

The Peaceful Solution
by
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FADE IN ON:

EXT. VIENNA - NIGHT

Topiary dots a vast courtyard. The night settles over the lawn like a dark blanket. Peaceful. Quite serene.

SUPER: VIENNA - 1907

Air shimmers above a bush. Static CRACKLES from nowhere.

KYLIE (V.O.)
(valley-boy accent)
Time travel's hard to calculate. Land masses shift over the years. As does the earth's orbit. A thousand unforeseeable factors. Even under the *best* circumstances.

Purple sparks appear above a bush, forming a human sized globe. It hovers above the lawn.

KYLIE (V.O.)
Screw up the numbers, and you'll materialize inside a rock wall. Or halfway through some poor, unsuspecting slob. Bodies have been known to explode. Trust me, that's heavy shit you *don't* wanna see...

A silhouette materializes in the globe. Human; in universal crash position. Knees tucked to its chest.

KYLIE (V.O.)
Fortunately, we've learned from past mistakes.
(chuckles)
"Past." There's a pun in there. Somewhere.

The body solidifies.

It's KYLIE (20s). Androgenous. Slim body in a dark cat suit. Red punk hair hides abnormally large, amber eyes.

Kylie plummets to the ground, careens off the bush along the way. He lands in a crouched position; maintains his balance - and his dignity.

KYLIE (V.O.)
See? I got this. No sweat.

Kylie raises his head and looks around. A gold ring shines from one nostril. Scratches from the bush adorn his face.

A magnificent building looms nearby. A stately dome. Elegant windows: mega-opulence on display.

SUPER: VIENNA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

A MAN and WOMAN wander across the lawn, holding hands.

Kylie drops to his stomach behind the bush. He grimaces at love making sounds. GIGGLES. DEEP KISSES. SLURPS.

He peeks over the hedge. The two are locked in an embrace. Kylie crouches low, darts away.

He speeds across the lawn, hidden by the cloak of night.

A BURLY GUARD SNORES at the building's entrance. Kylie quickly changes course; toward a window blocked by trees.

He aims a compact metal cylinder at the pane. The glass blows away in a fine powder.

Kylie leaps up with catlike grace and climbs inside.

INT. VIENNA ACADEMY - MAIN VESTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Kylie tiptoes across the floor. Marble statues loom above his head.

He looks up to admire them; instinctively keeps walking. Straight for a weapons display - invisible in the dark.

Kylie senses danger. Screeches to a halt.

The tip of a sword shines inches from his face. He BREATHES a sigh of relief.

KYLIE (V.O.)

Whew. Close call. 'Course, physical dangers are the *least* of your worries with time travel. It's the after shocks that cook your Christmas goose.

A light flashes at the entrance. The guard cracks open the door.

He sticks his head in. Listens.

The guard enters and crosses the room. He squints at nooks and crannies. Every possible hiding place.

Kylie ducks down by the weapons display.

The guard stops - close enough to touch. Kylie glances up at a battle-ax, poised above the guard's head. One nudge would topple it... right into the man's thick skull.

Kylie shakes his head. No way.

The guard scans the room one last time. Kylie retreats into shadow.

The big man GRUNTS. Trudges back to the entrance door.

Kylie sprints for the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kylie inches along a wall silently.

KYLIE (V.O.)

Continuum shocks; they're the real suck-fest. Remove people from existence before their time, and you create a freakin' huge black hole. Whole sections of history unravel. We've learned not to do *that* anymore. Even to people who cold-ass deserve it.

He stops to admire a Renaissance painting. An idyllic scene with flowers and trees. Peaceful expressions on everyone's face.

Kylie smiles: it's beautiful.

KYLIE (V.O.)

Which doesn't mean we can't still try to make the world a better place. Just - no killing anyone. Not the bad guys. Or their parents. Not even their dog. Not that I'd off a dog, anyway.

He reaches a door, and pulls out the cylinder.

Miniature rods spring from the tip and prod the lock. CLICKING SOUNDS fill the air.

MAIN VESTIBULE

The guard looks up. Shakes his head. Starts to nod off once again.

HALLWAY

The lock SNAPS open.

KYLIE (V.O.)
Piece of cake.

He opens the door, and slips inside.

INT. ACADEMIC OFFICE

A desk dominates half the room. Papers and books everywhere. Kylie flips the cylinder around. A flashlight shines from the butt end.

He rifles through stacks of files, drawings.

KYLIE (V.O.)
The trick is to nudge things in their proper direction - let history take it from there. We've had enough wars over the centuries. The peaceful solution is always best. Less trauma/drama. No blood spilled.

Kylie picks up a piece of paper.

The words are Bavarian (subtitled): "School of Art Entrance Exam. Judging Professor Claude Gutstein."

Kylie's eyes trail down the page to another name:

"Adolph Hitler. Application Denied."

Kylie grabs a second paper randomly. This one reads: "Roderick Kubizek. Accepted."

KYLIE (V.O.)
Sorry, Rod. No school for you. Your sacrifice is for the greater good. If you only knew, you'd thank me.

Kylie sets the pages on the desk, side by side.

He aims the cylinder at the papers. The beam glows; switches names. The effect is perfect. Seamless.

Rays of light shine at the window. Dawn is approaching.

FOOTSTEPS echo in the hall. The guard approaches as well.

Kylie tweaks a dial on the cylinder. A display reads 2076. He steps back, takes a BREATH.

KYLIE (V.O.)

This part always makes me spew chunks.
Worse than motion sickness on a Segway
plane.

He presses a button. Electricity sparks, encompasses
Kylie in a brilliant globe.

He vaporizes as the guard opens the door. His nose ring
CLATTERS to the floor.

KYLIE

Time travel. Still a few kinks to work
out.

The guard looks around. The office is empty. The big man
shrugs, and turns away.

LATER

STUDENTS fill the room. A WELL GROOMED PROFESSOR holds
court at the desk, hands out applications.

PROFESSOR

(subtitled)

Approved! Denied! Keep moving. Next!

Two YOUNG MEN push through the crowd. One's dark haired,
the other fair.

They snatch papers from the teacher's hands. The dark
one, ADOLPH, reads his intently.

ADOLPH

I'm in!

The blond boy, RODERICK, grins.

RODERICK

I knew you'd make it, Adolph. Your
drawings are masterful.

Roderick reads. His face falls.

RODERICK

...I didn't? I was so sure -

Adolph grabs the paper from Roderick's hands.

ADOLPH

Well, there's always *next* year.

He slaps his dejected friend on the back.

ADOLPH

Let's go to the student meeting. That should cheer you up! Lots of girls...

RODERICK

They talk philosophy and government.

ADOLPH

And plenty of drinking.

RODERICK

(hesitates)

Okay. But just this once. Politics - it's not my thing.

He glances at his application. SIGHS.

RODERICK

Claude Gutstein? What does he have against me?

ADOLPH

Maybe because you're not a Jew.

RODERICK

Damn it, that's not fair!

ADOLPH

If it's not fair, *do* something.

Kylie's nose ring lies unnoticed on the floor. The teens walk past it, out the door.

RODERICK (O.S.)

You know, Adolph - I think you're right...

FINAL FADE OUT: