

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.







