty case of malnutrition.

As the old man turns to Matt, Spoof grabs a sausage from his other side

SPOOF
A very nasty case! Emergency!

OLD MAN
(irate shout)
Bloody National Health Service.
Don't know what it's coming to.

They run across the car park, jump in the car and make a swift exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT: CAR - STILL HEADING SOUTH - LONDON SUBURBS.

.....

They brought cash but they can't spend it. So how are they going to buy tickets? Or petrol? Or food?

Duck had told Matt to get some old money but he thought he meant used notes.

.....

DUCK
How could you be so stupid?

MATT
I'm really sorry, Duck. I'm not as
old as you, remember. I didn't
realise they keep changing the
money. Here have a bite of me
sandwich.

DUCK
No... I don't fancy bacon anymore.
Funny that, and it used to be my

favourite.
(sniffs with a grunt)

Depressed they pull over and sit thinking in a lay-by.

SPOOF
I'm starving.

MATT
Is your stomach all you can think
about?

Matt takes out his old paper.

MATT (CONTINUES)
We can't miss the game now,
(beat)
not after all this.

Duck glances across at Matt and is horrified.

DUCK
Matty, didn't I warn you what
might happen if we went back in
time and something got changed. We
could warp the whole time/space
continuum. If that paper gets in
to the wrong hands the whole
future could be altered.

MATT
(naively)
Why? I mean, how?

DUCK
How? That's got tomorrows news in
it, and if some unscrupulous
person got hold of it who knows
what they might do.

SPOOF
(laughing)
Yeah. They'd know who won the
World Cup, and it's not even been
played yet!

Matt stops and stares, realisation dawning.

MATT
THAT'S IT! Spoof, me old mucker,
you're a genius.

SPOOF
 (puzzled)
 Am I? What did I say?

Matt carefully opens the fading paper and turns the pages.

MATT
 YES YES!
 (he laughs)
 Page 26.

SPOOF
 Page 26??

MATT
 The racing results. Yesterday at
 Lingfield. That's today! And the
 first race is 12 o'clock! That's
 in one hour!
 Springfield Lad won - wins - at 35
 to 1! All we have to do is find a
 bookies and place a bet.

Duck is even more horrified

DUCK
 Oh no no no. Absolutely not. I
 don't like this one little bit.
 And anyway what will we use for
 stake money? Have you forgotten?
 We don't have any cash??

Ducks hands are resting on the steering wheel. Matt is staring at his left wrist.

DUCK
 Wait just one minute. This watch
 was my father's - and his father's
 before him.

MATT
 C'mon, Prof. You'll get it back -
 I promise. And anyway, this is
 1966.

DUCK
 So?

MATT
 Your father's not dead yet right?

DUCK
 Right.

MATT

So technically the watch is not yours yet.

DUCK

Sorry, but I'm not parting with this watch.

(beat)

Never.

INT: BETTING SHOP, ON A HIGH STREET NEAR WEMBLEY

TANNOY (V.O.)

(excited commentator)

...and as they cross the line it's the outsider Springfield Lad, by a neck.

SPOOF

(innocently)

Phew that was close. I thought he was going to lose.

The others smile benignly. Matt goes to the betting window, trying to appear casual. £20 on the nose at 35to1 - £750! The bookie is not amused. They quickly head for the door.

MATT

C'mon lads, we haven't a lot of time. It's already quarter past twelve.

DUCK

Yes, but first we get my watch back. Isn't it funny how often there's a pawn shop right next door to a bookies?

EXT: OUTSIDE PAWNBROKERS

Having retrieved the watch they jump in the car and head for Wembley to buy their tickets.

INT: CAR

They are speeding. Without warning, a grey-haired man steps out onto a Zebra Crossing, right in front of them. He's wearing an overcoat and fur hat, and carrying a small bag.

MATT AND SPOOF

(yelling)
LOOK OUT!

Doc stamps on the brakes and they skid to a halt. The man jumps backwards and falls to the ground. He's sat on the floor holding his leg.

SPOOF
Did we hit him?

DUCK
No, thank God he just fell over.
He's had a shock though.

MATT
(shouts, looking back)
Are you all right mate?

The man is shouting at them in a foreign language and shaking his fist. He stands up gingerly.

MATT
He's all right, and anyway we
didn't actually touch him. Bloody
foreigners. He was probably
looking the wrong way. C'mon,
let's go get them tickets.
(to himself)
...he looked vaguely familiar
though.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT SIX

ACT SEVEN

FADE IN

EXT: WEMBLEY STADIUM – SEATS NEAR THE ROYAL BOX .

MATT

These are great seats, aren't they. I can't believe how lucky we were to get them.

