

"TIMESTALKING"

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. THE PRINCETON CEMETERY - NIGHT

We're on the hallowed grounds of the gated, centuries old *Princeton Presbyterian Cemetery* on Witherspoon Avenue...

SILENCE except for the early June sounds of NIGHT INSECTS...

The FULL MOON GLEAMS down on MAUSOLEUMS AND MEMORIALS dating from the 1700's to the present...granite and marble markers including several ornate but weather-worn ABOVE-GROUND CRYPTS engraved with famous names including AARON BURR, GROVER CLEVELAND along with several signers of the Declaration of Independence...

We move in on one garage-sized hewn GRANITE CRYPT fronted with DORIC COLUMNS and with the name "WITHERSPOON" inset in the stone above a heavy ornate tarnished BRONZE AND WROUGHT IRON DOOR that dates from the early-1800's...

From inside the granite tomb there is a HEAVILY MUFFLED WHINING then a POOF that sounds like a professional photographer's flash charging and firing. The WHINE dies down...

A few moments and then there is a METALLIC GROANING SOUND of the old, heavy, brass and iron door being forcefully pried open from inside...

A LOUD SNAPPING as the metal hinges unbind.

With a loud METALLIC CREAKING SOUND...the heavy metal door opens for the first time in over two hundred years...GRINDING against the granite foundation...

The door swings to a grinding stop. PITCH DARKNESS from inside the crypt...

A SHUFFLING OF FEET...then a BRIGHT RED LASER BEAM blinks on...the thin red beam SHAFTS from the depths of darkness out through the door. A FIGURE steps from the murky black...the face of a sinister looking MAN dressed in an overcoat...with a patch covering one eye emerges from the tomb, the laser beam emitting from atop a SHINY PISTOL.

The sinister man switches off the laser and pockets the pistol. He turns, puts both hands onto the open tomb door and with a shove, he shoves it shut with a LOUD METALLIC CLANK that echoes inside the granite crypt...

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO...

EXT. PRINCETON UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

The bright JULY SUMMER SUNSHINE GLEAMS down onto the grass of the *PRINCETON UNIVERSITY* CAMPUS and buildings as STUDENTS walk to and fro across CHANCELLOR GREEN to NASSAU HALL...

INT. AUDITORIUM/DICKINSON HALL/PRINCETON UNIVERSITY - DAY

Professor JOHN GORDON (43), a tenured professor in the school's Meteorology Department, teaches a senior-level class to a packed lecture hall of eager STUDENTS.

Gordon has that "a little too handsome for his own good" look mixed with the absent-minded professor as he hits the spacebar on a LAPTOP that advances a video projector that displays a MAP on a large screen of North America with a caption reading...

12,400 YEARS AGO

Gordon paces and fidgets with his favorite prop...an old coin (1899 SILVER DOLLAR) as he lectures with a dynamic excitement that shows he enjoys what he teaches...

GORDON

(advances slide)

...to re-use existing ancient dry basins around the world like this one...the Dead Sea...but other places too...rising ocean levels can be mitigated by channeling sea water into them. It's certainly a feat of engineering unparalleled in human history, but crazy ideas don't seem so crazy when facing a potential climate cataclysm.

WELLS

What if there were *another* way, professor Gordon? Another *crazy idea* not off the table?

A curious older gentleman's VOICE echoes from the back of the lecture hall, drawing turned heads.

WELLS (CONT'D)

What if, say, one could somehow go *back in time* and simply *warn* world governments to change their ways--well in advance of catastrophe?

GORDON

We can't even get governments to listen to us in the *present*...much less sixty years from now.

Gordon squints to look back at the man in the back row.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...and you are?

WELLS

I'm visiting the campus, professor Gordon.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

My name is Wells...Herbert
Wells...Herbert *John* Wells to be
precise.

Gordon is silent for a few moments, then smiles...

GORDON

Of course it is. I can see my good
friend Sam Hillard did not
disappoint me.

WELLS

Sam Hillard?

GORDON

Professor Sam Hillard...my colleague
in the Theater Department? The one
with too much time on his hands? I
was beginning to think he'd
neglected his end-of-semester prank
at my expense. Last time it was--
(Shatner impression)
William Shatner.

WELLS

I'm sorry, professor, but you have
lost me.

GORDON

Okay, fine. I'll play along.
(to class)
Oh, ladies and gentlemen...I give
you mister H.G. Wells.

APPLAUSE from the class. The man calling himself Wells is
genuinely taken aback.

WELLS

Well you flatter me, professor.

GORDON

(playing it up)
You are welcome--although to be
honest, I was hoping for Elvis.

The class sweeps with LAUGHTER...

WELLS

From your jokes would it be correct
to infer you do not entertain the
possibility of time travel?

GORDON

You may indeed, sir.

WELLS

May I ask why?

GORDON

Well I don't know--because it's *impossible?*

WELLS

And you are basing this on what?

GORDON

Stephen Hawking. He won a Nobel Prize in physics.

WELLS

Remarkable achievements, I'm sure, but has this mister Hawking *actually traveled through time*, Professor?

GORDON

You'd have to ask him...but meanwhile *I'll* ask you this: *If* time travel is possible... wouldn't there be time travelers all around? More than just you?

WELLS

It doesn't quite work like that, Professor.

(pauses)

And yes to answer your question obliquely.

GORDON

(humoring him)

Oh? Now I'm *intrigued*.

WELLS

Every time someone travels through time, he--or she--creates a new identical universe--a new *causality*--a divergent singularity. To put it in biological terms...it's like a cell that splits into two identical parts, but with each continuing to grow independently of the original from the moment of the split. Time causalities diverge and continue uninterrupted in much the same way. However, *within* either causality, no change is perceived.

GORDON

(sarcastic)

Singularity. Causality...wow...I'm never playing Scrabble with you.

LAUGHTER from the class...

WELLS
 (sheepish smile)
 You don't take me seriously,
 professor.

GORDON
 I'm not a drama critic.

WELLS
 Where I come from the idea that man
 would one day build machines that
 could fly like the birds was just as
 absurd a notion. Just imagine--being
 able to go back in time and change
 the future.

GORDON
 Why not just get it right in the
 first place? Why not answer the call
 in the present? Do what's right?

WELLS
 You give humanity far too much
 credit, professor Gordon.

Suddenly the old campus bell tower "bongs" noon...

GORDON
 (looking at his
 wristwatch)
 Wow.
 (looks at Wells)
 Maybe you can travel back in time an
 hour earlier next time and we can
 finish this?

Laughter and shuffling as the students stand up and mill
 toward the door...

One student smiles at Gordon as he frowns at, then shakes his
 wristwatch, puts it to his ear, listening...

STUDENT
 You need a new watch, Professor
 Gordon.

As the students dissipate, the curious Wells seems to have
 disappeared in the milling about...

ISA
 You need a new *excuse* more than you
 need a new watch, John.

ISOLDE KANTNER (24) is a strikingly beautiful woman of
 Austrian descent with ice blue eyes and shiny blonde
 hair...and carries with her a SMALL BAG.

GORDON

There's absolutely nothing wrong with this watch. It's right twice a day, thank you very much.

The two trade a quick kiss. Gordon glances around the lecture hall...

ISA

Who are you looking for?

GORDON

One of Sam's students. You know how he loves playing his little practical jokes.

EXT. NASSAU HALL/PRINCETON CAMPUS - DAY

Outside, beneath the shade of the lush summertime trees on the beautiful Princeton campus, Gordon and Isa enjoy their PICNIC LUNCH together...

GORDON

Warm one out today. At least the humidity is down.

ISA

I love this time of year.

GORDON

I thought you Austrians were snow and cold winter folk?

Isa lays back playfully into his arms...

ISA

We have summer in Austria too.
(pleading)
Tell me you're not staying late tonight?

GORDON

(deadpan)
I'm not staying late tonight.
(beat)
I'm lying of course.

ISA

(pouting)
John.

GORDON

My publisher's on my case for the last pages of my book.
(affectionately)
Now none of this would be a problem, you know--if you just went ahead and moved in with me.

ISA

I'm an old fashioned girl. But stop by afterwards on your way home. I'll cook you something.

GORDON

Something Austrian? A few of my favorite things?

Gordon leans in and the two kiss...

SAM

Okay get a room you guys.

GORDON

Sam the man.

SAM HILLARD (39), an affable fair-haired, sometimes insecure eccentric type stands before them...

ISA

(looks at watch)

Well, I need to get back.

GORDON

You still have five minutes.

Gordon looks at his watch as Isa starts to stand...

SAM

You still have five minutes, John.

(jab)

Those of us with watches that actually work...

GORDON

Whatever.

(at Sam)

Hey, maybe we can get Sam's friend to loan us his time machine. Then we'd have all the time we ever wanted.

SAM

You're so strange sometimes John.

ISA

I have to agree with Sam. You are a strange man sometimes.

Isa leans in...gives Gordon a last quick kiss...

ISA (CONT'D)

I'll see you tonight.

The two watch Isa walk off across the sunny campus...

SAM

How she falls for your boring "gee-whiz" Boy Scout nerdy college professor who collects old coins act is beyond me.

GORDON

Blame yourself for introducing us rather than going after her yourself.

SAM

Who says I didn't? She wanted somebody boring.

(new thought)

So listen--I was thinking--this weekend how about you, me, Isa and Laura drive up to Rockport--stay at that bed and breakfast--remember the one on the rocks?

GORDON

Laura?

SAM

My graduate assistant.

GORDON

Doesn't the university have a policy about professors dating their students?

SAM

Look who's talking.

GORDON

Isa's not a student anymore.

The campus bell tower BONGS 1 PM. Sam stands up. Gordon looks at his watch...takes it off his wrist...starts to set it...

SAM

Well I'm late for class. Let me know about this weekend.

Sam pauses...looks kindly on his best friend absorbed in setting his watch...

SAM (CONT'D)

(sincere)

John I'm going to say something--and I say it as your best friend. I loved Sarah like she was my own sister. You, me, her--we were like the Three Musketeers all through college. When you two fell in love, you won the lottery, my friend. Soulmates.

GORDON

You're going to have to give me some advance warning when you're going to be serious. Maybe we can work out a signal?

SAM

Joke all you want. Don't let this one get away. Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place...but for you my friend...it *did*.

With a last friendly squeeze of Gordon's shoulder, Sam is off...

GORDON

(after him)

By the way, say hi to mister Wells for me!

SAM

No *idea* what you're talking about.

GORDON

Right.

Sam is off across the commons as Gordon shakes his head, smiling...

Gordon looks at his watch he still holds...having not finished setting it...pauses thoughtfully as he looks on it...

SARAH

John?

START FLASHBACK

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE/PRINCETON UNIVERSITY - DAY (FLASHBACK)

It's a typical Ivy League tenured professor's office. Ornate dark wood paneling and stately...with a window that looks out on the campus and clock tower...

Gordon sits at his desk looking at the watch...but in a gift box he just opened...

SARAH

Earth calling John? Hello?

Reveal SARAH PETERSON...a strikingly beautiful and kind looking woman of around 30...sitting on his desk beside him Lauren Bacall-like.

GORDON

(looking at the watch)

It's very nice, Sarah.

SARAH
I knew you'd like it. Sam helped me
pick it out. Look at the back.

Gordon removes the watch...turns it over...we see it has been
engraved...

CLOSE ON WATCH ENGRAVING

*"The World will Always Welcome Lovers, as Time Goes By -
Love, Sarah."*

SARAH (CONT'D)
Your favorite movie.
(hugs him
affectionately)
Happy Anniversary.

We see they are very much in love...

GORDON
I thought we were waiting until I
got back from Chicago to celebrate?

SARAH
We are. I just gave you the watch
early so you don't miss your flight
back.

The two kiss again tenderly...

SARAH (CONT'D)
I love you my absent-minded
professor.

Sarah leans in...plants a good kiss on his lips. Gordon's
smile begins to change to one of uncertainty...

GORDON
Something's not right. You're not
supposed to be here, Sarah.

Sarah's smile fades and her eyes begin to glisten with
tears...

SARAH
(sad)
John.

*SWOOSH! The background all around Gordon seems to WARP AND
SPIN AT HIGH SPEED...*

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUES)

Ethereal...dreamlike...several POLICE CRUISERS with flashing
lights, along with an AMBULANCE are parked around the front
of a quaint Princeton home. Several POLICE OFFICERS and
EMERGENCY PERSONNEL move about...

SLOW MOTION...A CAB pulls up and Gordon throws open the door and jumps out...runs toward the emergency personnel...

GORDON

Sarah!?

He runs into one of the OFFICERS who blocks his way...

GORDON (CONT'D)

Where's my wife!? Where's my wife!?

Gordon shoves his way past the officer and runs up the porch steps into the house...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUES)

Gordon bursts into the bedroom...which is filled with POLICE and EMERGENCY PERSONNEL...

GORDON

Sarah!?

The police and EMS part...allowing Gordon to see the body of a woman laying on the floor...it's Sarah.

GORDON (CONT'D)

(distraught)

No!

He falls to the floor in anguish...cradles Sarah's head in his lap...

END FLASHBACK

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE/PRINCETON UNIVERSITY - DUSK

SMASH SILENCE. DARKNESS. Having fallen asleep, Gordon's head is back in his office chair...his eyes closed. The only noise is the slight HUM from his desktop computer. The only source of light comes from the fluorescent lights in the hallway shafting through the crack in his partially open office door across a far wall.

GORDON

(mouthed whisper,
asleep)

Sarah...

The light from the computer monitor casts a GLOW across Gordon's face as cobalt-blue twilight descends on the campus buildings outside his window. The CLOCK TOWER clock-face glows, illuminated from inside...

WELLS

(quiet)

Professor Gordon?

(pauses, louder)

Professor?

Gordon jerks awake.

GORDON
Huh...what...?

The voice comes from his office doorway...a SILHOUETTED FIGURE back-lit by the bright FLUORESCENT HALLWAY LIGHTS.

Gordon reaches and switches on his desk lamp revealing in WARM INCANDESCENCE...

Wells again...standing there...but he seems somewhat distressed and sweating as he leans against the opening of the door.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You're relentless.

Wells glances about fearfully...steps in...closing the door to the outer hallway...

GORDON (CONT'D)
You don't have to try so hard. I promise I'll put in a good word for you with Sam.

WELLS
Sam didn't send me.

BONG...the clock tower outside chimes in 8 PM. Gordon looks at the clock tower...at his watch...begins his ritual of resetting his watch...

WELLS (CONT'D)
Please, professor Gordon. You must help me. If you don't, I'm afraid all will be lost.

