

SAVIOUR

1x01

"Remember The Fuel Protests?"

By

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ACT ONE

INT. BRUCE UNIVERSITY GRADUATION HALL - DAY

Close up on an ACADEMIC CAP.

"Open Road Song" by *Eve 6* KICKS IN and zoom out to reveal:

A BUNCH OF FRIENDS posing wildly for photos, all in similar gowns.

Many cuts of different poses kick in as we see different people on their own.

SLUGLINE: 30th July 2007

The first - DEAN NYE (21), a tall average-built lad with short-to-medium dark blonde hair with sporadic highlights spiking up poses with a smile on his face, all while making stupid poses.

The second ORLAITH PERRY (21) is doing the similar poses. She has long straight brown hair and looks absolutely stunning -

- and she's now posing with Dean. Arms around each other. Both kissing. Looking into each others eyes -

- when other student butts in, DEN JAMES (21) a tall emo-looking chap who puts his arm around Orlaith and sticks his tongue out for the camera.

The photographer is a short guy of under five and a half feet with wavy brown hair, this is CHRISTOPHER 'FELT' FELTON (21) and he has the arms of SARAH KINNOCK (20) around his neck, her head resting on his shoulder while a peaceful smile on his face.

They both aren't wearing gowns however.

Felt is enjoying playing the photographer, getting completely into the swing of things.

ANGLE ON Dean, who looks around with a reflective smile on his face.

DEAN (V.O.)
Everyone's happy.
(beat)
God, I love moments like this.

More poses and:

FAST WIPE TO:

INT. VARSITY - LATER THAT NIGHT

And the above and several more people are sitting on padded seats around a table full of glasses of various volumes. Music blares out loudly, going over the voices of many of those chatting away. Although we focus on a small collection, including Dean, Felt, Sarah, Orlaith and Den.

DEAN
(holds out glass)
We bloody did it mate!

DEN
(glass also)
We did indeed.

Felt raises a glass outwards as well.

FELT
And don't forget that we must do this next year when the gorgeous Sarah and I will be graduating as well.

They kiss quickly.

ORLAITH
Well any excuse to go out, get bladdered and forget how to walk is any good excuse.

SARAH
(laughs)
So we must graduate at least...oh, three times a week?

Short bout of laughter

DEN
I'm half surprised you graduated to be honest!

DEAN
I was surprised I got a 2:1. One of my poetry submissions was simply the word "Bollocks."

More laughter.

SARAH
What was the assignment?

DEN
"Summarise the world artistically."

DEAN
Which I felt I did!

ORLAITH
(slaps his shoulder)
Idiot.

She then kisses him.

Suddenly the music stops and Orlaith snuggles around Dean as Felt gets up and people look around confused. Dean drags Sarah away and onto the floor.

DJ
(on Mic)
Okay, tonight at Varsity I was asked to stop the music for a "Christopher Felton" to make an announcement.

Eyes TURN to see Felt smiling and pulling Sarah to the centre of the floor.

SARAH
...Chris? What's going on?

The smile on his face continues to glow gently as a member of the bar-staff gives him a microphone, and many of their friends watch closely.

All of his words are on the microphone for all to hear.

FELT
Miss Sarah Kinnock, you are possibly the best thing to have entered my life that isn't a form of music - and someone I'd gladly go deaf for if it meant to stay with you.

Beat.

FELT (CONT'D)
(getting slightly nervous)
I...uh...wanted to start off with a romantically funny comment that lost some of it's charm. Anyways, Miss Kinnock - throughout school we went through plenty and plenty of crap to last a life-time, and some stuff that nearly drove us to some dark places.

He stops, a grim face of nostalgia passing on his face for a few moments.

FELT (CONT'D)
 Falling for you was the best
 thing that happened to me.
 Whenever we had to go through
 hard times, we found each other -
 and I just want to say -

DEN (O.S.)
"I'M GAY"!

Felt throws a middle finger towards the voice as there's
 some laughter from a few people.

He goes to say something, decides against it and suddenly
 DROPS DOWN ON ONE KNEE, pulling out a small little felt
 case...

FELT
 Sarah Kinnock...will you marry
 me?

Sarah is STUNNED. Completely stunned and lost for words as
 she takes this in.

Someone sticks a microphone by her mouth, quickly sees what
 it is and looks back to Felt, sitting there waiting.

SARAH
 (smiles)
 Yes.

There's suddenly a HUGE cheer as Felt places the ring on
 Sarah's finger before standing up and kissing her.

Watching this with a genuine smile, Dean puts his arm
 around Orlaith and kisses her forehead.