DUCK

Well they should be at £200 each! That's a lot of money in 1966

SPOOF

(excitedly)

I can see the Queen! Look.

Spoof stands up, waves and bows towards the Royal Box.

HM THE QUEEN

Philip, who is that stupid person waving at one.

HRH PRINCE PHILIP

Not sure dear. Could be one of Charles's weirdo friends. Hang on, he's got something written on his back – Beckham.

THE QUEEN:

Peckham? – oh, isn't that somewhere South of the river?

(pause)

Perhaps it's Lord Peckham's boy.

PHILIP

(sighing resignedly)

Yes dear, perhaps it is.

Matt grabs hold of Spoof

MATT

Sit down you fool. Remember what Duck said. Low profile. Anyway, they're ready to kick off. Look there's Alf Ramsay. Here we go!

.....

The game kicks off and we see a montage of the action from '66, including spoof action featuring our main actors, and/or appropriate celebrities, in cameo roles as players and officials. Intercut with reaction from the lads.

.....

The game goes as planned they love every minute. Helmut Haller scores early for Germany! Hurst gets one back for England! Half Time!

The second half is tense – the match could go either way. In the 78th minute Peters shoots England into the lead! It's 2-1 to England with minutes left and Germany get a free kick. Despite all Duck's warnings Matt can't resist.

MATT

(loud voice)

You watch, I bet they score from this. They need to keep an eye on that German Number Eight.

There's a scramble in the goalmouth, and Germany score.

MATT

I told you! What did I tell you!

Matt gives a cheeky smile. Duck gives him a warning look. It's.. EXTRA TIME.

Down on the pitch, Alf Ramsay delivers his immortal line to the team: 'You've beaten them once, now go out and do it again!'

The lads watch enthralled as England press the German defence. Extra time is only eight minutes old when the ball goes forward to Alan Ball. Matt's heart beats faster. Now he knows every move, he's watched it hundreds of times. Ball shapes up to cross the heavy leather.

MATT

(shouts)

Watch Hursty! He'll score here I
just know it!

Geoff Hurst clips the ball and it hits the crossbar, bouncing down behind the German keeper. Roger Hunt turns away arms raised in triumph. The crowd rise. GOAL !!!

It's pandemonium in the stands. Hats are thrown into the air. Grown men are hugging each other and dancing. But wait a minute.

SPOOF

What's happening Matt?

MATT

You know what's happening. The
Germans are pleading with the ref
- they claim the ball didn't cross
the line.

SPOOF

Oh yeah - I remember now.

DUCK

(Disapprovingly)

Shhhhhh

The referee goes over to his linesman, on the far side. The ground goes quieter, it's as if all 100,000 people are holding their breath.

MATT

(loudly, to the man in front)

It was in all right. I'll bet you
anything the linesman gives it.

(smugly smiling)

MAN IN FRONT

You seem to know an awful lot
don't yer?

MATT

Listen, I know my football. I've
got an instinct for the game

The linesman nods. Matt smiles. The referee turns and points. Corner kick.

MATT
CORNER!!

DUCK
CORNER!!

SPOOF
C-C- CORNER!!!

MAN IN FRONT
(smiling)
Yeah, corner. That bloody
linesman's Scottish. They never
give us anything. Hey, you didn't
get that one right, did you son.
(Chuckles)

MATT, DUCK AND SPOOF
(together)
SCOTTISH?

MATT
(stammering in a high pitched
voice)
B,b,but he's Russian...

MAN IN FRONT
Oh no he ain't mate. Didn't you
hear? The Russian had an accident
on the way to the match. It was a
hit and run, on a Zebra Crossing
too... and now he *can't* run. They
had to replace him at the last
minute.

MATT
I knew that bloke's face was
familiar. We've only gone and
nobbled the bleedin' linesman!

They sit dumbfounded as the game goes on. Duck drops his head in his hands.

DUCK

I just knew something like this
would happen. I just knew it.

SPOOF

What's gonna happen now, Duck?

Duck suddenly starts to panic.

DUCK

Where's your paper, Matty?

MATT

(surreptitiously unfolding the
Sunday Mirror)
Look Duck, look at the
headline - it's fading!

DUCK

This is terrible. What have we
done.

MATT

No, no. Wait a minute. Don't panic
It's, it's OK. We get another. It
was four-two remember, we'll still
win, three-two.

DUCK

Yes, but don't you see. Now that
we've interfered with the time-
space continuum, absolutely
anything could happen!

DISSOLVE TO EXT: END OF MATCH

There's only minutes to go, and the game is still tied at 2-2. In 1966 there are no
'minute boards' to be held up – it's totally up to the referee to decide how much
time to add on – if any.

SPOOF

We must be near the final whistle,
Matt.

