

Saving Hitler

Written by
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EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAYBREAK

SUPERIMPOSE: The Battle of the Somme; October 7, 1916

Allied forces face off with German forces in their respective trenches. No-man's-land, a twisted mesh of barbed wire and craters, divides them.

An artillery barrage begins.

Shells POUND the ground around each trench. Dirt and other particles shower men huddled below.

Occasional machine gun fire is a WHINING contrast to the continued ARTILLERY BLASTS.

ALLIED TRENCH

BRITISH SOLDIERS dart back and forth in the trench. They seek cover as shells SCREAM toward them. The shower of sediment continues to rain down.

Two British PRIVATES (18) man a machine gun. They send bursts of rapid fire across the void.

CAPTAIN WALKER (25) stops in the trench behind the men.

CAPTAIN WALKER

Forget about that pop gun. We've got an unmanned Stokes.

PRIVATES

(in unison)

Yes, Sir.

The Two Privates scramble to the mortar. Private #1 grabs field glasses, scanning for a target. Private #2 pulls the former operator off the mortar.

Private #1 SHOUTS OUT some coordinates. Private #2 dials them in. He drops a shell in the mortar tube, with the usual PLOP sound. The Privates cover their ears. The shell CRACKS as it springs from the tube.

GERMAN REAR

The German Command is positioned a short distance from the front. The artillery barrage is a DULL THUD here.

A phonograph plays CLASSICAL MUSIC outside the command tent. The DULL ARTILLERY seems almost a supporting percussion to the music.

A LANCE CORPORAL (20s) sits next to a motorcycle. He paints images of the war in watercolor. The painting isn't bad.

ALLIED TRENCH

The ground SHUDDERS under the continuing artillery barrage.

A section of the trench collapses on a group of MEN. One scrambles free only to see his friends buried alive. He crawls across the ground in shock.

GERMAN REAR

The Corporal continues to paint, oblivious to the carnage in the trenches.

An AIDE meets the GERMAN GENERAL as he exits the command tent.

AIDE

The winds are optimal this morning, sir.

GENERAL

Have Kohl initiate a gas attack.

The Aide scribbles some orders on a piece of paper.

AIDE

Runner!

The Corporal abandons his brush and rushes to the Aide.

AIDE (CONT'D)

Corporal, take this to Captain Kohl.

The Aide hands him the paper.

CORPORAL

Yes, sir.

GENERAL

And be quick about it. Before the winds change.

The Corporal makes a hasty and sloppy salute. He jumps on the motorcycle and ROARS off toward the front lines.

GERMAN TRENCH

The Corporal dodges craters on the motorcycle. He skids to a stop short of the trench. He leaps off the bike and dives into the trench.

CORPORAL

Captain!

CAPTAIN KOHL (30s) turns toward the voice. He snatches the orders from the Corporal's outstretched hand.

CAPTAIN KOHL

Prepare a gas attack.

Men scramble for gas canisters from a nearby stockpile.

The Corporal stands by, awaiting further instructions. The Captain looks at him with a measure of disdain.

CAPTAIN KOHL (CONT'D)
Is there something else?

The Corporal shakes his head.

CAPTAIN KOHL (CONT'D)
Dismissed.

The Corporal sulks off.

ALLIED TRENCH

Soldiers scramble for their gas masks as the first mustard gas canister crashes down.

CAPTAIN WALKER
Gas! Gas attack!

A cloud of yellow gas seeps from the canister and spills into the Allied trench.

Soldier #1, on the Stokes Mortar, cannot find his mask. He panics as he searches. He chokes and his body convulses as the fumes take a lethal hold.

Suddenly, the gas swirls upward and disperses as:

AN APACHE LONGBOW ATTACK HELICOPTER and

A BLACK HAWK HELICOPTER

swoop over the Allied trench.

Soldiers on both sides of the field huddle in terror at the sight of these strange flying machines.

The helicopters move out over no-man's-land.

Captain Walker slowly, unsure, slides off his gas mask. He aims his field glasses at the hovering beasts.

He sees an American flag on the tail section.

CAPTAIN WALKER (CONT'D)
It's the bloody Yanks!

Allied Troops awkwardly poke their heads out of the trench for a peek. Allied soldiers CHEER.

GERMAN TRENCH

Some of the Germans are paralyzed with fear. Others take cover wherever they can. Only a daring few take quick peeks at the hovering flying machines.

