

THE END OF TIME

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EXT. KENYA - DAY

A sparkling turquoise lake stretches to the horizon. Alligators float near the shore, eyes alert for prey.

### **Lake Turkana, 10,000 BC**

SEVEN HUNTER-GATHERERS emerge from the lush forest as they hunt.

Rustling emanates from the trees. A twig cracks.

AZUBUIKE gestures to his companions to be still. Anxious eyes scan the surroundings.

A branch snaps. The men freeze. They're silent. Weapons raised. Primed to strike.

A GAZELLE bounds out of the forest and spots them. It stops.

YAKUBU trips. His spear clatters to the ground. The other tribesmen look angrily at their companion.

The gazelle flees back into the curtain of trees. Everyone chases the gazelle except BAMIDELE, who helps Yakubu up. The men race after their friends.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The hunter-gatherers pursue the gazelle as it leaps nimbly over bushes and logs.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

The gazelle heads to a hill at the far end of the field. The hunter-gatherers race from the trees and chase after it.

Spears land beside the gazelle as it bounds over the hill.

Azubuiké ascends the hill and is lost from view. There is a blood-curdling scream. The men halt, fearful.

From over the hill marches AN ENORMOUS ARMY of soldiers from throughout time. Ancient Egyptians. Confederate cavalry. Khmer Rouge fighters. Samurai in battle gear.

At the head of the battalion, astride a warhorse, is the Viking warrior OLDRIK, 30s. Brutality and death are the natural outlets for his unceasing rage and frustration.

The clearing fills with the advancing army. They are in perfect formation. Their numbers appear endless.

Oldrik points at the hunter-gatherers. A command to decimate them.

From the forest, A LARGE WAR PARTY OF HUNTER-GATHERERS appears. Despite being vastly outnumbered, they erupt into a battle cry as they charge. The two sides engage violently.

At the edge of the forest, FIVE ELDERLY HUNTER-GATHERERS watch the horrific warfare unfold. One of them, FARAJI, chews a green leaf as he somberly observes the battle.

Faraji offers the leaf to ADAMS, 40s, who is in modern clothing. Adams has the appearance of a college professor for whom ancient texts and academic theories are more important than dental hygiene.

Adams takes the leaf with jittery hands. Bites it anxiously. Watches nervously as the hunter-gatherers struggle against the time traveling soldiers.

Faraji taps Adams on the shoulder. Adams peers into the forest and his eyes widen.

Striding fearlessly towards Adams is SPENCER GALLOWAY, 30s, who radiates the affable roguishness of a professional gambler on a losing streak who hasn't slept in days, yet still charms everyone at the table.

He carries a long metal staff and has a backpack slung over one shoulder. He wears a device that covers his larynx with a tiny speaker and has a headphone extending to his ear.

ADAMS  
(British accent)  
Spencer Galloway. Not now.

Adams glances around. The only escape route is through the battle. He weighs his options. In front of him, AN ASSYRIAN SOLDIER slices off the head of HUNTER-GATHERER #1.

The head rolls to a stop in front of Adams. From the other direction, Spencer keeps coming. He's determined. Adams takes a deep breath and plunges into the fight.

Spencer pursues Adams into the thick of the slaughter.

Adams dodges soldiers engaged in combat as he makes his way through the carnage.

A FRENCH KNIGHT FROM THE 1400s swings his sword at Spencer, who ducks. Spencer parries with the staff, striking the knight with the end. A burst of light glows and sizzles.

The knight is instantly stunned. He staggers. Falls.

Spencer scans the chaos. There's no sign of Adams.

Further along the battlefield, Adams cautiously makes his way through the bloodshed. A SPANISH CONQUISTADOR thrusts his sword at Adams, who leaps back just in time.

The conquistador wraps a hand around Adam's throat. Squeezes. Prepares to slice Adams in half.

HUNTER-GATHERER #2 and A ROMAN SOLDIER, locked in combat, crash into the conquistador, who teeters backwards. The conquistador is impaled with a spear by Hunter-Gatherer #2.

Adams gasps for air. Locks eyes with Spencer across the wide expanse of the slaughter. Resumes his panicked fleeing.

As Oldrik slays hunter-gatherers, he spots Adams. Oldrik spurs his horse forward, trampling men from both sides.

Adams makes it to a river at the edge of the battle, where crocodiles feast upon dead men. A crocodile attacks HUNTER-GATHERER #3. Drags him into the lake as he screams.

A crocodile spots Adams, who stumbles backwards atop dead bodies. The crocodile races towards him.

