

TIME

written by

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PERSON

You are probably wondering what I am doing in this asylum. You could assume I was crazy, and well I am a little... ain't we all? So asylum, nice isn't it. White walls, rubber padding and I get my very own jacket for when I go out. I can't complain.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Well I could complain, I like a good moan. I am here because of time. Time is a bitch and it lands you in all types of problems. It is that childhood friend who you know you shouldn't be hanging around with, but damn they are so much fun!

PERSON (CONT'D)

So most people see time as A, B and C. You have the Past, A. The present, B. And the future, C. Most people presume that if we could travel, or move in time then we would be able to go from point B to point A. The future is unfolding but it has not happened yet. We can't get a sports almanac!

We hear a noise and a distant voice as someone enters the room. We can't make out what is being said.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Sorry about that, free drugs, they are great! So we can't go forwards or we would all be Biff Tannons. This seems to make sense. The idea that we can go back and revisit though.. That is the interesting one. Only its shite, you can't do that.

We hear the person having a drink and gulping some pills.

PERSON (CONT'D)

So we can't go back. Logical if you think about it. You'd assassinate Hitler, get a selfie with Jesus or some other nonsense. Can you imagine the Instagram feed with that one! You might even become more popular than Jesus as a famous Beatle once said. So backwards is out, we'd know if people were going back in time, well that is unless everything was a fixed point that couldn't be changed. But we can't you'll have to take my word on that.

PERSON (CONT'D)

So this leaves us with the future, but again we know that can't be possible as we'd all be living in golden skyscrapers and running for office. Only we can go forward, it is possible to go forward.

We can hear a ruffling of paper.

PERSON (CONT'D)

Sorry notes, I need them for this bit. So the faster we go in speed the slower time passes so in some ways it is a way to the future. If you travelled at 99% the speed of light for five years, lets say 2.5 years up and 2.5 years back to Earth then earth would have moved forwards by about 35 years. This is back of a fag pack maths by the way, for some reason that I cant fathom they won't let me out to access a decent computer.

A gulping of drink can be heard.

PERSON (CONT'D)

No alcohol in here, that is the really shitter. So the next question is this, why can't we go past the speed of light? Well Einstein taught us that one donkeys years ago. You see the closer you get the speed of light the larger the mass. Faster you go, more mass and you can't reach the speed. It is a universal limitation that we still can't cheat. E is energy, m is mass and c is the speed of light. Energy equals mass times the speed of light squared. Right done with the notes for a minute, I remember this part.

We hear a load of papers being thrown away

PERSON (CONT'D)

I'm crazy, so what if I make a mess it is the least of my problems. This is why our theoretical ship that flies for five years can only go 99% the speed of light. If it goes any more then your fucked. Major catastrophic mass expansion and you are left feeling like a tiny person who just got sat on my a humpback whale. Imagine if the bowl of petunias landed and then seconds later the whale landed on top. No more flowers and a Whale with not even a scratch.

PERSON (CONT'D)

So how does time, a whale some flowers and an asylum all fit together. Well I travelled to the future I saw it all. Have you figured out the problem yet? Five years to 38 years. Seems simple doesn't it. Grab a few decades worth of sporting results, or similar and then... ah there it is. You can't go back. So what do you do?

Said quietly off screen, what do you do

PERSON (CONT'D)

You can't go back so you're stuck, but you can go forward. You have a vessel, you have the fuel so why not go forward and see what has been discovered even further ahead. So bang, another five years, then another and then another. You've suddenly travelled 150 years or so and still nobody can find a workaround to your problem. The betting results don't matter any more, you just want to get home.

PERSON (CONT'D)

So bang you jump again, and again. Then you get to the next problem. You started out as a 40 year old and now you are 70. You have lost thirty years of life just going backwards and forwards. That is backwards and forwards in the ship obviously, not in life. You have had no real human interaction in four decades. So you stop, the machine is screwed anyway it was only ever designed for one trip and you are stuck years out of time and you have no idea of what has happened. It is like a drug, you take it and damn you enjoy it but afterwards you ask yourself 'Was it really worth it?.' 40 years lost and you are so out of place you end up in a rubber room, talking to yourself about time.

We can hear a slight blubbering

PERSON (CONT'D)

This is the problem I am talking to myself and maybe it is the time just screwing with me but I don't even know what is real any more. I lost everything just because I didn't think ahead. I think I was the first person to travel in time, but can I even be sure of that any more? Maybe I am just losing it, maybe this is my brains way of trying to rationalise my memory going. Did I live through those years and now I have simply forgotten? Is there a consequence to pushing the science to the absolute limits? How can I be sure. I've read about stroke victims suddenly knowing a different language or forgetting their natural language. Is that what has happened to me? Instead of language am I forgetting time? Like a leaking tap has it just been dripping away from me. I think I had children once, and a wife. I am not so sure any more. I can remember them, I think.

PERSON (CONT'D)

A boy and a girl, yes I am sure of it. But am I? I cant remember names or ages, am I just remembering a dream. They merge in here you know. When you see the same thing day after day after day after day you start to get confused by the monotony of it all. You dream about being a white room, you wake in a white room. How do you tell one from the other? I could be dreaming now I suppose.

(pause)

Am I dreaming? Are you real? Are any of us real? I just don't know any more.