

A HISTORY OF THINGS TO COME

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EXT. MUNICH - DAY

Nazi Germany. MILITARY TRANSPORTS roll down the road with purpose. NAZIS celebrate in the streets with champagne.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

PETER LINQUIST (30's) wearing contemporary clothing, sits crouched behind a dumpster. He's FREEZING. Plumes of cold air expel with every breath. Which is strange, it being July and all.

He rises, looks around and grabs a BRIEFCASE. Inside, among other things, are a NAZI UNIFORM, FIRST AID KIT, a HECKLER AND KOTCH semi automatic hand gun and SILENCER and GERMAN CURRENCY from the 1930's.

EXT. MUNICH STREET - DAY

Peter, now dressed in a NAZI UNIFORM, walks along the sidewalk as a CONVOY passes him in the street.

S.S. SOLDIER

(saluting)

Heil Hitler!

PETER

(saluting)

Heil Hitler.

As the convoy passes, his salute turns into a middle finger. Down another street he sees two NAZIS having fun with a Jewish WOMAN (20s). Hiking up her skirt and pushing her into each other. Peter walks over to them.

NAZI

(German)

Would you like a go?

PETER

(German)

I thought you'd never ask.

Peter HEAD BUTTS the Nazi soldier into a wall, who falls unconsciously to the ground. He takes out his gun and points it at the other soldier.

PETER (CONT'D)

(German)

Turn around and get on your knees.

The Nazi does as he's told, just in time for Peter to KNOCK him unconscious with the business end of his pistol. He helps the woman up as she cowers away from him.

PETER (CONT'D)
(German)
I'm not going to hurt you.

The woman can't help but cry. Peter comforts her.

WOMAN
(German)
He must be stopped.

Peter looks determined.

EXT. MUNICH STREET - DAY

Peter walks along the road towards where the Military convoys and soldiers were headed. The closer he gets to the PODIUM at the end of the street, the more crowded it is.

BOY (O.S.)
(German)
Long live Hitler! Long live the
Fuhrer!

Peter turns around to the seven year old, blond haired boy who runs along with his friends and shakes his head.

TOWNSPERSON
(German)
He's here! He's here!!

All of Munich jockeys for position to get close to ADOLF HITLER who walks up to the podium. Peter gets into place and attaches the SILENCER to the pistol.

ADOLF HITLER
(German)
My fellow Countrymen and women. My
Comrades!

The crowd goes wild. Peter inches ever closer.

ADOLF HITLER (CONT'D)
(German)

(MORE)

ADOLF HITLER (CONT'D)

Before we enter the tenth year of the National Socialist German Reich, it seems appropriate to look into our past, and once again occupy ourselves with the principles of our existence, of our life, and of our victory!

The Nazis are riveted by their hero. So much so, they don't notice Peter crouch into shooting position as Hitler continues.

ADOLF HITLER (CONT'D)

(German)

Unknown and nameless men, whom duty had simply called, nothing else, and who in response had fulfilled their duty as faithfully as they were able. I thank you all.

He does the 'Heil Hitler' and leaves the podium as the crowd goes wild. Peter moves closer as Hitler is escorted to his waiting car. He signs autographs and shakes peoples hands as Peter takes aim and FIRES a silent bullet.

Hitler, UNSCATHED, waves one last time to the crowds, gets in his car and is driven off followed by a MOTORCADE. Peter puts his gun away as the crowd disperses.

MAN (O.S.)

(German)

I'm shot!

Peter finds the voice. It belongs to ABRAHAM HERSHFELD (40s) who's on the ground, nursing a bloody ankle. Peter approaches.

PETER

(German)

Let me help you.

Abraham looks up at him and reaches out his hand.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Peter is bandaging his ankle, the first aid kit next to them.

PETER

(German)

It's a clean shot. The bullet went right through. You'll be OK.

ABRAHAM

(German)

From the way you're tending to my injuries, I'd swear it was you who shot me.

Abraham musters a smile. Peter drops the German accent.

PETER

I think maybe we should talk.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

An upscale, mostly empty, restaurant. A SERVER brings two glasses and a bottle of champagne.

PETER

Henkell, 1929. This alone is almost worth the trip.

He takes a sip and revels in its taste.

ABRAHAM

(German)

I'm sorry, I don't speak English.

PETER

You don't speak English? That seems a bit odd for a man born and raised in Massachusetts to American parents. A man who minored in English Literature at Brown University. With an astrophysics major of course.

ABRAHAM

(German)

Sir, I believe you are...

PETER

...Who graduated with the rest of his class in 1998.

Abraham looks deflated. He flags down the server who comes back over. Peter looks up at her as well.

ABRAHAM

(German)

Madam, we'll need more champagne.

The server leaves. Abraham turns to Peter and drops the German act too.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)
So, what are we celebrating?

PETER
A job well done. A mission
accomplished.

ABRAHAM
Hardly. Hitler still lives.

Peter smiles and takes another drink of champagne.

PETER
Mr. Hershfeld, stopping Hitler
wasn't my mission. Stopping you was
the mission.

Abraham takes the news the best he can. He swallows hard.

ABRAHAM
If you're going to kill me, you may
as well call me Abraham.

PETER
(laughing)
Kill you? If I wanted to kill you,
you'd be a little worse off than a
clipped ankle. I'm a pretty good
shot you know. And it's Peter.

He pours another glass as the server brings the next bottle.

ABRAHAM
Then why are you here, Peter?

PETER
I'm here because of the rules,
Abraham. The rules you wrote. Well,
you didn't write them yet. But I
assure you, the rules are the same
for you in 2021 as they are for me
in 2049. And it's putting it very
mildly to say that you would have
learned that the hard way when you
returned from this jump.