GORDON
You're just going to keep coming back if I don't let you finish, aren't you?

WELLS
May I please sit?

GORDON
Sure. Fine. You got five minutes.

Gordon motions and Wells sits slowly...with a great sigh of exhaustion...

WELLS
Professor Gordon--I'm in a great deal of trouble. It is *literally* a matter of life and death.

GORDON

Laying it on a little thick, aren't we?

WELLS

You see, it all started when I met a woman named Sylvia Peterson--the famous opera singer? We met in San Francisco right after the earthquake in 1906.

GORDON

(humoring him)
1906?

WELLS

Yes. We got on well and became friends--good friends. There was a glimmer of something more, but Sylvia was already engaged to marry another--his name isn't important. So she and I, as they say, were not meant to be.

GORDON

You heard me say five minutes, right?

Wells nervously turns a SILVER RING in circles around his finger as he talks...

WELLS

So, a few years passed, and Sylvia and I ran into each other again in 1912. She was in London for a performance. Well, to my surprise, she had not gotten married and so naturally I asked her to marry me.

GORDON

(smiles)
Naturally.

WELLS

I know. The wishful thinking of a hopeless romantic, I suppose. Well, Sylvia said she had to think about it and set off back to the States.

(epic pause)
She booked passage on Titanic, professor.

GORDON

I hope she packed a life jacket.
(on Wells' look)
Too soon?

Wells winces...grabs his chest uncomfortably--which Gordon notes but doesn't respond to.

WELLS

(breathes heavily)
This is why I created the time machine.

GORDON

Your novel.

WELLS

No, professor. I built a *working* time machine--but if you continue to interrupt me, I'm afraid we may never get to the heart of the matter.

GORDON

Fine. Anything that speeds this up.

WELLS

So my time machine was such that it had to be physically moved to any location from where it was to travel--and because Titanic was in the middle of the ocean--well you can see the problem. So I traveled into the future where technology allowed for some modifications. Then I traveled back in time again--back to Titanic--and I saved Sylvia.

GORDON

(impatient)
And lived happily ever after?

WELLS

(presses)
Unfortunately, I'm afraid--no. Yes, I was successful. Titanic did not sink because I stopped it--and my Sylvia was alive.

Wells winces uncomfortably again...adjusts himself...

GORDON

Are you okay?

WELLS

(pressing urgently)
Professor--by preventing Titanic from sinking, a certain individual--one of Titanic's crew who should have perished that night--*he survived*. This man would eventually fight in what was then called the Great War--World War One. In the trenches he met and befriended a young Adolf Hitler.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

You and I both know that Hitler was not one to cultivate close friends--but here he did. Years later, during the second world war, this same man became one of his closest advisors. He convinced Hitler not to invade Russia--ultimately allowing Nazi Germany time to develop the world's first atomic weapon, and then in less than twenty years, nuclear war broke out and the civilized world was devastated. Armageddon, professor.

GORDON

Bummer.

WELLS

Well, I had to fix what I had broken. I jumped back into my time machine--went back to do what I had to do.

GORDON

(on Wells' pause)

Which was?

WELLS

I had to kill Hitler.

Gordon all but muffles a snicker. Wells regards him with a look of annoyance.

GORDON

Sorry.

WELLS

(resign)

Yes, well, I'm a writer, not an assassin. All I did was to make things even worse. And then the worst thing that could possibly happen--happened. I lost my journal.

GORDON

Good Lord--now a journal *too*?

WELLS

I dropped it--lost track of it somehow--somewhere--some *time*.

(intense)

In my journal were detailed notes I had made on my time machine and my travels with it. Someone found it and made its way to Hitler, who sent agents to England--who stole my plans and built a time machine of their own.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

Knowing I knew his grand plans, Hitler dispatched an assassin named Speigel after me--sent him back in time--tracking me to the places and times detailed in my journal. Stalking me. Because of my journal, he knew where I'd be. It was only by God's grace that I have managed to escape with my life thus far...at least until now.

GORDON

Okay, I'll admit it straight up. This is really good stuff--very original--but--unfortunately your five minutes are up. You shouldn't be talking to me anyway. I can aim you toward someone in the Lit department.

WELLS

(interrupts, presses
urgently)

Please, professor--I really am who I say I am.

A knowing look crosses Wells' face and he frowns.

WELLS (CONT'D)

You think I'm crazy.

GORDON

Well it was either you or me. I chose in my favor.

WELLS

Ask yourself, professor, why would I come to you? Could it be because you were recruited right out of college by your country's intelligence community...the CIA I believe it's called.

A look of surprise sweeps Gordon's face before he quashes it.

GORDON

I have absolutely no idea what you're talking about.

WELLS

I know a lot about you, professor Gordon. I know for example that you were in *Russia*, not in Chicago, the night your wife Sarah was murdered.

This sets Gordon off.

GORDON

Okay...*that's it! We're done here!*
Get the hell out! Go on! Get out!
Before I call campus security!

Wells goes silent, then with great effort, braces his hands on the chair and with great effort, lifts himself, but his face goes ashen...

WELLS

I seem to have...miscalculated--

Wells keels over to the floor.

GORDON

Jesus!

Gordon is instantly over kneeling next to the face-down Wells...whom he turns over.

He's still conscious and breathing heavily.

Gordon notices a large red stain on the shirt beneath Wells' jacket...

He pulls Wells' jacket aside...sees the entire inside is soaked with blood...down to his trousers!

Gordon's finger finds a bullet hole ripped in Wells' shirt...

GORDON (CONT'D)

You've been shot! Stay still! Don't move!

Gordon grabs the phone on his desk...dials 911...

GORDON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes! This is Professor John Gordon in Nassau two-thirteen! I need an ambulance! Someone's been shot!

(listens)

Yes! Hurry!

Gordon slams the phone down...kneels back beside the barely conscious Wells lying on the floor...begins to loosen his clothes...

WELLS

(gasping)

Speigel...caught up with me...

GORDON

Help's on the way.

As Gordon removes Wells' jacket...a small PACKAGE about the size of a paperback book wrapped in brown paper falls out.

WELLS
 (gasping breaths)
 Yes. That is..for you...

GORDON
 (the package)
 This?

WELLS
 (gasping)
 Open it. *Open it*, professor.
 (urgent)
Hurry!

GORDON
 Okay...okay...just stop moving.

Gordon rips away the corner of the package to reveal the edge of a HARD-BACK BOOK...

GORDON (CONT'D)
 It's a book.

Wells reaches and takes hold of the book as Gordon holds it...

WELLS
 (last breath)
 Clock tower...you'll know...what to do...

Wells' eyes roll back and he falls lifeless.

Gordon instantly forgets about the partially opened package and the book...sets it aside on the floor and presses his fingers to Wells' neck to check his pulse...

GORDON
 Oh no.

EXT. PRINCETON CAMPUS - NIGHT

LIGHTS from several POLICE CRUISERS and an AMBULANCE splash across the stately ivy covered stone buildings...

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gordon sits at his desk as two detectives--DETECTIVE VEGA (40) and DETECTIVE TORRES (24)--question him. A CORONER loads Wells' body onto a rolling cart...

DETECTIVE VEGA
 And you never saw him before tonight?

GORDON

He showed up in my class this afternoon. Then he showed up tonight.

DETECTIVE TORRES

And he told you his name was Herbert Wells?

GORDON

I have no idea who he really is.

DETECTIVE VEGA

Because the only I.D. he had on him looked like it belonged in a museum.

GORDON

He did say somebody named Speigel was after him if that helps.

DETECTIVE TORRES

(writing)

That "I-E" or "E-I" for Speigel?

GORDON

Detective...I honestly don't think our friend here was completely right--if you get my meaning.

DETECTIVE VEGA

What makes you think this?

GORDON

Well for one, he claimed to be H.G. Wells.

(neither detective reacts)

The famous author? Anyway--whoever he was, he spewed this crazy story--said some person named Speigel was the one who shot him. He may actually exist.

DETECTIVE TORRES

This Speigel have a first name?

Gordon simply shrugs.

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Moonlight rim-lights the edges of a quaint Victorian home, complete with a front porch and two CARS parked...one behind the other...in the narrow driveway between the houses to the back.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gordon sits at the table picking at some chicken in a plastic container as Isa opens the refrigerator...gets him a soda...opens it and sets it in front of Gordon...

GORDON

I feel bad. I really didn't mean for you to have to come over.

ISA

You call me and tell me somebody got shot in your office and expect me to *go back to sleep*?

GORDON

He was *already* shot when he walked in.

(thinks about it)

He sat there and *talked to me* that whole time...after having been shot. I thought he was joking.

She sits beside him as he eats...puts her arms around him...her head resting on his shoulder...

ISA

(watches him eat)

You probably haven't eaten since I saw you at lunch.

She kisses him again...longer this time...then sits back in another chair beside him...

ISA (CONT'D)

Well, he must have wanted *something* from you. He came all the way to your office after being shot.

GORDON

(deadpan)

Sure. He wanted me to go back in his time machine and chase down his journal before the Nazi's got it.

(on her look)

You asked.

ISA

I'm going to go so you can get some sleep.

GORDON

You *could* stay.

ISA

Get some sleep.

A quick kiss and she's out the door, leaving him in thought...

EXT. PRINCETON CAMPUS - DAY

Another typical warm, sunny, spring day...

INT. DICKENSON HALL/CORRIDOR - DAY

Gordon walks down the corridor...has his keys out and is about to unlock his office door...it is open. He frowns...pushes open the door...

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He walks in. Sunlight streams in through the window. Outside we see the clock tower and campus commons.

The office has been ransacked...obviously searched...papers, books and other things lay strewn about in a mess.

Gordon looks at the floor where Wells lay the night before. He sets his briefcase on his desk...goes back to the door to the corridor...

INT. DICKENSON HALL/CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Gordon peers out...spots another PROFESSOR carrying a coffee...walking down the hallway...

PROFESSOR

Morning John.

GORDON

Hey Jack...was anybody in my office do you know?

PROFESSOR

Yeah, some guy came by real early asking about you. Strange looking dude. Why?

GORDON

Nothing. Thanks, Jack.

Gordon frowns, goes back into his office...

INT. GORDON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He starts to pick up items strewn about the floor...

As he reaches to pick something else up...under the corner of the chair...he sees the partially opened package with the book inside that Wells gave him last night.

He picks it up and studies it curiously...

He tears open the package to reveal...

A small hardcover BOOK titled "What If"...and "by John Gordon" printed beneath. The book has a GOLD FOIL EMBOSSED ILLUSTRATION OF A CLOCK TOWER on it's cover...and it looks strangely familiar.

Gordon flips open the cover to reveal "Copyright 2019."

GORDON

What the...?

He stands and walks over to his desk and reaches for the telephone...dials...still studying the package...

GORDON (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes...Detective Vega please?

(listens)

He's not? Well I'm Professor John Gordon at the university. Can you leave a message that I called?

(listens)

Thanks.

(quickly)

Hey, do you know if he came by to see me at the university?

(listens)

Okay, fine. Just have him call me then.

Gordon hangs up the phone, then shifts his eyes back to the book.

He turns it over to look at the cover again...at the gold foil embossed clock tower illustration...

Something falls out and hits the floor with a METALLIC ROLLING CLATTER.

Gordon sees something shiny on the floor...reaches down and picks it up...holds it in front of his face...

It's *the same ring* we saw Wells spinning nervously on his finger last night while he talked to Gordon in his office!

It's a rather ordinary-looking silver ring with a recessed engraving of a KEY ICON in its face.

Gordon looks inside the open book to see where pages have been cut through to hold the ring snugly in place. His eyes glance at the book cover again...

BONG! The campus bell tower tolls half past the hour...drawing Gordon's eyes from the book cover to look out the window at the bell tower...which reads 9:30.

His eyes narrow and he holds the book up in front of his eyes...against the office window...squints at the illustration of the clock tower...then at the real thing outside the window. *They are identical.*

INT. CAMPUS CLOCK TOWER/STAIRS - DAY

Gordon CLOMPS his way up the winding stairs to the belfry of the university clock tower...

GORDON
(muttering to
himself)
What the hell are you doing John?

INT. CAMPUS CLOCK TOWER/CLOCKROOM - DAY

Gordon emerges from the stairwell to a spacious, empty room with a bare wooden floor. Everywhere is dusty, with PARTICLES OF DUST swirling in and out of the SHAFTS OF SUNLIGHT...

A large translucent glass clock face faces to the outside...through which sunlight streams in a brilliant shaft of light...casting an elongated shadow image of the clock face and hands across the bare dusty wooden floor...showing 9:44.

Gordon stands there thinking for a few moments, then shakes his head...

BONNNNNGGGGGG! Suddenly the clock bell tolls TEN TIMES...very loudly...JARRING the old structure and causing DUST PARTICLES to VIBRATE off the wooden rafter beams...

The dust particles trickle down through the brilliant shaft of sunlight streaming in through the clock face...revealing a brief glimpse of...

SOMETHING BARELY VISIBLE...GLASSY...TRANSLUCENT...like an ice sculpture...about the size of a small compact automobile...resting on the floor in the shaft of dusty sunlight!

Gordon freezes...his eyes level with the floor...looking across as the dust particles swirl around the translucent object on the floor...

The BONGING of the clock ceases...

Gordon hesitantly steps back up onto the bare wooden floor...

The translucent object seems to have vanished as the dust particles dissipate...

Gordon walks tentatively toward the streaming shaft of sunlight...

He sweeps his hand along the wooden hand railing to the stairs...scoops a handful of dust into his closed fist...

He reaches out into the streaming sunlight...which glares brightly off his closed fist...then releases the handful of dust SIFTING into the shaft of sunlight...

The dust particles fall onto and reveal the translucent object resting on the floor again...but for only a moment until the specks of dust dissipate...

Gordon tentatively reaches out into the seemingly empty space...his fingers finally touching...

SWOOSH! There before him...parked in the middle of the belfry is a strangely familiar sight!

H.G. WELLS' MAGNIFICENT TIME MACHINE IN ALL IT'S GLORY!

The machine resembles the classic vehicle we've seen in the movies and drawings...but appears modified.

The ornate Victorian and Industrial Revolution steampunk-ish mechanics and design are mixed with strangely contrasting futuristic technological "add-on's."

Gordon jumps back...almost falling over...snatches his hand away.

THE MACHINE *DISAPPEARS* AGAIN.

Once again, he reaches hesitantly...touches it...

IT *REAPPEARS!*

With hesitant trepidation, Gordon lifts his foot up onto the running board of the machine...carefully climbs up and sits in the spacious cab.

