

The Numberplate

by

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INT: CAR - DAY

MICHAEL (20) is twitching whilst driving an average car with an average, plastic and leather interior. By his side is his highly alert FRIEND, DANIEL (18). The weather is rainy. On the sub-urban road are many puddles. The traffic is light, but a car is a few feet in front of the two.

DANIEL

Do you want to concentrate on the road? Your eyes are kind of all over the place.

MICHAEL

I know what I'm doing. I'm on a higher level than you. I can take in everything around me.

DANIEL

What's the speed limit, then?

MICHAEL

You're saying I don't know what speed limits mean?

DANIEL

Have you ever thought about taking in my question properly? What kind of person gives the answer you just gave me? I'm asking what the speed limit is, HERE.

MICHAEL

Whatever the guy in front of us is doing.

DANIEL

I guess that's true.

MICHAEL's eyes light up and points in front of him, with one hand on the wheel. DANIEL looks even more nervous.

MICHAEL

Hey, check out his numberplate! It has YJM on it!

DANIEL

So what?

MICHAEL

So?? It's only the initials of one of the world's most famous guitarists!

DANIEL

Who?

MICHAEL
Yngwie Johan Malmsteen!

The car in front stops at the traffic lights as MICHAEL concentrates even harder on the plate, fascinated.

DANIEL
Slow down!!

MICHAEL crashes into the car in front. After an eerie silence, the DRIVER (30) leaves his battered vehicle and knocks on MICHAEL's window. He opens it as the odd car goes past.

DRIVER
What the hell is your problem, buddy??

MICHAEL
Sorry, I was distracted by your amusing numberplate, sir.

DRIVER
Was that supposed to be funny??

DANIEL tries to give a warm smile.

DANIEL
No, that's what really happened.

DRIVER
And what's so funny about it, exactly?

MICHAEL
You've never heard of Yngwie Johan Malmsteen?

DRIVER
Who's that?

MICHAEL
He's a guitarist, he's very good.

MICHAEL opens the glove compartment on DANIEL's side, picks out a CD and puts it into the CD player.

MICHAEL
I always have Yngwie Malmsteen with me. That's why I got so excited, when I saw your plate...

MICHAEL presses the 'play' button. 'Far Beyond the Sun' plays.

DRIVER
What the hell is that?

MICHAEL
Are you being serious?? It was only
the birth of a new genre! It's shred
metal!

DANIEL face-palms. The DRIVER looks up.

DRIVER
What are you going to do about my car?

MICHAEL
You want me to fix your car?

The DRIVER makes a fist.

DRIVER
No, but I'll fix you.

MICHAEL
How did you know I had brain damage?

DRIVER
What?

MICHAEL
How are you going to fix me? Are a
surgeon?

DRIVER
Yes, I'm a surgeon. I'm going to
repair your brain by punching you in
the face.

MICHAEL
I don't mean to sound arrogant, but
won't that make me worse?

DANIEL mouths 'no!' at his FRIEND, desperately.

DRIVER
Would you like me to use a scalpel?

MICHAEL
Ideally I'd like to have some sort of
anaesthesia.

DRIVER
Yeah, well I'd like you to go back in
time and not hit my car.

MICHAEL smiles sweetly.

MICHAEL
You have to ask me nicely.

DRIVER
Right, that does it.

The DRIVER picks his mobile from his pocket and dials three numbers.

DRIVER
Hello, police? Some lunatic has
crashed into my car and claims to be
able to go back in time.

MICHAEL
(shouting to make
himself heard)
I have memories, though! They're like
going back in time!

DRIVER
Can you hear the kind of person I'm
dealing with??

The DRIVER hangs up.

DRIVER
The police will be here in two
minutes. Is there anything you'd like
to say?

MICHAEL
Will I be meeting Sting?

DRIVER
I'll give you a sting!

The DRIVER gets ready to hit MICHAEL.

MICHAEL
No!