Killing Albert Einstein

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Flashes of lightning illuminate the sky, as rain falls heavily. Thunder echoes overhead.

A run down, boarded-up mansion sits eerily alone on top of a hill. Creaks noisily in the gusts of wind.

At the entrance stands DUBBS McDOOLEY, 25, shoulder length black hair, and MANDY FINESTONE, 22, wet red hair clinging to her face.

    DUBBS
    He said on the phone to just let myself in.

    MANDY
    Well open the damn door then, I’m freezing out here.

Dubbs searches for a doorknob, sees nothing. Shoulder charges it. Doesn’t budge. And again. It opens slightly ajar. Dubbs uses all his bodyweight to push it open just enough for them to slip through.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dust. Cobwebs.

Dubbs and Mandy look around.

    DUBBS
    Hello?

    MANDY
    This place gives me the creeps.

Over by the fireplace, a wheelchair hides in darkness.

    COMPUTERIZED VOICE
    So nice of you to show up.

    MANDY
    What the hell was that?

The fireplace comes to life, revealing STEPHEN HAWKING, 68, twisted and paralyzed, in the chair.

He rolls over to Dubbs and Mandy.
HAWKING
You were supposed to be here an hour ago, dickhead.

DUBBS
Sorry, we got lost trying to find the place. It’s the middle of nowhere out here.

HAWKING
That’s why I chose this place, no nosy neigbours to disturb my work.

Mandy stares at Hawking with curiosity.

HAWKING
Take a photo toots, it’ll last longer.

Dubbs puts a reassuring arm around Mandy.

DUBBS
Sorry. Mandy, this is Stephen Hawking, the brilliant physicist. Professor Hawking, my girlfriend Mandy.

She instinctively puts out her hand for him to shake.

HAWKING
In case you hadn’t noticed, I’m paralyzed bitch. So unless you are offering me a handjob, put that away.

MANDY
What?! How dare you, you little --

DUBBS
-- Uh Professor Hawking, what was so urgent that you called me out here at this time of night?

HAWKING
Come with me, and I’ll show you.

Mandy flips him the bird as he rolls on past.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE, BACKYARD - NIGHT

A giant fuck-off rollercoaster fills the entire yard.
HAWKING
For years I’ve been studying the dynamics of time and space, and now I’ve finally found a way to make it happen.

MANDY
(to Dubbs)
What’s he talking about?

DUBBS
Time travel.
(to Hawking)
Look professor, while it may be theoretically possible to travel through time we both know that in reality --

HAWKING
In reality you are a tool Dubbs. Now shut up and listen.

Hawking rolls on over to where a small wooden chest lies on the ground. Dubbs and Mandy follow him.

HAWKING
Open this up for me.

Dubbs lifts open the lid of the chest. Pulls out a small Y-shaped electronic gadget.

DUBBS
What is it?

HAWKING
A flux capacitor. Once we attach it to my chair, I’ll be able to travel through time after I reach eighty eight miles per hour.

DUBBS
Professor, have you been drinking?

HAWKING
No, I always look like this.
(beat)
That was a joke dumb ass. Ha ha.

DUBBS
This is your genius idea, some cheap knock-off from an eighties movie?

HAWKING
It will work, the science is sound.
Dubbs looks at the flux capacitor dubiously.

DUBBS
So what do you need me for?

HAWKING
I need you to push me off the top of the rollercoaster.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE, ROLLERCOASTER - LATER

Dubbs and Mandy stand behind Hawking, the flux capacitor now strapped to his chair.

MANDY
How did this rollercoaster even get here?

HAWKING
I had it built just for this purpose.

Just next to them is a small electronic board that reads 'Speed mph'.

HAWKING
Once you see the speedo hit eighty eight miles per hour I will be landing in eighteen seventy nine.

DUBBS
Why eighteen seventy nine?

HAWKING
That’s the year Albert Einstein was born, and I’m going to kill him.

DUBBS
What? Why the hell would you want to do that?

HAWKING
When people think genius, he is the first name to come to mind. It shits me.

DUBBS
But you can’t go back and alter history, who knows what effect it’ll have on future events.

HAWKING
Stop being a pussy Dubbs.
MAN DY
Yeah let’s just push the little turd onto his ride and see what happens to him.

DUBBS
Okay then, it’s not like this is going to work anyway.

Dubbs grabs the wheelchair by the handles and dips it onto its back two wheels, ready to send Hawking flying.

DUBBS
Any last words professor?

HAWKING
Vroom. Vroom.

Dubbs lets go of the chair and Hawking rolls over the precipice. He builds up momentum until he is looping around the rollercoaster.

The speedometer can be seen to increase as Hawking picks up pace.

DUBBS
Seventy miles per hour.