Like someone in an automobile showroom, he bounces on the seat cushion a couple times...then stops abruptly.

On the CONTROL CONSOLE are numerous BUTTONS AND DIALS...some of nineteenth century design...some of futuristic origin.

He sees a large separate BLUE BUTTON next to a LARGE GEAR SHIFT.

He reaches...extending a shaky finger...is about to press the blue button...

RING! Gordon's mobile phone rings loudly. He pulls it out...opens it...

GORDON
(into phone)
Sam?

SAM
 (over phone)
You forget about breakfast?

GORDON
 (into phone)
 Breakfast?

SAM
 (over phone)
 P-J's. Where are you?

On the dashboard console Gordon notices a round button-like depression with the same KEY ICON emblem we saw on the ring that fell out of the book.

GORDON
 (into phone)
 I'm in the clock tower.

SAM
 (over phone)
 That's nice. What happened to meeting me here?

Gordon pulls the shiny ring from his pocket...studies it closely...compares the engraving on the ring to the dashboard. They're identical.

GORDON
 (into phone,
 distracted)
 I'll be there as soon as I can.

Before Sam can respond, Gordon...almost in a daze...closes and sets his phone beside him on the seat.

Gordon brings the key-ring close to the console to compare them. The symbols are identical.

But suddenly...as the key-ring touches the receptacle...the controls and buttons LIGHT UP to high-pitched WHINE that sounds like aircraft avionics powering on!

A strange FLICKERING of light beside the vehicle draws Gordon's attention.

Suddenly a glowing...life-sized...translucent HOLOGRAM of Herbert George Wells coalesces in mid-air standing next to the vehicle!

WELLS
 (hologram)
 Hello Professor. I am recording this message to you shortly after having visited you in your classroom.

Gordon's stares transfixed as Wells' glowing hologram continues talking...

WELLS (CONT'D)

(hologram)

As you can now see...everything I told you was true. You seeing this message means I've succeeded in contacting you. Unfortunately it also probably means I'm most likely dead.

Wells' hologram begins to walk around the machine...his hand pointing and indicating things as he talks...

WELLS (CONT'D)

(hologram)

The key-ring, which you obviously found--I have one just like it...but each is unique. It's rather difficult to explain quickly, and since time is ironically of the essence, simply put...the ring ensures that the ring-bearer arrives back to the same causality from which they departed.

Wells' holographic hand reaches and touches another control.

The vehicle LURCHES and RISES to HOVER a few inches off the floor! Gordon grabs the seat.

From the dashboard...a YOKE-LIKE STEERING WHEEL pops out...causing Gordon to grab for it as it THRUSTS toward him!

SWOOSH! The hovering vehicle does a couple QUICK, SHORT MANEUVERS within the confines of the clock room!

The yoke...gripped tightly by Gordon moves in unison with the vehicle...yanking his hands about...

The vehicle banks sideways and lurches across the room...stopping just short of the wall...then back again...

Finally SLIDING to stop right in front of Wells' hologram!

WELLS (CONT'D)

I must apologize in advance, professor, for what you have walked into. In my ill-conceived efforts to repair the timeline, I could only come up with one solution: to kill Adolf Hitler. Three times I tried. Three times I failed. I am a writer, not an assassin. Your unique skills in spycraft makes you perfect for what must be done now.

(MORE)

WELLS (CONT'D)

You must travel back to all the places to where I went and retrieve my lost journal before Hitler does.

Wells' hologram points at the recessed monitor screen...

WELLS (CONT'D)

These here are all the places I went in my failed attempts to assassinate Hitler. In one of these places is my lost journal.

Gordon looks at the recessed monitor to see four graphic "buttons" labeled "2013", "1912", "1936", "1940", and "Cave."

WELLS (CONT'D)

I have programmed this machine to travel to each of these places *only once*. This I did purposely to prevent you from falling to the same temptations to play God I.

Wells' holographic finger points to the same large blue button on the dashboard Gordon depressed earlier with no effect...

WELLS (CONT'D)

One last thing: This large blue button here is sort of an emergency feature. One push and you will instantly be swept forward twelve hours into the future. I've found it useful when arriving somewhere at an inopportune moment.

Wells' holographic finger points to the "Cave" selection on the recessed monitor...

WELLS (CONT'D)

Once you have my journal--
(points at "Cave"
button)

Bring it here and destroy both it and the time vehicle once and for all. I've stored supplies there to get you back to civilization.

(serious)

You *cannot fail*, John. Beware Spiegel.

He is Hitler's most deadly operative. Do not underestimate him. Take care, and Godspeed.

Wells' hologram FLICKERS out of existence...leaving Gordon overwhelmed in dumfounded silence...

GORDON

(to himself)

Really?

FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs...

Gordon turns to see...

It's the sinister-looking man we saw from the crypt! This is the infamous SPEIGEL...dressed in a trenchcoat...with an eye patch covering his left eye!

Speigel rises and steps onto the wooden floor...looks around...

He holds his pistol with the laser sight!

SPEIGEL
 (cold, GERMAN ACCENT)
 Professor Gordon?
 (looks around)
 I know you are here, professor.
 Please do not make this more
 difficult than it needs to be.

Some SPECKS OF DUST FALLING in front of his face GLIMMER IN THE SHAFT OF SUNSHINE, Gordon realizes both he and the time machine in which he sits are INVISIBLE.

SAM
 (shouts from below)
 You up here John?

Gordon's face sweeps with horror! Speigel reacts as well...turns...

FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs!

Gordon quickly grabs for his mobile phone again...flips it open...presses a speed-dial button...cups the phone to his face...

GORDON
 (whispers into phone)
Pick up Sam. For God's sake pick up...

We hear the distinctive RING of a mobile phone from below...

Sam rises up through the stair access in the floor...holding his own phone in one hand and a paper cup of coffee in the other...

SAM
 (into phone)
 I'm in the clock tower. Where the hell are you?

Gordon cups his hands over his mouth and phone and talks in a low harsh whisper from inside the veil of invisibility of the time vehicle. Speigel steps sideways beside the stairs...

GORDON
(whispering into
phone)
Get the hell out of here Sam!

SAM
(into phone)
I can't hear you.
(notices Spiegel)
Hey, how's it going?

GORDON
(into phone)
*Turn back around and get the hell
out of here right now, Sam! You hear
me? Get out of here now!*

SAM
(annoyed, into phone)
You gotta speak up John.

As Sam emerges from the steps, Spiegel puts his pistol near Sam's face...which sweeps with silent fear...

SAM (CONT'D)
Hey! What the hell?

Speigel reaches with his free hand...takes Sam's mobile phone...puts it to his own ear...

SPEIGEL
(into phone)
Professor Gordon?

Gordon's face sweeps with shock...

SAM
(relaxes)
Hey look, if this is payback for all
those times--

Speigel gives Sam a sideways hit in the face with his pistol, then steps behind him and presses the pistol to Sam's shocked face...

SPEIGEL
(into phone)
Professor Gordon?

Gordon frantically contemplates for a long few seconds...then he puts his phone close to his mouth again and talks very low...

GORDON
(whispers into phone)
This is John Gordon.

SPEIGEL
 (into phone)
 Please be so kind as to show
 yourself, herr Professor.

GORDON
 (into phone)
 Let him go first.

Speigel continues looking around suspiciously as he holds his
 pistol unwaveringly in Sam's fearful face...

SPEIGEL
 I know Wells came to you, professor.
 You will bring me his journal now.

SAM
 (shouts)
 What the hell's going on here John?

GORDON
 (harshly into phone)
 This is between you and me. Sam's
 not part of this.

SPEIGEL
 (into phone)
 Bring me the journal and I let him
 go.

GORDON
 (into phone)
 I *don't* have it!

Speigel puts the pistol to Sam's head...

GORDON (CONT'D)
 No!

Gordon suddenly appears in silhouette standing in the
 streaming sunlight at the far end of the room by the glass
 clock face! His hands are raised...his mobile phone in one of
 them. Speigel steps back to train his pistol on both of them.

SAM
 (confused)
 John?

SPEIGEL
 The journal professor?

GORDON
 (harsh)
 I told you, *I don't* have it!

SPEIGEL
 (cold)
 Unfortunate.

Without a thought, Speigel points and FIRES the pistol...SHOOTS Sam in the leg...and he drops to the floor in agony!

GORDON

(shock)
NO!

SAM

(painful, shocked)
God damn it! You shot me man!

SPEIGEL

The journal, professor.

Speigel presses his pistol to Sam's head!

GORDON

No! Alright! Alright!

Gordon pulls the book Wells gave him from his pocket...holds it out.

SAM

(incredulous)
You had it and you let him shoot me?

SPEIGEL

Put it on the floor!

Gordon's bends down and sets the book on the floor...his eyes never leave his friend Sam, who holds his wounded leg as he rocks on the floor in pain beside Speigel...who presses his pistol to Sam's temple...

SPEIGEL (CONT'D)

Please to kick it over here.

Gordon kicks the book with his foot and it slides across the dusty wood floor next to Sam. Speigel carefully picks up the book and lets some pages fall open, all while holding his pistol against Sam's head...

GORDON

You've got the damn book! Let me get him medical attention for God's sake!

SPEIGEL

This is not the journal.

Speigel drops the book to the floor

GORDON

That's what he gave me!

SPEIGEL

(resign)

You made this difficult, professor.

POW! Speigel shoots Sam in the head and he sprawls to the floor dead!

GORDON

NO!

Gordon lunges...Speigel points his pistol...the laser dot GLOWING on Gordon's chest! Gordon stops!

GORDON (CONT'D)

You bastard! You killed an innocent man!

Speigel steps toward Gordon...

SPEIGEL

(cold, unaffected)

The journal please.

With a decided look, Gordon steps backwards...looking on his dead best friend as he does...

Gordon finally backs into the invisible time machine...which ripples into visibility from his point of view. His eyes dart back to Speigel...who continues to approach...pointing the pistol at him...

With a sudden resolve, Gordon leaps backward into the invisible vehicle...tumbles into the bench seat...disappears from Speigel's point of view!

A confused Speigel SHOOTs! The shot RIPS into the cushion of the bench seat inches from Gordon! The GLOWING LASER DOT dashes wildly about the interior of the vehicle!

Speigel SHOOTs again! The bullet RICOCHETS off the chassis!

Gordon's eyes suddenly dart to the blue button on the console dashboard!

Speigel aims! The laser dot GLOWS on Gordon's body!

Gordon slams his palm down on the blue button!

SWOOSH! Speigel suddenly vanishes into thin air!

THE ANGULAR SHAFTING BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT STREAMING IN THROUGH THE TRANSLUCENT CLOCK FACE SWEEP ACROSS THE FLOOR AS TIME PASSES AT HIGH SPEED!

Several human figures "ZIP" IN AND OUT OF THE ROOM in a streaking blur so fast as to be unidentifiable...and then VANISH...

The bright shaft of sunlight through the translucent clock face TURNS A FIERY SUNSET ORANGE...then fades out and DARKNESS envelops the belfry...now lit only by the illuminated clock face.

DARKNESS. SILENCE...

Shaking from the ordeal...Gordon clambers and stumbles his way from the machine...out and over where his foot steps onto the CHALK OUTLINE of a body on the floor...*where Sam fell twelve hours earlier!*

YELLOW POLICE TAPE crisscrosses the room from the stairs. Gordon falls to the floor by the chalk outline...emotionally devastated and shaking...

GORDON
(devastated)
Sam.

Tears well up in Gordon's eyes as his fingers smear the chalk dust on the floor. He shakes his head...unable to think for the moment as he tries to cope with his flood of emotions...

LIGHTNING FLICKERS through the clock face from outside...casting the brief bright blinking shadow of the clock face and hands onto the dark floor.

A DISTANT RUMBLE FROM A SPRING THUNDERSTORM.

Tears in his eyes, Gordon looks at the illuminated clock face (which is backwards)...which reads five minutes before 11 PM.

He glances at his wristwatch...which of course reads 10:55 AM...twelve hours prior.

Gordon yanks out his cellular phone...as he does...

...an old 1922 SILVER DOLLAR tumbles to the floor beside him.

He DIALS the cellular phone and it RINGS...

ISA
(over phone)
John? Where have you been?

GORDON
(into phone)
Isa! Is Sam dead!?

ISA
(over phone)
Where are you John!?

GORDON
(into phone)
For God's sake, Isa...is Sam dead!?

ISA
 (over phone)
 John...*the police think you killed Sam!*

LIGHTNING FLASHES followed by a rumble of distant rolling THUNDER...

GORDON
 (into phone,
 anguished)
 Jesus Mary mother of God...*I didn't kill Sam, Isa!*

ISA
 (over phone)
 Of course you didn't, John...but *they think you did!*

LIGHTNING flickers...THUNDER rumbles...

ISA (CONT'D)
 (over phone)
 John...*I'm frightened.*

Gordon stands up with renewed purpose...anger and resolve on his face...

GORDON
 (into phone)
 Isa I have to go!

Gordon closes his phone...cutting Isa off.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 (resolve)
 No. Not like this.

Gordon scrambles back into Wells' time machine...begins to frantically press buttons on the swivel screen...

...but no matter what controls he pushes...he cannot get anything other than the presets on the screen.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Come on!

Each time he tries...a window "enter code" comes up. Each time he tries to bypass it...it brings up "incorrect code."

GORDON (CONT'D)
Work God damn it!

Gordon punches his finger into the console screen...with no success...

Wells' hologram doesn't respond...just stands there flickering translucently...watching him...

Gordon angrily hits the console with his fist.

Approaching SIRENS outside...

Gordon jumps out...quickly to the clock face...looks out to see...

Several POLICE CRUISERS with FLASHING LIGHTS and SIRENS race across the campus toward the clock tower!

Gordon looks at his cellular phone in horror!

The sound of screeching TIRES just outside...followed by opening and slamming DOORS...and running FOOTSTEPS and VOICES!

Gordon quickly jumps up and falls into the seat of Wells' time machine!

Gordon smashes the key-ring to the ignition!

The machine controls WHINE to life!

The yoke thrusts out again!

The vehicle lurches up off the floor to a hover!

FOOTSTEPS climbing the stairs!

Suddenly the minute arm on the clock face SHIFTS with a LOUD MECHANICAL GEAR GRIND AND CLICK!

BONNNNNGGGGG! The clock tower bell begins to gong loudly...VIBRATING the belfry as it shows 10 o'clock!

Gordon shoves the yoke forward!

