

TIME AFTER TIME

Written by

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INT. FORD'S THEATRE - NIGHT

Backstage, hidden. The silhouette of a man in a fine suit stands. Quick blurs of the performances on stage seep through the rift between the curtains.

STAGE ACTOR 1

Tell me, Mr. Trenchard, did he
never receive any letters from his
daughter?

STAGE ACTOR 2

Oh yes, lots of them, but the old
cuss never read them, though. He
chucked them in the fire as soon as
he made out who they come from.

STAGE ACTOR 1

My poor mother...

In the audience sits a well dressed young man, on the edge of a row. This is AUSTIN MELBROOK (31). His eyes survey everywhere but the stage.

KIPP (O.S)

(over comm)

See anyone yet?

INTERCUT with KIPP RIVERSON (32) up on the second floor. Austin's best friend and trusted partner. He looks down from the balcony, stuffing a Twix bar in his mouth.

AUSTIN (O.S)

(over comm)

No, nothing.

KIPP

You'd think it'd be easy to spot
someone with a mustache of that
caliber.

He looks down at his watch. It reads: "10:12."

AUSTIN

Shame he ends up shaving it.

Austin gets up from his seat and patrols near the theatre entrance.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

How much do you wanna bet the
mustache is a fake?

KIPP

It's not a fake.

AUSTIN

You're probably right, but it'd be kind of cool if it was.

KIPP

Can't disagree with you there.

AUSTIN

Like, I don't know - imagine he just ripped it off randomly. That'd be kind of cool don't you think? It'd be pretty mind-blowing.

KIPP

Okay, I have a question then.

AUSTIN

Go ahead.

KIPP

Let's say this mustache is in fact a fake... Why even have a fake in the first place? I mean what advantage do you honestly get from something like that?

AUSTIN

Do you need an excuse to look like a motherfucking badass?

KIPP

So you're telling me the only reason he MIGHT wear a fake, is to look cool?

AUSTIN

I mean he was an actor - Is an actor... so he has to look cool. But no... I do have a real answer and that deals with confidence.

KIPP

Confidence?

AUSTIN

It is statistically proven that seventy-five percent of men feel more confident with facial hair than (without)--

KIPP

(over)

Again with the statistics, Oh my God, it's always statistics - it's always statistics! Find something else to talk about for once whenever I'm partnered with you!

AUSTIN

(What!?)--

KIPP

(over)

It's honestly getting kind of annoying.

AUSTIN

Statistics are - statistics are fun! Statistics are - are facts! Our job operates solely on facts. We'd be... literally nowhere without them.

(a brief pause)

You ought to appreciate them just a little bit more.

KIPP

(sarcastically)

I'm sorry, it's just hard to appreciate them when it's coming from your mouth.

A young man walks through the front entrance. He's of average height, in a fine suit, but most importantly: he has a long, brown mustache. This is JOHN WILKES BOOTH (26).

AUSTIN

Well try harder. For example, the first official statistic of this mission, is that John Wilkes Booth is here.

Kipp looks down at his watch again. It reads: "10:13."

KIPP

We've got one minute.

Austin speed walks to the back of the theatre.

AUSTIN

Then go protect the president.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (56) sits in the state box above. LAUGHING along to the words and the actors performing on stage.

EXT. FORD'S THEATRE - MOMENTS LATER

Austin walks out the back door, coming across a horse in the open area.

SUPER: "1865"

STAGE ACTOR 2 (V.O)
...and well, he was a queer kind of
a rusty fusty old coon, and it
appeared that he got older, and
rustier, and fustier and coonier
every fall, you see it always took
him in the fall, it was too much
for him...

INT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Lincoln watches the play intensely as Kipp fastens a stealth device to his hand.

Booth stops loitering and begins to head up the stairs.

EXT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

AUSTIN
Hey horsie, here buddy buddy.

Nothing happens.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
(to Kipp)
Um... how do you make a horse
follow you?

INT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

KIPP
(stammering)
I don't know... feed it apples?

Booth nears the top of the stairs.

EXT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

AUSTIN
Where am I gonna find apples?

He looks up to spot a tree full of apples. A beat, then:

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
Nevermind.

He looks back at the horse, contemplating.

INT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

Kipp's watch reads: "10:14," just as Booth reaches the second floor.

KIPP
(to himself)
Right on cue.

Kipp, blocks Booth halfway to the state box.

KIPP (CONT'D)
Hey, you look familiar... Wait a minute, you're the actor!

Booth puts on a fake smile.