Spencer yanks Adams back and drives the staff into the crocodile's face. He drags Adams back into the battle.

ADAMS (CONT'D)

We're safer with the crocodiles.

SPENCER

(American accent)

Hard to tell who likes you less.

Spencer is bashed with a shield by Oldrik from atop his horse. Spencer collapses to the ground as Oldrik hops down.

Oldrik grabs Adams as he is attacked by HUNTER-GATHERER #4. He rips out the hunter-gatherer's neck with his hands.

Oldrik turns to find himself facing Spencer, who smashes him in the face with his own shield.

Spencer pounces upon Oldrik and punches him. Oldrik takes the blows effortlessly and tosses Spencer off him.

Spencer tumbles through the dirt. He's had the wind knocked out of him.

Oldrik lifts his sword as Spencer raises his arms. Oldrik is hit with several spears. He looks at his body, surprised.

YAKUBU and BAMIDELE charge Oldrik, who slices through both men with his sword.

Spencer spots Adams scurrying back through the battle. He staggers up. Chases after Adams.

Oldrik turns back to Spencer, but is waylaid by SEVERAL HUNTER-GATHERERS.

Across the field, Adams runs past Faraji and the other elderly hunter-gatherers, who form a wall as Spencer reaches them. He tries to break through, but they shove him back.

Spencer holds out his hand to the old men. His palm contains a metallic egg-shaped device. He puts on a surgical mask as fumes emanate from the egg and the elderly men fall.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Sorry, boys. You'll be fine in a few hours.

Spencer races into the forest after Adams.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Spencer reaches a vehicle that resembles a snowmobile with wings. He hops on and starts it. The machine flies swiftly above the trees until it arrives at a plain.

EXT. PLAIN - DAY

Spencer pilots the machine swiftly across the expanse of grass. At the far end is a cave guarded by HUNTER-GATHERERS.

Adams races to the cave. Spencer bears down on him. The hunter-gatherers race forward with their weapons raised.

Spencer swoops low. He reaches Adams and presses a button. A hook attached to a cable latches onto Adams. Spencer flies up as the hunter-gatherers fling their spears at him.

ADAMS

All this effort for me. How flattering.

SPENCER

Just be glad I was the one who  
caught you.

Adams dangles in the air as they fly above the battle.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

As the battle rages on, Oldrik watches as the time  
transporter carrying Spencer and Adams vanishes in a burst of  
sound and light.

EXT. ENGLAND - DAY

The city glimmers with skyscrapers and digital displays.  
Pollution covers the landscape like tobacco-stained gauze.

### **London, The Near Future**

A squat government building sits on a nondescript street.  
The glamour of the city is absent from the grimy block.

INT. DIVISION OF TIME TRAVEL PROTECTION - DAY

A set of reinforced double doors leads into a dingy corridor.

WINSTON, 50s, sits at a desk while on guard duty. He listens  
to the news on an outdated computer.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

(On the computer)

In the United States, the approval  
rating for President Barlow reaches  
new lows as the country's economy  
sinks further. The Congressional  
investigation into his rumored  
support for the Franconian  
separatists in Germany continues.

Spencer comes through the doors full of swagger, despite  
having not showered or changed his clothes since the battle.

WINSTON

Morning, Agent Galloway.

SPENCER

It's been morning for the last  
three weeks, Winston.

Spencer continues on his way as Winston returns to the news.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Spencer enters as COMMANDER BARNABY TURNER, 50s, whose family has considered it a moral failing to slouch for seven generations, peers through a one-way mirror into an interrogation room.

Beside Turner is AGENT RUFUS MONTAGUE, 20s, a rookie whose desire for approval is matched only by his inexperience.

Through the mirror, in the interrogation room, Adams sits handcuffed to a table.

Turner and Montague swivel to face Spencer.

TURNER

Welcome back, Agent Galloway.  
You're still the best agent on the  
Fugitive Retrieval Task Force.

SPENCER

Thank you, Commander Turner. Adams  
runs pretty fast for a data  
analyst.

Montague inserts himself between them and offers an outstretched hand to Spencer.

MONTAGUE

Agent Spencer Galloway? Rufus  
Montague. First day on the job,  
but excited to learn.

SPENCER

You can start by getting my coffee  
order right. Three sugars. Black.

Montague withdraws his unshaken hand as Turner frowns.

TURNER

Stop messing about. Montague is my  
sister's nephew by marriage.

SPENCER

(To Montague)

You look like you got recruited out  
of nursery school, kid.

TURNER

Now that we have Adams in custody,  
we're one step closer to shutting  
down the Wildflower Group for good.

SPENCER

He must know where Prochorus is hiding.

MONTAGUE

Sorry, sir, what's the Wildflower Group?

TURNER

The last remaining terrorist organization using time travel to try to change the past. We've eliminated the others.

SPENCER

(To Montague)

I know it's hard to keep up between naps and playtime, but the Wildflower Group wants to change the outcome of World War II.

MONTAGUE

But time travel is the most highly guarded secret in the British government. Only the Division of Time Travel Protection knows about it.

TURNER

These groups were started by former agents who went rogue.

SPENCER

No one's ever changed the past before. You know what happens if somebody does?

Montague shakes his head. He's scared.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

It'll create an alternate timeline. Some people, like Commander Turner here, think it's a bedtime story. But if the universe splits into parallel timelines?

MONTAGUE

(To Spencer)

What will happen, sir?

SPENCER

Nobody knows. The laws of physics might break and poof.

(MORE)

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Your shiny new degree and  
everything else in the universe  
shatters into pieces.

TURNER

Stop frightening the boy, Galloway.  
(Gestures at Adams)  
He's in violation of the Time  
Travel Protection Act. The penalty  
is imprisonment for life.

Spencer crosses to the mirror to study Adams.

SPENCER

Adams is a logistics genius. But  
he doesn't make decisions. That's  
Prochorus.

(Gestures at Adams)

He said anything yet?

TURNER

Not a peep.

SPENCER

Let me take a stab at it.

(To Montague)

Remember, kid. Three sugars.  
Black.

Spencer leaves the observation room. Turner and Montague  
swivel to the one-way mirror.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Spencer enters. Sits across from Adams. They regard each  
other disapprovingly. More like siblings who constantly try  
to stymie each other than adversaries.

SPENCER

They treating you OK? Hot showers,  
filling meals?

ADAMS

If I'm not mistaken, it's Monday,  
which means steak and kidney pie in  
the cafeteria. I had a lovely  
steak and kidney pie the last time  
I was in 1857.

SPENCER

Unfortunately for you, they don't  
serve it in jail. Where can I find  
Janson Prochorus?

ADAMS

Hiding where you'll never find him.  
Between you and that Viking, the  
past is a lot less friendly.

(Dreamily)

You know, the trick to a good steak  
and kidney pie is all in the crust.

SPENCER

I could bring you back to a time  
before the atmosphere had oxygen  
and leave you there.

ADAMS

Oh, I'm already screwed. And don't  
tell me you'll protect me from the  
Viking. You barely escaped with  
your life in Kenya.

SPENCER

Who is he? Why is he after you?

ADAMS

Nobody knows. Maybe he wants to  
ask me where to find the best steak  
and kidney pie in London.

SPENCER

Maybe he wants to put you in one.

ADAMS

Before I had to flee from the  
Viking in such a hurry, Prochorus  
sent me a message asking me to help  
him find a boy. Luther something.

SPENCER

Why?

ADAMS

Prochorus would only tell me in  
person. But we never got to meet.  
Prochorus tried to kill the boy,  
but he stole one of the Wildflower  
Group's time transporters.

SPENCER

You don't have the technology to  
track time transporters.

ADAMS

Some of your former scientists are  
members of our organization.

(MORE)

ADAMS (CONT'D)

If they can get within three hundred years of the boy, they can pinpoint an exact date and place.

SPENCER

I'll bet a steak and kidney pie you know where they're headed.

ADAMS

An enormous Viking is trying to capture or kill me. I have my own problems.

SPENCER

Had.

ADAMS

You know, I'd love a sticky toffee pudding. It's impossible to find one anywhere in prehistoric Africa.

SPENCER

Anything else I can get you? Maybe a pillow and something to read?

Spencer narrows his eyes at Adams. Gets up and leaves.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Spencer reenters as Turner and Montague swivel to him.

TURNER

He's trying to lead us on a wild goose chase with that story about the boy.

SPENCER

Adams is a lot of awful things, but he's not a liar.

TURNER

He's also not very good with names. I need more before sending you off into the past again.

SPENCER

What historical figure named Luther could be valuable to Prochorus?

MONTAGUE

Martin Luther? Or what about Luther Vandross?

SPENCER

If we hear somebody playing "Stop To Love" in the Byzantine Empire, we'll know you guessed right.

MONTAGUE

Martin Luther changed the course of world history.

TURNER

It could also be Martin Luther King, Jr.

Turner glances through the two-way mirror at Adams.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Keep at him. I'll be in my office.