The vehicle LURCHES to a hover and forward with a sudden JOLT.

Gordon overcompensates...yanks the yoke back!

The vehicle comes to a sharp STOP...still hovering off the floor at somewhat of an awkward angle...directly facing the illuminated clock face!

FOOTSTEPS closer!

CLOCK BONGING!

Gordon shoves the yoke forward!

The hovering time vehicle ACCELERATES forward...

SMASHES right through the huge glowing glass clock face as a bright FLASH of LIGHTNING flickers!

Several POLICE OFFICERS burst into the room to see the huge clock face SHATTER into a CASCADE of falling glass!

EXT. CAMPUS CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

THE BROKEN GLASS AND PARTS FROM THE LARGE CLOCK FACE RAIN DOWN IN A CRASHING CRESCENDO!

Gordon and the invisible flying time vehicle leap from the clock tower into the night air some thirty feet above the moonlit Princeton campus and police vehicles below!

The flying machine fish-tails in mid-air, spins and CRASHES rear-first into some CRACKLING leafy branches high up in some trees!

The vehicle BOUNCES...SPINS out of control in the air...BOUNCING off one tree canopy after another like a billiards ball...CRACKLING and SMASHING branches and leaves!

Gordon regains control of the flying machine...finally CRUNCHING rear first into the soft lush branches high up in several trees to hang there floating in mid-air.

Gordon breathes...takes his hands off the yoke...shakes out his fingers...

He notes the several police vehicles and flashing lights below...along with the confused police officers who do not see him.

OFFICER #1

Did he jump?

OFFICER #2

He's not down here!

OFFICER #1

Check the other building!

RING! Gordon's mobile phone suddenly rings harshly!

The police officers below react to the sound...looking up to see where it comes from--see nothing.

Gordon yanks the phone from his pocket...fumbles frantically to stop the RINGING!

He EJECTS THE BATTERY FROM THE REAR OF THE PHONE...and without a second thought...he hurls the phone far into the night air...

The phone CLATTERS to the ground somewhere below...causing the police officers below to run toward the sound...

Gordon grips the yoke again...gently pushes it forward--very carefully...

...smoothly eases the hovering vehicle forward out of the tangled CRACKLING tree branches and into the glowing moonlight...

With a final look down...Gordon pulls back on the yoke and THE FLYING TIME VEHICLE ASCENDS INTO THE NIGHT SKY...

EXT. HIGH ABOVE PRINCETON - NIGHT

The lush night vista of stars and the carpet of moonlit trees and buildings of springtime Princeton sweep hundreds of feet below Gordon as he sails upward and away from the campus in the vehicle...

The WIND whips Gordon's hair as he manipulates the yoke. His face glows a deep blue-white from...

The FULL MOON...which glows brightly in the sky...RIM-LIGHTING A FRONT OF APPROACHING STORM CLOUDS LOOMING IN FROM THE HORIZON...through which LIGHTNING courses followed by a rumble of distant THUNDER...

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An UNMARKED SEDAN sits quietly parked in the MOON-SHADOWS of Gordon's driveway beside his front porch.

IN THE POLICE CAR

Detectives Vega and Torres sit. Vega replaces the RADIO MICROPHONE.

DETECTIVE VEGA

They found his phone at the university.

DETECTIVE TORRES

You really think he'd be stupid enough to come here?

OUTSIDE THE POLICE CAR

Quietly, six or so feet above the oblivious Vega and Torres in the police sedan, Gordon carefully and gently maneuvers his invisible hovering time vehicle...edging it up next to the rain gutter of the porch roof...

Nudging it as close as he can...finally to a stand-still...Gordon cautiously climbs out...one foot stepping

carefully...then the other...onto the slanted porch roof...his hands gripping the vehicle chassis for support...

His foot brushes a LEAF...WHICH SLIPS OFF AND DANCES DOWNWARD...

INSIDE THE POLICE CAR

The LEAF LANDS ON THE WINDSHIELD of the car. Both detectives notice it but give it only passing regard.

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Inside Gordon's second floor bedroom...the window slides up slowly and Gordon climbs through into the dark room.

MOONLIGHT STREAMS IN THROUGH THE WINDOWS...ILLUMINATING THE ROOM IN A DEEP BLUE MOON-GLOW...

LIGHTNING FLICKERS...BRIGHTLY RIM-LIGHTING THE FURNITURE AND CASTING THEIR SHARP ANGULAR SHADOWS ON THE WALLS.

MUFFLED THUNDER RUMBLES as Gordon makes his way past his bed...opens a door and walks into a closet...

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Pulling the closet door closed...Gordon takes a SWEATSHIRT off the shelf and jams it against the bottom of the closed door and turns on the light--revealing a typical closet of SHELVES, CLOTHES AND BOXES.

Opening a FILING CABINET drawer all the way...from behind the file folders, he removes a HOLSTERED PISTOL and a BOX OF BULLETS. He un-chambers the clip...opens the box of bullets...begins to insert them into the clip...

OUTSIDE THE CLOSET

DARKNESS except for a warm GLOWING SLIVER OF LIGHT beneath the crack of the door to the closet in Gordon's bedroom...

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INSIDE THE POLICE CAR

A BLINKING light comes from the swivel computer screen between them. Vega studies it.

DETECTIVE VEGA
We got the warrant to search the house.

The two open their car doors and start toward the front door...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Back upstairs, the SLIVER OF LIGHT GLOWS BENEATH THE CRACK OF THE CLOSED CLOSET DOOR...

INSIDE THE CLOSET

Gordon sets a RING-BOUND ALBUM down on the filing cabinet. He quickly opens and flips through several SOFT PLASTIC PAGES OF OLD COINS IN PROTECTIVE HOLDERS...finally to several pages of OLD PAPER MONEY IN PLASTIC SLEEVES. He begins to quickly remove the BILLS AND COINS...stuffing them into his jacket pockets...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

A CRUNCHING WOOD SOUND. The front door opens. Torres lays a CROWBAR down on the porch deck and he and Vega enter.

SHUFFLE ON THE CEILING ABOVE. Both freeze--unholster their PISTOLS and proceed cautiously...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Upstairs again...the light through the cracks of the closed closet door BLINKS OFF.

Gordon opens the door, steps out quietly...and cautiously across the dark moon-lit room to the still open window...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/STAIRS - NIGHT

Vega and Torres creep silently up the stairs...pistols drawn...as LIGHTNING GLIMMERS FROM A SKYLIGHT ABOVE...casting BRIGHT SHARP ANGULAR SHADOWS of the railing on them as muffled THUNDER echoes from outside...

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gordon's foot steps outside the window onto the wet slanted porch roof--slides slightly on a WET LEAF.

Climbing out...he carefully baby-steps his way down toward the edge where he left the invisible time vehicle hovering...

He reaches out with his arm...his hand feeling for the invisible machine...

LIGHTNING BLINKS FROM THE NOW OVERHEAD STORM CLOUDS FOLLOWED BY A LOUDER, CLOSER SHARP CRACK OF THUNDER...

A FEW SPARSE LARGE RAINDROPS BEGIN TO FALL as the glowing moon disappears behind the squalling storm clouds...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/STAIRS - NIGHT

Vega and Torres arrive upstairs...highly alert...pistols raised...

DETECTIVE VEGA

Police! Come out with your hands raised, professor! Don't make this difficult!

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gordon's hand touches the machine and it RIPPLES to visibility again (from his own POV)...hovering off the eaves. He lifts his foot to climb in...

His foot SLIPS on the WET raindrop-beaded chrome running board!

Gordon loses his footing...slips off the roof!

He grabs the rim of the vehicle!

His feet dangle above the detectives' car parked in the driveway below as he hangs by his hands...his clinging fingers SLIPPING on the rain beaded rim!

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/STAIRS - NIGHT

Vega and Torres break into a sprint towards Gordon's bedroom!

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE/ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gordon manages to pull himself up as LIGHTNING FLASHES, THUNDER RUMBLES AND RAIN BEGINS TO FALL HARDER IN BIG DROPS! WIND BEGINS TO SWIRL AS THE STORM SQUALL HITS...

He's almost in...lifting his leg over the rim...

A TORRENT OF RAIN BEGINS TO SWEEP IN WINDY SHEETS, coating the invisible time machine hovering off the porch revealing...

GORDON SITTING IN THE TIME VEHICLE...COATED WITH RAIN LOOKING LIKE AN ICE SCULPTURE...GLASSY CRYSTALLINE...

DETECTIVE TORRES

(confused)

What the...?

Gordon notices this too...puts his GLASSY TRANSLUCENT HAND in front of his face...

Gordon realizes he can be seen!

Vega and Torres lock their gaze on the spectacle...raise their weapons...

Gordon punches his finger into the blue button! Nothing.

WELLS' GLOWING HOLOGRAM FLICKERS into existence, hovering beside the time vehicle...

WELLS

I'm sorry...you can only use this feature once per preset. Please select the first preset.

GORDON
Damn you Wells!

A confused Vega and Torres see Wells' hologram too.

DETECTIVE TORRES
Step back on the roof professor!

Gordon quickly looks at each of the preset buttons--"2013", "1912", "1936", "1940", and "Cave." He jams his finger on "Cave."

WELLS
I'm sorry. Presets must be selected in order. Please select the first preset.

GORDON
(to Wells' hologram)
Shut up!

DETECTIVE VEGA
Professor!

Gordon jams his finger on "1912."

WELLS' HOLOGRAM FLICKERS AND DISAPPEARS. THE TIME VEHICLE WHINES LOUDER...ACCOMPANIED BY A GLOWING ST. ELMO'S FIRE EFFECT...

SWOOSH! A BRIGHT, VERTICAL, SWIRLING BLACK HOLE EXPLODES OPEN IN FRONT OF THE HOVERING TIME VEHICLE!

The dumfounded detectives watch this!

CRACK! WITH A LOUD THUNDEROUS BURST...THE VEHICLE LURCHES OFF LIKE A FIERY ROCKET INTO THE BRIGHT SWIRLING BLACK HOLE... WHICH SWALLOWS IT UP AND IMPLODES OUT OF EXISTENCE AS IF IT WERE NEVER THERE!

INT. CARGO HOLD (DARK, UNKNOWN TIME OF DAY)

SILENCE. DARKNESS. We're now in a quiet, dark cargo storage area among all sorts of CIRCA 1912 CRATES, STEAMER TRUNKS AND OTHER CARGO...stacked into the darkness in all directions...

SWOOSH! A BRIGHT FLASH AND THE SAME BRIGHT SWIRLING BLACK HOLE EXPLODES INTO EXISTENCE AND "SPITS" OUT GORDON RIDING THE HOVERING TIME MACHINE...

...SAILS across the floor and lands...SKIDDING...and CRASHING into a large stack of netting covered cargo crates...finally to rest...

THE GLOWING SPARKLES OF THE ST. ELMO'S EFFECT SKITTER ABOUT THE FLOOR IN LUMINESCENT POPPING STATIC DISCHARGES...

Gordon unclasps his fingers from the yoke...exhales. Taking a moment to recompose himself, he notices stenciled on a wooden shipping crate behind the cargo netting he crashed into is--

"S.S. TITANIC"

He reaches into his pocket...pulls out a handful of the CURRENCY he removed from his collection...including COINS still in their PROTECTIVE PLASTIC HOLDERS. He begins to SNAP open the coin holders removing...HALF-DOLLARS...SILVER DOLLARS...tossing the holders aside...

He pulls out his pistol and one of the clips...chambers it...is about to shove it in his jacket pocket...

...his eyes fall on his jacket...which is SOAKED from the rain. He notices the condition of the rest of his clothing...frowns.

He notices the cargo netting protecting passenger STEAMER TRUNKS AND OTHER LUGGAGE...

EXT. TITANIC/PROMENADE - DAY

A nondescript door along the legendary Titanic's long wooden floor deck cracks open and Gordon peers out.

He's now dressed in a circa 1912 TUXEDO AND BOWTIE. He looks like a turn of the century James Bond

PASSENGERS in early 1900's PERIOD CLOTHING walk the deck...

Gordon adjusts his new clothing--A BORROWED BOWTIE AND SUIT...looks at his watch...notices a uniformed TITANIC EMPLOYEE...stops him...

GORDON
Excuse me...what time is it?

TITANIC EMPLOYEE
(German accent)
Eighteen-hundred, sir.

The Titanic employee looks at Gordon's clothing curiously as Gordon begins to re-set his watch...

TITANIC EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Are you lost, sir?

GORDON
What's today?

TITANIC EMPLOYEE
I'm sorry sir?

GORDON
Today...what's today? The *date*?

TITANIC EMPLOYEE

April fourteenth.

(curious)

Is there something I can help you with, sir?

GORDON

No.

(quickly)

Actually...yes...I'm trying to locate a passenger. Her name is Sylvia Peterson.

Gordon remembers the money in his pocket...pulls out the folded bills...fingers through them...

GORDON (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I'd be...*most* grateful.

Gordon removes an old FIVE-DOLLAR BILL...offers it to the Titanic employee...who takes it suspiciously...

INT. TITANIC/UPPER-CLASS DINING ROOM - DAY

IN TITANIC'S WELL APPOINTED MAIN DINING ROOM, Gordon sits at the bar.

Throwing an occasional glance over his shoulder, he scans the crowd of well dressed upper class PASSENGERS--particularly a strikingly beautiful woman sitting with a PARTY OF RICH AND FAMOUS.

This is SYLVIA PETERSON (mid-30's), and she simply rules the stars with an elegant beauty and grace. She is a famous operatic singer of the turn of the twentieth century.

Unnoticed by Gordon...someone sits at the other end of the room...a NEWSPAPER open...covering their face...

The newspaper shifts down slightly...it's the "one-eyed" assassin Speigel! Speigel shifts the open newspaper up again...concealing his face...

Gordon sees Sylvia excuse herself from her party and walk out toward the exit to the deck. Gordon lays a coin on the bar--

GORDON

(to BARTENDER)

Hold onto that. One day it'll be worth three hundred bucks.

After a strange look from the BARTENDER, Gordon turns and walks outside after Sylvia...

EXT. TITANIC/PROMENADE - NIGHT

Sylvia stands with her arms on the railing...looking out on the moonlit shimmering ocean. Gordon emerges behind her...sees her...approaches...

GORDON

Please tell me you're not contemplating throwing a priceless diamond overboard.

Sylvia turns to look on Gordon with a curious smile...noting his clothing.

SYLVIA

Indeed. Why would I do such a thing?

GORDON

Lost love? Maybe several hours from now?

SYLVIA

That's a bit melodramatic, don't you think...mister...?

GORDON

(offers hand)
Gordon. John Gordon.

SYLVIA

(takes his hand)
Sylvia Peterson.

GORDON

I don't mean to intrude...I am a friend of Herbert Wells.

The smile on Sylvia's face fades...and she turns away to look out on the moonlit ocean again...

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'm a professor at Princeton...the university.

SYLVIA

I know Princeton is a university, mister Gordon. Don't let my appearance fool you. I'm actually an educated woman.

Sylvia looks Gordon over...up and down...noticing his clothes...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

I don't seem to ever remember Herbert mentioning a John Gordon--or that he ever visited Princeton.

GORDON

Well he will--I mean *did*--and he spoke of you--quite highly as a matter of fact.

SYLVIA

Your conversation borders on impertinent, mister Gordon.

GORDON

Yes, I'm sorry--I apologize.

Sylvia turns to gaze out on the ocean again...

SYLVIA

Unfortunately it's been a while since Herbert and I communicated.

GORDON

Unfortunately? As a child one of my favorite books was *Fortunately* by an author named Remy Charlip.

SYLVIA

Strange name for a book--not to mention the author.

GORDON

It's a children's book about a guy named Ned that things happen to...one thing after another...alternating from good to bad...

(quoting book)

"*Fortunately* a friend loaned him a plane--*unfortunately* the engine exploded--*fortunately* there was a parachute in the plane--that kind of thing.

SYLVIA

Are you a professor of *literature*, Mister Gordon?

Sylvia gazes reflectively at the shimmering ocean...

GORDON

(smiles)

Actually I'm a climatologist.

Sylvia turns back and studies Gordon for a few moments...

SYLVIA

Well, mister Gordon, professor of whatever that is--I am going to take a walk. You are welcome to accompany me.

(MORE)

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

I'm afraid if I am forced to go back to my table and listen to more drivel from that stuffy crowd...perhaps I might indeed throw myself overboard. Diamond or no diamond.

GORDON

Then you leave me no choice but to accompany you. Rules of chivalry you know.

Gordon offers his arm...she takes it...and the two walk along the spacious main deck of the famous doomed ocean liner...

SYLVIA

This could prove practically scandalous...me walking with a man I hardly know--who knows somebody to whom I haven't spoken in years.

The ships BELLS chime the hour. Sylvia notices Gordon glance at his watch...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Are you late for something?

GORDON

No...my watch always runs five minutes slow.

SYLVIA

Perhaps you need a new one?

GORDON

Everyone's always telling me that.
(beat)
My wife gave it to me as an anniversary present.

SYLVIA

(disappointment)
You're married.

GORDON

No. Not anymore. She died unfortunately.

SYLVIA

I'm sorry for your loss.

GORDON

The watch is a reminder of all my time with her.

They walk...

GORDON (CONT'D)
He seems to really care about
you...Herbert does.

SYLVIA
I care deeply for Herbert too...but
love is an expiring sentiment.

GORDON
Perhaps you missed *your* calling. You
should consider acting. You almost
made me believe you really mean what
you just said.

SYLVIA
Indeed? And you, professor...if you
really are a professor--you almost
make me believe in honesty.
(looks ahead as they
walk)
I saw you watching me. I came out
here alone. I knew you would follow.
Then I could satisfy my curiosity.

GORDON
About what?

She stops...faces him directly.

SYLVIA
I am a very wealthy woman,
professor. I sense you know this
because you seem to know everything
about me. It might be easier for you
if you just tell me what it is you
want instead of wasting all your
efforts on being charming.

The smile fades from Gordon's face.

GORDON
The truth.

SYLVIA
You might find it refreshing.

Gordon thinks a moment, then addresses her just as directly.

GORDON
I'm from the future.

After a few moments of her studying this...

SYLVIA
(deadpan)
Was that so difficult?

Gordon leads her aside by the railing as his demeanor turns serious.

GORDON
I'm sorry, miss Peterson, but I watched my best friend in the whole world get murdered in cold blood right in front of my eyes. All I want to do is find Herbert so he can help me stop that from happening--

Gordon suddenly spots Wells a short distance away. He has been shadowing them...

GORDON (CONT'D)
That's him!

SYLVIA
(looks)
Who?

Wells sees he's been discovered...runs!

Gordon bolts after Wells--leaving Sylvia standing alone on deck confused and bewildered!

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(confused)
Good-bye?

In the crowd of other PASSENGERS--the one-eyed assassin Speigel also sees Wells running--pulls out his laser-sighted pistol and chases Gordon--who chases the fleeing Wells down some steps to a lower deck--where Wells stops two TITANIC EMPLOYEES--

WELLS
(points at Gordon)
Help! That man is bothering me!

The Titanic employees turn to see Gordon racing toward them and block his way...

ANOTHER TITANIC EMPLOYEE
Excuse me! Sir! May we see your passage please?

Wells slips away...leaving Gordon facing the two employees...

GORDON
What?

The sinister one-eyed Speigel rounds the corner...stops short when he sees this...conceals his laser-sighted pistol...backs up quietly unnoticed...

ANOTHER TITANIC EMPLOYEE
 Sir. Your ticket? May I see it
 please?

Still looking in the direction Wells went...Gordon begins
 shuffling through his jacket pocket...realizes all he has is
 the money from his collection...

GORDON
 (ruffles through
 pockets)
 I...I must have left it in my room.

EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

The legendary doomed ocean liner sails silently in the
 darkness of that fateful night...

INT. TITANIC/SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Gordon is locked in the confinement cell behind bars.

The TITANIC SECURITY CHIEF holds and studies a \$5 BILL. We
 also see the employee Gordon gave the bill originally to
 standing nearby as well as the BRIG SECURITY OFFICER.

TITANIC SECURITY CHIEF
 Best *I've* seen.

GORDON
 (annoyed)
 That's because it's *real*.

TITANIC SECURITY CHIEF
 (to Gordon)
 Yeah? Well in the future...not that
 you *have* one...you might want to pay
 attention to details. It's *1912*, not
 1934.

The Security Chief picks up Gordon's automatic pistol from
 the desk and turns to Gordon.

Gordon glances at the wall clock...which reads eleven o'clock
 then at his watch...

GORDON
 Is that clock correct?

BRIG OFFICER
 Buddy where *you're* going, you're
 going to need a *calendar*, not a
 clock.

TITANIC SECURITY CHIEF
 (to Brig Officer)
 Let the captain know.
 (re: Gordon's pistol)
 (MORE)

TITANIC SECURITY CHIEF (CONT'D)

And lock this up.
(to Titanic Employee)
You can go.

The Security Chief hands Gordon's pistol to the Brig Officer, and with a last glance at Gordon, starts out of the room...followed by the Titanic Employee and the Brig Officer...

GORDON

While you're talking to him, you
might tell him to keep his eyes
peeled for icebergs!

But Gordon's words fall on deaf ears as the three start out of the room...

The door shuts...leaving Gordon alone...locked up...

GORDON (CONT'D)

Good job, John. Way to go.

Gordon starts setting his watch to the wall clock as he paces back and forth inside the brig cell...

EXT. TITANIC - NIGHT

The LEGENDARY OCEAN LINER cruises silently through calm MOONLIT waters...

INT. TITANIC/SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

The wall clock reads 11:58 PM.

Gordon expertly picks at the cell door lock with his belt buckle when he hears the sound of a DOOR in the next room. He shoves his belt into his pocket.

The door opens and in comes Sylvia along with the Titanic Security Chief and the Brig Officer...

GORDON

Sylvia!

SYLVIA

You ran off and it took me hours to
find you.

GORDON

Sylvia! You've got to get me out of
here! There's no time to explain,
but Herbert is in danger and so are
we.

Sylvia studies him for long moments...then turns to the Titanic Security Chief...

SYLVIA

Please call the Captain for me.

The security chief simply looks at her...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Either you call for him or I do.

The Titanic Security Chief relents and walks out...leaving Sylvia, the Brig Officer and Gordon...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Because you say you are a friend of Herbert's is good enough for me for the moment.

(to Brig Officer)

Let him out of there for God's sake.

BRIG OFFICER

(firm)

Not me, ma'am. You can work this out with the Captain.

As the Brig Officer has his back toward the cell, Gordon's arms shoot through the bars and grab him in a headlock!

SYLVIA

No John!

GORDON

(Brig Officer)

Keys! Where?

SYLVIA

What are you doing John? This is not helpful!

Gordon inspires him with good wrench with his arms.

BRIG OFFICER

(painfully)

Desk...

GORDON

(to Sylvia)

Keys are on the desk, Sylvia! Get them!

Sylvia is in a vertigo of confusion...

GORDON (CONT'D)

Quickly!

Sylvia grabs the keys from a small service desk and brings them to Gordon...who quickly unlocks the cell door...

SYLVIA

Please, John...let me just talk to the Captain. I'm sure I can work everything out. I know the owner of the cruise line...

Gordon manhandles the brig officer and locks him in the cell...

GORDON

(glances at wall clock)

There's really *no time* to do that right now...trust me. Come on.

INT. TITANIC/CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Gordon pulls Sylvia along into the corridor of a lower deck...

SYLVIA

I really don't understand. Where are we going?

GORDON

We have to get to the cargo hold!

SYLVIA

The cargo hold? Why?

GORDON

What I told you earlier--I know it sounds crazy--*unbelievable*--I wouldn't believe me! But it's the God's honest *truth!* Sylvia. I'm from the future. I'm chasing your friend Herbert with his own time machine so I can retrieve his journal and so he can stop my best friend Sam from being murdered.

Sylvia's face sweeps with disbelief and concern...

Suddenly there is a slight LURCH and a distant GROANING GRINDING SOUND. Sylvia looks at Gordon with fear in her eyes. He looks at his watch.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Not to mention, this ship just hit an iceberg and is going to sink by morning.

SYLVIA

You should not say things like that.

GORDON
Do you want to die tonight?
 (on her look)
 Come with me then.

INT. TITANIC/PROMENADE - NIGHT

Gordon, with Sylvia in tow, emerge onto the main promenade and walk rapidly down towards the nondescript door to the upper class cargo storage area...

INT. TITANIC/CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

The room is as before...stacked cargo and netting. Gordon, pulling Sylvia along...

GORDON
 This way, come on!

Suddenly the "assassin" Speigel...with his eye patch and trenchcoat...steps out from the shadows between two stacks of containers...blocks their way leveling the laser-sighted pistol on them! Gordon shifts Sylvia behind him.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Stay behind me.

SYLVIA
 Why? Who is that?

SPEIGEL
 The journal, professor. Do not make it necessary for me to kill again.

GORDON
 I told you already. *I don't have it.*

SYLVIA
 You know this man?

SPEIGEL
Enough! The book!

The room LURCHES and LISTS SIDEWAYS followed by a distant GROANING sound...

Gordon leaps at Speigel...the pistol FIRES...the shot goes awry...hitting some cargo!

Gordon grapples and struggles with Speigel for the pistol as Sylvia watches helplessly...

Gordon's apparent past fight training catches Speigel off-guard, but Speigel is no pushover.

Speigel manages to wrench free...stumbles backwards with the pistol...slamming into a stack of crates and cargo!

A heavy piece of cargo tumbles and slams onto Speigel's head...knocking him unconscious...

Suddenly the ship LISTS again...MORE SEVERELY this time...and the room PITCHES sideways!

GORDON

Come on!

Gordon grabs Sylvia's hand and yanks her along down another space between stacked rows of cargo!

SYLVIA

Who was that!?

GORDON

An assassin! He killed my best friend!

Unsecured ITEMS AND OTHER CARGO begin to teeter and topple as the doomed ship PITCHES and SHUDDERS...

Gordon pulls Sylvia around a corner of stacked cargo...we see the cargo netting secured crates...but the time travel vehicle is not there!

GORDON (CONT'D)

Get in! Go!

SYLVIA

Get in *what!*?

Gordon grabs her hand--slams it down onto...

SWOOSH! Wells' time machine becomes VISIBLE! Sylvia SCREAMS!

GORDON

Get in!

Gordon pushes Sylvia into the cab and climbs in beside her!

The room LISTS and PITCHES again! More cargo begins to TOPPLE and TUMBLE!

Sylvia SCREAMS and grabs for the chassis...her hand almost slams *onto the blue button!*

Gordon grabs her hand hard!

GORDON (CONT'D)

No!

Gordon slams his key ring onto the console key receptacle!

The time vehicle's instrumentation HUMS to life!

The vehicle LURCHES off the floor to a HOVER! Sylvia SCREAMS!

SWOOSH! The bright swirling black-hole BURSTS open in front of the hovering vehicle!

There is a low ominous RUMBLE growing louder. They turn to notice...

A MASSIVE ROLLING WALL OF WATER IN THE DISTANCE...SURGING TOWARDS THEM...SWEEPING BETWEEN AND PAST THE ROWS OF STACKED CARGO...TOSSING ASIDE HUGE CRATES AND LUGGAGE AS IT GUSHES CLOSER!

Gordon hits the recessed monitor screen button labeled "1936."

SWOOSH! The time vehicle with Gordon and Sylvia LEAPS THROUGH THE BRIGHT SWIRLING BLACK HOLE!

They are swallowed up and the swirling black hole IMPLODES out of existence as the wall of water PLOWS into it...

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

SILENCE. DARKNESS...except for a SLANTED COLUMN OF DAYLIGHT SHAFTING through a street-level window into a dim, dingy, brick and mortar-walled basement...

SWOOSH! THE BRIGHT SWIRLING VORTEX BURSTS OPEN ON THE FAR BRICK WALL...

THE HOVERING TIME VEHICLE CARRYING GORDON AND SYLVIA LEAPS OUT...SKIDS TO A HALT JUST SHORT OF SOME WOODEN STAIRS leading up as they instinctively throw their hands up in front of their faces!

THE SWIRLING BLACK HOLE IMPLODES OUT OF EXISTENCE...cuts off a GUSHING WAVE OF SEAWATER from Titanic that SURGES THROUGH AND SPLASHES across the bare cement basement floor...

SPARKS from the St. Elmo's fire SKITTER brightly about the time vehicle...

The vehicle's engine WHINES down to SILENCE...

Sylvia continues breathing heavily...gathering her wits together...staring straight ahead...thinking. Gordon turns and watches her...saying nothing...

GORDON

Sorry I had to be so rough.

Gordon puts a comforting hand on her arm...which she immediately shoves aside violently and scrambles from the time vehicle...

SYLVIA

Don't touch me!

GORDON
Sylvia! Stop!

