

Year 73

By:

Jeff Shevlowitz

© Jeff Shevlowitz, 2013

P.O. Box 922342
Sylmar, CA 91392-2342
(818) 837-1904
littleshevy@juno.com

FADE IN:

TITLE CARD - "GERMANY - February 1940, Anno Domini"

EXT. PARADE GROUNDS - DAY

Wehrmacht SOLDIERS goosestep alongside Panzer tanks. As they pass the Grandstand, they salute

DER FÜHRER - HITLER

Whose arm remains raised in a perpetual return salute. Only his eyes move as he scrutinizes the troops marching past him.

STOREFRONTS

Line the parade route. PEOPLE lean from windows and balconies, waving the Nazi flag with undying enthusiasm, cheering over the masses assembled on the street.

Every few buildings, a SOLDIER stands on the flat part of a rooftop, watching the crowds as much as the parade or Hitler.

ON ONE ROOFTOP

Two Couples watch the parade, sharing a pair of binoculars.

ON THE NEXT ROOFTOP

A SOLDIER cradles his weapon in the crook of his arm as he surveys the crowd below him. A BRIGHT FLASH of light draws his attention away from the edge.

He stares, confused by the sight of the amorphous light, about 15 feet from him. As the light dims, it PIXELATES, definition increasing in a matter of moments to reveal

EITAN BEN-AMIR

a uniformed Captain of the Israeli Defense Forces. He holds his own weapon, raised and aimed. It looks more like something imagined in the 21st century rather than the reality of 1940.

The Soldier takes a step toward him, demanding in German,

SOLDIER

Who are you?

The Soldier lifts his weapon. Eitan fires first, his bullet hitting the Soldier in the center of his chest.

Eitan runs to his side, stripping off his own uniform jacket. He replaces it with the one from the dead Soldier. Donning the Soldier's cap, he takes up his position at the edge of the rooftop, keeping his exposure to a minimum.

Using the retaining wall to stabilize his weapon, he meticulously takes aim.

CROSSHAIRS

Of Eitan's high-powered range-finder pinpoint Hitler's forehead, near the left temple. Eitan begins whispering the Hebrew prayer thanking God for allowing him to see this day.

A BRIGHT FLASH of light causes Eitan's eyes to flicker from the sight, though his grasp never wavers.

The light PIXELATES, focusing almost instantly into the form of JOHN ERIKSSON. John's attire appears both casual and out of place in 1940. Eitan stares at him in confusion, his Hebrew accent heavy.

EITAN

Dr. Powell?

John pauses, equally confused and surprised by the name. That instant is all it takes for Eitan to turn back to his sighting. John rushes to him, shouting in German.

JOHN

Halt!

Too late. Eitan has taken his shot and hit his mark.

IN THE GRANDSTAND

Blood, bone, and brain explode from the back of Hitler's head, spraying those around him as he falls backwards, dead before he hits the ground.

The parade abruptly halts in front of the Grandstand. As onlookers and soldiers press forward, the scene quickly devolves into uncontrolled chaos.

ON THE ROOF

Eitan steps back from the edge of the roof, the weapon held loosely in his hands. He smiles as John approaches him.

EITAN
(in Hebrew)
Success, Dr. Powell. Thank you.

The color abruptly drains from him until he appears as a black sheet of reflective obsidian.

John stops, apprehensive.

The black sheet BURSTS into a rain of shiny black slivers that fade and disappear before they hit the ground.

John, who had instinctively crouched and covered his head, stands. He cautiously looks around, an enormous weight descending upon him. He murmurs to himself in a form of contrition.

JOHN
I'm sorry, Lizzie. God, Lizzie,
I'm sorry I failed you.

He eases carefully to the edge of the roof, and immediately resumes his crouch, this time to conceal himself from the crowd below.

He glances around, trying to control his growing anxiety as he realizes there is no place for a middle-aged black man to hide on a German roof in 1940 A.D.

INT. REICHSTAG - DAY

HIMMLER stands at attention, arm raised, as VON HINDENBURG hands him a proclamation. A (subtitled) German Radio Announcer describes the proceedings.

GERMAN ANNOUNCER
Reichstag President Paul von Hindenburg ended the post of Chancellor, officially changing the name to "Führer" in honor of the assassinated Adolph Hitler. Heinrich Himmler is named Führer of the Reich.

GERMAN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES - Subtitled Translations

"Göring completes successful summer campaign to take Moscow"

"Foreign Affairs Minister Rippentrop instrumental in restoration of Edward VIII to British throne"

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY

An enormous CROWD gathers, CHEERING loudly as the Royals begin to step out.

BBC ANNOUNCER

Less than two months after
regaining the throne, King Edward
VIII brokered a non-aggression
pact with Germany, effectively
ending the Blitz.

As Edward and Lady Wallis wave to the adoring crowd, the BOBBYS have trouble holding them back.

INT. HIMMLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Making the most of a photo-op, with great ceremony Himmler hands CHARLES LINDBERGH the Service Cross of the German Eagle.

Lindbergh salutes the new German Führer with hand-raised.

LINDBERGH

Heil, Himmler!

While PHOTOGRAPHERS eagerly take their shots, many of the REPORTERS dutifully salute Himmler.

Himmler nods to them, his smile gracious, as he returns the salute.

As PHOTOGRAPHERS' flashbulbs wash out the scene, one of the shots becomes the full page spread of a German Newpaper.

The New York Times shows the same photo with the same caption, but in English: "Lindbergh Awarded Service Cross of the German Eagle"

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE - PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

"Republican National Convention Promises 'America First!'"

INT. CONVENTION HALL - DAY

The DELEGATES cheer as WENDELL WILKIE raises his hand for quiet, trying to complete his acceptance speech.

WILKIE

And in conclusion, I proudly
accept your nomination for
President of the United States!

CHEERING grows louder, but Wilkie motions for quiet. He leans toward the microphone.

Throughout his speech, Wilkie must pause for the cheering to subside.

WILKIE (cont'd)

My fellow Americans, war is not the way. And we know who is pressing us to the brink. Instead of agitating for war the Jewish groups in this country should be opposing it in every possible way, for they will be among the first to feel its consequences. Their greatest danger to this country lies in their large ownership and influence in our motion pictures, our press, our radio, and our government.

The crowd applauds loudly.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A NEWSBOY, holding a paper aloft, YELLS out the headline to draw a CROWD.

NEWSBOY

Extra! Extra! Isolationist Wilkie wins election over FDR!

The boy expertly takes coins from people as he hands them papers. Even so, he can barely keep up.

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Movietone News plays on the screen.

President Wilkie signs a paper as American and German DIGNITARIES watch in satisfaction.

NARRATOR

President Wilkie kept his campaign promise to keep America out of the European War by signing a peace treaty with Germany.

Wilkie stands and walks over to the German Ambassador, shakes hands and offers the pen he used to sign the treaty.

Flash bulbs explode as Photographers take advantage of the photo-op.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The PATRONS stare in silent, rapt attention as the radio plays.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2

With the end of the European War, Germany has restored stability to the Continent...and the world.

The crowd erupts in CHEERS.

BARTENDER

Drinks on the house!

Patrons push toward the bar, happily taking the free drinks.

INT. GERMAN MINISTRY - DAY

JOSEPH GOEBBELS stands at a podium in the Propaganda Ministry, giving a press conference. REPORTERS from all over the world eagerly document each word. Before he even starts speaking, PHOTOGRAPHERS begin snapping photos.

GOEBBELS

It is with great satisfaction that our allies have accepted our New World Order. The symbol of that order is the calendar. And it begins with the most singular event in human history: The start of the Thousand Year Reich!

With a practiced flourish, he unveils a calendar, the year at the top boldly proclaiming: YEAR 1.

Light from the flashbulbs wash out the scene, gradually to be replaced by

HARVARD - 73 of the 1000 Year Reich

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

John runs out from one of the offices, expertly balancing books and papers. He immediately slows to a brisk walk, making it easier to manage his load. And, more importantly, to keep himself from standing out.

Students stroll to classes, small groups organically growing and dissolving. They are uniformly Caucasian, leaning toward Aryan, and predominantly male.

Groundskeepers and other menial workers range in color from yellow to brown to black, but none interact with any of the Students. And none are Caucasian.

As John hurries across the campus, he carefully keeps his head slightly lowered, yet keenly aware of each person he passes.

He slows as two students happen to walk toward him on the narrow sidewalk. They neither slow nor condescend to acknowledge his existence.

He automatically steps off the sidewalk and slowly walks in the gutter until they pass. He waits a moment before getting back on the sidewalk and running into one of the buildings.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

At the whiteboard, PROFESSOR ERIK HOLTZ, incredibly spry for a man born a decade before the beginning of the 1000 Year Reich, finishes an elaborate quantum formula.

A small holographic model displays a three dimensional representation, best described as a 'Quantum Tree.'

THE MODEL

Has a few main branches. These have some smaller branches extending out from them, that themselves have some smaller branches branching from them.

Holtz gazes at it only for a moment, satisfied at the rendering.

The back door opens and John slips into the room. Some of the nearby students who have even bothered to take note of him do so only to casually place books in empty seats next to them.

John finds a seat in the last row, making certain he sits apart from the students in the class.

Holtz glances at the clock. He disguises a slight nervousness with his age, leaning against the desk.

HOLTZ

We've spent a lot of time today
watching me scratch at the board.

A general student malaise dampens the room.

Holtz smiles, nodding to John almost imperceptibly.

John returns the smile, relaxing as he stacks the books on the desk.

Holtz quickly takes back command of his class by slapping his pointer on the desk with a crack! that causes everyone in class to jump.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

So, what does this suggest?

Reactions of the Students range from uncomprehending to a return to boredom. Only John's eyes shine with understanding. Holtz slaps the pointer on the desk in front of some the nearby students, finally rousing them from their stupor.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

It's not enough to simply repeat
what you've been told. You have to
think!

One student tentatively raises his hand.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

Ja?

STUDENT #1

Excuse me, Herr Professor, but I
don't see the point in this.

HOLTZ

That is the point. In the quantum world, there is no one answer that's just right, or wrong. There are only infinite possibilities.

STUDENT #2

If nothing is actually 'right' then nothing is actually 'wrong.'

STUDENT #3

Or everything is right.

STUDENT #1

Or nothing is.

HOLTZ

John!

JOHN

Ja, Herr Professor.

John gathers the books and papers, bringing them to Holtz.

The students he passes on his way to Holtz glance at him with varying degrees of cold indifference to disdain.

Placing the papers at Holtz's disposal, John steps back, never anything less than completely deferential, his head always slightly lowered.

Holtz casually glances through one of the papers, then flings it back on the pile.

HOLTZ

Your final is next week. Let us hope that you demonstrate more insight than these show. Dismissed!

The class rises as one. The students file past the table, each one picking up his own paper.

Eyes remaining down, John discreetly gauges the reactions of the Students to their papers...and to him. He carefully backs away from the table until he is stopped by the board.

When the last student is gone, Holtz sinks into the chair. He looks up at John, whose demeanor has changed to reflect his equality in every way with Holtz.

HOLTZ (cont'd)
How did I do?

John quickly reviews the equations on the board, and the little holograph of the 'quantum tree' in the corner of the room.

JOHN
Excellent, but you still don't give possibilities their full weight. And I've got the equation to prove it.

John erases part of the equation, causing the model to retract the extending branches until it is just the stump of a tree. He takes a moment to rewrite the equation.

The moment he completes the equation,

THE MODEL

bursts into full bloom. Branches beget branches that beget branches until it becomes almost impossible to distinguish any one branching.

The model has approached the limit of the human comprehension of infinity and its representation through the Quantum Tree.

Holtz involuntarily gasps in surprise at the sight. John studies the model, proudly triumphant.

HOLTZ
Sometimes I fear that in my old age, I'm becoming as rigid as the other students.

JOHN
Nonsense, Erik. You'll still be teaching, and inspiring students, when you're a centenarian.

HOLTZ
I suppose that is one possibility.

JOHN
The math proves it. Everything is possible.

Holtz gazes at it, intrigued.

At the slamming open of the door, they immediately stop their conversation, John stepping away from the model and the board.

PAUL BREMMER strides in, his sharply pressed suit giving the sense of a uniform. A distinctive double-lightning bolt "SS" adorns his lapel.

Cold authority oozes from every pore of his being. He flicks a glance at John, just to confirm that he's properly obeisant. He stares down at Holtz.

BREMMER
Herr Professor Holtz.

Holtz slowly stands, trying, none too successfully, to appear at ease.

HOLTZ
Ja. And you, Sir?

BREMMER
Attendant Bremmer, University
Liaison for the Office of
Constitutional Regulation.

HOLTZ
How may I help you, Herr Bremmer?

BREMMER
The classrooms of this University
are sacrosanct.

Bremmer stares at John, his judgement already made. Holtz glances nervously at John, who has remained absolutely still, head properly bowed.

HOLTZ
He's a family servant. At my age,
I find that even my test papers
are heavier than they used to be.

BREMMER
Verification, please.

Holtz gets his wallet, making an effort to steady his hands as he removes a slim card and hands it to Bremmer.

HOLTZ
Here you are, Herr Bremmer.

Drawing the attention of someone of Bremmer's rank is never a good thing.

Bremmer takes it and swipes it across a small, hand-held device. He glares directly at John.