Spencer nods, then leaves as Montague swivels to Turner.

MONTAGUE

Sir, there's something I don't understand. Why is the Division of Time Travel Protection's most highly decorated agent an American?

TURNER

Go to the research library. Identify Luther.

Montague nods crisply as Turner exits.

INT. PANTRY - DAY

Spencer pours two cups of coffee as Montague enters.

SPENCER

Watch and learn. Getting a coffee order right is a shortcut to impressing the big boys.

MONTAGUE

I'd be happy to do that, sir.

Montague opens the refrigerator and takes out the milk.

SPENCER

The answer's still no, kid. And I said black, remember?

MONTAGUE

The story of how you caught that terrorist in the middle of the Atlantic during World War II is why I became an agent.

SPENCER

I appreciate the enthusiasm, but I'm not teaching a class and I don't want a protege.

MONTAGUE

I have more to offer than just fetching coffee.

SPENCER

You know how dangerous it is to go back in time to capture people who kill for sport? There's no backup. When I was on that battleship, I had to watch while the Nazis killed everybody aboard so I wouldn't change the past.

MONTAGUE

They don't teach that part of the story at the academy. Are you going to cut a deal with Adams?

SPENCER

That depends on him.

MONTAGUE

Can I at least watch?

SPENCER

Go finish your homework.

Spencer leaves, carrying the mugs of coffee.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Spencer heads to the interrogation room, passing Winston. Montague, determined to make a good impression, follows him.

MONTAGUE

Didn't anybody ever take you under their wing?

SPENCER

(To Winston)

Check his hall pass. If he doesn't have it, give him detention.

Montague continues to trail Spencer to the interrogation room. Spencer gives in and gestures at the door to the observation room. Montague beams as Spencer rolls his eyes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Spencer takes a seat across the table from Adams and sets down the mugs. Adams takes a sip and grimaces.

ADAMS

It tastes like they haven't cleaned the coffee machine since the prehistoric era.

SPENCER

The coffee won't be better in prison. I can promise you that.

ADAMS

At least put some milk and sugar in it.

SPENCER

You take your coffee light and sweet. I didn't forget.

ADAMS

You think I'll spill the beans because you served me black coffee?

SPENCER

My bad. I forget what a rock of fortitude you are.

Adams becomes serious. He knows he's running out of options.

ADAMS

We both know Prochorus won't come out of hiding to save me. Your only chance is to find the boy.

SPENCER

Tell me something useful.

ADAMS

What can you offer me? I know you won't sit by while someone tries to murder a child.

SPENCER

That's one difference between the two of us.

From somewhere nearby, an explosion rocks the building. Spencer and Adams turn towards the door.

ADAMS

It doesn't matter. He's here.

The door opens and Turner races in, followed by Montague.

TURNER

The entire building is under siege. It's the Viking and his army.

MONTAGUE

How do we defend ourselves? We're not allowed to change the past.

SPENCER

They crashed our party this time.

Spencer looks at Turner for approval. Turner thinks hard. Nods reluctantly.

Another explosion shakes the room. Spencer crosses to the door and peers into the corridor.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Oldrik bursts through the doors at the far end, followed by SOLDIERS FROM DIFFERENT TIME PERIODS.

Winston stands, startled, as Oldrik fells him with his sword.

AGENTS FROM THE DIVISION OF TIME TRAVEL PROTECTION swarm into the hall. They fire at Oldrik and his soldiers.

Numerous soldiers from Oldrik's army fall. The rest attack with no regard for their safety.

British agents are gunned down by Confederate soldiers and Japanese infantry from World War II. Knights from medieval Lithuania slice British agents into pieces.

Spencer fires, hitting Oldrik in the arm. Oldrik stares at the wound. Looks up. Locks eyes full of hate with Spencer. Brandishes the axe and storms directly towards him.

MORE BRITISH AGENTS appear in doorways and fire at Oldrik.

Across the hall from Spencer, AGENT CAMPBELL, 30s, opens fire at the advancing soldiers. Oldrik throws his sword, embedding it in Agent Campbell's chest.

Spencer moves to help Agent Campbell, but a bullet grazes his ear. He ducks and puts a hand to his bloody ear.

Turner shoots at the enemy army. Montague, terrified, fumbles for his gun. He raises it with shaking hands.

TURNER

Fire, you imbecile.

Montague forces himself to keep his eyes open as he shoots.

Spencer looks down the hall. It's filled with dead agents.

SPENCER

We have to get Adams out of here.

The three of them race back into the interrogation room.