But Sylvia is hysterical. Gordon tries to grab her as she runs for the stairs--stops her just short and cups his hand over her mouth--

GORDON (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Sylvia! You can't go out there!

SYLVIA
(muffled)
Let me go! Let me go!

GORDON
(whispers)
Shhhhhh! Sylvia!
(whispers)
We're in somebody's house! Listen to me! We need to keep quiet! Somebody might be upstairs!

Finally she settles and both stand tightly embraced in the middle of the basement breathing heavily...

SYLVIA
This...is my house.

Surprised, he cautiously un-cups his hand from her mouth. She looks at Gordon's hand and the key ring on it.

GORDON
It is?

SYLVIA
My apartment building in Berlin.
We're in the basement.

Gordon hesitantly loosens his bear hug. She turns and backs away a step and stands...breathing heavily and glaring at Gordon...calming down some...

GORDON
Makes sense.

SYLVIA
How does that make sense?

GORDON
Herbert would know it's a safe place.

SYLVIA
A safe place for what?

GORDON
Did you say Berlin?

She again notices the key ring on Gordon's hand.

SYLVIA
Where did you get that?

GORDON
Herbert gave it to me.

SYLVIA
Did you steal it from him?

GORDON
Sylvia...do I really look like a
thief?

SYLVIA
I don't know *what* you look like. I
only met you an hour ago.

Gordon's gaze falls on several ANTIQUE-LOOKING ITEMS in one corner of the basement.

GORDON
Something tells me it's been more
than an hour--relatively speaking.
(thinks)
Let's go see if you still have an
apartment here.

SYLVIA
Why?

GORDON
We're a little out of style for 1936
don't you think?

SYLVIA
1936?

INT. SYLVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM/BERLIN - DAY

EXPENSIVE LOOKING, UPSCALE PERIOD FURNITURE and other DECORATIONS give the spacious apartment a vintage contemporary look.

Still dressed in his tuxedo he borrowed from some poor soul on Titanic, Gordon sits as Sylvia comes back in carrying some MEN'S CLOTHING. She is also DRESSED STYLISHLY...

SYLVIA
My friend Victor stays here over the
winter months--or *used* to. Some man
does apparently. I found these in
the guestroom closet.

GORDON
Let's hope whoever it is doesn't
come home and catch us here.

SYLVIA
Why? This is my apartment.

GORDON
Good point.

SYLVIA
The shirt and bowtie you're wearing
will be fine until we can stop
somewhere to get you something
better.

She hands a DRESS JACKET and PANTS off to him, which he takes
and steps just inside another room to start dressing while
she looks around...

GORDON
Smart thinking on Herbert's part,
using your basement to hide his
arrival.

SYLVIA
Do you think he's here?

GORDON
Good question. I'd better go back
down to the basement and move the
time machine...
(thoughtful)
So his *other* time machine has room.
(afterthought)
Wow. Plays with your mind.

SYLVIA
(looking around)
I like what I've done with the
place.

She pulls aside the DRAPES to look outside...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
All these red and black flags
everywhere. Not the Berlin I
remember.

GORDON
Yeah, Adolf Hitler. Nazi Germany.
You aren't Jewish are you?

SYLVIA
With a last name Peterson? No. Why
do you ask?

GORDON
Not a particularly good time to be
Jewish in Germany.

SYLVIA

I do have some very good Jewish friends here.

She notices a NEWSPAPER on the table. Picks it up to look at it...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Apparently it's August third.

Gordon comes out, now dressed in the new pants and jacket. She turns to look him over.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Not bad.

GORDON

Thanks, I think.

(afterthought)

Did you say August third?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Back in the basement Sylvia and Gordon come in to what looks like an empty room. Gordon walks across to where their time machine ground to a halt earlier. He reaches out with his hand and to his point of view, the time machine magically appears.

GORDON

Maybe just push it a little further this way...

With one shove, there is a CLANK and after moving a foot or so, is stopped.

SYLVIA

What's wrong?

GORDON

Something's in the way.

Gordon lets go of his time machine and walks to the open floor where he was trying to push. He smacks into something we don't see. He reaches out--touches and magically another TIME MACHINE IDENTICAL TO his appears.

GORDON (CONT'D)

He's here. He must have arrived while we were upstairs.

SYLVIA

Where would he have gone?

GORDON

(firm)

I know *exactly* where.

SYLVIA

Well good. Because I don't know about you, but I'm starved.

(smiles)

I haven't eaten anything since 1912.

GORDON

Sylvia...I don't have any money. They took it all from me when they locked me up.

SYLVIA

Don't worry about that. I know a place.

GORDON

We don't have a lot of time to waste.

SYLVIA

We have to eat, no?

INT. GRAND HOTEL/BERLIN/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Spacious...elegant and well-attended by an eclectic collection of international PATRONS dining at tables. Two entire walls are windowed...looking out on twilight Berlin...

A PIANIST plays a large concert piano as WAITERS mill about quickly...

Sylvia and Gordon enter and approach the MAITRE D'. Gordon still wears his tuxedo and Sylvia her evening gown from Titanic.

The Maitre d' quickly escorts them through the crowd to a table, where they sit across from each other.

SYLVIA

Don't worry. I know the owner of the hotel.

(sees someone)

There he is.

KLAUS (55) a distinguished, well dressed man with a kind expression on his face comes quickly across the room toward her. She stands and they embrace...

KLAUS

(German accent)

Look at you. You look so young and wonderful! Where is this fountain of youth?

Klaus reminds us of Claude Rains in his demeanor.

SYLVIA

Thank you, Klaus.

(indicates Gordon)

Klaus, my good friend John Gordon.

KLAUS

(cordial)

Herr Gordon. A pleasure.

(back to Sylvia)

How do you stay so young my dear?

(to Gordon)

The voice of an angel.

(afterthought)

Are you attending the games?

SYLVIA

Funny you should ask, actually.

Klaus this is rather embarrassing...but we've had a little incident. We've been traveling and unfortunately my luggage never made it here. My tickets were lost.

KLAUS

(faux indignation)

Those idiots at the airport. How do you lose something on an airplane?

(epiphany)

I have a box at the stadium. It is yours my angel! You and your guest. I fear I am so busy I shall have no time to attend every event.

SYLVIA

You are too kind, Klaus.

KLAUS

Yes, well, for now, you shall dine--

Klaus waves over the waiter who comes in a snap.

KLAUS (CONT'D)

(to waiter)

These are my personal guests, you understand? Whatever they want. Bring the bill to me.

The waiter nods profusely and is off motioning to other SERVERS...

KLAUS (CONT'D)

Eat! This is my hotel. I insist!

With a last kiss-kiss, Klaus is off across the room...

GORDON

Charming. Old friend?

SYLVIA
 I travel around the world, mister
 Gordon. In my circle I have friends
 like Klaus from here to Tokyo.

INT. GRAND HOTEL/BERLIN/RESTAURANT - NIGHT (LATER)

Time has passed. A WAITER clears away some DISHES of mostly
 eaten food...

GORDON
 You know, I have to admit, you
 surprise me.

SYLVIA
 How is that professor Gordon?

GORDON
 You're really taking things rather
 well.

SYLVIA
 Things?

GORDON
 All of this--time travel nonsense--I
 thought for sure after your little
 freak-out in the basement--

SYLVIA
 (annoyed)
 If you are suggesting that I'm some
 sort of hysterical woman? I can take
 care of myself, thank you very much.

GORDON
 Of course I was not suggesting that.

SYLVIA
 That man with the patch over his
 eye?

GORDON
 Spiegel. He's--
 (lowers to a whisper)
 He's an assassin for Hitler. He's
 after Herbert's journal. He asked my
 help to get it back...
 (anger)
 But I don't give a--
 (catches himself)
 I don't care about any of that. I
 need Herbert to *unlock* that machine
 so I can go back and stop Spiegel
 from killing Sam.

SYLVIA
 This is all very complicated.

GORDON
Tell me about it.

The Pianist concludes a number and the room responds with reserved APPLAUSE. Gordon gazes for some long moments, losing his urgency...lost in his own thoughts...

SYLVIA
What are you looking at?

GORDON
(looks at pianist)
That could have been me if my father had his way.

SYLVIA
Your father was a pianist?

GORDON
My father inherited a piano and had delusions of grandeur. When he couldn't accomplish it himself, he tried to live those delusions through his son.

SYLVIA
You didn't want to play the piano?

GORDON
I wanted to grow up and be Captain Kirk of the starship Enterprise.

SYLVIA
(kind smile)
You say the strangest things sometimes, professor. You are much like Herbert.

GORDON
After recitals and other performances, while everybody was applauding me and telling me how great I was, my father would pull me into a room and yell at me for missing one note.
(emphasis)
One note.
(afterthought)
He made me hate music.

Sylvia sits back...studies Gordon's face for a few moments...

SYLVIA
It is unnatural for a human being to hate music.

After studying him for a few more moments, Sylvia stands...extends her hand to him...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Come with me.

GORDON

I don't dance.

SYLVIA

When a lady stands, a gentleman stands.

GORDON

Does a lady also ask a gentleman to dance?

SYLVIA

I'm not *asking* you to dance.

Gordon hesitantly stands...she takes his hand...

GORDON

You're right. We should get moving.

She holds his hand firmly and leads him from the table.-- walking purposefully through the crowded room toward the piano--where the pianist has just finished. She gets in a short CONVERSATION with him in GERMAN...

GORDON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

What are you doing?

The Pianist smiles...points to some books of sheet music on the piano. She rustles through some pages...

SYLVIA

You can read, no?

GORDON

Read?

SYLVIA

Music.

GORDON

(irritated)

Of course I can. Why are you doing this?

SYLVIA

Because I need to know who you are, professor Gordon. If you're telling the truth--you'll be able to sit here and play.

(whispers)

I need to *trust* you.

GORDON
 (whispers)
 And this is *how*?

SYLVIA
 If you are telling the truth, then I
 will know your character. If you are
 lying?

GORDON
 Sylvia--I am not lying.

SYLVIA
 There it is then.

She gestures to the piano bench. The Pianist graciously
 stands and also gestures.

Gordon regards Sylvia for a few moments...sees she is
 determined.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
 You're going to look awfully foolish
 just standing here with me while I
 sing.

GORDON
 (incredulous)
 You're going to sing?

Gordon sees there's no winning.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 This is a bad idea.

He relents, sits...slowly on the piano bench...

He regards the room patrons who only give them passing
 notice...sets the open sheet music in front of him.

Clasping his fingers together...he flexes them...then lays
 them on the keys...begins to PLAY...

UN BEL DI` , VEDREMO FROM PUCCINI'S OPERA MADAME BUTTERFLY...

Sylvia opens her mouth and angels seem to appear as her
 MAGNIFICENT VOICE SWEEPS THE ROOM...

Gordon is surprised...and his fingers find the keys with a
 refined and commanding touch. He plays with surprising
 grace...

One-by-one, the patrons and employees in the room begin to
 take notice...stop talking and listen...

Klaus happens back into the room...sees this...smiles proudly
 as he folds his arms...

Gordon begins to be drawn into her performance...his eyes closing as he feels the music and Sylvia's voice...

Meanwhile, a group of high-ranking GERMAN OFFICERS bustle into the restaurant...surprising the Maître d'.

There's something very familiar about the group as they crowd at the entrance. Among them...

SPEIGEL...with his eye-patch, he wears a HIGH-RANKING GENERAL STAFF OFFICER'S UNIFORM instead of the trenchcoat and hat we have seen him in before.

The entourage parts to let someone through...

ADOLF HITLER...unmistakably...with an emotionless expression on his face.

Klaus sees this...is suddenly off to talk to them...

Speigel looks around the room but gives little reaction to either Sylvia or Gordon playing the piano.

The nervous Maître d' is about to lead Hitler's entourage off when with just the slightest gesture of a raised hand--Hitler stops them cold in their tracks. Hitler's hypnotic gaze locks on Sylvia singing as Gordon playing the piano--who is completely absorbed and unaware of Hitler's presence...

Hitler starts to walk toward them...followed closely by two SS TROOPERS...

Hitler arrives to stand unnoticed a few steps to Gordon's and Sylvia's left, while the SS Troopers are to their right.

Hitler listens to the performance--his eyes close in rapture...

Their performance concludes and the surprised patrons erupt in exuberant APPLAUSE...

Gordon opens his eyes to notice the SS Trooper to his right. He turns left...

And there's Adolf Hitler inches away from him! Gordon freezes...

An excited Klaus is immediately over taking Sylvia's hands vigorously...

KLAUS

(excited)

It is like the return of a long lost love!

(to Hitler)

Mein Fuhrer, may I present...

SYLVIA
Leisel Peterson, mein Fuhrer.

He watches in horror as Hitler takes Sylvia's hand...smiling.
She is the vision of culture and social grace.

Sylvia and Hitler CONVERSE IN FRIENDLY GERMAN while Gordon
doesn't know what to do or say...

Gordon's eyes fall onto Spiegel...who gives Gordon only
passing interest.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(to Gordon)
The Fuhrer has invited us to join
him for dinner.

GORDON
(whispers)
What did you tell him?

SYLVIA
He is the chancellor of all Germany.
I told him we would be honored, of
course.

INT. GRAND HOTEL/RESTAURANT/PRIVATE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In the private dining room--Sylvia and Gordon have been
dining for some time now with Hitler and his
ENTOURAGE...which looks like a twisted Nazi recreation of the
"last supper."

There is constant CONVERSATION IN GERMAN between Hitler and
his minions...and Sylvia...

Gordon tries his best to follow the CONVERSATION...going
along with a forced smile or nod occasionally...

The dinner party is a who's-who of the Third Reich...
HEINRICH HIMMLER, JOSEPH GOEBBELS, RUDOLF HESS...all the
familiar names from history's "rogues gallery." The one-eyed
Speigel...the future assassin...bedecked in his sharp staff
uniform exchanges occasional glances with Gordon.

A flourish of LAUGHTER around the table in response to
something Hitler says.

SYLVIA
He said he had no idea hosting the
Olympics would draw such
distinguished guests...he says he's
going to make sure Germany hosts the
Olympics from now on.

GORDON
 (forced smile,
 sarcastic)
 How convenient.

SYLVIA
 Are you alright?

GORDON
 (dry)
 Just fine. Why do you ask?

SYLVIA
 Stand up and ask me to dance.

Before Gordon can respond, Sylvia takes Gordon's hand and stands...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
 (acting)
 Why thank you. I would love to
 dance, Herr Gordon.