BREMNER
You.

John obediently approaches. He stops in front of Bremmer, never looking directly up at him. He pulls up his sleeve and holds out his arm.

Bremmer takes the device and scans a light on John's forearm, revealing the incandescent lines of a barcode. The device in Bremmer's hand BEEPS softly, then an indicator glows green.

Bremmer stares at it a moment, as if hoping the reading will change. Finally accepting the readout, he hands the card back to Holtz. He puts the device away as John rolls down his sleeve.

He addresses John without actually bothering to look at him.

BREMNER (cont'd)
Go home.

John glances at Holtz. He hasn't complied quickly enough to satisfy Bremmer.

BREMNER (cont'd)
Now!

John bows quickly and briskly leaves the room. Bremmer smiles at Holtz, his voice almost gentle.

BREMNER (cont'd)
Walk with me to my office.

HOLTZ
Of course. Just a moment, please.

He tries to gather his books, his shaking hands dropping some to the ground. Bremmer stops him.

BREMNER
I'll have them brought over for
you. After all, at your age...

HOLTZ
Thank you, Herr Bremmer.

Holtz, halting but obedient, follows Bremmer from the classroom.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Passengers, none of whom are Caucasian, wait at a bus stop. When the bus stops, no one dares speak to the BUSDRIVER, who is white. He does his job grudgingly, knowing he is better than the job, and definitely better than the passengers.

John occupies a window seat. He rises to allow an elderly ASIAN WOMAN to have his seat. She smiles at him, grateful.

He gazes out the window at a large

BILLBOARD - American Patriotism at its Best. Join Now!
Selective Service.

JOHN

Turns his attention from the window as the double-lightning bolts of the "SS" in Selective Service flash brightly in the deepening night. John closes his eyes.

THE IMAGE - of the SS insignia on Bremmer's lapel flashes briefly.

John taps his fingers on the rail, the only visible indication of his growing impatience.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

John's wife, LIZZIE, an attractive black woman in her mid-30's, stands at the counter, methodically dicing vegetables with an eerie concentration. The repetitive motion appears to be the only thing keeping her from crying.

MARTA HOLTZ, only a few years younger than her husband Erik, a woman whose maternal instincts imbue her every action, tries to draw Lizzie's attention. If not for the difference in their races, they could be mother and daughter.

MARTA

They'll be home any moment. We'll
celebrate then.

LIZZIE

He'll be furious.

MARTA
He'll be thrilled. I know I am.
And Erik will be, too.

She tosses the knife into the sink, tears welling in her eyes.

LIZZIE
What if...?

MARTA
What if we sit down for a few moments?

LIZZIE
You think it will be all right?

MARTA
Of course. This is something to celebrate. After all, it's not as though you broke any laws.

She gently guides Lizzie to a chair. Lizzie smiles at Marta in gratitude.

Marta puts the vegetables in a pot, humming a wordless tune. Finally relaxing, Lizzie eases Marta away from the heavier work.

LIZZIE
I'll get that.

She lifts the heavy pot and puts it in the oven as Marta begins setting the table. Soon, both are humming in harmony.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

The Busdriver pulls the bus to the curb, but there is no bus stop. The passengers glance up, most are unconcerned until the Busdriver turns to them.

BUSDRIVER
End of the line. Everyone off.

The Passengers protest loudly. The Busdriver remains unmoved. The elderly Asian woman makes her way to the Busdriver.

ASIAN WOMAN
Excuse me.

The passengers relax. The Busdriver glares at the old woman.

BUSDRIVER

Yeah?

ASIAN WOMAN

This is not a stop. My stop is two miles from here.

BUSDRIVER

This is your stop now. All of you. New route as of today. From this point on, it's "Citizens Only."

The passengers begin their protests anew. The Busdriver completes his announcement, the disdain heavy in his voice.

BUSDRIVER (cont'd)

The updates are published. Have someone read 'em to you.

ASIAN WOMAN

How will I get home?

BUSDRIVER

Not my problem.

Some of the men begin to move toward the Busdriver, but stop as a POLICE OFFICER steps on the bus. The flashing lights of the Police cruiser strobe through the back window.

OFFICER

Everything okay here?

BUSDRIVER

I can't continue my route until they get off. I told them about the schedule change. Nicely.

OFFICER

Seems clear to me. Anyone want to lodge a complaint, come with me.

A moment of silence permeates the bus, then everyone leaves, as quickly and orderly as possible.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Once all of the passengers have disembarked, the bus drives off.

The cruiser remains, waiting patiently for the crowd to dissipate. The wait is not long, and the cruiser leaves the scene.

Although increasingly anxious himself, John can't bring himself to leaving the Asian woman without at least asking if she needs help.

JOHN
Are you okay getting home alone?

ASIAN WOMAN
Thank you, young man. I'm fine.
I'll just be a little later than
I had planned.

She continues on her way, slowly but steadily.

Walking as quickly as he can without running, eyes straight ahead, John heads down the street.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marta and Lizzie fuss around the kitchen, checking things that don't need checking and straightening place settings that are already straight.

Both keep an eye on the clock. Marta breaks first, her growing concern getting the better of her. She wads up her towel and tosses it on the counter.

MARTA
Of all days to be late. The roast
is already too dry. Practically
inedible. He could have at least
called.

LIZZIE
Maybe he's with a student.

MARTA
Nonsense. He's never been this
late. Even when he's had meetings.
And John's also late. There's a
worry in that, too.

LIZZIE
I am worried, but also a little
relieved.

The back door opens and John hurries in.

MARTA
About time.

JOHN
Where's Erik?

MARTA
He's not with you?

As John slowly shakes his head, he gently guides Marta to one of the chairs. The expression on his face begins to scare her, his awkward attempts to calm her making things worse.

JOHN
Attendant Bremmer came after
class. He ordered me to leave. I
had to go.

MARTA
So where's Erik?

JOHN
I'm certain Bremmer is 'talking'
to him.

MARTA
And who's Bremmer?

JOHN
The school's SS liaison.

Marta stands abruptly, terrified.

MARTA
What would the SS want with Erik?

JOHN
It's my fault. I should have known
better, but I was running late.

He eases Marta back down to the chair. Lizzie places a reassuring hand on Marta's.

JOHN (cont'd)
I had finished correcting the
papers and was supposed to take
them to Erik before class started.
Then, I realized where I had made
my error in the formula. It took
me a little while, but it worked.
The quantum representation was
everything I predicted it would be.

MARTA

What does this have to do with Erik?

JOHN

When I saw the time, all I thought of was getting the papers to Erik before the class ended.

Both women realize the situation at the same time.

LIZZIE

You went in. During class. You know better than that.

JOHN

And you know Erik. He forgets. He thinks that as long as he's giving orders, everything is fine.

Marta's breathing grows shallow as every part of her tenses. Lizzie gets her some water, but she has trouble even holding the glass.

LIZZIE

They could be talking about anything. Maybe it's not so bad.

JOHN

Someone must have complained.

HOLTZ

It was Rossler.

Everyone turns at the sound of his voice, no one having noticed his entrance.

Marta gasps, then runs into his arms. She gently caresses the bruise on his swollen face, tears coming to her eyes as he flinches in response to her touch.

MARTA

My God, Erik. Look at you.

HOLTZ

I fell down.

Marta guides him to a chair. Lizzie wraps some ice cubes in a towel and hands it to Marta who carefully applies it as Holtz sits at the table.

MARTA

It looks like you fell a lot.

HOLTZ

Please, stop fussing. I'm fine.

He tries smiling to reassure Marta, but only winds up wincing in pain.

MARTA

You've never been a good liar.

He finally takes the cloth and holds it against his face. He motions for the others to sit down. His feigned good humor makes the others suspicious.

HOLTZ

I have some good news. My vacation is starting a little early.

MARTA

Did they...fire you?

HOLTZ

Nein, Liebste. "Unpaid Administrative Leave." I'm expected to return for next term.

MARTA

Just like that.

HOLTZ

Well, there is an extra seminar I'm required to attend before then.

Fear forces an involuntary gasp from Marta. Holtz puts a reassuring hand on hers.

MARTA

Reeducation? I've heard stories...

HOLTZ

Not all stories are true.

JOHN

I'm so sorry, Erik. It's my fault.

HOLTZ

Nonsense. It was bound to happen at some point.

MARTA

We can't leave just like that.

HOLTZ

We were going to visit Cameron and see the progress his physics team is making at the end of the term. So, now we'll just leave tomorrow.

MARTA

I'd rather stay close to home. Lizzie can stay with me.

LIZZIE

Marta may be right.

HOLTZ

I'd rather we stay together. Berkeley is supposed to be very nice this time of year.

JOHN

I'll arrange the tickets.

HOLTZ

Book the *Columbia* for tomorrow morning. The earliest departure.

They all stare at him, questioning. He merely shrugs, smiling.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

The I.D. check isn't as stringent on those ships.

Lizzie rises, glancing at Marta. Neither shares in Holtz's enthusiasm.

INT. BEDROOM

A small, but comfortably furnished, room. John exuberantly hugs a very relieved Lizzie.

LIZZIE

I was so certain you'd be angry.

JOHN

At what? We've wanted this for a long time.

LIZZIE

We don't have Authorization.

JOHN

We got it before. We'll get it again. We just need to figure how much to fudge the timing.

LIZZIE

It's less than two months.

JOHN

Good. That'll make it easier.

He pauses, his expression solemn, deep in thought. Lizzie touches him lightly to draw his attention back to them.

LIZZIE

Maybe Erik can help.

JOHN

I'm thinking Australia.

LIZZIE

What?

JOHN

I hear things are different there. Things like universal citizenship.

She places a finger against his lips and shakes her head. He nods in reluctant acquiescence as they hold each other.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Marta stands at the door. Holtz packs a small suitcase with an enthusiasm that draws a frown from Marta.

MARTA

You have to tell him.

HOLTZ

I can't.

MARTA

It doesn't matter. You've said the past can't be changed.

HOLTZ

So you have been listening to my mutterings.

MARTA

There's only one reality. This is it. The rest are only reflections.

HOLTZ

Realities. Possibilities. A student said today "If nothing is actually 'right' then nothing is actually 'wrong.'" Very profound for someone I'm certain I heard snoring in class.

MARTA

You have to tell him.

HOLTZ

Why?

Marta roots at the bottom of a drawer and finds an old, faded photograph. She glances at it, then holds it to her chest.

MARTA

He has a right to know he's going to die.

Holtz takes the photograph from her. Looking at it, he sighs.

HOLTZ

We're all going to die, but no one knows the time or place.

MARTA

You do. For John.

PHOTOGRAPH

Two Wehrmacht soldiers pose casually next to John's body, hanged from a tree.

HOLTZ

Places the photograph carefully back in the drawer.

HOLTZ

That was more than seventy years ago. So many people died. Did he tell you about his discovery today?

MARTA

A little, and stop changing the subject.

HOLTZ

I'm not. Everything is possible. He died. In the past. It happened. And this is the part that he understands far better than I: It also hasn't happened yet. And I'm going to make certain that it doesn't.

MARTA

You can do that?

HOLTZ

I think so. And that's why I want us to all stay close together.

Marta purposefully, and carefully, packs the photograph, along with several others from the same era, in Holtz's suitcase.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

Perhaps, it's time he knew my story as well.

MARTA

Are you certain?

Holtz nods in reluctant acknowledgment as he continues packing, his enthusiasm dramatically curtailed.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Moored securely so that passengers can easily disembark or board, several dirigibles await at the gates.

PRE LAP

PA SPEAKER

Citizens now boarding 8am *Columbia* flight, non-stop, to San Francisco.

INT. AIRPORT

Three separate boarding areas for each dirigible are clearly marked.

"CITIZEN," "DEMI-CITIZEN," and "NON-CITIZEN" areas define the status of the user.

Holtz and Marta, waiting at the opulent "Citizen" entrance, begin boarding with the other Citizens.

John and Lizzie wait patiently in the "Demi-Citizen" area. Here, the passengers carry their own luggage and sit in serviceable, though not overly comfortable chairs. Essentially, it's steerage.

The "Non-Citizen" area is little more than human cargo.

INT. DIRIGIBLE

Holtz and Marta relax in the very sumptuous, well-apportioned "Citizen" area, reminiscent of the lobby of a luxury hotel. The other travelers are all white and upper class.

An Asian waiter brings cold wine glasses to them, head properly bowed.

BURTON, the passenger sitting across from Holtz, takes one of the glasses, not even bothering to acknowledge the waiter. He continues surfing through his hand-held reader.

Holtz takes a glass for himself and Marta, nodding slightly to the waiter.

The Waiter's eyes widen in surprise. Catching himself, he quickly continues on his rounds.

Burton grunts, displeased, snaps the reader shut. He looks directly at Holtz, ready for a conversation.

BURTON

Well, they've gone and done it.

HOLTZ

Who's done what?

BURTON

Bureau of Disease Control. They finally liquidated the Montana Resettlement Center.

HOLTZ

May I see that?

Burton opens the reader and hands it to him.

BURTON

Yup. Worst outbreak of flu since
the last one back in 23BR.

MARTA

The Centers are isolated. How did
they get the flu?

BURTON

Who cares? The Jews got it and it
has to be kept from the healthy
populations.

MARTA

The liquidation. All of them?

BURTON

Every last man, woman, and child.