DEAN (V.O.)
 I live for these moments.

Random people they've never met start to congratulate Felt
 and Sarah, with women admiring the ring she's wearing.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Everyone's happy, and no-one's
 sad.

Dean goes up and shakes Felt's hand - before grabbing him
 into a manly hug.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 These people I really do care
 about, as they are my friends and
 they all have the right to live
 life without misery or conflict.

Dean kisses Sarah on the cheek and gives her a hug.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We've all had our dark times and
 bad things over the years;
 something I never want anyone to
 experience again.

He then walks back to Orlaith and gives her another hug, a
 smile on his face.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And if no-one's going to try and
 keep that, then I supposed it'll
 be me.

A series of shots of different people shaking Dean's hand
 and greeting him. Everyone's enjoying themselves.

DEAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I'd say I've done a great job so
 far...

He dances with Orlaith, then:

CUT TO:

INT. VARSITY - LATER

In a smaller quieter area of the place where people can
 actually hear each other talking, Dean and Felt stumble
 over to some chairs, putting down their drinks on to the
 table in front of them.

FELT
 Wow.

DEAN
 Indeed I take that wow and raise
 it to the level of "bleeding
 'eck, mate".

FELT
 Mate, I'm getting married. I'm
getting bloody married! As in to
 someone who said yes and not to
 some guy called Frank with a
 dodgy eye!

DEAN
 You say that as if you honestly
 believed you wouldn't.

A very short quasi-beat.

FELT

Mate...you know how you love to hear yourself speak and go on and on with these on the spot speeches?

DEAN

Not personally, no.

FELT

Well you do and it's something that we all secretly mock you for behind your back, but that's not the point.

(coughs)

I was sort of hoping that maybe, perhaps you'd could consider to be my best man.

Thundering bass line from the distance is still loud, but it's all that's heard for a few moments.

DEAN

(laughs)

Do I have a choice?

FELT

Well I thought I'd try and get you before Sarah tries to nab you as her maid of honour.

DEAN

But I'd look so dashing in a dress, it'd match my eye-shadow.

Felt just whacks him in the shoulder, and they both laugh as then:

FADE TO:

INT. VARSITY - MINUTES LATER

Random early 90's dance music fills the screen as Dean and Orlaith are in deep conversation - only to be interrupted by Sarah who leans into Orlaith's ear.

SARAH

Can I borrow Mr. Nye for a few minutes?

ORLAITH

Go ahead!

Sarah nods to a quieter place for them to head to, and they head to a small table with cushioned seats around it.

SARAH
 (looking at ring)
 Wow. Wow. Wow. Wow.

DEAN
 I take it you're not that
 surprised then?

Sarah just smiles and looks at him.

SARAH
 Look, I just wanted to say
 thanks...
 (narrows eyes)
 ...and ask did you put him up to
 this?

DEAN
 What? No!
 (raises hands
 innocently)
 I swear on the sex lives of Big
 Brother contestants that Felt
 surprised me tonight.

With a jokingly fuelled smile her eyes narrow in trying to spot the truth within him. After a few moments she smiles and stands.

SARAH
 Now as my Maid of Honour would
 you like to dance?

DEAN
 I can't double book as the Best
 Man.

SARAH
 Man that bastard works fast!

DEAN
 (smiling)
 I know. Inconsiderate git.

SARAH
 Well shut up and dance anyway!

The music changes to another upbeat dance cult classic of some generic variety as they dance in celebration. Both hands clamp together as they make utter prats of themselves - which really doesn't seem to bother them.

DEAN
 Why don't you ask Orlaith to be
 Maid of Honour?

SARAH

I don't know...I still don't feel as if I know her that well - and all my close friends buggered off away from me.

(beat)

What if you were best man, but wore a dress?

DEAN

Not with my thighs.

Brief moment more with them dancing.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that I couldn't have done more to give you more of a choice for your Maid of -

She stamps on his foot.

DEAN (CONT'D)

What?

(beat)

Ow!

SARAH

What have I told you?

Dean shakes his foot, obviously in pain.

DEAN

Follow your lead?

SARAH

(slightly annoyed)

All the stuff that happened was not your fault; it really concerns me when you get all guilty for stuff you weren't involved in.

Dean says nothing, but then they still dance.

DEAN (V.O.)

Still - I could've helped prevent stuff that happened.

FADE TO:

INT. VARSITY - LATER

A MONTAGE of several different people dancing, along with Dean and his friends celebrating graduation and proposals.