Sylvia rolls her eyes upward...Gordon is forced to stand.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
 (to Hitler and
 entourage)
 He is such a romantic. If you
 gentlemen will excuse us?

Hitler stands...followed by his minions. Sylvia more or less leads Gordon from the table to a remote area of floor...they begin to dance...

GORDON
 Is he one of those friends in your
 circle from here to Tokyo?

SYLVIA
 Don't be impertinent professor. We
 have been invited us to join the
 Fuhrer at the stadium tomorrow as
 his personal guests.
 (on his look)
 You said Herbert tries to kill
 Hitler? This is fate, no?

Gordon quiets down as they continue to dance...

GORDON
 What I *can't* understand is why
 Speigel doesn't seem to recognize
 me?

SYLVIA
 Is this not a good thing?

GORDON
More like disconcerting.

They continue dancing...

GORDON (CONT'D)
So does this mean we're finished
with the trust building?

SYLVIA
You're a very good dancer,
professor.

GORDON
My wife and I used to ballroom
dance.

SYLVIA
(slight
disappointment)
You're married?

Gordon is quiet. Sylvia leans back...gazes for a few moments
into his eyes...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(realization)
You lost her.

GORDON
You're very perceptive.

SYLVIA
I see it in your eyes. How if I may
ask?

GORDON
She was murdered.

SYLVIA
Good God. I'm so sorry.

They continue dancing...

GORDON
I was out of town, returning home.
Before I arrived, somebody broke
into the house.

We see Gordon's eyes glisten. Sylvia brings him close as they
continue dancing...

DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM, 1936 OLYMPICS - DAY

FLOURISH OF THE OLYMPIC FANFARE. We're at the famous 1936
Olympics in Berlin.

A massive GRAF ZEPPELIN fills the sky over the CROWDED stadium...

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/HITLER'S SKY BOX - DAY

Hitler and his ENTOURAGE--now including Gordon and Sylvia--sit watching the event from Hitler's personal sky box...

Gordon scans the SPECTATORS in the nearby stands...looking...

Nearby LENI RIEFENSTAHL and her camera CREW film the event...

SYLVIA

(looking)

You really think he'll try here?

GORDON

This would be the perfect opportunity. Clear lines of fire.

(afterthought)

Then again like he said, he's a writer, not an assassin. It's like trying to find a needle in a haystack.

SYLVIA

Maybe you should think like a writer.

GORDON

I can't even write like a writer.

Gordon's eyes lock momentarily with Speigel's for a few moments...both grimly studying each other...before Gordon looks away and continues scanning the spectators...

Gordon's eyes fall on the field...where he sees the relay race about to begin. His eyes widen as he spots...

Some RUNNERS line up on the track...

The starting pistol FIRES and the racers take off!

GORDON (CONT'D)

This is unbelievable.

SYLVIA

What is?

GORDON

This--all this. This moment. I've seen it a hundred times growing up.

SYLVIA

Well I've never seen it, so don't spoil it for me.

SPEIGEL
 (in English with
 heavy German accent)
 Herr Gordon...I have been meaning to
 compliment you on your piano playing
 last night. Is it possible we have
 met before?

Gordon glares at Speigel. Sylvia intercedes wisely...putting
 her hand on Gordon's.

SYLVIA
 Herr Gordon just has one of those
 faces, Herr Speigel.

Speigel nods, unconvinced but unsure, then turns back to
 watch the event.

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/MAIN ARENA - DAY

The track team relay is in full gear as the RUNNERS sprint...

The crowd CHEERS...

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/CATWALK - DAY

A figure lays on their stomach with a scoped rifle aimed out
 across the stadium. It's Wells...and with hardly the demeanor
 of an assassin, he nervously shifts about with his eye to the
 scope of a HIGH TECH FUTURISTIC RIFLE...

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/HITLER'S SKY BOX - DAY

Unlike other spectators, Gordon scans the stadium...

Another FLOURISH of cheers! Gordon looks down at the
 field...and his eyes lock...

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/MAIN ARENA - DAY

The Medals Ceremony...FRANK WYKOFF, JESSE OWENS, RALPH
 METCALFE, FOY DRAPER...on the platform.

We hear the BAND play begin to play *THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER*
 as the U.S. Flag rises above the platform...

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/HITLER'S SKY BOX - DAY

Gordon and Sylvia stand up instinctively...Gordon places his
 hand over his heart...

They are the only two standing among Hitler and his infamous
 entourage seated in his box...

Gordon mouths the words. Sylvia sees this...picks up and
 SINGS with her beautiful operatic voice...

SYLVIA

(singing)

*What so proudly we hail, by the
twilight's last gleaming...*

Hitler's narrows his gaze on his guests as do Speigel's, and soon Hitler's entire ENTOURAGE...

In a nearby sky box...an OLDER WEALTHY AMERICAN MAN hears Sylvia's voice singing and looks up to see Sylvia and Gordon standing. He taps his COMPANIONS to get their attention. They begin to proudly SING the *Star Spangled Banner* too...

In a row near the singing men, a WOMAN hears this and taps her HUSBAND. They join the SINGING...

Like a domino effect...the infectious SINGING sweeps the stadium in a wave...ONE-BY-ONE...GROUP by GROUP...visiting AMERICANS join the GLORIOUS PATRIOTIC OUTBURST...led by Sylvia's magnificent voice...

Down on the field...Jesse Owens and his athletes take notice...

It's a scene for all time. Among the hundreds of Nazi flags and banners bedecking the stadium, AMERICANS SINGING LOUDLY AND PROUDLY...

Hitler gazes on the spectacle with an expression somewhere between anger and curiosity...

Gordon spots a BRIGHT GLOWING RED LASER DOT dancing across Hitler's entourage...finally stopping on Hitler's uniform...

GORDON

Watch out!

Gordon's scream attracts the attention of Hitler and his minions!

POW! A GUNSHOT echoes and a bullet SMASHES and SPLINTERS the wood back of the chair in which Hitler sits...tearing a hole in his uniform lapel!

Gordon leaps at Hitler...shoving him from his chair to the floor! Gordon is just a breath away...gazing eye-to-eye with the most evil villain the world has ever known...

Speigel leaps to his feet...points to a service catwalk above another sky box several sky boxes away...

POW! Another SHOT smashes into the nearby wall!

SCREAMS from close-by SPECTATORS!

The German SOLDIERS guarding the box burst toward Gordon, who lays across Hitler...their sub-machine-guns leveled!

The others in Hitler's entourage dive to the floor for cover and crawl about in the chaos...

Gordon rolls off Hitler and clambers to his feet...

GORDON (CONT'D)
 (to Sylvia)
 Stay here!

Gordon sprints from the box...

EXT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/CATWALK - DAY

Wells clumsily tries to re-chamber another bullet...

SNAP! A bullet RICOCHETS off the wall next to him!

A bright glowing red LASER DOT dances along the wall!

SPLANG! Another shot RICOCHETS!

Wells' face wide with shock...he leaps to his feet...SHAKES THE FUTURISTIC RIFLE, WHICH MORPHS ...stumbles backwards...runs frantically!

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/UTILITY ROOM - DAY

The other "time-shifted" one-eyed "assassin" Spiegel...in his trademark trenchcoat and hat...aims his own laser-scoped rifle out the small utility room window at Wells' perch across the stadium!

"Assassin" Spiegel lifts his eye from the scope...then quickly disassembles his sniper rifle and packs it in a special case...

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HITLER'S SKY BOX

Gordon sprints down a hallway full of German SOLDIERS racing in the same direction...pushing through the crowds...

THERE ARE VINTAGE TELEVISION SCREENS HIGH ON THE WALLS OF THE HALLWAY (note: first Olympics to be televised with the new technology).

GERMAN SOLDIERS begin to post themselves at the various positions...

Gordon charges down the bustling corridor after the German soldiers...

BUMP! Gordon plows right into someone going the other way! They lock gazes! It's Wells!

GORDON
 Wells!

Wells shoves him away and sprints off!

Gordon stumbles and races after Wells...both pushing their way through the crowds...

But Wells continues even more fervently...shoving and pushing people out of the way...fleeing...

Wells spots a nondescript closed door!

He looks back at Gordon...then bolts back across the hallway toward it...bursts in through the door!

Gordon runs after him...charges in after him...

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/STORAGE ROOM

DARK except for a few scattered boxes stacked here and there...Gordon bursts in...frantically looks around the seemingly empty room...

GORDON

Wells! It's professor Gordon! You gave me the key ring to your time machine! You asked me to go back in time and retrieve your journal and destroy it! You came to me! Wells!

SWOOSH! THE FAMILIAR BRIGHT BLUE SWIRLING BLACK HOLE EFFECT BURSTS OPEN...

GORDON (CONT'D)

Wells!

THEN SWALLOWS ITSELF UP as if it were never there...leaving Gordon alone in the room...

INT. OLYMPIC STADIUM/CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HITLER'S SKY BOX - DAY

Sylvia stands among a squad of German soldiers...and Hitler and his entourage...crowded in front of the entrance to Hitler's sky box...

Gordon walks toward them...still breathing heavily...

SYLVIA

(whispers)
Did you find him?

GORDON

(whispers)
He got away.

Hitler approaches...along with a couple of his entourage and the SS translator. Hitler's uniform is torn from the glancing gunshot and he holds a folded cloth to his neck where the bullet grazed.

SS TROOPER

(English)

Herr Gordon...the Fuhrer wishes to thank you for saving his life. He is most grateful.

GORDON

(fumbles)

Most kind.

Hitler offers his hand to a shocked Gordon...who hesitates...then takes it.

Hitler grips and shakes it firmly...then releases it and moves off with his entourage and the soldiers...

Speigel gives Gordon a lingering look of curiosity...then catches up with Hitler and his entourage...

GORDON (CONT'D)

(epiphany)

Jesus Christ what have I done?

INT. SYLVIA'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM/BERLIN - DAY

The front door opens and in come Gordon and Sylvia...

GORDON

Grab whatever you might need and let's go!

SYLVIA

I'm going with you!

GORDON

No you're not!

SYLVIA

Yes I am! You can't leave me here!
This isn't even my time!

Gordon suddenly realizes she's right.

GORDON

Fine. Come on.

Gordon turns, she stalls...

SYLVIA

Wait!

GORDON

Sylvia, we don't have time.

She walks quickly to a cabinet in the living room, bends down, opens the door, reaches in...

SYLVIA
(smiling)
Good. It's here.

GORDON
What is?

She pulls out a BOOK--IT'S WELLS' "THE TIME MACHINE" NOVEL.
She flips it open, it's HOLLOWED OUT, from which she takes a
large stack of MONEY and stands up...

SYLVIA
I always keep a little something on
hand for emergencies.

GORDON
Well I think this officially
qualifies.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Gordon and Sylvia come running down the steps...

Once at the bottom, Gordon leads her across the room, his arm
outstretched...finally his hand grips the time machine, which
RIPPLES TO VISIBILITY...

Suddenly he pauses...

SYLVIA
What's wrong?

Gordon backs off, heads over to where the other time machine
was earlier...reaches for it...nothing.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
What is it John?

GORDON
The other machine that was here is
gone.
(thinking)
But Wells *left* the stadium in his
time machine.

SYLVIA
Speigel?

GORDON
No. Wells said the one Hitler had
built from his stolen plans wasn't
as advanced. It couldn't move. It
couldn't turn invisible. This one
was identical to mine.

SYLVIA

(bemused)

All I have to say is that it's quite confusing keeping it all straight.

GORDON

Besides, if it *had* been Speigel, he would have just come upstairs after us when he got here.

SYLVIA

Maybe he didn't know I lived here?

GORDON

Did they track us or was it just dumb luck they came to this exact same spot?

(realization)

The machine that was here didn't belong to either Speigel or Wells.

SYLVIA

Who then?

GORDON

I don't know, but *whoever* they are, they've gone somewhere else.

INT. CATACOMBS BENEATH PARIS - NIGHT

DARKNESS. In a small, dark cob-webbed centuries old catacomb somewhere beneath Paris, the now familiar bright flash of swirling light bursts open and suddenly a time machine coalesces into existence. The St. Elmo's fire skitters in sparkles as it winds down.

This time we can "see" Speigel's time machine, which is not invisible. It's the same "classic" model we've seen in countless movies...but it's painted gloss black and has a fire-red swastika emblazoned on its side.

"Assassin" Speigel glares out with his one good eye. He pulls out his laser-sighted pistol, chambers a round with evil determination...

EXT. NOTRE DAME/PARIS - DAY

An IRON DOOR SOMEWHERE ALONG THE STONE WALL OF SOME VERY OLD STRUCTURE pushes open and Speigel emerges, looks up at THE EIFFEL TOWER rising into the sky...

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER/MAINTENANCE ROOM DOOR - DAY

A closed nondescript metal door opens slowly...just barely enough for Gordon to peer out through the crack. His eyebrows raise.

GORDON
Your friend Herbert sure has a flair
for the dramatic.

Sylvia peers out past Gordon and her eyes widen...

GORDON (CONT'D)
Know anyone in Paris in 1940?

SYLVIA
1940? Not to be morbid, but they're
probably all dead...myself included.

We sweep away from the famous *Eiffel Tower* reaching up into the warm June sky above the sprawling Paris vista. Gordon and Sylvia and the door they peer out of off the main platform shrinks to a speck...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. PARIS - DAY

A huge contingent of GERMAN SOLDIERS march in formation down the quaint streets of the famous city...

A PANZER TANK rolls through the intersection of another street...

Near a cafe of outdoor tables and PATRONS a military truck stops and GERMAN SOLDIERS disboard quickly and deploy in various directions...

END MONTAGE.

EXT. CAFÉ PIERRE - DAY

On a quaint Parisian street in a sparsely patronized outdoor café, Gordon watches a company of SS TROOPERS march past in formation...

The Eiffel Tower rises in the distance, framed by the buildings on either side at the end of the street.

Sylvia approaches and sits...

SYLVIA
Apparently my friend Pierre was
arrested last night.
(afterthought)
My God, he must be almost seventy
now. Who would arrest a seventy-year-
old man?

GORDON
(the soldiers)
They would.

SYLVIA
 (looking at soldiers)
 This is very sad. Why doesn't
 America do something.

GORDON
 Don't worry. Six months from now
 Japan will attack Pearl Harbor and
 they will.

They watch the last of the SS troopers pass with concern...

SYLVIA
 So how do we go about finding
 Herbert?

GORDON
 Well, if I remember history in *my*
 timeline, Hitler comes into town for
 one day for a sort of "victory lap"
 around occupied Paris. That's
 Herbert's best and only
 opportunity...and ours.
 (sees something)
 Uh-oh.