Holtz hands her the reader. She scrolls, reading with
growing anxiety.

BURTON (cont'd)

They should just get it over with.
Liquidate the whole damn lot.

MARTA

They're people.

BURTON

Since when? Look, I'm not saying
some of them don't have their
place. Like the Asians, Spanics,
Africans, Arabs. They're inferior,
sure, but they can be trained.
They're good for servants and
labor. But there're others, like
the Jews and Injuns. They're just
vermin to be eliminated.

HOLTZ

I couldn't agree more. They leach
resources and contribute nothing.

BURTON

I could tell you were a man of
intelligence.

Marta hands the reader back to Burton, looking at Holtz as
though she's never seen him before.

MARTA

I'm going for a walk.

HOLTZ

I'll go with you. Do you have a printout of that?

Burton shrugs and prints out a paper copy and hands it to Holtz. He follows an agitated Marta out of the area.

IN THE CORRIDOR

Marta ignores Holtz, furious at his comments. As they walk along the narrow corridor, the windows lining one side provide a magnificent view of the land as they fly over.

As they walk, the corridor itself takes on the change of the areas it passes, the sumptuous elegance of the "Citizens" quickly giving way to stark utility, coinciding with the occupants' status.

Holtz pauses near the transition from the "Citizen" area, gazing out of the window.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

Wonderful view.

Marta turns to Holtz, glaring.

MARTA

I don't know you anymore.

HOLTZ

And do you know the man sitting with us?

MARTA

I don't know what you're taking about.

HOLTZ

He's a Loyalist.

Holtz taps his lapel, to remind her of the prominent pin Burton had been wearing. Marta's eyes widen in fearful understanding.

MARTA

My God. I must have sounded...

HOLTZ

Shh. It's done. We enjoy the view,
then lunch, ja?

She nods as he wraps an arm around her shoulder, drawing her close.

INT. DIRIGIBLE - DEMI-CITIZEN AREA

The crowded passengers, all ethnic minorities, jostle for a modicum of comfort.

John has cleared an area of a bench for them. His papers cover most of the small table in front of him. He works, oblivious to those around him.

Lizzie, her arms protectively covering her abdomen, speaks with TERESA, a pregnant Hispanic woman. Since Teresa apparently speak no English, they mostly smile and nod.

Lizzie uses one hand to indicate eating. Teresa nods, wistful, then points from her abdomen to Lizzie's. Lizzie shakes her head, adamant, making certain to use both hands.

Lizzie quickly finds John and settles near him.

On the other end of the bench, CARLOS, a large Hispanic man places an arm around Teresa as she sits next to him. He eyes John with suspicion.

The CHIEF PURSER, and his assistants enter, immediately commanding the attention of the entire car.

CHIEF PURSER
Identification!

Everyone extends their arms without question. The Assistants check the subcutaneous IDs of each person. When they arrive at Teresa, the Chief Purser himself questions her.

CHIEF PURSER (cont'd)
Authorization.

She hesitates, glancing timidly at her husband. The Chief Purser smiles without kindness.

CHIEF PURSER (cont'd)
English?

Sheepishly, Teresa shakes her head. The Chief Purser barely contains his exasperation.

CHEIF PURSER (cont'd)
Sprechen du Deutsch?

TERESA
Bisschen.

Carlos quickly intervenes, digging a card out of his pocket. He hands it to the Chief Purser.

CARLOS
She's my wife. We're clear.

The Chief Purser swipes the card in a reader, vaguely disappointed when it flashes green.

Much to the relief of the passengers, the Chief Purser and his assistants make their way to the next area.

Terrified, Lizzie nestles closer to John. They instinctively whisper.

JOHN
We're fine.

LIZZIE
They can force...

JOHN
Erik would never do that.

LIZZIE
I'm not talking about Erik.

Carlos moves in front of John and stares down him.

CARLOS
You've been reading, and
numbering, for over an hour.

Realizing the time, John hurriedly gathers his papers and motions to Lizzie.

JOHN
Come on, we're late.

Carlos doesn't move. He glances from Lizzie to his own wife.

CARLOS
She Authorized?

LIZZIE
John...

JOHN
She's not pregnant. Let's go,
honey.

John has his papers under one arm and holds Lizzie's hand with the other. They push their way through the crowd.

Carlos watches, not remotely convinced. When he begins to walk away, Teresa grabs his hand. He removes her hand, kissing it gently, then tells her, in Spanish:

CARLOS
I'll be right back. I need to find
the Purser.

He makes his way through the crowd.

INT. CAFETERIA

Holtz and Marta sit at a small side table. They are left completely alone because the rest of the people in the car, all non-white, watch them with expressions ranging from curiosity to suspicion. Everyone has made a point of keeping clear of them.

John and Lizzie rush in, though they draw no attention until they approach Holtz, who is speaking earnestly, his PortaPhone in his ear.

Marta motions them to sit.

MARTA
You must have been working on your equations. You always lose track of time.

About to protest, he glances from Marta to Lizzie for support. They both nod in agreement. He is saved from comment when Holtz, grinning happily, taps off the PortaPhone in his ear and folds it into his shirt pocket.

HOLTZ
That was Cam. They've added a new dimension to your theories, John.

JOHN

After infinite possibilities, what else is there?

HOLTZ

He's being coy. Says we have to see it to believe it. I know what it is, but I'll be dutifully surprised.

JOHN

Did you have the chance to send him the updated equations?

HOLTZ

No. So, good. We have a surprise for them, too.

Holtz smiles at everyone, then sighs, his entire demeanor changing to resignation and sadness. Marta, glancing quickly around the cafeteria, becomes nervous.

MARTA

Now, Erik? Here?

HOLTZ

Ja.

He takes a deep breath, but before he can speak. Marta interrupts.

MARTA

Lizzie, help me bring some soup and water for us.

Lizzie nods as she and Marta go to the cafeteria line.

Once Lizzie and Marta are out of ear-shot, John speaks softly to Holtz.

JOHN

You're taking a lot of risks lately.

HOLTZ

I'm tired of looking over my shoulder.

JOHN

You have no idea what it's really like.

(more)

JOHN (cont'd)

The looks, the subtle, and not so subtle intimidation. Forced to kowtow based on nothing more than birth. You have protection. You're a Citizen. And a German-born one at that.

Marta and Lizzie return, carrying the lunch. As soon as the dishes are placed for their meal, Holtz leans in, drawing John and Lizzie close. They stare at him, uncertain what to expect.

HOLTZ

Back when it was still called 1940, I was ten years old...

EXT. FOREST - DUSK - 1940 FLASHBACK

LEAH, 30 going on 60, wearing little more than layers of rags, holds the hand of her 10 year old son, YITZAK. Trying not to shiver in the encroaching night's chill, he trudges on in silence. They both vainly search the ground.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

My father had been killed helping us escape from a relocation camp. We knew German, of course, but spoke Yiddish.

Stopping, Leah picks up some dried sticks.

YITZAK

They said to look for tubers.

LEAH

And if we can't find food, then something to keep us warm is just as good.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

We had joined a group of partisans. Not to fight. Just to stay alive.

YITZAK

I can find more wood back here!

He disappears into the thick foliage.

AMIDST THE DENSE BRANCHES

Yitzak carefully gathers sticks and small branches that will be easy to carry and provide good kindling.

The unmistakable roar of motorcycles causes Yitzak to tense, straining with feral attentiveness.

A single gunshot rips though the whining of the engines. The cycles rev, roar into motion, then recede, leaving an unnatural stillness.

Yitzak clutches the sticks close to his chest and carefully makes his way back as quietly as possible.

LEAH

Leans at an awkward angle against the foot of a tree. Blood soaks through the clothing on her chest, pooling on the cold ground.

Seeing her, Yitzak drops his bundle and rushes to her.

YITZAK (cont'd)

Mama?

He kneels beside her, uncertain what to do next.

INT. CAFETERIA - BACK TO PRESENT

Lizzie comforts an agitated Marta. John stares at Holtz, unable to make the final connection in the story.

HOLTZ

She was killed the same day as Hitler, but I didn't know it at the time.

JOHN

You...always said you were raised on a farm outside of Oberkirch.

HOLTZ

A kind couple, Paul and Anna Holtz, took me in.

LIZZIE

Erik...?

Holtz slowly shakes his head. Marta finally speaks, almost too softly to be heard.

MARTA
Yitzak.

HOLTZ
Ja. Ich bin ein Jude.

John and Lizzie stare at him, too stunned to speak.

INT. DIRIGIBLE - NON-CITIZEN AREA

The area is to the Demi-Citizen space as that is to the Citizen area.

As the Chief Purser continues his disagreeable task of verifying the passengers, Carlos catches up to him. He approaches with his head properly inclined.

The Purser notices him, and waves him away.

CHIEF PURSER
You're verified.

CARLOS
I have some...suspicions...about
one of the passengers.

CHIEF PURSER
Here?

CARLOS
Demi-Citizen.

With the Purser's acknowledgement, Carlos comes closer, whispering his denouncement.

The Purser nods, satisfied. Carlos holds out his arm to be scanned. Once the scan is completed, the Purser hands Carlos a small printout. Carlos accepts it gratefully.

The Purser motions for his Assistants to follow him out of the immediate area.

INT. DIRIGIBLE - CITIZEN AREA

Waiters scurry to clean the area in preparation for the upcoming mooring. Burton waves to Holtz and Marta as they approach his table.

BURTON

You two missed a great lunch.

MARTA

We had a lovely walk.

HOLTZ

The view from the observation area
is not to be missed.

Redcaps, mostly Asian, begin to gather the Citizens' luggage. Burton impatiently holds up a ticket. A Redcap bows to Burton. Another takes a ticket from Marta and runs to retrieve her suitcases.

REDCAP

Carry your luggage?

BURTON

Of course, you dolt. That's what
you're paid for.

The Redcap takes the ticket and runs off.

BURTON (cont'd)

I take back what I said earlier.
They're not even decent servants.

HOLTZ

Things haven't improved over time,
that's for certain.

Burton snorts in agreement and follows the Redcap with his luggage.

Holtz smiles at Marta.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

Certain company excepted, I think
that, overall, this is turning
into a fine trip.

Another Redcap brings the two suitcases for Holtz and Marta. They follow him toward the exit.

INT. DIRIGIBLE - DEMI-CITIZEN AREA

John slowly gets all of his belongings in order, paying very little attention to what he's actually doing. Lizzie interrupts his thoughts.

LIZZIE

You haven't said two words since he told us.

JOHN

I have no idea what to say. And Marta?

LIZZIE

I don't think so. I mean, she would have told us at the same time.

John just finishes zipping all of his books into his luggage when the Chief Purser, his unemotional Assistants at his side, stops them. He focuses on Lizzie.

CHIEF PURSER

You. Your name.

LIZZIE

Lizzie.

CHIEF PURSER

The full name.

LIZZIE

Lizzie Eriksdotter.

He stares at her, genuinely surprised.

CHIEF PURSER

A Citizen has Responsibility for you?

JOHN

For both of us.

CHIEF PURSER

The Citizen's name.

LIZZIE

Erik Holtz.

JOHN
Professor Erik Holtz. Division of
Theoretical Physics at Harvard
University.

CHIEF PURSER
You've memorized that quite well.

He motions to his Assistants, who stand on either side of Lizzie, grabbing his arms.

LIZZIE
John!

CHIEF PURSER
Tell Professor Erik Holtz that she can be claimed after we've moored.

The only reason she isn't dragged from the area is that she runs to keep up. John initial impulse to run after her is stopped with a blow across his back by the remaining Assistant who uses an electronic crowd-control device. John drops to the ground, unable to move.

CHIEF PURSER (cont'd)
After we've moored.

The Assistant kicks him once, out of habit rather than malice, before he and the Purser leave.

INT. AIRPORT - SAN FRANCISCO

CAMERON REESE, whose thick hair and full beard look more like a mane than normal facial hair, paces nervously in the Citizen Lounge, waiting for the *Columbia* to moor and the passengers to disembark.

He glances at the time on the holographic projector above the doorway, paying no attention to the armed SECURITY GUARDS at each of the other boarding areas.

His PortaPhone chimes. He fumbles it out of his pocket and attaches it to his ear.

REESE
Where the hell are you, Erik?...Of course I'm here...Hey, something's going on at the Demi area...I have no idea.

His attention, as well as the attention of most of the others waiting at the terminal, is drawn to the

DEMI-CITZEN AREA

CHARLES CURRAN, his SS insignia pinned to the lapel of his impeccably tailored suit, stands out amidst armed Guards and regular travelers. The Guards, weapons positioned across their chests, wait patiently at the gate.

Curran remains still, casually glancing at his watch. Everyone, including airport personnel, stay clear of him.

INT. DIRIGIBLE - DEMI-CITZEN AREA

John, curled on the floor in a fetal position, strains to move his limbs. No one stops to help him, and all give him a wide berth as they pass him.

Two STEWARDS of indeterminate ethnicity, but definitely not white, who must wait for everyone to debark before they can begin their jobs, come to his side.

One shoves his books and papers into his suit case. The other helps John to a standing position.

STEWARD #1
That was a hard hit.

STEWARD #2
You need to leave.

John numbly nods as he takes his suit case.

STEWARD #1
Can you walk on your own? Talk?

John begins to move, haltingly. He wets his dry lips.