Abraham tries to process this. Offers Peter another drink.

PETER (CONT'D)
Thank you, no. It's hitting me
faster than it should. Even with
the thermia from the trip.

Peter takes in Abraham and smiles.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm embarrassed to say, I actually volunteered for this assignment. I'm a little starstruck, Abraham. I've read both of your biographies. You're a great man.

ABRAHAM

Well, it's very kind of you to say. Although I think you'll find I'm not entirely deserving of it.

PETER

You are Father Time. The man who discovered the wormhole. The man who manipulated its volume to fit a human being. You are why I became a T.M. It probably sounds a bit strange but stopping you...well, it was an honor to shoot you today.

ABRAHAM

Why would you possibly want to stop me? I had him in my sights. One more second and I could have ended the war. Changed the world!

PETER

Oh, you certainly would have.

Peter wipes some sweat from his brow.

ABRAHAM

Then why?

PETER

Let's just say the universe has a particular way of dealing with those who tamper with the natural order of things.

ABRAHAM

All the things you've mentioned I'd done. All the research, my life's work, the trial and error. It was all for this. And you interfered.

PETER

Time travel is trial and error, Mr. Hers... Abraham. You have to be patient. You will learn that. Believe me. To do this on the first jump. It was simply too ambitious.

ABRAHAM

You should know, Peter, I will not be deterred. I will carry this out. I have contingency plans spanning until I run out of time here. If today failed, tomorrow I will poison his water at the Consulate in Frankfurt. If that fails I will go back and kill his mother.

Peter mops a little more sweat from his brow. He's starting to look a little woozy.

PETER

Now look Abraham, I think I've been patient up to this point. And it pains me to say this, but if you resist me I will be forced to escort you back myself. The Monitor board had ordered your arrest retroactive. I convinced them that you would understand once explained to and it would go no further. As much as I admire you, I must also warn you not to put me to the test.

ABRAHAM

You said the universe has a... what was it, a particular way of dealing with those who tamper with the natural order of things? I submit that, that is exactly what you are doing. If you've come to prevent me from accomplishing what I've set out to accomplish, then by definition, at one point, I had succeeded. And you are now disrupting that.

Peter puts his head in his hands and starts swaying. The server comes over.

SERVER

(German)

Is your friend all right?

ABRAHAM

(German)

Quite. I'm afraid it's a case of too much too fast.

They smile at each other and she walks away.

PETER
What's happening to me?

ABRAHAM
Your organs are shutting down. And
your heart is rejecting your blood.

INT. RESTAURANT - FLASHBACK

Abraham flags down the server to order the second bottle of champagne. When Peter's attention is turned to her, Abraham pours powder from a VIAL into his glass.

PETER
(in agony)
You poisoned me?

ABRAHAM
I told you, Peter. I will not be
deterred. This is my destiny. A new
history of things to come. I'm
sorry it had to be this way.

Peter lays his head on the table. He's getting very tired. He talks in a whisper.

PETER
The universe has a particular way
of dealing with those who tamper
with the natural order of things.

Abraham gets up from his chair.

ABRAHAM
Yes Peter. So you say.

PETER
I didn't say it. You did.

Abraham ponders this and leaves the restaurant.

EXT. CONSULATE - DAY

Abraham walks down the stairs as MILITARY PERSONNEL and DOCTORS storm past him heading into the consulate. He removes his WAITER'S UNIFORM and throws it in a garbage can.

NAZI
(German)
The Furher has been poisoned!

Abraham continues walking. A small smile flashes on his face.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Abraham sits shivering underneath the 59th Street bridge. Or what USED to be the 59th street bridge. He rubs his hands together and gets up. A HOMELESS MAN approaches him.

HOMELESS MAN

(German)

Are you OK, mister?

Abraham looks confused.

ABRAHAM

You speak German?

The Homeless man furrows his eyebrows ("what's this guy smoking?") and moves on. Abraham walks out onto the street.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

NEW YORK CITY - 2021 - IS IN RUINS. German propaganda posters line the walls of buildings, NAZI SOLDIERS march down the street on horseback and a GIANT STATUE OF ADOLF HITLER stands at the corner of 59th and 2nd Avenue.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oh dear God, no.

A PROTESTOR approaches with some literature.

PROTESTOR

(German)

My friend. Please look at this.

He hands Abraham a PAMPHLET, who blindly accepts, still reeling from what he is seeing.

PROTESTOR (CONT'D)

(German)

Eighty years ago today, our lord,
Adolf Hitler was assassinated in
Frankfurt Germany, the mother
country of new Germania. The world
was taught to believe he was a
righteous and just man.

Abraham is barely listening as tears well in his eyes.

PROTESTOR (CONT'D)

(German)

The 'Resistance of Peace' is here to say that he was not a good man and the world would have learned this had his assassin not turned him into a martyr. His death fueled the German army, gave them the strength they needed to cross the Atlantic and take...

NAZI (O.S.)

(German)

Stop right there!

The Protestor turns and sees the NAZI on horseback. He signals to two other soldiers on horses. The Protestor runs away as the two horses give chase. The third stops in front of Abraham, who is frozen. He looks him up and down.

NAZI (CONT'D)

(beat)

Jude?

Abraham is speechless. The Nazi is almost speechless. From the looks of him you'd think this was the first Jewish person he'd ever seen. He blows his WHISTLE.

NAZI (CONT'D)

JUDE!! JUDE!!

More SOLDIERS turn in their direction and begin trotting over, curiously. Abraham gets on his knees.

ABRAHAM

(weeping)

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't know. I didn't know.

The Nazi's form a circle around Abraham until he's completely surrounded and out of our view.

THE END