MATT

Don't worry.
(pause)
This is it! Nobby's got the ball.
Forward to Hurst.

DUCK

I do hope he scores Matt, I really
do

MATT

Go on Geoffrey, my son!

Hurst is clean through. The crowd are on their feet. Only the goalkeeper to beat!
From the row behind spectators yell out excitedly: (*celebrity cameo roles*)

#1

Some people are on the pitch...

#2

..they think it's all over...

Geoff Hurst shapes up to shoot.

#3

It is now... The ref's blown for
time!

MATT

BUT HE SCORES!!

DUCK

(in anguish)

No he doesn't Matty. The referee
blew before he hit the ball and
he's skied it over the bar!
They'll have to have a REPLAY!!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT SEVEN

ACT EIGHT

FADE IN

INT: IN THE CAR, LATER THAT NIGHT, HEADING NORTH.

The mood is sombre

MATT

Can't we just go back to this morning Duck and start again?

DUCK

I'm afraid we've no choice, Matty. I designed the TODGER to do return journeys. That's how I was able to get it back from the future. The coordinates are already programmed in, and the flux capacitors charged up from the outward journey.

MATT

So what are we going to do?

DUCK

Well, first of all we've got to get to the bridge before 10 o'clock or we could be stuck here forever! When we return to our own time, we'll have to refuel, re-programme the coordinates, get back here again, and make sure that we never meet that linesman.

EXT: AMBERLEIGH BRIDGE 10PM

They sit and wait. At precisely 10pm the car accelerates backwards and disappears with the usual flashes of sparks.

They arrive back in the present time, smoking but unscathed, and set off apprehensively to drive into town.

SPOOF

Are we really back?

DUCK

It would seem so Spoof, that bridge is definitely a new one. We'll get some rest, refuel the coils, and go straight back. I just hope we can put things right - this is uncharted territory, Matty!

However, as they start to come into town they start to notice that things have changed.

MATT

Hang on. There's something not quite right here, Duck.

DUCK

You're right Matty, look at the those houses. I don't like this.

There's a distinctly European feel to the place. There are new half-timbered houses everywhere.

SPOOF

And those signs. What's do they mean

Half the advertising boards feature German products. The lads are feeling increasingly uneasy.

DUCK

(almost in shock)

I blame myself totally for agreeing to the idea in the first place.

MATT

Don't be too hard on yourself Duck. It was my stupid idea. Anyway things can't be that bad.

DUCK

Oh yes they can - look at those road signs!

EXT: THEY PULL UP AT A ROAD JUNCTION.

The traffic sign points left for Newcastle, right for Middlesbrough, but written ominously underneath the town names are the words Neu Castel & Mittelsburgh.

They have no idea what has happened. They head for what used to be familiar territory,

EXT: OUTSIDE THE PUB

As they approach, a bright red neon sign informs them that it's now a Beerhalle - German oompah music and all.

MATT

My God!!!

SPOOF

We'd better go in and have a look.

INT: PUB

As they walk in, Matt recognises an old codger sat alone in the corner, decidedly worse for wear. Tentatively, they sit down

MATT

Hello Jack, not seen you for a long time. Can I put you a pint in there?

JACK

(laughing)

A pint! Hey, you're going back a bit aren't yer. Mek it a half - a half litre.

Matt gives Spoof a tenner and nods him towards the bar. Skilfully Duck probes as Spoof gets the drinks.

DUCK

It's a bit of a lark, all this German business - not like the old days eh! Where do you think it all went wrong?

The old man needs little encouragement.

JACK

Well, it was after we lost the World Cup weren't it. The economy crashed, the government fell, and the Germans moved in. And that was that. Now... we're part of Germany! Have you been away or what?

DUCK

(Turns to Matt)

I knew it. It's... a disaster, an absolute disaster.

JACK

Oh no it isn't. The country's never been better. Everybody has well-paid jobs, BMW's, Mercs... The trains and buses run on time, income tax has been abolished, I get a really good pension, and beer's only a quid a litre! Cheers!

SPOOF

And it certainly tastes better.

Matt and Duck look at each other with raised eyebrows, pleasantly surprised.

MATT

But we never won the World Cup.

JACK

(puzzled)

Of course we did son. Where have you lot been? We got a German coach in 1970 and won it four times since. Are you losing your memory? I thought that were my territory.

SPOOF

Er... hadn't we better be thinking about getting back now?

MATT

Hang on minute Spoofy, let's not
be too hasty

DUCK

No. No sense rushing these things
is there?

MATT AND DUCK:

(To each other)

We'll have another beer, and think
about it.

Waiter!

WAITER

(Celebrity Cameo role) John Prescott?

Prince Charles look-alike? Boris

Becker???

I'll be right with you, boys!

FADE OUT

THE END