JOHN
Yes.

STEWARD #1
I'll get the Purser.

JOHN
He did it.

Both Stewards immediately back away from him.

STEWARD #2
You need to leave NOW.

Standing straight, John walks out of the area, his movements an obvious struggle.

INT AIRPORT - DEMI-CITIZEN DEBARKATION

Two of the Assistants march Lizzie through the debarkation point directly to Curran. The bruise on her jaw provides evidence of an earlier struggle and her current quiet submission.

The Chief Purser snaps to attention in front of Curran.

As they continue with some formalities, Lizzie glares at them in silence. They pass her to the Guards. She makes only the most perfunctory move of defiance.

REESE

Still talking to Holtz, shakes his head at the sight nearby.

REESE
They're arresting another Demi...
No idea...can't imagine...maybe
looked a Citizen in the eye...
right.

He folds up the PortaPhone and puts it in his pocket as Holtz and Marta emerge from the debarkation ramp.

Slapping each other on the back in welcome, Holtz happens to glance up in time to see Lizzie being led away.

HOLTZ
Marta. Stay here. That's Lizzie.

Before Marta or Reese can say anything, he runs after her, disappearing as he enters the Main Concourse.

Seeing John disembark from the Demi-Citizen area, Marta walks up to him, hands on her hips.

MARTA
John Eriksson. Where have you been? I've been waiting.

He glares at the Purser, who is leaving after the altercation.

JOHN
I was delayed.

MARTA
That's no excuse.

JOHN
They took Lizzie. I don't know
where she...

Marta walks to a bench. John follows and cleans a seat for her. She sits and gestures for John to do so.

MARTA
I'm not certain, but they looked
like SS.

Reese joins them, carrying their luggage. He studies John, thinking he recognizes him, then dismisses it.

JOHN
I have to go with her.

REESE
Never volunteer to go with them.
Even Erik shouldn't have done that.

MARTA
Erik will know what to do. They'll
be back soon

Reese assists Marta to her feet. While he does not offer to carry John's suit case, he takes quick inventory of all the luggage.

REESE
I'll get a Redcap.

JOHN
Not necessary.

REESE
Then we'll wait for them at the
Berkeley lab. I'll call Erik as
soon as we get there.

He leads the way. Marta walks beside John, easily making it appear that he's keeping pace with the older woman.

INT. CURRAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Curran calmly sits at his desk and motions for Holtz to be seated. Holtz chooses to remain standing, taking in the ornate surroundings.

CURRAN
Tell me about this woman.

HOLTZ
She's been with my family for almost 15 years.

CURRAN
And you vouch for her actions.

HOLTZ
Absolutely. How long is this going to take?

CURRAN
As long as necessary.

HOLTZ
I wouldn't accept an answer like that from my students.

CURRAN
My apologies, Herr Professor.
Sometimes these interviews can be lengthy. Please. Sit.

Holtz stares at him, finally sitting with a show of exasperation.

INT. MEDICAL EXAM ROOM - DAY

Stark utility informs every aspect of the room. Lizzie hugs her arms tightly as a female ORDERLY guides her, without any sense of empathy or kindness, to the exam table.

The Orderly begins to undress her.

LIZZIE
I'll do it.

ORDERLY
Fine. When you're done, get on the table.

The Orderly stands back, judgemental gaze never leaving her.

Lizzie keeps a wary eye on the Orderly as she slowly undresses. The Orderly merely glares without a trace of sympathy. She finally tosses a thin exam gown at Lizzie.

ORDERLY (cont'd)

Hurry up. The Doctor's on his way.

The more Lizzie tries to make a show of relaxing, the more her growing fear causes her to slow down.

EXT. BERKELEY CAMPUS

Reese leads the way across the campus. He's trying to do several things: Get them through the grounds as quickly as possible, move slowly enough to accommodate Marta, and attempt to reach Holtz on his PortaPhone.

He folds his phone and puts it in his pocket.

REESE

Still no answer.

JOHN

You didn't even leave a message.

REESE

No point. I'll try again later.

Agitated, John's tension intensifies by his inability to take any immediate action. He stops in front of Reese.

JOHN

Where is she? Why was she arrested?

REESE

If they were SS, she's at the Precinct. And you'd have a better idea of 'why' than I do.

MARTA

You know how things are nowadays.
You don't have to do anything.

REESE

Let's keep walking.

As they near the entrance to the Physics building, John pauses.

JOHN

I keep going over it, but we were
just sitting there. I was working
on some notes...

REESE

You tell me, John Eriksson. Is
there something that I should know?

John glances at Marta, who nods.

JOHN

Lizzie's pregnant. And we're not
Authorized.

Reese stares at him, trying to contain his fury. John and
Marta stand still.

REESE

Are you insane? What were you
thinking?

JOHN

We'd been trying for years. And,
well, we wanted to be certain.

MARTA

She only just got it verified.
It's really not too late.

JOHN

Please. Call again.

Reese glances around. Even though no one appears to be paying
any attention to them, he indicates that they should start
moving into the building.

REESE

As soon as we're in the lab.

JOHN

But the longer we wait...

REESE

It won't change anything. There's
more privacy inside.

He leads them as quickly as possible into the building, with
both Marta and John now motivated to match his pace.

INT. CURRAN'S OFFICE

Holtz has taken to pacing slowly. Curran calmly attends to paperwork.

HOLTZ

This is preposterous. We just landed after a long trip. I have colleagues waiting for me.

CURRAN

The interview process varies with each individual.

HOLTZ

Certainly a man in your position can expedite matters.

Curran nods, more deigning to comply than wanting to assist. He makes a call.

Holtz's PortaPhone also rings and he takes it.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

I'm still here. Still waiting.
I'll let you know when something's accomplished here.

He folds his phone away and watches Curran who is nodding, saying nothing.

INT. MEDICAL EXAM ROOM

The DOCTOR stands over Lizzie as she lies on the exam bed, gently checking her pulse and her forehead. His cold expression belies the empathy of his actions.

He smiles at her, but the utter lack of warmth makes it seem more of a sneer.

An efficient, though rather dour appearing NURSE has replaced the Orderly.

Lizzie instinctively tries to keep as much distance between them as possible. When she does manage to speak, her voice is barely audible.

DOCTOR

Lizzie...short for Elizabeth?

LIZZIE

Yes.

DOCTOR

Speak up, girl. I can barely hear you.

LIZZIE

Yes.

DOCTOR

Beautiful name. It's a good thing you came in. I've discovered a small problem.

LIZZIE

I'm fine.

DOCTOR

I'm having trouble hearing you. Perhaps something is wrong with your throat.

He motions to the Orderly, but Lizzie speaks louder, allowing the Doctor to leave his request incomplete.

LIZZIE

I feel fine.

DOCTOR

That can be a dangerous deception.

LIZZIE

You said there was a problem.

DOCTOR

Life is precious. A new life must be planned for and nurtured to ensure the child has every advantage available. Don't you agree?

LIZZIE

Yes.

DOCTOR

Excellent! You seem a responsible young lady. I was certain it was an accident.

Lizzie starts to sit up, becoming agitated.

LIZZIE

Doctor...I...

DOCTOR

Shh. Everything will be okay. The Nurse, here, is going to help you relax.

She tries to get off the bed, breathing deeply in growing panic, but the Doctor holds her shoulder immovably in place and nods to the Nurse.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

You're far too tense, my girl.

The Nurse injects a serum directly into a vein in Lizzie's arm.

Lizzie's eyes widen as her body falls limply to the exam table. Even as her breathing normalizes, her eyes remain open.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Lizzie?

Her lips move slightly, but no sound emerges.

NURSE

Answer the Doctor!

DOCTOR

Lizzie?

LIZZIE

Yes.

DOCTOR

You're doing fine. I'll be back in a few minutes. We'll make certain everything is taken care of.

He pats her gently on the hand and leaves.

INT. PHYSICS BUILDING - DAY

Reese leads Marta and John through the halls to the elevator. Neither bothers to admire the almost old-world ornate elegance of the building. John slows, stopping several yards from Reese as he swipes a keycard to call one of the cars.

The doors open and Reese steps inside, coming back out when John and Marta do not follow him.

REESE
The lab is downstairs.

JOHN
But Lizzie's at the Precinct. So is Erik. That's where I want you to take me.

REESE
You're too intelligent to be that foolish.

JOHN
If it was your wife, what would you do?

Reese smiles.

REESE
When I first saw you, I thought you looked familiar. I'm going to show you why.

JOHN
Don't change the subject.

REESE
I'm not, but you have to see the experiment to understand. There may be a way to help her, but not at the Precinct.

John studies him, torn. He only reluctantly follows Reese and Marta into the elevator.

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Holtz waits at the curb, holding the door of a cab open. The CABBIE, a turbaned Arab, slaps the headrest to get Holtz's attention.

CABBIE
Come on. I can't wait here forever.

HOLTZ
You'll wait as long as I need you to wait.

CABBIE

Then you'll pay the fine.

HOLTZ

Or I can call your company and ask
for a more respectful driver.

The Cabbie drums his hands on the steering wheel, knowing better than to further question a Citizen.

Lizzie emerges, her coat clasped tightly around her. The Orderly holds her arm, impelling her forward rather than easing her walk.

She stops in front of Holtz. The Orderly, relieved of the burden, abruptly turns and leaves. She glances at Holtz, her eyes red and devoid of emotion. She then looks at the ground, unable to move of her own volition.

Holtz eases her into the cab and gets in beside her. The Cabbie takes one look at her, and immediately turns forward, unwilling to become personally involved.

CABBIE

Where to, Sir?

Holtz hands him a piece of paper.

HOLTZ

This address.

Lizzie collapses against Holtz. The Cabbie makes a point of seeing nothing more as he drives away from the Precinct.

INT. PHYSICS LAB - NIGHT

At first glance, it appears to be a large, almost empty warehouse. One entire wall is black, but with minute glass bits embedded in the wall, making it appear to shimmer and undulate in waves.

Workers and physicists labor on the wall and the control area on the far end of the room. They glance up as Reese enters and stare at John.

What surprises John is that many of them appear to recognize him.

Reese stops and taps a young man, BOBBY HANSSON on the shoulder.

REESE

Bobby. Please get something useful from the first-aid kit for our guest.

Bobby gapes at John for a moment, then nods and runs to a small office. He quickly returns with a compress.

John leans in close to Reese, not wanting to be overheard.

JOHN

Excuse me. I'm used to being ignored, or dismissed. But this reaction is different.

Reese nods and leads them to the control area.

REESE

Standby.

Everyone scrambles away from the wall.

REESE (cont'd)

Preset.

JOHN

Please. Can't this be done another time?

A holographic image appears, displaying the Quantum Tree from John's initial equations. Two of the branches that are next to each other glow, one in amber, the other sapphire.

The sapphire branch is the only one that is bent over on itself, intersecting the amber branch.

Although awed by the sheer expanse of the experiment, John glares at Reese.

JOHN (cont'd)

I admit this is impressive, but none of this helps...

REESE

Activate the array.

The glowing branches pulsate, the sapphire one stronger and brighter. Reese's innate talent as a lecturer emerges.

REESE (cont'd)

Amber: Our reality. Sapphire: A reflection of that reality. The closer the distance, the less distorted the reflection.

The wall, and the area in front of it, pulses with an immensely bright light. As the light fades, an image emerges, waving slightly as though seen through heat waves.

REESE (cont'd)

Get those coordinates. I'm going to show you a reflection of our reality where Hitler wasn't assassinated. And Germany lost the War. A reflection made possible, we think, by this.

He indicates the bent branch.

REESE (cont'd)

This is the only one bent back, and it intersects at this Vector.

MARTA

Excuse me. What's a "Vector"?

EMILY LUONI, the only female working in any capacity, adjusts some controls then addresses Marta.

EMILY

We've discovered that certain seminal events create nodes of additional possibilities. We call them Probability Vectors.

MARTA

What kind of events?

EMILY

Assassinations, mostly.

REESE

The most significant Vector in the last hundred years was the assassination of Adolph Hitler. Now watch this, a world where Hitler lived...

The light waves on the wall dissipate as the image coalesces, but is soft, grainy, to reveal a view of the

PARADE GROUNDS

in 1940 Germany, moments prior to Hitler's assassination.

REESE (cont'd)

This is our world, our history,
the facts as we know them.

And then, the image blurs even further as another image, equally soft and grainy, superimposes over it. At the same moment, Hitler simultaneously suffers a fatal gunshot wound in one image and continues saluting the troops in the other.

REESE (cont'd)

At that moment of intersection,
the reflection begins. Recalibrate.

The image dissolves into the undulating light waves, quickly coalescing again, this time very sharp of the

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CAMPUS

where every face and ethnicity is integrated into every level life.

Despite his anxiety, John stares at the familiar, yet alien image.

REESE (cont'd)

You'll recognize Harvard, even if
it's just a reflection.

Reese further manipulates the controls.

The image crystallizes on a classroom, the same where Holtz lectured. Only this time, it is John giving the lecture to an integrated class.

John steps back, physically thrown by the sight.

JOHN

That's...me.

REESE

That's why you looked familiar to
everyone here. What do you think?

JOHN

It's one thing to know that
everything's possible. But to
actually see the reality of it...

John walks to the array, studying himself as a Harvard professor.

