

TIME HEIST

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FADE IN:

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - 1945 - NIGHT

A quiet countryside on a moonless night. Peaceful. In the distance, a lone set of HEADLIGHTS travels down a wandering dirt road.

DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The headlights belong to an --

ARMORED NAZI CARGO TRUCK

The war-beaten truck rumbles along, slowly drifting to the side -- before SWERVING back onto the road.

INT. NAZI CARGO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A half-asleep NAZI SOLDIER steadies the wheel.

He steals a glance at his SUPERIOR -- still napping away in the passenger seat.

The soldier breathes a sigh of relief as he rubs the sleep from his eyes.

DIRT ROAD

As the Nazi cargo truck continues down the road, a STOEWER MILITARY JEEP appears behind it, headlights out.

At the wheel of the jeep is KRISTOF WEXLER (30, Nazi uniform). He hits the gas, closing the gap between the two vehicles.

A FLICKER OF LIGHT under the cargo truck grabs his attention.

UNDER THE CARGO TRUCK

The FLAME of a small propane torch ignites, illuminating the face of BLAKE GARDNER (30s, charming, confident). He's riding on a dolly, strapped to the undercarriage of the truck.

Though Blake is dressed in 1940s military fatigues, the futuristic TIMEPIECE strapped to his wrist gives him away -- he's a time traveler.

Blake turns up the flame on his torch and begins cutting into the bottom of the truck.

As he works, a red light begins to flash on his timepiece. Annoyed, Blake makes a quick gesture, answering the call.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
(in earpiece)  
Just need another minute.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

A parked VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE -- barely visible in the darkness.

INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

DR. NICHOLAS HALLIGAN (30, tweed coat and glasses, distinguished, serious) studies one of the many charts and documents neatly spread over the back seat of the VW.

HALLIGAN  
Ninety seconds till impact.

UNDER THE CARGO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Blake checks his watch. It counts down from 1:28.

BLAKE  
Stop worrying Hal. There's plenty  
of time.

The cargo truck BOUNCES over a rough patch of road, knocking the torch from Blake's hand.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

STOWER MILITARY JEEP

Kristof spots the torch and jerks the wheel. The jeep SWERVES, narrowly avoiding a blown tire.

Kristof resets his grip on the wheel, revealing his own futuristic timepiece.

KRISTOF  
How about a warning the next time  
you try to kill me.

INT. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Halligan looks up from his charts.

HALLIGAN  
What is the matter?

UNDER THE CARGO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Blake watches the torch disappear down the road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE  
Nothing. Minor setback.

INTERCUT BLAKE/HALLIGAN

HALLIGAN  
You've lost the torch, haven't you?

Blake hates to admit it.

BLAKE  
I lost the torch.

Halligan removes his glasses. Pinches the bridge of his nose.

HALLIGAN  
That settles it. We must abort.

Blake eyes his watch: 45 seconds. Gets an idea.

HALLIGAN (CONT'D)  
Blake...?

Blake releases his strap from the undercarriage of the Nazi cargo truck and RIDES the dolly down the --

DIRT ROAD

Blake grabs the cargo truck's bumper to steady himself -- just inches away from the jeep's front bumper.

Kristof spots Blake and lets off the gas of the jeep.

KRISTOF  
Looks like he's falling back. No, wait...

Blake pulls himself into a seated position on the dolly.

I/E. VW BEETLE - CONTINUOUS

Halligan glances at his watch: 35 seconds.

He sticks his head out the window, watching the cargo truck and jeep in the distance.

He turns the other direction. HEADLIGHTS cut through the darkness, approaching quickly.

IN THE DISTANCE

The headlights belong to a large FUEL TANKER TRUCK barrelling down the road.