



THE HACK

Written by
Robert j. Lee

INT. CECIL DAYE'S OFFICE - DAY

The sunny view through the Venetian blinds, a thin veil of cigarette smoke, and finally a title card let us know that we are in:

Los Angeles, 1965

CECIL DAYE (40s, cardigan, cigarette) sits at his desk behind a typewriter and an ashtray. Behind him on the wall hangs a poster for a terrible looking sci-fi TV show called *Starship Nebula*.

Standing in the room is RUPERT WINWARD (36, cheap suit, cigarette) pitching his latest idea.

RUPERT

-- and then Captain April fixes the door at the last second, it slides open to reveal-

CECIL

The original founder of the colony, right?

RUPERT

Well, yes.

Cecil sits back in his chair.

CECIL

I don't know, Rupert. The big holographic head is a bit cliché.

RUPERT

We could change that. It could be... A big robotic head.

CECIL

Look, I realise you ain't just some bum off the street. I respect your work. My kid has one of your novels I think.

RUPERT

Oh which one? I could sign it for him.

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CECIL

Listen, as a favour to Joe and out of respect for your previous work, you hand in a teleplay by tomorrow and I'll read it. That's all I can guarantee.

RUPERT

Thank you Mr. Daye. I'll return tomorrow. You won't be sorry.

CECIL

Great. And avoid those cliches, Rupert.

INT. RUPERT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Small. Cramped.

Rupert's one room apartment consists mainly of a bed, a writing desk, a kitchenette with a small table, and tall stacks of paperbacks and sci-fi magazines.

On the walls hang several framed posters of cheap looking science fiction book covers, all written by Rupert, with terrible names like *Time Panic!* And *Murder on Mars*.

Rupert switches on the coffee machine and sits down at his desk. He lights up a cigarette and feeds a piece of paper into the typewriter.

He cracks his knuckles and hovers his fingers above the waiting keyboard.

Nothing. Blocked.

Rupert lets out a sigh.

There is a sudden flash of light and loud crash! Rupert jumps up and looks over to see an ASTRONAUT lying on the floor, smoke rising from his futuristic, silvery suit.

Rupert grabs the hatstand by the door and wields it like a spear.

RUPERT

Hello?

He pokes the astronaut with the hatstand. The astronaut jumps up and looks around.

Laughing can be heard from inside his space helmet.

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The astronaut presses a button on his suit and takes off his helmet to reveal BRIAN, an all American hero with a chiseled jaw and chiseled everything else.

BRIAN

It worked!

RUPERT

Who the hell are you and why are you dressed like the front end of a Buick?

BRIAN

What year is this?

Brian takes one of the magazines off the top of a pile and reads the date.

BRIAN (cont'd)

1965!

He looks up at Rupert and grins.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Greetings. I am from the future.

INT. RUPERT'S APARTMENT - SHORTLY AFTER

Rupert and Brian are sitting at the small table drinking coffee.

BRIAN

Thank you for the delicious Earth blend coffee, friend, but I really must be making my way to your President.

He goes to get up but Rupert stops him with a hand on his arm.

RUPERT

Waitwaitwait. You can't just go marching up to the White House claiming to be from the future and demanding to see Lyndon Johnson. You'll be thrown in the nut house quicker than you can blink.

BRIAN

You may be right but I have a mission.

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Rupert looks over at his typewriter and the blank piece of paper.

RUPERT

I have an idea. What you need to do is to tell your story, get the public used to the idea of a time traveling ambassador from the future.

BRIAN

And how would you suggest I do that?

RUPERT

I'm glad you asked.

Rupert goes to his desk, picks up the typewriter and brings it back to the table.

RUPERT (cont'd)

Through a popular fictional television show.

BRIAN

Television, eh?

RUPERT

Do you have science fiction in the future?

BRIAN

We do, but we call it regular fiction -- I like this idea. Let's do it.

Rupert is excited. He starts tapping away at the keyboard.

RUPERT

"Act 1, scene 1." Tell me all about the future!

Brian leans back and thinks.

BRIAN

Well, the first thing you need to know is that the president of the Galactic Empire--

Rupert leans forward.

BRIAN (cont'd)

Is a giant holographic head.