

THE BRIDGE

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INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - NIGHT

A large television dominates the far wall as an Election Night News broadcast plays out in the background.

In front of the TV is a wide and highly polished ebony desk.

The person sat at this desk is obscured from view by the large leather chair he's sat in.

The TV screen shifts to a large hall full of rabid supporters waving Democrat flags, hooting and a hollering.

ON SCREEN - A SUITED DEMOCRAT, 50s, steps up to a lectern.

SUITED DEMOCRAT

It is my honour to confirm that the
46th President of the United States
is...

He pauses theatrically.

SUITED DEMOCRAT

Patrick Joseph Kennedy the Second.

APPLAUSE, more HOOTING.

SUITED DEMOCRAT

Joining his father Teddy Kennedy and
his uncle John F Kennedy in holding
the highest office in the land.

BACK TO SCENE

The hidden figure dials a number.

HIDDEN REPUBLICAN (O.C.)

Yes, this has gone on long enough.

INT. TIME SHIFT CHAMBER - NIGHT

The room is spherical, brilliant white walls with a central dais that is raised a couple of feet from the floor.

A doorway opens to the side and BENSON and LEE, 30s, stride into the sphere.

They are both athletic of build and completely naked.

LEE

Cold?

He pointedly stares at Benson's erect nipples.

She pointedly stares at his shrivelled genitalia.

BENSON

Guess it must be.

He blushes.

TIME SHIFT SCIENTIST (V.O.)

You will be shifting in... 5,4,3,2,1.

A flash of brilliant phosphorescence blankets the room.

Benson and Lee are gone.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

The pair materialise by a washing line full of laundry. Moonlight casts an eerie glow on their surroundings.

BENSON

This right?

LEE

Think so, clothing and car.

He points at the '67 Chevy Impala.

He grabs pants and a shirt from the line, she follows suit.

BENSON

Shoes?

LEE

Recon shifters said there were boots
in the trunk of the car.

He walks over and pops the trunk. Multiple pairs of boots, various blankets, fishing gear and an ice box vie for space.

He throws her a pair as he steps into his own.

Lee gets into the driver's side of the car.

LEE

Coming?

She jumps in as he drives quietly away from the house.

INT. LARGE GARAGE - NIGHT

Benson and Lee stand in front of a selection of vehicles, their attention focused on a 1967 Oldsmobile.

LEE

Now?

Benson scans the garage. On the left wall is a long workbench and a selection of tools pinned to the wall.

BENSON

Grab me that and pop the hood

She points at the handsaw closest to them, long nosed type.

He hands her the saw, opens the driver's door of the Oldsmobile and pops the hood.

She goes to work inside the engine and quickly identifies the pipe carrying brake fluid. She makes a small incision with the saw, checks her handiwork and smiles.

Sounds of people LAUGHING grab their attention.

She points to the side door of the garage.

INT. CHEVROLET - NIGHT

The car is a few feet back from the road, obscured by trees. They watch as the Oldsmobile pulls out of the garage.

TEDDY KENNEDY, 37, swings the car onto the main road, his passenger, MARY JO KOPECHNE, 28, drapes herself on him.

The Oldsmobile swerves right and left as it bounces up the road and out of sight.

LEE

Time to get back for the shift.

He twists the key in the ignition, it just sputters.

BENSON

This in the fucking recon report?

Lee tries to coax the paralysed car into action. It catches this time and he follows Kennedy's car up the road.

EXT. CHAPPAQUIDDICK ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Lee and Benson approach the now parked Oldsmobile.

INT. CHEVROLET - CONTINUOUS

Lee glances at Kennedy's car as they pass.

Kennedy is all over Mary Jo.

LEE
Horny bastard.

BENSON
Luckily for us.

The car lurches, almost stalls.

BENSON
What?

LEE
Engine again.

The intersection looms ahead.

BENSON
Turn left

LEE
That's the wrong way.

Benson leans over and pushes the wheel left.

BENSON
Coast it down there.

Behind them car headlights glare.

LEE
Fuck, they're following.

Their engine cuts out completely, lights and electrics gone.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The crippled Chevy coasts to a stop by an old wooden bridge.

Behind, the Oldsmobile gains speed, weaves to and fro.

INT. OLDSMOBILE - CONTINUOUS

Mary Jo has her hand on Kennedy's crotch. He grins in appreciation... until he looks up.

KENNEDY

What the --

He pumps the brakes but nothing happens.

He stamps on them, still nothing.

He spins the wheel to avoid the broken down Chevrolet.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Oldsmobile swerves, narrowly avoiding the helpless Impala, but it can't turn back onto the road in time to make the bridge. It flips onto its side, slides into the water.

INT. CHEVROLET - CONTINUOUS

Lee turns the key. Nothing.

BENSON

Get us out of here.

He turns the key again. It fires this time.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The Chevy spins round and guns back up the small hill onto the paved road, then out of sight.

INT. TIME SHIFT CHAMBER - NIGHT

Lee and Benson materialise, naked once more.

TIME SHIFT SCIENTIST (V.O.)

Welcome back.

LEE

Mission accomplished?

TIME SHIFT SCIENTIST (V.O.)

Very probably, but I now have no memory of what your mission was.

BENSON
Who's the president?

TIME SHIFT SCIENTIST (V.O.)
Trump is, second term.

LEE
Donald? That orange fucker?

They look at each other, incredulous.

LEE
Send us back!

BENSON
We gotta try again!

THE END