Dean and Orlaith dancing, they KISS - and a flash from a camera sees Felt grinning at them.

DEAN (V.O.)
But things are still better than
they were...

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Dean and Orlaith kiss passionately, slowly moving over to the bed.

DEAN (V.O.)
Yep, I'd say things are just
fine.

They begin to live down, mouths never leaving the other. The camera slowly begins to pan away, focusing on a slightly dull bedside table lamp.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. ??? - ???

A series of quick edits:

A BLACK RAVEN shoots past the frame.

A darkened church in a permanent black dusk, watching the sunrise in the background but remaining dark.

A school building - all in the silhouette of the dark dusk.

DEAN running. Looking younger, and wearing a dark teal uniform.

A church procession. Full of people wearing black.

And an unrecognisable female face, young cute and brunette stares at Dean -

- and goes to TOUCH HIM -

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dean SHOOTs awake in a deep sweat. Breathing heavily.

DEAN
Well...almost everything.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sounds of water falling out of a tap. Followed by Dean's head shooting upwards and water is SPLASHED onto it.

The door opens to reveal Orlaith walking in, watching him with deep concern.

ORLAITH

I remember reading somewhere that dreams show our deepest desires, fears and scariest clown make-up arrangement.

(walks closer; hands around his waist)

Which one is your's always filled with?

Dean looks in the mirror, her touch is a huge comfort.

DEAN

Desire.

Kiss on his neck.

ORLAITH

And what is your desire that keeps you up all night?

Beat.

DEAN

To finally get more than four hours sleep for the first time in around five and a half years?

Obviously that's not the full truth.

There's a silence between them as the morning shines through the window.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

SLUGLINE: 10th September 2007

CLOSE UP on the settee. A purple envelope with Dean's name sits on top of a square box wrapped neatly with an almost professional gleam.

Dean goes THROUGH a doorway and notices it, picking it up before walking through another door into:

INT. NYE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where a man in his mid-fifties stands in front of the oven, trying to cook some bacon. Badly.

This is SIMON NYE, and the woman in her mid-twenties that has just walked in is MICHELLE NYE - a tall woman who's got the same shade of hair as Dean.

MICHELLE

Oh God, no Dad. What are you trying to give your son on his first anniversary of his twenty-first? Food poisoning?

SIMON

Cooking bacon hates me.

MICHELLE

(sighs)
Yet you still do it.

SIMON

Doing nothing hates me, makes my muscles lock up.

Dean sits on a small counter, looking at the small box in front of him.

MICHELLE

I'm guessing that's Craig's and Liz's present for you then.

SIMON

I don't know why they just can't visit for his brother's birthday!

DEAN

Because Nye's are genetically coded to not be arsed to spend that much money on airplane tickets from America.

Beat.

SIMON

I knew that.

Dean takes the box, looking at it. He opens the card and reads the message on the front and the inside; chuckling at the joke.

DEAN

It's from Craig, and there's a picture of your Grandson walking - along with a message saying "I hope that this present will feed your desires..."

(beat)

Let's hope that it's extra strong illegal sleeping tablets.

SIMON

(walks over)
Ooh!

Quickly, Michelle DARTS over and overtakes the cooking.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oi!

Michelle ignores him and actually makes sure the bacon will be cooked as Dean opens up the present - -

- It's an MP3 Player. Quite an expensive looking one.

DEAN

Wow. I wasn't expecting that.

MICHELLE

You can go and show it off when you're off getting drunk today.

Dean reads the box, reading the specifications of the Player.

DEAN

(reading)

200Gb of space, holding music, pictures and video of all formats as well as being able to record and tune into analog and digital radio signals.

(beat)

I was going to buy one...not this make, but...

He notices a huge metallic font saying "CYNITEK" on the box.

SIMON

That's the company Craig works for, must've gotten it cheap.

DEAN

Or off the back of a lorry.

SIMON

Probably not, last I heard he was middle-management now...

Dean looks at the MP3 Player's box inquisitively.

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dean's plugging his new MP3 player into the PC, with a hi-res screen showing all the data he's putting onto it.

The player is quite well designed, with a streak of white stylishly accenting the sleek design with a touchpad in the middle for quick access and a very crisp and clear colour screen. Underneath the screen, the very smooth futuristic writing of "Cynitek" stands out in silver.

On his PC's Monitor - he's looking through several hundreds of photos; with ones on him and his friends when he was younger.

He stops on a picture of Sarah and a girl with blonde hair, they are at school but not wearing any uniforms - and Dean smiles sadly.

DEAN

Would've been your perfect maid
of honour.