REESE

That reflection curved on itself.
Someone went back in time and
assisted with, or actually carried
out, the assassination of Adolph
Hitler.

JOHN

That would make us the reflection.

Reese slaps the desktop.

REESE

Real. So am I. So are you.

JOHN

Show me Lizzie. Where's Lizzie?

REESE

We can't find specific people. We
can only program four parameters:
Longitude, Latitude, Elevation, and
Time. We knew them for Harvard. I
thought we'd find Eric as Dean and
it'd be a great surprise. We got a
bigger surprise.

He shuts down the display. The Tree disappears and the wall
returns to its subtle undulation. With nothing further to
distract him, John turns immediately back to Reese.

JOHN

Try calling again.

Reese nods and goes to the main control area, and the phones
there. John focuses on Reese as Emily holds out a hand to
Marta.

EMILY

A pleasure to see you again, Mrs.
Holtz. We met at the Harvard
Physics Conference three years ago.

MARTA

I thought you were a secretary.

EMILY

Technically, I am. Has he told you
the big surprise yet?

MARTA

There's more?

EMILY

We believe we can break the
Asymmetry of Time.

That statement finally gets John's attention.

JOHN

"You can know the past, but you
can't change it. You can change
the future, but you can't know it."

EMILY

We haven't actually tested the
theory, but we think it can be
done.

MARTA

Erik's always been clear about one
thing: The past has already
happened. It can't be changed.

EMILY

If that reflection can curve back,
then so can we. And in doing so,
change the past.

John stares at the blank wall for a moment, lost in thought,
then focuses again on Reese.

Reese starts back to them, forcing his features into an
expression of neutrality. Before he reaches them, John is at
his side.

JOHN

You spoke with Erik? What
happened? Where's Lizzie?

REESE

They're at my place. We can be
there in about fifteen minutes.

He leads John and Marta out as his crew shuts the lab down.

INT. REESE'S HOME - NIGHT - LIVING ROOM

Holtz, sitting on the edge of the couch, allows Marta to take care of him. Reese, and his wife ALICE stand nearby. Everyone is quiet, subdued.

Sobbing, muffled from a closed nearby room, keeps the atmosphere somber.

INT. GUEST ROOM

John cradles a grieving Lizzie against his chest. They sit on the bed, gently rocking.

She finally looks up at him, wiping the tears from her face and swallowing back any further sobs.

LIZZIE

They took my babies.

JOHN

'Babies'?

LIZZIE

This one, and any other one I'd ever have.

He kisses her tenderly.

JOHN

Is there anything you need?
Anything I can do for you?

She glares at him, a cold anger replacing her pain.

LIZZIE

Kill them.

John's stunned expression pierces her anger. The pain returns, clouding her eyes. She barely registers John's whisper.

JOHN

I wish I could.

LIZZIE

No. No, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. I don't know what I'm saying.

John holds her tightly for a moment, then, mind racing, begins pacing the room, his eyes rarely leaving her.

JOHN

I saw something today. Amazing.
Unbelievable. And, I'm thinking,
maybe a way out.

LIZZIE

It's too late.

JOHN

It's not. What if...what if what
happened never actually happened?

Tears well in her eyes as she clasps her hands to her abdomen.

LIZZIE

Don't you dare tell me what didn't
happen.

JOHN

It doesn't have to.

He sits next to her, taking her hands in his.

JOHN (cont'd)

I've seen they way things should
be. Can be.

LIZZIE

I won't have my baby back. Nothing
will change that.

JOHN

Lizzie, trust me. I can change
everything.

She stares at him, wanting to believe and afraid to believe.

LIZZIE

You've always said that everything
is possible.

JOHN

Every possibility is someone's
reality. We can make ours, remake
ours, whatever we want it to be.

LIZZIE

Marta and I should never have come.

JOHN

It doesn't matter. Not any more.

They hold each other tightly, giving and drawing strength.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Reese and Holtz sit at the table, talking quietly. John comes in, stopping in the doorway, interrupting their conversation.

JOHN

How do I go back in time?

REESE

I'm still not sure it can be done.

HOLTZ

He's already done it.

John and Reese stare at Holtz, neither certain what to say. Holtz motions John to sit.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

When was the first time you met me?

JOHN

I was seven. My father signed the papers giving you Responsibility for me.

HOLTZ

And the first time I met you, I was ten. It's already happened for me, but it's still in your future.

REESE

What are you talking about?

Holtz takes an old envelope from his jacket pocket, extracting several old, yellowed black and white photographs. Placing one on the table for John and Reese to see, a

PHOTO OF JOHN

sitting at a dinner table, his shirt sleeve ripped off and a make-shift bandage wrapped tightly around his arm.

JOHN

picks it up studying it as Holtz continues.

HOLTZ

You told me the story. Made me
repeat it so I would remember. So
I could tell you before you left.

EXT. PARADE GROUNDS - 1940

On the rooftop, the assassin steps back from the edge, the weapon held loosely in his hands. He smiles as John approaches him.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

Moments after the assassination,
the killer, literally, disappeared.

The color abruptly drains from him until he appears as a black sheet of reflective obsidian. The sheet bursts into a rain of shiny black slivers that fade and disappear before they hit the ground.

On the Parade Grounds itself, chaos reigns in the immediate aftermath of the assassination.

HOLTZ (cont'd; V.O.)

No one knew what was happening.
And you knew that, even in the
best of circumstances, you
couldn't explain who you were or
what you were doing there.

ON THE ROOF

John forces his breathing under control.

He crouches down, running as fast as possible to the far edge of the roof where he enters an old, rusty stairwell.

IN THE STAIRWELL

John abandons all caution, thundering down the stairs two or three at a time.

At ground level, he finds himself in the alley, next to a large storeroom for the grocery fronting the building. He slides into the shadows, critically surveying the area. His attention turns to

TWO WORKMEN

Loading a truck with empty crates. The Men proceed in their jobs with grim efficiency, tense from the atmosphere of the nearby anarchy.

Completing their task, one goes to the driver's side, the second straightening crates in the back of the truck.

WORKMAN #1
Beeil dich! Wir sind spät dran.

WORKMAN #2
Ich komme! Ich komme!

The second Workman slams the back gate of the truck into place before going to the passenger side.

John races through the laaey to the back of the truck and dives in as it begins to pull away from the dock. He wedges himself behind some of the crates, concealing himself from any cursory view.

EXT. ROAD

The truck slows to a halt at a roadblock manned by Wehrmacht soldiers. The grim-faced Soldiers hold their weapons ready to use on the slightest pretext.

A CAPTAIN walks to the driver's door, a bayonet wielding Soldier beside him. The Captain eyes the entire truck, then pushes the barrel of the Soldier's weapon down.

CAPTAIN
Identifikation.

WORKMAN #1
Ja, Kapitän.

The Workman fumbles in his jacket pockets to find the appropriate papers. He hands them to the Captain who studies them, then hands them back.

The Captain then begins a survey of the truck.

CAPTAIN
Was ist hier drin?

The Workmen glance at each other, nervous even though they know they've done nothing wrong.

WORKMAN #1
Abfall.

The Captain motions for the soldier to join him and points to a large pile of trash in the middle of the bed.

The Soldier stabs the bayonet into the middle of the pile.
Twice.

Satisfied, the Captain walks back to the front of the truck and waves it through the roadblock.

The Workmen relax as the roadblock recedes in the distance.

IN THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

John carefully brushes some of the trash off with one hand. Blood drips from a gash along his other arm.

JOHN
Damn.

HOLTZ (V.O.)
You knew you needed stitches, but
you did the best you could.

Clenching his jaw, he rips the sleeve of his shirt, wraps his arm tightly and leans back, falling quickly into a deep, exhausted sleep.

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

The truck rolls to a stop on a remote rural road, next to a farmhouse. Thick forest edges close to the road.

The Workmen get out of the truck and come to the back to unload the crates. Upon seeing John, they stop. One grabs a stick and pokes the sleeping man into shocked wakefulness.

WORKMAN #1
Wachen Sie auf!

John groggily complies, getting out of the truck as a jeep drives up, carrying two SOLDIERS. They stop next to the truck and get out.

The Workmen quickly sidle out of sight as the Soldiers approach John.

One Soldier takes his pistol and points it steadily at John's chest while joking with his comrade.

SOLDIER
Jesse Owens.

The Soldiers laugh, but the pistol does not waver. As the Soldier pulls the trigger, a bullet pierces his forehead.

He falls back, dead, his own shot going wild, winging the second Soldier as that soldier drops from a second shot.

John crouches next to the truck for cover. He's torn between exposing his position to the open road, or to the gunman.

ON THE DRIVEWAY

Leading to the farmhouse, PAUL, a rugged farmer, expertly holds a rifle.

HOLTZ (V.O.)
You met my adoptive father, though
he hadn't yet met me.

John finally turns to him, hands raised in the air. Paul's initial surprise at seeing John quickly fades as he lowers the rifle, much to John's relief.

PAUL
Sprechen du Deutsch?

JOHN
Ja.

PAUL
Good!

Paul studies him, curious.

PAUL (cont'd)
You're bleeding. Gunshot?

John tries to tighten his makeshift bandage.

JOHN
Bayonet.

Paul hands him a handkerchief, then uses the rifle to point toward the forest.

PAUL

There are some partisans in the forest.

John hesitates only a moment.

JOHN

How do you know?

PAUL

I help them when I can. They know the name "Holtz."

JOHN

Paul Holtz?

PAUL

So you know the partisans. They told you of me.

JOHN

Yes. Yes, that's it. Thank you.

John nods to him in gratitude then takes off into the forest, literally running for his life and not looking back.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

And you ran, stopping only when you heard soldiers. Starting again when you were certain that they were gone.

INT. FOREST

Stumbling more than running, John forces himself to keep moving. He ultimately collapses against a tree, the crunch of the dead leaves sounding very loud in the quiet forest.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

It might have been several hours, but you weren't sure.

Finally, his breathing returning to a semblance of normality, he lies down, too exhausted to move.

The distant, familiar crunch of leaves focuses John's energy. He stands, moving as quietly as possible toward the sound. Seeing motorcycle tracks on the ground, he keeps to the thicker foliage.

He soon finds a small clearing. A dead woman lies at the base of a tree, the boy Yitzak sitting by her head, brushing the falling leaves away from her face.

He takes some deep breaths, gathering his own courage before stepping out from the safety of the heavy bushes.

HOLTZ (cont'd; V.O.)
That's when I saw you for the
first time. This is what I
remember.

Seeing him, too terrified to scream, Yitzak tries to rise too fast, succeeding only in stumbling.

John holds up his hands, first in the universal sign of surrender, then out to the boy in a sign of assistance.

JOHN
Yitzak.

At his name, Yitzak halts, but dares not come nearer to John.

YITZAK
Yiddish?

JOHN
Nein.

YITZAK
Deutsch?

JOHN
Ya. My name is "John." I'm here...
I'm here to help you.

YITZAK
The partisans sent you for me.

JOHN
No. But I know of them. And you.
And, I know a place where you'll
be safe.

YITZAK
I won't leave my Mama.

John moves carefully to the woman's body. He feels at the neck, and even wrists, for a pulse. He drapes her scarf over her face.

JOHN

If you stay here, you'll die from
the cold. Or be killed by the
soldiers.

Paralyzed by the magnitude of the decisions he must make, Yitzak stands stiffly, staring from his mother's body to John, barely managing to hold back tears.

John kneels in front of him, holding out his hands, palms down.

JOHN (cont'd)

Look at me. If the soldiers find
me, what do you think they'll do
to me?

YITZAK

(softly)

Kill you. And me.

JOHN

There's a place where we can both
be safe.

As John rises, Yitzak tentatively takes his hand. John leads him back the way that he originally came. John pays close attention to his surroundings, knowing he's leaving the relative security of the forest.

INT. KITCHEN - REESE'S HOME

Holtz brings a cup of hot tea to the table, sipping it to soothe his throat. John and Reese wait with rapt attention for him to continue.

HOLTZ

Paul and his wife, Anna, were good
to me. The previous September,
their son Erik had only been 16
when he was killed in the Poland
Campaign.

REESE

So it can be done. And you can
tell us how.

HOLTZ

Cam, I was only 10 years old. I understood almost nothing of what John tried to tell me. And John, your story sparked my interest in mathematics.

He taps the photo of John, smiling at the memory. John takes it, studying the odd sight of seeing himself in the past.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

Anna liked to take pictures. The wound became infected.

JOHN

How long before the infection killed me?

HOLTZ

It didn't.

Holtz takes a long drink of tea before continuing.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - 1940

Paul splits logs near the side of the house. Yitzak helps, piling the split wood by the side of the house. He works carefully, methodically, always somber.

ANNA, Paul's wife, comes to the door, smiling maternally at Yitzak.

ANNA

Erik. Please bring some fresh water from the well.

Yitzak continues piling wood.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

I wasn't ignoring her. It had only been a couple of weeks and I wasn't used to my new name.

Paul taps him on the shoulder.

PAUL

Erik. Some fresh water, please.

Yitzak dutifully goes to the well and brings a pail of fresh water into the

FARMHOUSE

On a makeshift bed in the living room, John lies under a thick blanket, his face beaded in sweat. Anna, sitting by his side, waves Yitzak to her.

She wets a cloth to place on John's forehead.

ANNA

Keep his body warm and his head cool.