One German Private makes the sign of the cross and MUMBLES a prayer.

The German Corporal dives back into the trench. He snatches a rifle from one of his terror stricken country men, and fires on the helicopters.

Hellfire missiles and hydra rockets SCREAM from the Apache.

Shell casings cascade to the ground from the Black Hawk's .50 caliber machine guns and the 7.62 mm mini-guns.

Soldiers on both sides of the field dive for cover at the sound and sight of the weapons coming to life.

German soldiers are cut down in the trenches. Rockets obliterate the command tents.

Seeing the enemy in ruins, the Allied forces charge across no-man's-land, their spirit renewed. They too fire on the Germans.

The helicopters cease firing.

When the smoke clears, every German lays dead or dying. Allied troops CHEER. Some leap into the German trenches for souvenirs.

As the men see the carnage up close, an EERIE SILENCE falls over the field.

The sound of the SWOOSHING ROTORS is now DEAFENING against the calm.

The Black Hawk rotates toward the Allied trench. Rockets and machine guns ROAR to life once again.

When the firing ends, every man on the field is still.

The helicopters move to open field behind the German trench and land.

BEHIND THE GERMAN TRENCH

DR. JAMES WHEELER (35) a lanky, awkward man who tugs uncomfortably at his flight suit, leaps from the Black Hawk before it settles. He drops his helmet as he trades it for eye glasses. He sprints across the field toward the Apache. He stumbles, nearly falling into a crater. He regains his footing and hurries on.

COLONEL JACK BOWMAN (40s) chiseled, virile and completely at home on the battlefield, climbs down from the Apache cockpit.

MAJOR MARK DANBY (30s) in every way Bowman's second, seems equally suited for the battlefield, almost as chiseled, and nearly as virile. He steadies the ladder as his commanding officer descends.

Wheeler bolts up. He shouts between deep breaths.

WHEELER

Bowman, you son of a bitch!

Danby steps between Wheeler and Bowman, shielding his superior.

WHEELER (CONT'D)

You're insane!?!

DANBY

You forget yourself, Professor.

Danby punctuates his words with a sharp finger poke to Wheeler's chest. Wheeler stumbles backward.

WHEELER

The mission was to kill just one man!

BOWMAN

The mission is to preserve the American way of life.

WHEELER

At the expense of thousands, including our Allies?

BOWMAN

How did you expect to target only one man on this field?

A group of MARINES has congregated outside the Apache. Bowman nods to Danby.

DANBY

Locate the objective.

Danby and Wheeler are locked in the staring version of a Mexican standoff.

DANBY (CONT'D)

If he's even here.

Danby's contempt for Wheeler is as palpable as the death on this battlefield.

Marines fan out, and begin a grid search of the German trench.

WHEELER

He's here. German medical records indicate he suffered a gunshot wound in the leg today.

BOWMAN

Gotta love the Germans. Meticulous record keepers. Possibly their only redeeming quality.

WHEELER

And what's our redeeming quality? We came here to prevent exactly this sort of indiscriminate slaughter.

BOWMAN

What's the difference, they've all been dead for a hundred years.

WHEELER

They haven't experienced the rest of their lives yet.

GERMAN TRENCH

SERGEANT CARAVETTA (20s) turns over German corpses. He compares their faces to a photo of a German soldier.

The Sergeant turns over the corpse of the German Corporal who acted as the runner.

BEHIND THE GERMAN TRENCH

Radios SQUAWK to life.

CARAVETTA (ON RADIO)

Colonel, I got him. One hundred-eighty meters north of your position in the trench.

Red smoke rises on the horizon as Caravetta marks the spot.

The men converge on the smoke.

GERMAN TRENCH

Caravetta does a double take on the man and then on the photo.

CARAVETTA (CONT'D)

Not much to say now, huh?

Other Marines arrive on the scene and compare their own photos to the man.

Wheeler, Bowman and Danby arrive.

Seeing the death up close, Wheeler convulses.

DANBY
What a pitiful little man he was.

BOWMAN
Lance Corporal Adolf Hitler, welcome to
the last Reich.

Bowman FIRES several shots into the corpse with his
sidearm.

Wheeler staggers from the trench and vomits. Danby shakes
his head.

DANBY
A disgrace to that flight suit.

BEHIND THE GERMAN TRENCH

Wheeler sits in the open bay door of the Black Hawk.