These are all transferring onto his MP3 Player, and his door opens to find Michelle peeking around the corner, being nosy.

MICHELLE

How is it?

DEAN

It's good - just putting all the
digital photos onto it.

MICHELLE

Will it hold all of them?

Dean laughs.

DEAN

I think so.

MICHELLE

How many of those have you got?

DEAN

Phhfft...around a gazillion I
think, there's loads of different
folders from all the way from my
fifteenth birthday.

Some of them come up now, with Dean and Felt looking considerably different.

DEAN (CONT'D)

I think there's a few of mum here
as well...

There's a short silence from Michelle.

MICHELLE

(beat)

Anyway - I'll leave you to your
forced reminiscing.

Dean just smiles at her weakly as a picture fills the
screen.

It's the one of him and Orlaith on Graduation night, deep
in a kiss.

Dean moves the mouse over, right clicks - and on a
strangely looking pop-up menu he chooses 'set as
Wallpaper'.

CLOSE UP ON MP3 PLAYER: The picture applies as the desktop.

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. BRUCE BOWLING ALLEY - EVENING

And someone's flicking through several photographs of the
past on the MP3 Player.

It's Orlaith.

ORLAITH

I still won't get used to you in
school uniforms.

Dean sits next to her, smiling.

DEAN

Well, I've always thought -

FELT stops him, holding his hand out.

FELT

(interrupting)

Please don't get him on the whole
"I really wished I met you
earlier and the fact that you
were at our rival school will
forever haunt me" speech.

DEAN

Oh for the last time I do not
like to speech-make!

SARAH (O.S.)

Oh you do.

Dean's frightened out of his skin as Sarah walks past him
to wrap her arms around Felt, while Dean just shakes his
head in denial.

DEAN
 (to Orlaith)
 You don't think I like the sound
 of my own voice now do you?

ORLAITH
 I love your voice whatever it
 says.

DEAN
 (jokingly sickly)
 Aww shucks...

They kiss and Dean grabs the MP3 player from her, placing
 it into his pocket.

FELT
 I'd be careful about that thing
 mate, looks expensive. You
 wouldn't want to break it, get it
 stolen or give it to me.

Dean just sticks up a middle finger.

FELT (CONT'D)
 It was a worth a shot.

Dean walks up to the ball-dispenser machine, and picks up a
 dark green ball, it looks as if he's struggling with it.

SARAH (O.S.)
 Don't go to heavy! You'll make an
 arse of yourself!

FELT (O.S.)
 Oh spoil the fun Kinnock!

SARAH (O.S.)
 Bite me, Felton!

Dean lifts the ball up, concentrating as he walks up to the
 bowling lane.

DEAN
 (to himself)
 C'mon Nye, you can obviously do
 this...

He suddenly starts to walk forwards -

- he lifts the ball up -

- when "*Groovejet (If This Ain't Love)*" by **Spiller** begins
 to play LOUDLY from his pocket -

- he SLIPS and:

INT. SCIENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EYES LAND onto a none bowling-lane floor.

CLOSE UP on Dean's face, looking around...fluffy hair lands in front of his eyes - which look younger.

He TURNS around -

- and finds a lot of UNIFORMED SCHOOL PUPILS in their fourteens/fifteens staring at him.

He's wearing the uniform.

He glances down.

DEAN

(beat)

Not a strike, then?

On that:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SCIENCE ROOM - AS BEFORE

Dean SHOOTs UPWARDS, sitting upright and looking around at the faces staring back at him.

An extremely tall and skinny lad places his head into frame. This is GAMBO.

GAMBO

You alright, Deano?

Dean blinks again, looks around as he gets to his feet - a strange bewilderment slowly creepy amongst his face.

DEAN

(breathes; wary)

Okay...dreams aren't usually this vivid. Or in colour - what in the Labour Party's going on?

He turns around, seeing a balding man in his mid-fifties and a really really thick moustache stare at him blankly. This is MR. NODDLES.

MR. NODDLES

Are you okay Dean?

Rubbing the back of his neck - he suddenly feels his hair.

DEAN

Where's me hair gone?

He looks at his school uniform, shaking his head.

DEAN (CONT'D)

C-can I get some water from the toilets please, sir?

Before he even nods, Dean's out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Dean walks down, staring at everything in complete shock.

FLASHES of memory crackle into view, showing warped and fragmented sephia memories of students walking down the same corridor briefly make themselves known.

He continues his journey.