Yitzak tucks the blanket in securely. He follows Anna's movements in wiping John's face with the cloth.

He dips the cloth again, but John grabs his arm, smiling weakly.

JOHN

Some water, please. To drink.

Yitzak runs to Anna in the kitchen. She returns, Yitzak in her wake. Grinning broadly, she holds out a cup for John. He slowly rises to a sitting position.

INT. KITCHEN - REESE'S HOME

Holtz takes a long drink as he rummages through some of the other old photos, clearly becoming unnerved by the memories.

Reese paces, barely containing his excitement.

REESE

It's merely a question of 'how.'

HOLTZ

No! He can't go back.

JOHN

You didn't see the world where Hitler wasn't assassinated. I did. I can make it happen by stopping that assassin.

REESE

And, you've just spent the better part of the night telling us it's already happened. Well, going to happen. Damn - we'll need a whole new language for this.

HOLTZ

The technology is there, but I
won't allow it.

REESE

If it's already been done, you
can't prevent it.

JOHN

Excuse me, Erik. I should have the
final say in my actions.

Reese stares at him, as though seeing him for the first time.
Holtz, calmer but with a grim determination, takes one of the
photographs.

HOLTZ

You're right. So let me tell you
this future of yours.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAWN

Holding a large bucket securely under his good arm, John
scatters grain on the ground for some chickens.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

After a few months, you helped
Paul and Anna with the chores as
much as you could. And you showed
me how everything in life is based
in mathematics.

Yitzak runs out from the chicken coop, holding a basket with
fresh eggs. He skids to a stop near John, only briefly
scaring the chickens away from their breakfast.

JOHN

Where will the next grain land?

YITZAK

I don't know.

JOHN

But you could. If you know how
fast and high it rises and the
rate it falls, you can predict
where it will land.

They kneel in the dirt as John does some simple sketches in the dust, much to the joy of the chickens who are closer to the feed.

HOLTZ (V.O.)

You explained things so that even a ten year old could feel he might understand. And neither of us heard the truck.

A Wehrmacht truck pulls up. By the time John and Yitzak react, two soldiers stand facing them, their rifles pointed at John. A LIEUTENANT joins them, casually circling John, studying him.

LIEUTENANT

It's obvious you're not from here.
Where are you from?

John stares at him. Yitzak slowly backs away, stopping when the Lieutenant gestures for him.

YITZAK

Yes, Sir?

LIEUTENANT

Your parents.

YITZAK

They're gone.

LIEUTENANT

Who is this?

YITZAK

He helps with the chores.

The Lieutenant waves him away, no longer concerned with the boy. Standing in front of John, the Lieutenant dispassionately, but soundly, slaps him across the face.

LIEUTENANT

I asked you a question. Hmm. Perhaps you don't understand German.

JOHN

I speak German.

LIEUTENANT

Good. So...where do you come from?

John smiles, glaring directly into his eyes.

JOHN

I come from the future, about 70
some years from now. I came here
to prevent Hitler's assassination.
I failed.

The Lieutenant slaps him just as soundly across the other
side of his face. John carefully wipes some blood from his
mouth.

LIEUTENANT

I won't waste my time asking
again.

He raises his hand and one of the Soldiers aims his weapon,
ready to fire.

JOHN

America. I come from America.

LIEUTENANT

A spy.

JOHN

No.

LIEUTENANT

What else is there? I hope what
you learned was worth the trip.

He nods to the Soldiers. While one keeps his weapon trained
on John, the other goes to the nearby barn, returning very
soon with a rope.

LIEUTENANT (cont'd)

I've read about America, how they
treat those like you. Barbaric.
But a fitting punishment for a spy.

The Soldier with the rope places a noose around John's neck.

INT. KITCHEN - REESE'S HOME

Holtz pushes a photo toward John. John stares at it,
unwilling to touch it.

THE PHOTO

Shows John hanging from a tree, two soldiers standing next to it as fishermen stand next to a prized catch.

HOLTZ

Takes the photo, gazing at it with sad memories.

HOLTZ

When Paul and Anna returned, they had Anna take pictures for them. She waited until after they left before she started crying. Paul and I took your body down. You're buried behind the barn, near the edge of the forest.

He puts it back on the table.

JOHN

You said it yourself. For me, this hasn't happened yet. Remember the Asymmetry of Time. "You can know the past, but you can't change it. You can change the future, but you can't know it."

He finally picks up the photo of his lynched body, forcing himself to look at it directly.

JOHN (cont'd)

Thanks to you, I know my future. And by changing my future, I can change the past.

HOLTZ

I can also change the past. I saw you murdered. I won't allow it again.

As he gathers the pictures together, a thin sheet of paper becomes visible, though yellowed with age. Four lines of neatly written numbers have faded into near illegibility.

REESE

What's this?

HOLTZ

John, you were always writing down formulae and equations. This is the only one you said I must keep.

Reese holds it up to the light, trying to decipher it.
Realizing what it is, he stares at John.

REESE

These are the parameters to focus
the array. Longitude. Latitude.
Elevation. Time.

JOHN

Read off the numbers. That's the
setting we need.

REESE

How do you know?

JOHN

I know me. I wouldn't bother
telling him to keep something I
already knew didn't work.

Alice comes into the kitchen. She stops short in surprise,
then begins her morning routine.

ALICE

You're all up early.

REESE

It's been a very long night. We're
going to the lab as soon as I get
a little rest.

Lizzie, standing in the doorway, stares at John, the pain in
her eyes now a permanent part of her features.

LIZZIE

You too?

JOHN

Yes.

Drawn to the table by the old photos of John, she gasps at
the lynching.

LIZZIE

This is what you're planning to do?

JOHN

To go back, yes. To change things
for us now.

LIZZIE

Nothing's going to change.

JOHN

You didn't see...

LIZZIE

He was the first Führer. Live or die, doesn't matter. He set the standard. And, looking at these pictures, you did go back. So you tell me, John Eriksson, what's changed for us now?

She waits a moment for a reply. Everyone remains silent. She turns abruptly and walks out. John rushes after her.

INT. GUEST ROOM

Lizzie, arms tightly crossed over her chest, glares at John. He holds her by the shoulders, imploring.

LIZZIE

You'd abandon me to go and get yourself killed. How does that help me now?

JOHN

We know when Hitler was assassinated. That's the key moment. I can prevent it. If you could just see the world as it is when Hitler lives...

She slaps him, immediately caressing his face in apology.

LIZZIE

The way I see it, one of two things is going to happen. You go and get yourself hanged from a tree and I spend the rest of my life alone. Or, you keep Hitler alive, and you grow old alone in Germany and I grow old alone here.

JOHN

Or, a third option: Hitler lives. And you and I, well, we're meant to be together.

(more)

JOHN (cont'd)

In a world where we're Citizens,
we'll still find each other. And
we'll grow old together. You, me,
and our children.

LIZZIE

How dare you use our babies like
that.

JOHN

It's not just our kids. Since the
War ended, over 500 million have
died in the Ethnic Cleansings.
Countries are proud of this. If
Hitler lives, Germany loses the
War and the genocides stop. People
still died during the War,
millions of them, but only a
fraction of those who die if
Germany wins.

LIZZIE

And you can do all this?

JOHN

I've seen that world. I know it
can be done.

She grabs him around the neck, hugging him tightly to her,
fearing that this is the last time they will be together.

INT. KITCHEN

Holtz stubbornly collects all the photos and carefully places
them in the envelope. Reese just as adamantly retains
possession of the sheet of paper.

REESE

You're not thinking, Erik. He has
to go back.

HOLTZ

I have Responsibility for him. That
includes protecting him.

REESE

Then look at it from a selfish
perspective.

(more)

REESE (cont'd)
If he saves Hitler, then
everything changes and he doesn't
die. But if he doesn't go back,
Hitler still dies and who saves
you?

Holtz thinks for a moment, then shakes his head as he rises.

HOLTZ
I won't sanction it.

He holds the envelope securely as he walks out.

Reese smiles as he carefully folds the sheet of numbers. He's about to place it in his own pocket when John comes back, an emotional exhaustion weighing him down.

JOHN
She's right you know, in her own
way. I can't say it's really going
to change anything.

Reese takes the sheet of numbers and hands it to John.

REESE
You wrote this. Even as faded as
it is, you should be able to
recognize them.

JOHN
I wrote it seventy three years
ago. Only I haven't written it
yet, so I can't tell you what it
says.

He looks up at John, concern creasing his features.

REESE
John. Would you be able to kill
someone?

JOHN
It shouldn't come to that.

REESE
It might. If that's the only way
to stop him from killing Hitler,
could you do it?

JOHN

I....I really don't know.

John stares at the paper, no longer actually seeing it.

REESE

Get some rest. We'll leave in a couple of hours. Maybe I can even convince Erik to come with us.

Reese leaves. John stares at the numbers one last time, then carefully folds it and puts it in his pocket.

INT. GUEST ROOM

John undresses, barely able to keep his eyes open.

Lizzie, watches him from the bed. Her arms keeping her knees tight up against her chest. She valiantly keeps from crying.

John sits beside her, tenderly drawing her close to him.

LIZZIE

When I look at you, it's like the last time I'll see you.

JOHN

This is the hardest decision I've ever made.

LIZZIE

Then make a different one.

JOHN

Let's say I stay here. Erik dies in the forest at age 10, either from exposure or a Nazi bullet. We'd never meet.

LIZZIE

Yes, we would.

JOHN

You can't know that.

LIZZIE

I can, because you told me that we would. We're meant to be together.

JOHN

I didn't mean...

LIZZIE

Don't you back it up now. If not through Erik, we would have met some other way.

He kisses her gently, the tenderness gradually turning to passion.

JOHN

I don't think I can leave you.

LIZZIE

Then don't.

She finally relaxes, finding strength in their embraces.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Alice and Marta set up the table for all six. Lizzie and John join them, still holding hands. Lizzie's smile lights up the room.

ALICE

Are you hungry yet?

LIZZIE

Yes, thank you.

Marta smiles back, grateful, and brings some warm cereal for her.

EXT. REESE'S HOME

A police cruiser, lights flashing, skids to a halt by the curb. Two armed POLICE OFFICERS run up to the door.

As one holds his weapon ready, the other bangs on the door.

OFFICER #1

Police!

INT. KITCHEN

The loud banging on the front door continues. Alice goes to see who it is.

ALICE
I'll be right back.

She goes to

THE FOYER

as the Officer bangs again.

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Open!

Alice opens the door, puzzled by the appearance of the Officers. She instinctively steps back.

The Officers purposefully enter the foyer, almost ignoring her.

OFFICER #1
We have a warrant for the
detention of John Eriksson.
Present him.

ALICE
A warrant? I don't understand.

OFFICER #1
Erik Holtz is the Citizen of
Responsibility. And there's a
Failure to Appear notice for him.

ALICE
Professor Holtz is still asleep.

OFFICER #1
Wake him up.

She quickly nods and heads down the hall.

IN THE KITCHEN

Marta carefully steps back from the narrowly opened door. She eases it shut.

Lizzie holds John, protective, terrified.

LIZZIE
What do they want with John?

Marta motions Lizzie to remain quiet and still.

MARTA
Stay here.

Lizzie hesitates, then slowly sits. John holds her close, calming her only a little bit. She does not take her gaze from the door.

Marta gets up, taking a deep breath. She strides out of the kitchen with practiced confidence.

IN THE FOYER

Marta walks straight up to the waiting Officers. She is surprised to see Holtz, followed by Alice just ahead of her.

HOLTZ
I'm Professor Holtz.

OFFICER #1
Erik Paul Holtz, you are hereby commanded to answer for your Failure to Appear.

HOLTZ
I was under no such obligation.

OFFICER #1
You failed to present John Eriksson as ordered. You are therefore commanded to appear at the Precinct, with John Eriksson, immediately.

HOLTZ
There's some misunderstanding. Curran approved an extension until five p.m. tomorrow.

OFFICER #1
He's your Responsibility. You were to have him at the precinct by seven this morning. There was no rescission of that order.

HOLTZ
Check with Curran.

OFFICER #1
He signed the warrant.

IN THE KITCHEN

Reese comes in from the hall, automatically speaking to them in whispers.

REESE

What the hell's going on?

LIZZIE

I don't know, but I'm going to find out.

Lizzie kisses John on the cheek and heads for the door.

JOHN

Marta said to stay here.

LIZZIE

And you should do what she said.

JOHN

Lizzie, don't...

But she leaves without looking back. John rises to join her, but Reese holds him back. John tries to shake him off, but Reese pushes him back down in the chair.

LIZZIE

erupts into the foyer, joining the others. She glares defiantly at the Officers. Marta tries to stop her.

MARTA

Lizzie! I said to stay in the kitchen.

OFFICER #1

Take that advice.

LIZZIE

My husband has changed his plans for the morning. Leave us alone.

The Officer glares at her, infuriated at being spoken to in that tone by anyone less than a Citizen.

OFFICER #1

The Law is the Law.

LIZZIE

We haven't broken any law.

OFFICER #1
Sterilization is mandated for both
parties of an unauthorized
pregnancy.

HOLTZ
We've already discussed this. It's
totally unnecessary.

The Officer shrugs, completely unconcerned.

OFFICER #1
Hey, I don't make the law. I only
enforce it.

The Officer hands him the warrant.