HAWKING (O.S.)
WEEEEEEEEEEE!

MAN DY
Eighty miles per hour.

The chair now travels around the track at a ferocious speed.

The electronic board hits 84... 85... 86... 87...

But the chair reaches the end of the track and comes to an abrupt stop, sending Hawking hurtling through the air.

SPLAT! He lands face first into a concrete wall.

DUBBS
Oh shit.

Dubbs and Mandy race over to his crumpled body.

Hawking’s glasses are lodged in his skull, pieces of brain showing.
DUBBS
Hold on Professor, we’ll get you an ambulance and you’ll be fine.
(beat)
How did you miscalculate this?

HAWKING
Guess I forgot to carry the one.

Puss and blood oozes from his head wounds as his head snaps back. Dead.

DUBBS
Holy shit, we’ve just helped kill one of the most brilliant minds on the planet.

Mandy gives his dead body a good kick.

MANDY
(off Dubbs’ look)
Just making sure.

A rattling noise behind them grabs their attention.

DUBBS
What’s that?

Their eyes settle on the wheelchair, which shakes violently, still at the end of the track.

Dubbs walks over to the wheelchair, lifts it up and sets it down on the ground. It trembles of its own accord. A voice emanates from its general vicinity.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Backup sequence initiated.

DUBBS
What the hell?

MANDY
Am I going crazy or did that wheelchair just speak?

DUBBS
Impossible, it couldn’t --

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Backup sequence complete.

Dubbs and Mandy creep up to the chair, unsure what to make of it.
COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Identify yourself immediately.

DUBBS
Uh... Dubbs McDooley and Mandy Finestone.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
McDooley, Dubbs. One of Professor Hawking’s research assistants. Finestone, Mandy. No record.

DUBBS
She’s my girlfriend. What the hell is going on here, who is speaking?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
Professor Hawking uploaded his consciousness into this chair so that he could live on if something happened to his physical body.

DUBBS
Wait, so you’re what, Professor Hawking’s mind?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
If you wish to oversimplify it, yes.

MANDY
Okay, this just officially got weird.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
There is work to be done. Dubbs McDooley, sit in the chair.

DUBBS
What for?

COMPUTERIZED VOICE
To assimilate the knowledge necessary to carry on the Professor’s work.

Dubbs and Mandy exchange a look. She shakes her head no. He shrugs. Sits in the chair.

DUBBS
Can’t hurt to try --

He begins spazzing out, shaking around in the chair. Mandy backs up, afraid.

MANDY
Dubbs?
DUBBS
Objective. Travel back to eighteen seventy nine and kill Einstein.

MANDY
Stop playing around Dubbs, you’re freaking me out.

Dubbs stares at Mandy with cold, emotionless eyes.

DUBBS
The girl knows too much, she must be eliminated.

He rolls the chair over to her. She bolts for the house.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - LATER

Mandy hides behind some dusty furniture. Dubbs rolls around looking for her.

DUBBS
Come out, come out, wherever you are.

He catches a hint of her reflection in a mirror, pulls a knife from underneath the wheelchair on his way over. How did the knife get there? Who knows.

He creeps up on her and plunges the knife into her leg. She comes up screaming, but also wielding an axe. Where did the axe come from? It was just lying around.

She swings the axe with all her might, planting it right in Dubbs’ skull. Blood gushes out and showers her. She pushes his body out of the chair. Kicks it.

MANDY
Just making sure.

She looks at the chair, an idea forming in her mind.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE, ROLLERCOASTER - LATER

Mandy at the top of the rollercoaster, adjusts some knobs and dials on the chair. Hops into the chair just as she launches it over the edge.

She spins and loops around, faster and faster.

The speedometer shows her speed: 60, 65, 70
She hangs on for dear life... 80, 85.
The end of the track drawing impossibly close... 86, 87.
The end of the track is just inches away now, the concrete wall where Hawking landed, in sight... 88.
And she’s gone, her and the wheelchair have vanished.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Flashes of lightning illuminate the sky, as rain falls heavily. Thunder echoes overhead.

Dubbs and Mandy stand at the front door.

DUBBS
He said to just let myself in.

MANDY
Well open the damn door then, I’m freezing out here.

As Dubbs tries to force the door open, an axe blade splinters through the door.

MANDY (O.S.)
(yelling)
No trick or treaters!

Dubbs and Mandy see the axe, look at each other, run for their lives.

The door slowly opens, Mandy emerges with the wheelchair and the axe. Tips the chair over so the flux capacitor is in full view. Smashes the hell out of it with the axe.

MANDY
Okay, now just one more loose end to tie up.

She swings the axe over her shoulder, whistling to herself.

MANDY
Oh, Steven?

She strolls back into the house, the door slowly closes behind her.

FADE OUT.