CUT TO:

INT. BOYS TOILETS - MOMENTS LATER

He walks in, heading STRAIGHT to the sinks as he turns them on and splashes water into his face. He quickly stops, turns around and runs into a cubicle, glancing down the graffiti and stopping at a specific piece:

DEAN WOZ 'ERE

He gulps.

DEAN
(quickly checking
pockets)
Phone...phone, phone where's my
chuffing phone?

He pulls it out - and it looks alien to him. It's an old NOKIA 3210...and he can't switch it on.

He shakes his head and places it back...and feels something in another pocket.

Slowly - he reaches in, finding -

HIS CYNITEK MP3 PLAYER. Looking as new as it was on his 22nd birthday.

INT. FIRST AID ROOM - DAY

HAZY POV. Blurred images as the perspective attempts to open their eyes.

It fails a few times before finally managing to keep them open, slowly making out a strange face-shape in front of them.

BLINK.

An OLD WOMAN in HUGE GLASSES stares back.

END POV as Dean suddenly JUMPS in fear, stumbling backwards over a small red cushioned recovery bed, breathing in very short sharp breaths; looking around trying to gauge in whereabouts.

DEAN
(disorientated)
Where...where am I?

The old woman (MRS. BOUTIQUE), dressed in a white overcoat that looks like a strange hybrid of lab coat and doctor's office, shakes her head in annoyance.

MRS. BOUTIQUE

You're in the first aid room young man where you were taken after you fainted thanks to this young woman here.

She nods to the slightly nervous and uneasy blond girl - the same one that Dean saw before he fainted; and again there's a strange spark of recognition there.

MRS. BOUTIQUE (CONT'D)

However, I can tell from just looking at you that you are a lazy, lazy person who wastes my time and others so please stand up, and get out of my room!

There's a slight unease.

DEAN

..God you still scare me.

MRS. BOUTIQUE

Good. Now I expect you to live healthily from now on to the point that the next time you end up in here rigor mortis better had set in!

Beat.

DEAN

Hang on a second -

MRS. BOUTIQUE

OUT!

Dean shakes his head and walks out of the room, grabbing his bag slightly with the blonde girl following out into:

INT. SCIENCE BLOCK UPPER LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

And Dean looks around, turning 360 as he processes everything in.

DEAN

If this is a dream then I didn't know how'd they be so detailed.

He walks towards a wall outside of the door - there's a few cracks of age that have been prematurely covered up by paint that he's currently running his finger along.

DEAN (CONT'D)

(small smile)

I used wait here for Rhakshir's Bio lessons, tracing my finger along the cracks in the walls absent-mindedly minding my own business before realising I was still the only one out here...

GIRL

(snapping out of a daze)

Sorry?

She's startled as Dean looks at her, an expression of disbelief as he walks towards her.

DEAN

...I completely forgot I did that until now.

Someone walks into the main corridor area and the door makes a funny rhythmic sound that Dean nods his head to, and he runs to it and pushes the door open - leaving it to close as it makes the same sounds.

DEAN (CONT'D)

Me and Felt used to write lyrics to this...I remember he managed to rhyme "complain" with "barking mad" with a stretch of pronunciation...

GIRL

Are you talking to me?

She jumps again as Dean does that look on his face again. That strange smile of someone you haven't seen in years.

DEAN

I really can't remember you looking like that Kayls.

KAYLEIGH "KAYLS" ABBOT double takes for a second, blinking in an awkward sense of confusion and amazement.

KAYLS

Okay Dean, I've got three questions. One: What are you talking about? Two: Why are you talking to me? And finally, three: Why have you called me a name that I haven't even been called since we were in Primary School?

DEAN

Because your friends will call it you again someday, because you're one of the few people I will end up trusting and even I don't exactly know what I'm talking about eight days out of the week!

He heads off over to a window, overlooking the school grounds - a strange childlike smile is still igniting his features.

KAYLS

Question Four: How come you -

DEAN

What's the date?

KAYLS

(blinks)

Sorry?

DEAN

The date, the date...you know - day/month/year?

KAYLS

It's...uh, 11th September 2000.

DEAN

Wow. I'm in year ten?

(thinks)

The radio earlier...mentioned the fuel crisis, it hasn't ended yet as it?

He starts to race around in his head.

KAYLS

Look...

DEAN

This...this is before the Xbox 360!
And if my dodgy memory is too believed - before the Xbox burnt holes in nice new carpets...

Kayls's unease, confusion and bewilderment are not noticed by Dean and he glances into some of the classrooms.

DEAN (CONT'D)

When Channel 5 used to show the good stuff on a Friday Night

END OF ACT TWO

ACT ONE

EXT. BRUICE