OFFICER #2
Warrant for the detention of John
Eriksson duly served.

Holtz glances at it, already knowing what it says. The first Officer looks at Lizzie.

OFFICER #1
I guess that you got yours. Now
it's his turn.

A deep, guttural groan of pain and frustration erupts from Lizzie as she strides toward the Officers.

LIZZIE
You bloodthirsty...!

Before she can move a few steps, Marta reaches out to hold her back...and the second Officer shoots her at point-blank range.

Lizzie's shout chokes in her throat, her eyes widening in utter surprise as she looks at the blood copiously seeping from the wound in her chest. As the blood seeps between her fingers, the life leaves her eyes.

She falls to the floor, already dead.

Alice screams.

Marta, immediately on the floor by her side, cries, desperate to help, knowing there is nothing that she can do.

Holtz glares at the Officers, furious. The Officers, eerily untouched by the incident, remain completely calm.

HOLTZ
You didn't have to kill her!

OFFICER #1
She was moving to attack.

OFFICER #2
It was self-defense. There's no liability.

OFFICER #1
You have one hour to present John Eriksson at the Precinct. Failure to do so will result in your immediate arrest.

They turn to leave, but the second Officer hesitates a moment.

OFFICER #2
We can arrange to have the body disposed of, if you don't want to bother with it.

HOLTZ
We'll take care of her.

The Officer shrugs, not really caring one way or the other.

The moment the Officers have closed the door, John BURSTS in from the kitchen, Reese close behind.

He cradles Lizzie's head in his lap, keening in grief. He bends over, his face near hers.

Holtz places a hand on his shoulder, but he doesn't notice anyone or anything around him. Holtz gently squeezes his shoulder, then turns to the others.

Holtz motions them to join him in

THE KITCHEN

They sit at the table, no one knowing quite what to say. John's sobs, heard in the kitchen, soon stop.

REESE
You never said he had to appear.

HOLTZ

I was certain I would be able to
get an extension.

John walks in from the hall, deathly somber.

JOHN

Yes, Cameron. The answer is "yes."

He turns and walks back into the hall.

HOLTZ

The answer to what?

REESE

I asked him if he thought he could
kill a man.

INT. PHYSICS LAB - DAY

Without Reese, Emily leads the crew in their research. A deep sense of excitement pervades the lab.

EMILY

Now that we can tell Cam we've figured out the 'how,' we just need the 'when.'

BOBBY

We already know when. Just before the assassination.

EMILY

And where, exactly.

BOBBY

That's the hard one. It's the biggest unsolved crime in the last century. The assassin was never found.

EMILY

Now we know why. He literally disappeared.

BOBBY

That still doesn't help with where he was.

EMILY

We can find where the assassin was
was by looking at the angle of the
shot. From the angle, we can
estimate a trajectory. That will
narrow our options.

Emily brings up the replay of Hitler's assassination. As the impact of the bullet kills him, she freezes the image.

EMILY (cont'd)

There. See that? It came from a
high angle.

BOBBY

And from a direction that it hit
near his left temple.

Excited by the possibility of new discovery, the crew continues their research.

INT. GUEST ROOM - DAY

Lizzie's body lies on the bed, covered by a blanket. John sits beside her, holding her hand. A KNOCK on the door elicits only a verbal response, his gaze never leaving her.

JOHN

Come in.

Holtz enters but stays by the door, providing John with a respectful distance.

HOLTZ

We have to make arrangements.

JOHN

I want to take her home.

HOLTZ

Marta and I will take care of her.

JOHN

I'm going, Erik. I told her I
wouldn't. Now I have to.

HOLTZ

And the sooner, the better.

John finally looks at Holtz with something approaching interest.

JOHN
That's a turnabout.

HOLTZ
I thought to protect you, I had to keep you here. I was wrong. You're best protection is to go back.

JOHN
You'll be arrested if I don't show.

Holtz places a hand on John's shoulder, smiling at him with paternal pride.

HOLTZ
True. But I'm an old man and a Citizen. I don't think there's too much they can do to me.

He walks out, leaving John with Lizzie.

EXT. PRECINCT - LATER

A cab pulls away from the curb. Holtz straightens his jacket before starting toward the steps. Marta holds his arm, forcing him to pause.

MARTA
Erik. Please, don't go.

HOLTZ
I have to.

MARTA
You've never been one to give in so easily.

HOLTZ
It's for John.

MARTA
This won't help him.

HOLTZ
I don't know how much time they need. So, I talk to them here.
(more)

HOLTZ (cont'd)

The longer I talk, the more time
he has.

MARTA

They can just go pick him up.

HOLTZ

Where? I can honestly say that I
don't know where he is at this
moment.

He kisses her lightly, with a melancholy finality.

HOLTZ (cont'd)

Go back and take care of Lizzie.
I'll get you a cab.

Marta wraps her arm around his, standing straight beside him.

MARTA

There's nothing else I can do for
her. My place is with you. Even
here.

Holtz pats her hand, smiling at her with a lifetime of affection. They support each other, gaining strength from each other as they ascend the stairs to the Precinct.

INT. PHYSICS LAB - DAY

John and Reese confer with Emily at Reese's desk. Emily's excitement prevents her from noticing John's somber quiet.

EMILY

And it's really that simple.

REESE

Occam's Razor.

EMILY

The simplest answer is usually the
correct one. We need your help
with one last thing.

They make their way to array, currently used as a huge whiteboard. Intricate trajectory calculations cover most of the available area.

John studies the equations.

JOHN
Trajectory analyses.

EMILY
We're using it to reverse engineer
the location of the assassin.
We've been over these so much,
they're beginning to blur.
But...we've narrowed it down three
buildings on the far side of the
parade route from the Grandstand.

JOHN
There was only one bullet.

EMILY
Just one?

JOHN
I guess he was a good shot.

John takes a small note pad and jots down some of the calculations, grim determination infusing every move.

Bobby bursts in, a bulky duffle bag over his shoulder.

BOBBY
I got it. I got it!

He places the bag gently on a nearby desk.

REESE
And "it" is...?

Bobby carefully opens it and extracts a rifle, an assault-type weapon, and more than enough ammo for each one. He grins, extraordinarily proud of himself.

BOBBY
I "borrowed" them from Stromond.

Reese's discomfort becomes palpable as he stares at the weapons.

REESE
Do you have any idea what can happen to us if we're found with these?

BOBBY
I'd rather not think about it.

REESE

And what the hell is Stromond
doing with them anyway?

BOBBY

He's kind of a radical. He took
Responsibility for me. And he
doesn't believe that the 2nd
Amendment actually refers to a
'well-regulated militia.' He
believes it gives him the right to
own weapons.

REESE

Shit.

BOBBY

I figured that being unarmed in
the middle of a military parade
may not be a good idea.

John examines the weapons with so much respect, he doesn't
actually touch them.

JOHN

Are they loaded?

BOBBY

Not yet. I brought ammo for both
of them.

JOHN

I'll take the one that fires the
most and requires the least amount
of skill to use.

Bobby hands the assault weapon to John, who takes it almost
reluctantly.

BOBBY

This one. I'll load it for you.

JOHN

Thanks. I may have only one shot,
and I want it to count.

He gladly hands it back. As Bobby loads the weapon, Emily
brings their attention back to the trajectory calculations.

EMILY

I think it's best to get you on
the ground.

JOHN

According to Erik, I told him I
'emerged' on the roof.

EMILY

But we don't know which building.
And the buildings aren't of uniform
heights.

BOBBY

Ready.

With the rifle and extra ammo already safely secured in the bag, he carefully hands the assault weapon to John.

JOHN

Why is Stromond a radical for
taking Responsibility for you?

BOBBY

My grandmother was Jewish. If it
wasn't for Stromond, I'd be in a
Resettlement Center. Please. Make
this better for all of us.

JOHN

You have my word.

He cradles the weapon, careful to keep his hands away from the trigger.

JOHN (cont'd)

Give me two hours before the
assassination.

REESE

Too much time. You're going to
stand out. You need to limit
exposure.

JOHN

Get me on the right building, I
only need five minutes.

He glances from Emily to Reese. Emily shakes her head in embarrassment. Reese relents a bit, but crosses his arms over his chest, making a stand.

REESE
Ninety minutes.

JOHN
Okay. Ninety minutes.

Emily has already gone back to her controls.

EMILY
Array active.

REESE
There's one last thing. We don't
have a way to get you back.

JOHN
My life here is gone. My future is
in the past. Whatever that winds
up being.

The image solidifies into the beginning of the parade review,
as seen through an alley.

EMILY
Ninety minutes before the
assassination. Step across the
threshold now, and you'll be in an
alley between two of the possibles.

John nods. He takes a deep breath, holding up the weapon as he
Steps across the threshold of the arraty and into

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - 1940

A bright flash of light momentarily washes out the alley,
obliterating any details.

The light pixelates, focusing almost instantly into the form
of John. He coalesces so close to a wall, he almost touches
it...and the barrel of the weapon solidifies partially
imbedded in the wall.

John immediately releases the weapon, almost hyperventilating
at the thought of how close he came to the same fate.

PATROLMAN
Halt!

John looks up to see a young PATROLMAN at the alley entrance. The Patrolman stares in surprise, his Sauer 38H raised and aimed at John.

Thinking fast, John indicates the wall.

JOHN

Thank God! I need your help.

PATROLMAN

You speak German?

JOHN

Yes, yes. Please help me with this.

The Patrolman approaches cautiously. He becomes increasingly intrigued by the unusual, yet somewhat familiar-appearing object protruding from the wall.

PATROLMAN

What is this?

Inspecting the protrusion, he takes his attention from John for a moment.

John seizes the opportunity to blind-side the Patrolman, slamming his face against the wall. The Sauer falls from his grasp.

John snaps it up, fumbling with it as the Patrolman regains his feet. He glares at John, incensed.

JOHN

Stay back!

The Patrolman instead careens toward John. Reflexively, John holds up the Sauer and fires.

He's shocked by the sound and recoil. Then horrified by the sight of the

IMPACT ON THE PATROLMAN'S CHEST

The Patrolman's body drops to the ground. John gazes down at the body, the Sauer loose in his grasp, stunned into momentary inaction.

After only a few seconds hesitation, he kneels beside the body. He rummages through the pockets, hunting for additional magazines.

Finding two extra magazines, he shoves them into his own pocket. He tries to find anything else that may be of use. Not wanting to spend more time on a fruitless pursuit, he slips into the stairwell of the nearest building.

INT. STAIRWELL

John runs up the stairs, two or even three at a time. Reaching the top level, he pauses only briefly to catch his breath.

He turns the doorknob. It's locked.

He shakes the knob, then kicks the door, cursing in frustration. He's about to shoot the lock when the sounds of other people entering the stairwell stop him.

ON A LOWER LEVEL

TWO COUPLES, in a party mindset, ascend the stairs.

1ST MAN

We're right across from the Grandstand. The view from the roof will be the best.

1ST WOMAN

I'm not sure we'll be able to see the Führer from here.

2ND MAN

Never fear. I've brought the binoculars.

1ST WOMAN

I hope we haven't missed him.

1ST MAN

He'll be there until the end of the parade.

2ND MAN

And then his speech. We might even be able to hear it.

2ND WOMAN

I don't have the keys for the roof.

1ST MAN

I do.

John stands by the door, looking for an escape route but finding none.

FLASH TO:

REESE'S KITCHEN as Holtz relates the story that John told him.

HOLTZ

Only you, the assassin, and a dead soldier were on the roof.

IN THE STAIRWELL - 1940

John gazes at the stairwell, expecting to see the people coming up at any moment.

JOHN

Shit. Wrong building.

John makes a run for the stairs, crashing into the first couple on their way up.

JOHN (cont'd)

Sorry!

1ST MAN

Who are you?

2ND MAN

What are you doing here?

JOHN

Excuse me. Sorry to bother you.

1ST WOMAN

He's got a gun!

The second woman screams. One of the men tries to grab John.

John counters, hitting the man as hard as he can across the face with the butt of the Sauer.

As the Man falls back against the others, wiping blood from his face, John bolts down the stairs.

The couples yell after him, but don't follow.

IN THE ALLEY

John surges through the door, skidding to a halt. Aside from the body of the Patrolman, he is alone.

Pausing briefly to catch his breath, he gazes up to the top of the next building.

JOHN

I should have insisted on two hours.

He takes out his note pad, quickly scribbling calculations. He walks slowly between the two buildings, gazing at the top of each. He does one final calculation.

JOHN (cont'd)

Not three possibilities. There are really only two. And the first one was wrong.

He takes a deep breath, smiling, and enters the stairwell of the next building.

IN THE STAIRWELL

He runs up the steps, two at a time. This time, he grips the handrail to help pull himself up as he grasps the pistol tightly with his other hand.

ON THE SECOND LANDING

An ELDERLY WOMAN steadies herself on the rail and with her cane as she carefully makes her way downstairs. When she turns down on the first step, John accidentally runs into her.

They fall, the Woman crying out in pain and shock, her cane rolling all the way down the stairs.

John reaches out to her to help her up, but she instinctively pulls away, apprehensive.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Stay away.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You...speak German?

JOHN

Yes. Are you all right?

Reassured, but still cautious, the Woman allows him to help her up.

She almost collapses into his arms when she tries to put weight on her foot.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I was hoping to be able to see the Führer.