He pulls a small radio receiver from his pocket. Wheeler
extends the antenna and activates the device. A TONE BEEPS
periodically.

Bowman and the others return to the landing zone.

BOWMAN
Men, congratulations on a job well done.

WHEELER
Let's track the capsule so we can go
home.

BOWMAN
The receiver, please.

Wheeler hands the device to the Colonel. Bowman turns off
the receiver, silencing the tone.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)
We're on a historic mission. A mission
not yet complete.

DANBY
Gear up. Load up. We launch in five.

Men scramble to load their gear into the helicopters.

WHEELER
We need to retrieve the capsule before
the antimatter seeps below...

BOWMAN
Jim, didn't you tell me that the best way
to change the future was to change the
past instead?

WHEELER
... we won't be able to go home.

BOWMAN
We are home.

Bowman drops the receiver and crushes it under his boot.

WHEELER
No!!

DANBY
Sir, the package is ready for Berlin.

WHEELER
What package?

BOWMAN
We're going to finish their war for them.

The Marines belt out a rousing "OORAH"!

Bowman climbs into the Apache cockpit.

WHEELER
We can't!

Wheeler grabs Danby as he passes.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
You can't let him do this.

Danby shrugs off Wheeler's grasp.

Wheeler dashes to the Black Hawk. He besieges Sergeant Caravetta.

WHEELER (CONT'D)
Sergeant! You've gotta stop him.

CARAVETTA
It's orders, Wheeler.

WHEELER
Damn the orders!

CARAVETTA
It's too late. Let it go.

Wheeler scoops up the remains of the radio receiver.

The Black Hawk's rotors swirl to life.

WHEELER
No man should make the same mistake twice.

Caravetta yells over the Black Hawk's engines and rotors.

CARAVETTA

Dr. Wheeler, you coming?

Wheeler picks up his previously discarded helmet, and slinks into the helicopter just as it lifts off.

THE BATTLEFIELD FROM THE AIR

Bodies stretch as far as the eye can see.

EXT. BOSTON - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Boston, MA; April 4, 2017; Eight Days Before the 100th Anniversary of Unification

There are hundreds of gargantuan buildings downtown. The city sprawl stretches as far as the eye can see.

Hover cars fly in massive aerial fly-ways over the equally packed surface freeways and streets.

Police vehicles occupy an altitude above the aerial fly-ways. They sweep aerial and terrestrial traffic with search lights.

Ground based police cars navigate the surface.

The flag of the United States of Earth (U.S.E.) seems omnipresent, as flag poles adorn most buildings. It looks very much like the American flag, save there are only 7 stars, one in the middle (representing North America) surrounded by a circle of 6 (one for each remaining continent).

On street lamps, alternating banners announce the upcoming 100th Anniversary of Unification and, in Stalinist style, pay homage to President Bowman, III.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

MEGAN WHEELER (28), toned and athletic clings to the wall. Her tough exterior does little to mask her natural beauty. She hides in the shadows as spot lights sweep the ground from a hovering police vehicle.

The hover police car passes. Megan darts through the alley.

A surface police car rolls to a stop at the intersection. It blocks Megan's path.

The spotlight on the car swings into the alley.

OFFICER #1 (ON PA)

Freeze.

Megan stops.

Two POLICE OFFICERS exit the car. Officer #1 has his gun drawn. Officer #2 holds a 3-D facial scanner.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be out, sweetheart.

MEGAN

That's what I told him. He wouldn't listen.

OFFICER #2

Who wouldn't listen?

MEGAN

That asshole at the dealership. That damn Cygnus HC 380i has been in the shop since the day I bought it. I told them to send the courtesy shuttle. Do they listen? No! They only care about you before you buy the car.

OFFICER #2

Let's get an I.D. Then we'll sort this out.

MEGAN

That son of a bitch. I'm going to jail because he's too cheap to send the shuttle.

Officer #2 holds the facial recognition scanner up to her face.

OFFICER #2

Hold still, lady.

A beam scans up and down, left and right across her face. A 3-D rendering of Megan's face appears on the small screen.

The Officer looks to the machine for an identification.

Megan grabs Officer #1's gun arm pushing it away.

BANG! The gun goes off. The bullet ricochets off the alley wall.

With her other hand, Megan grabs the backside of the scanner. She smashes it into Officer #2's chin. He falls to the ground unconscious.

Megan wrestles with Officer #1. He tries to bring the gun around to fire an accurate shot.