KIPP (CONT'D)
I'm blanking on your name...

BOOTH
(quickly)
Booth. John Wilkes Booth.

Booth just barely squeezes past Kipp, before Kipp grabs him by the arm.

KIPP
(desperately)
Wait! I would really love your autograph. If not for me, then at least for my daughter? Romeo and Juliet is her favorite, she talks about it all the time!

A slightly longer pause, then:

BOOTH
Sorry, maybe another time.

Booth jolts free from Kipp's grasp. The sudden movement causes Booth's deringer pistol to fly to the ground.

A long pause. They share a stare before Kipp dives for the pistol as Booth scurries towards it.

EXT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

The horse nibbles on several apples that lay on the ground. Austin pulls out three flat circular devices from his pockets. They glow a light blue.

AUSTIN

Stay here.

The horse snorts in agreement.

He places the devices on the entrance of three different pathways that lead away from the theatre. He syncs a rectangular remote device to each of them.

INT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

As Kipp covers the weapon with most of his body, Booth stomps on him, knocking him unconscious. He crouches down, grabbing the obscured pistol, before sprinting towards the state box.

He opens the door to the room. Oblivious and enjoying himself, Lincoln remains in place as Booth aims his gun. He fires.

CLICK... Nothing happens. CLICK again.... Nothing happens.

Booth looks back at Kipp through the door. Dazed, Kipp smiles with a bullet in his hand.

Having heard the trigger clicks behind him, Lincoln turns around to see Booth standing, with a gun aimed at his forehead.

LINCOLN

HOOOLY SHIIIIITTTTTT!!!

In a frenzy, Lincoln stands up and backs away from Booth. Unaware of his surroundings, he trips and stumbles over the balcony edge and falls. His leg is caught on the state box drapes, dangling frantically above the audience.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Oh my fucking god, somebody help me!!! Ahhhhh, shit!

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1

Somebody help him!

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2

What do you want me to do, climb up there!?

A beat, then: Lincoln's leg loosens and he slips from the drapes. He plummets to the ground, fast. His body is still.

Everyone in the audience gasps.

Austin enters backstage in the middle of the commotion.

AUSTIN
(into comm)
Doesn't sound like things went too well.

Booth looks down at Lincoln's body and smiles. He looks back at Kipp, who is beginning to regain his mobility now.

KIPP
You could say that... Brace yourself, he's headed your way.

Booth jumps from the state box and on the stage breaking his leg. Kipp runs back down the stairs as the audience gasps again, following Booth.

Booth runs with a limp past Austin and makes his way outside.

EXT. FORD'S THEATRE - CONTINUOUS

He looks around, confused. Austin and Kipp follow out the backstage door.

KIPP
You move the horse?

AUSTIN
You sure bet I did.

Booth bolts as fast as he can with his injured leg towards one of the three back alley pathways. Austin takes out his remote to activate the three circular devices. Instantly, a wall appears in front of each pathway, seamlessly blocking Booth's exit.

Booth heads through the only pathway still open and finds himself trapped in a closed off alleyway. His horse rests at the end of it. Kipp and Austin stand at the entrance.

KIPP
Nowhere to run now Booth!

Inside a pouch on Booth's horse rests a second deringer pistol.

BOOTH
How'd you hooligans find out 'bout
my lil' oppurashun!?

AUSTIN
Let's just say we've run into you a
few times before!

Austin and Kipp near closer. Booth sneakily reaches inside his horse's pouch and pulls out his pistol. This time, he knows it's loaded.

Booth aims his gun at Austin and Kipp.

BOOTH
Didn't get a chance to say this
earlier... Ya'll fuckers will have
to do.
(a beat)
Sic semper tyrannis!

BANG... Booth fires!

A long pause. Booth's face is angry. And still. Too still.

Booth stands there motionless. His fired bullet is frozen in the air.

AUSTIN
Did he really just shoot at us?

KIPP
He shot at us.

AUSTIN
Damn, he was really mad then! He
never shot at us in the earlier
runs! What'd you do to him?

They both walk around the floating bullet frozen in space and towards Booth's body. The horse waltzes past them, out of the alleyway.

KIPP
Stole his bullet. He couldn't fire
a round.

AUSTIN
So how did Lincoln still--

KIPP
Don't wanna talk about it.

AUSTIN
(understanding)
Okay.

KIPP
Actually I do, it was kind of
funny... In a sick way.

AUSTIN
Do tell.

They scan Booth's body with a spherical device.

FADE TO BLACK.