JOHN

I was hoping to see the Führer, too. Do you have something to wrap your ankle?

She removes her scarf. John carefully wraps her ankle for her. She takes his hand in hers.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you.

She does not release him, instead gazing at him, imploring without wanting to ask.

JOHN

Do you need help?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Just down the stairs. Then I'll be fine.

Desperately torn, he finally holds out an arm for her. She takes it, balancing well with his help. They ease down the stairs, John trying desperately not to rush the Woman.

INT. ALLEY

ROLF and DIETER, two boys in their late-teens, wearing their Hitler Youth uniforms with arrogant pride, stride into the far end of the alley.

DIETER

Are you certain of this?

ROLF

Of course. This is a short cut.

DIETER

Look! He's hurt!

They run to the body of the Patrolman, stopping short as soon as they see that he appears to be dead.

Dieter carefully approaches the body, then kneels beside it, making certain the man is, in fact, dead. He then conducts a search.

Rolf glances around, nervous.

ROLF
We need to tell someone.

DIETER
His pistol's gone. And the extra mags.

ROLF
How do you know he had extras?

DIETER
He's a police officer. He had to carry them.

Rising, he faces the imbedded assault weapon. He uses it to pull himself to a standing position.

DIETER (cont'd)
What's this?

The door to the stairwell opens and the Woman comes out, John still helping her, though she now leans more on her cane. She pats his hand.

WOMAN
Thank you.

ROLF
Excuse me, Ma'am...

His voice trails off the moment he sees John.

ROLF (cont'd)
Who are you?

JOHN
Just helping her get to the parade. We want to see the Führer.

Dieter glances quickly from the Sauer in John's belt to the body and back.

DIETER
That's his gun.

JOHN
He doesn't need it anymore.

Almost imperceptibly, the boys nod to each other. In a coordinated effort, they rush John, pinning him to the wall.

Dieter turns to face the Woman.

DIETER
Quickly! Get away.

Frightened, the Woman takes his advise and hobbles away.

ROLF
I've never seen a black man before.

DIETER
I have. Be careful. They run fast.

ROLF
How do you know?

DIETER
I saw Jesse Owens at the Olympics.

ROLF
I heard you speaking German.

JOHN
Yes. I learned it when I was very young.

ROLF
You must be a spy.

JOHN
No. I'm actually here to help protect the Führer.

DIETER
You don't belong here.

JOHN
You're right.

DIETER
Rolf, go get an Officer. I'll hold Mr. Owens here.

Before Rolf can move, Dieter cries out in surprise as his legs collapse.

He falls hard to his knees, now in pain as he rolls to the ground. He grabs his cracked kneecap in his hands, curled up in agony.

The Woman glares at him, her cane ready for another swing at the back of his legs.

John takes the Sauer from his belt and points it at Rolf.

JOHN

Take your friend to the parade.
I'm sure you want to see the
Führer.

Rolf helps Dieter to his feet. Dieter limps, unable to place any weight on one of his legs. Leaning on Rolf, he tries not to whimper with the pain as they leave the alley as quickly as they can.

The Woman eases her cane to the ground, leaning on it for support.

ELDERLY WOMAN

You're a kind young man. You
didn't deserve what they would do
to you.

JOHN

Thank you.

ELDERLY WOMAN

He was right, though. You don't
belong here. Wherever you're from,
go should go back. It's not safe
for you here.

JOHN

I'll do what I can.

She pats his hand and hobbles to the end of the alley so she can watch the parade, and maybe have the chance to see the Führer.

John reenters the

STAIRWELL

This time, he pulls himself up the stairs, only occasionally taking them two at a time.

ON THE ROOFTOP

The same Soldier in the opening scene cradles his weapon in the crook of his arm as he surveys the crowd below him. Somewhat bored by his lone sentry duty, he walks along the edge of the roof, surveying the activity below him.

He stops for a moment, momentarily intrigued by the man apparently asleep in the alley, but quickly dismisses it.

He finds a good vantage point from where he can view the parade and where the view of the Grandstand is unobstructed. He pauses, watching Hitler and the other officials.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRCASE

He rests a moment, catching his breath. He puts his hand on the doorknob and cautiously tries to turn it.

To his utter surprise, and immense relief, the knob turns. He eases the door open. Cautiously, he steps from the stairwell onto

THE ROOFTOP

At first, he doesn't see anyone and becomes concerned that he may not have found the correct rooftop. Then, seeing the Soldier watching the parade, he smiles.

Holding the Sauer casually at his side, he strides toward the Soldier. The Soldier turns at the sound of his approach.

Seeing John, the Soldier immediately raises his weapon. He points it at John.

SOLDIER

Halt!

John wisely does as commanded. However, this only serves to increase his sense of urgency.

JOHN

Have you seen anyone else? Perhaps carrying a high-powered weapon.

The Soldier stares at him, surprised into near immobility.

SOLDIER

You speak excellent German.

JOHN

Thank you. But this other man. I
need to find him. He's going to
try to assassinate the Führer.

SOLDIER

How do you know that?

JOHN

I just know. I've come a long way
to stop him.

SOLDIER

You're American?

JOHN

Yes.

The Soldier eyes John with growing suspicion.

SOLDIER

Then it is perhaps you who are the
assassin.

JOHN

How could I possibly kill him from
here? With this?

John holds up the Sauer...and immediately realizes his mistake. The sight of the pistol removed all doubt from the Soldier's mind. He fires his rifle at John.

Moving even before the Sauer was completely up, John manages to be enough out of range that the shot only wings his arm. He dives behind the safety of the stairwell opening. Not certain of the Soldier's approach, John yells out.

JOHN (cont'd)

Stay back!

SOLDIER

You can't hide there forever.

John mumbles under his breath.

JOHN

Want to bet?

Grimacing at the pain in his arm, John rips his sleeve from his shirt and wraps it tightly around his arm.

He gazes at his arm, shocked at the sight - it's almost exactly like the bandaged wound in the picture that Holtz had showed him earlier.

JOHN (cont'd)
We were right, Lizzie. Some things
are just meant to be.

A BRIGHT FLASH of light causes him to momentarily cover his eyes. He peers out from the safety of the doorway, but the Soldier's attention is no longer on him.

Both he and the Soldier stare at the sight of the amorphous light, about twenty feet from the Soldier. John slowly approaches, no longer concerned about the Soldier.

As the light dims, it pixelates, definition increasing in a matter of moments to reveal Eitan Ben-Amir, a uniformed Captain of the Israeli Defense Forces.

He holds his own weapon, raised and aimed. It looks more like something imagined in the 21st century rather than the reality of 1940.

Eitan has his weapon raised, but is surprised that the soldier is apparently not where he expected.

The Soldier stares, stunned.

SOLDIER
The black man was right.

EITAN
What...?

That's when Eitan sees John. Now it is Eitan whose surprise causes him to relax his grip on his own weapon. His Hebrew accent is unmistakable.

EITAN (cont'd)
Dr. Powell? I don't understand.
This mission was mine alone.

JOHN
It's my mission now.

The Soldier lifts his weapon.

SOLDIER
Drop your weapons. Both of you!

Without any warning, Eitan fires at the soldier, his bullet hitting the Soldier in the upper torso, spinning the body with the momentum.

The moment the Soldier hits the ground, Eitan runs to his side, smiling at John.

EITAN

This may work better, but we haven't much time.

He strips off his own uniform jacket. He begins putting on the one from the dead Soldier.

JOHN

Where...when...are you from?

Eitan pauses, growing suspicious of John.

EITAN

Project Pebble. Dr. Powell, you know better than anyone that there is very little margin of error.

Donning the Soldier's cap, he takes up his position at the edge of the rooftop, keeping his exposure to a minimum.

John follows him, keeping a tight grasp on the Sauer.

JOHN

The Project has been canceled.

EITAN

No provision was made for cancellation.

Even as he talks, Eitan continues setting up for the assassination. Using the retaining wall to stabilize his weapon, he meticulously takes aim.

JOHN

I have been authorized to cancel this Project by whatever means necessary.

Eitan turns to see the Sauer pointed directly at him.

EITAN

Have you ever actually shot anyone?

JOHN

Yes. And I would do it again.

Eitan reluctantly takes his attention from his target and looks directly at John. John focuses his attention, though, on Eitan's weapon.

EITAN

No you won't, Dr. Powell.

John smiles, looking directly at Eitan.

JOHN

Let's see.

John points the Sauer at Eitan, then drops it slightly, just enough to shoot the weapon balanced on the roof's edge.

The impact causes the weapon to fall over the edge of the building. Eitan watches in horror as it disappears.

JOHN (cont'd)

You were right.

EITAN

You're insane! Do you have any idea what you just did?

JOHN

Yes. I did it for Lizzie.

EITAN

Your wife? She has nothing to do with this.

JOHN

She's the reason I'm here.

EITAN

Time. I may still have time.

Eitan runs for the stairwell.

John intercepts him, the momentum and impact driving them both to the ground.

They grapple briefly, but Eitan extricates himself. They both skid to a halt when

THE STAIRWELL DOOR

flies open and two soldiers emerge, their weapons aimed at Eitan and John. The Soldiers are obviously surprised at the sight of John, but don't lower their weapons.

John smiles at the soldiers and turns to Eitan.

JOHN

Time's up.

The color abruptly drains from him until he appears as a black sheet of reflective obsidian.

The black sheet bursts into a rain of shiny black slivers that obliterate the image of the rooftop and appear to look very much like

LIGHT SHINING THROUGH LEAVES

HARVARD - DAY - 2013

JESSICA RIVAS, an attractive Hispanic undergrad, runs out from one of the offices, expertly balancing books and papers. She immediately slows to a brisk walk, making it easier to manage her load.

Students stroll to classes, small groups organically growing and dissolving. No one ethnicity or gender predominates.

Groundskeepers and other menial workers run the gamut of age, color and gender. Jessica pauses beside an OLDER WOMAN who is tending a rose bush.

JESSICA

They're going to be beautiful this year.

OLDER WOMAN

And you're late, as usual.

She laughs and hurries across the campus. She barely slows as two male Students happen to walk toward her on the narrow sidewalk. They automatically step aside to allow her to hurry by them.

INT. LECTURE HALL

At the whiteboard, Dr. John Powell, thoroughly enjoying the challenge of engaging a somewhat bored class, finishes the elaborate quantum formula.

A small holographic model displays a three dimensional representation, best described as a 'Quantum Tree.'

THE MODEL

Has a few main branches. These have some smaller branches extending out from them, that themselves have some smaller branches branching from them.

John gazes at it only for a moment, satisfied at the rendering.

The back door opens and Jessica slips into the room. One of the nearby students clears the books from the chair beside him, hoping she'll sit next to him.

She finds a seat in the last row, trying not to disrupt the class.

John glances at the clock.

JOHN

Time today is almost up. And we've spent a lot of time watching me scratch at the board.

A general student malaise dampens the room.

John smiles, nodding in acknowledgment to Jessica.

John quickly takes back command of his class by slapping his pointer on the desk with a crack that causes everyone in class to jump.

JOHN (cont'd)

So, what does this suggest?

STUDENT #1

The propagation of sound waves travel very well in a small, enclosed area.

JOHN

Yes, that's true. However, I was referring to the that quantum representation.

Another student tentatively raises his hand.

JOHN (cont'd)

Yes?

STUDENT #2

Excuse me, Dr. Powell, but I don't
see the point in this.

JOHN

That is the point. In the quantum
world, there is no one answer
that's just right, or wrong. There
are only infinite possibilities.

STUDENT #2

If nothing is actually 'right'
then nothing is actually 'wrong.'

STUDENT #3

Or everything is right.

STUDENT #1

Or nothing is.

JOHN

Miss Rivas?

Jessica gathers the books and papers, bringing them to John.

John casually glances through one of the papers, then tosses
it back on the pile.

JOHN (cont'd)

Your final is next week. Let's
hope that you demonstrate more
insight than these show. Think of
the possibilities...

John erases part of the equation, causing the model to
retract the extending branches until it is just the stump of
a tree. He takes a moment to rewrite the equation.

The moment he completes the equation,

THE MODEL

bursts into full bloom. Branches beget branches that beget
branches until it becomes almost impossible to distinguish
any one branching.

The Students involuntarily gasp in surprise at the sight.
John studies the model, proudly triumphant.

JOHN (cont'd)

Which possibility is yours?

The Students file by the table, taking their own papers. Jessica, the last to leave, holds open the door for Erik Holtz, the Dean of the Physics department and his guest, Eitan Ben-Amir, a Captain of the Israeli Defense Forces.

Holtz gazes in admiration at the new Quantum Tree.

HOLTZ

When did you develop this revision?

JOHN

Office hours before class.

EITAN

This is what you do before classes?

HOLTZ

This is Captain Ben-Amir. The Israeli government wants to borrow you and your theories.

JOHN

There's nothing to borrow. They're free for the asking.

EITAN

We appreciate the offer, Dr. Powell. We'll supply the necessary technology, but you're essential for the project's success.

JOHN

What project?

EITAN

We are calling it "Project Pebble."

JOHN

I've never heard of it.

EITAN

It's to study the feasibility of traveling back in time to assassinate Adolph Hitler.

John smiles, intrigued. He holds out his hand to Eitan. They shake as the scene

FADE OUT:

THE END