SYLVIA
 What?

Past Sylvia's shoulder, Gordon sees an SS CAPTAIN and one of
 the TROOPERS have entered the café and begin to question a
 PATRON at another table...

Nearby...one very nervous BUSBOY clearing a corner table
 watches this fearfully...

*SMASH! Suddenly the fearful Busboy drops his bus-pan...knocks
 both it and the table over...LEAPS over the café railing and
 sprints into the street!*

SS CAPTAIN
 Halt!

Two more SS Troopers by their car across the street
 immediately level and SHOOT the fleeing Busboy with their
 submachine-guns...viciously mowing him down...dead...face-
 first in the street...blood pooling around him on the ground!

SYLVIA
 (shock)
 Good God!

The stern looking SS Captain turns to look toward Gordon and
 Sylvia's table.

Gordon tenses...but Sylvia puts her hand on his and squeezes.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Let's try it *my way* this time.

The SS Captain approaches with his two troopers and stands gazing on them with a grim, suspicious expression...

SS CAPTAIN
(stern)
Papers.

Gordon tenses again and Sylvia squeezes his hand tightly.

SYLVIA
(equally stern in
GERMAN)
What is your name, soldier.

Gordon doesn't understand since they speak in German.

SS CAPTAIN
(corrects)
Captain! Enough! Papers! Now!

For added emphasis the SS Captain motions to his two troopers...who unslung their submachine-guns and move forward...

SYLVIA
(unfazed, rising
anger)
*We are personal friends of your
Fuhrer...Captain! This is John
Gordon. He saved your Fuhrer's life
four years ago during the Olympics.
Perhaps you're too young to
remember? Now I suggest before you
do something rash...that you call
someone more important than yourself
and check with them before you find
yourself on the front
line...Captain!*

The SS Officer is silent. Gordon looks expectantly at the seemingly bewildered man.

His steely expression cracks...caught flat-footed by the bold and un-intimidated Sylvia...who shows absolutely no evidence of fear or wavering whatsoever...

SS CAPTAIN
(curt)
You will please wait here.

With that...the SS Captain once again sharply clicks his heels...turns...and motions his troopers to follow him as he walks off...

GORDON
What the hell just happened?

SYLVIA
 I told them who you were.

INT. PARIS INN/GORDON'S AND SYLVIA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Gordon finishes slipping off his shoes as Sylvia emerges from the bathroom wearing a robe.

GORDON
 You're awfully pleased with yourself, aren't you?

SYLVIA
 Admit it. You're impressed.

GORDON
 What I am...is *exhausted*.

She goes to the bed...sits...slips off the robe and slides beneath the covers...

She looks on Gordon sitting on the couch...arranging cushions...

SYLVIA
 There *is* enough room on the bed, John.
 (before he can respond)
 And please spare me your male chauvinist notions of propriety.

Gordon thinks...gets up and goes over to the bed and sits. He pulls the pillow out from under the cover and sets it against the headboard...then lifts his legs onto the bed and lays back.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
 You can turn out the light now John.

Gordon reaches...snaps off the LIGHT. BLUE MOONLIGHT streams in the window...glows off their faces...

Sylvia leans over...kisses him on the cheek.

GORDON
 (suspicious)
 What's that for?

SYLVIA
 (sarcastic)
 I absolutely swoon when men say things like that.
 (smiles)
 It's for saving my life.

She kisses him again.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
And that's for doing things my way.

GORDON
Something tells me things usually
get done *your* way.

SYLVIA
(chuckles)
Good night, professor Gordon.

She turns back over.

INT. PARIS INN/GORDON'S AND SYLVIA'S ROOM - MORNING

BANG! BANG! Bright morning sunlight streams in the window as someone KNOCKS loudly on the door!

Gordon bolts from the bed to his feet...having slept fully dressed on top of the covers.

On the bed...Sylvia yanks the blanket up to cover herself.

Gordon reaches for the doorknob tentatively, turns and opens the door...

It's the SS Captain again...from the café yesterday...standing at attention...clicks his heels...

SS CAPTAIN
Heil Hitler!

INT. SEDAN - DAY

The streets of Paris pass outside the windows of the SEDAN in which Gordon and Sylvia ride in the back seat. In front sit the SS Captain and a DRIVER.

Another SEDAN follows behind them...

SYLVIA
(whispers to Gordon)
I think if we were in trouble they
would have just shot us already.

A ROAD SIGN passes by the window...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(reading)
Railroad station.

EXT. PARIS RAILROAD STATION - DAY

The sedans drive through a HEAVILY GUARDED checkpoint toward the rail terminals...finally pulling to a stop in front of...

A PARTICULARLY "SPECIAL" LOOKING HIGH GLOSS BLACK PAINTED PARLOR CAR WITH A SWASTIKA EMBLAZONED ON THE SIDE AND RUNNING FLAGS ON THE ENGINE.

The SS Troopers from the follow-up car have gotten out and open the car doors for Gordon and Sylvia to get out.

In moments...coming out of the parlor car...Adolf Hitler again. He and a couple of his aides approach Gordon and Sylvia...

A suddenly smiling Hitler extends his hand and shakes both Sylvia's and Gordon's vigorously...speaking to her in German...

SYLVIA
(translating for
Gordon)

He thanks you again for saving his life and he welcomes you to Paris.

GORDON
So I guess this means we don't die today?

SYLVIA
(smirks)
I can ask.

Gordon nods his head and forces a smile as Hitler and Sylvia continue to chat in German...

Gordon notices Speigel and both exchange nods and reserved looks of recognition...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
He says he is just about to take a drive around the city and asks us to please join him.

GORDON
You just can't write this stuff.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

HITLER'S MOTORCADE

DRIVING THROUGH THE NAZI CAPTURED CITY OF OCCUPIED PARIS...

SOMEONE SHOOTS FILM from one of the FOLLOW-UP CARS...

THEY RIDE THROUGH THE PICTURESQUE CITY...passing famous landmarks...but the streets are strangely vacant of people with heavily guarded checkpoints.

RIDING IN A CAR BEHIND HITLER'S, Sylvia notices Gordon is thinking with a curious expression on his face...

SYLVIA

What is it?

GORDON

Hitler arrived to Paris on a plane...not a train. He landed somewhere outside the city. At least he did in the history I know.

SYLVIA

Is this important?

GORDON

I really don't know anymore. I think we're off the grid...historically speaking.

EXT. PARIS/THE MADELEINE - DAY

HITLER'S MOTORCADE

CONTINUES PAST THE MADELEINE...

CONTINUES DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES...

EXT. PARIS/TROCADERO - DAY

HITLER'S MOTORCADE

Stops and Hitler poses for the FAMOUS PHOTOGRAPH in front of the stone balustrade overlooking the Seine and the Eiffel Tower. Gordon and Sylvia watch with the rest of the ENTOURAGE...

EXT. PARIS/ARC DE TRIOMPHE - DAY

HITLER'S MOTORCADE

drives beneath the famous monument...

EXT. PARIS/THE INVALIDES - DAY

TOMB OF NAPOLEON

Hitler stands apart...watched by the others as he gazes thoughtfully down at the tomb of Napoleon...

END MONTAGE.

EXT. PARIS RAILROAD STATION - DAY

A MAN...seen only at the waist...approaches the open window of a MILITARY STAFF CAR. He carries a briefcase at his side and wears a German officers' uniform.

WELLS
 (in German)
 Nehmen Sie mich zur Paris Oper!

The rear car door opens. The man climbs in...

INSIDE THE GERMAN MILITARY STAFF CAR

The car lurches off...

REVEAL...Wells sitting in the back seat...dressed in a German officers' uniform. He glances at his watch...then removes and opens his JOURNAL from his pocket...begins to quietly WHISPER to himself a phrase in German...over-and- over...practicing as the streets of Paris pass by his window...

WELLS (CONT'D)
 (whispering,
 repeating)
 Dringende communicae von Berlin für
 das Fuhrer. Dringende communicae von
 Berlin...

The DRIVER's eyes look back at Wells from the rear-view mirror...

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE - DAY

Gordon, Sylvia and entourage watch...Hitler gazes on the great stairway of the world famous Paris Opera auditorium...resplendent in its ornamentation and sweep...the splendid foyer...the elegant, golden parterre...

Gordon's eyes shift around nervously...scanning the rows of seats...the balconies...

GORDON
 (to Sylvia)
 It's *absolutely imperative* Herbert sees you. Be as visible as you can. Sit as close to him as you can. Make a scene if you have to. Whatever. Herbert *has to see you*.

SYLVIA
 What are you going to do?

GORDON
 Ask if it's okay if I take a look around by myself. Go on. Ask.

SYLVIA
 (to Hitler)
 Würde es gut sein, wenn Herr Gordon einen Blick herum nahm?

One of Hitler's ENTOURAGE nods his head. Gordon excuses himself and starts off up the aisle. Sylvia begins to talk to Hitler in German...

EXT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE - DAY

Outside the famous landmark, the car carrying Wells drives up, stops--and Wells climbs out with his BRIEFCASE.

He notices the three cars of Hitler's motorcade parked nearby.

With a breath of gathered resolve, Wells walks with confidence straight toward two SS TROOPERS guarding the main entrance to the building.

WELLS

(sharply in German)

*Dringende communicae von Berlin für
das Fuhrer!*

The SS Troopers salute and wave him past and Wells walks on inside...

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE/UPPER CORRIDOR

Gordon walks alone down the outer hallway to the upper balcony to the spacious main auditorium...scanning it's ornate decor and the doors to the boxes...

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE

Back inside in the main opera house, Hitler, his entourage and Sylvia gaze up at the balconies of the spacious, sweeping grand room, talking...

SYLVIA

Now if you really want to see something, herr Hitler, you should see the opera house in Moscow...

HITLER

I assure you, frauline Peterson, I will.

There is a hesitation, then general LAUGHTER from his entourage...

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE/STAIRS

Wells, carrying his briefcase, briskly steps his way up some darkly illuminated stairs...passing MORE POSTED GUARDS, who wave him by...

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE/UPPER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Gordon rounds the curved corridor, sees some guards who seem to already know who he is--in fact, slowing him down by smiling and shaking his hand

Finally moving by his fan club...Gordon pulls aside the drapes to one of the boxes to peer briefly inside...sees nothing...lets them go and is about to continue when...

Suddenly a familiar angelic VOICE echoes through the corridor...singing acapella...*Je chante avec toi liberté*...the French rendition of *Va Pensiero* (Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves) from Verdi's opera *Nabucco*...

Gordon pulls aside the drapes again...then pushes through the drapes to stand inside the posh box and look down to see...

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE

Sylvia stands onstage...facing the opera house of empty seats...all except for Hitler and his minions...who sit in a few front row seats listening to her sing an Aria ironically crying for Jewish freedom from oppression...in the language of the country he just vanquished...

ANOTHER HALLWAY

Wells pauses in his tracks, hearing Sylvia's voice echo through the hallway...

OPERA BOX

Gordon smiles...then raises his eyes to begin scanning the balconies and boxes that stretch across the upper levels of the beautiful opera house...

SPEIGEL

Your language...

Speigel's voice behind Gordon gives him a start!

Gordon spins to face the future killer of his best friend...standing in the draped doorway.

SPEIGEL (CONT'D)

...has always been difficult for me.

Wearing a trenchcoat...it's "assassin" Speigel.

Gordon shifts his eyes back down to see the "other" Speigel...still sitting with Hitler and his minions...unaware...

Sylvia's VOICE continues to echo gloriously...

SPEIGEL (CONT'D)
 Strange to look on one's self in
 such fashion.

Gordon glares at "assassin" Speigel with barely concealed seething hatred. Speigel regards him briefly...then sweeps his hand along the drape...

GORDON
 (barely controlled
 rage)
 I should kill you right now.

But "assassin" Speigel has quickly brought out his laser-sighted pistol and aims it at Gordon...the bright RED LASER DOT glowing on his chest...

SPEIGEL
 (firm)
Sit down, professor.

Gordon sits slowly in one of the plush deep red velvet seats...

"Assassin" Speigel sits likewise...in the seat facing him...his laser-sighted pistol never wavering...concealed behind the edge of the box

SPEIGEL (CONT'D)
 And now...we simply wait for our
 mutual acquaintance to reveal
 himself.

Gordon tries desperately to make eye contact with Sylvia onstage...to no avail...as she continues SINGING *Je chantes avec toi liberté...*

SPEIGEL (CONT'D)
 How ironic this all is, no? You
 follow Wells to stop me...I follow
 you...and you lead me right to him.

Seeing "assassin" Speigel's eyes have strayed to scan the upper balconies, Gordon becomes rigid...prepares to spring...

But Speigel catches him...firms his grip on his pistol aimed at Gordon...the laser dot glowing on his chest...

ANOTHER BALCONY

WELLS
Sylvia?

Wells' voice ECHOES from a high balcony opera box where he stands...a rifle hanging loosely from his fingers at his side! He looks bewildered and confused as he stares down at Sylvia onstage...

MAIN FLOOR

Sylvia squints upward to see him...

SYLVIA
(unsure)
Herbert?

Hitler bolts to his feet...spins around and snaps his eyes upward! His entourage jumps to their feet as well!

OPERA BOX

GORDON
Wells get down!

ANOTHER BALCONY

Wells' eyes snap to see Gordon and "Assassin" Spiegel on the other balcony!

OPERA BOX

Gordon lunges at the distracted Spiegel...smashing into him!
Spiegel's pistol FIRES...the bullet GOES ASTRAY!

MAIN FLOOR

Several SOLDIERS of Hitler's protective contingent leap into action...aiming and FIRING their machine-guns upward at Wells!

Hitler is rushed out as bullets fly!

SYLVIA
(to soldiers)
Herbert!

But bullets SHRED the balcony to splinters...strafing and ripping into Wells as well!

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
(anguish)
NO!

Wells' face blanks! His fingers release the rifle! He teeters and falls over the balcony railing!

MAIN FLOOR

Sylvia SCREAMS!

Wells tumbles downward from the high balcony to hit the floor far below!

The force of the impact causes Wells' journal to jettison from his pocket and skitter across the floor!

Sylvia rushes over and falls to her knees beside Wells!

OPERA BOX

Gordon and "Assassin" Speigel wrench at Speigel's pistol!

"Assassin" Speigel shoves Gordon backwards...smashing his back over the railing!

GORDON
The journal, Sylvia! Get the journal!

"Assassin" Speigel tries to wrench the pistol toward Sylvia!

Gordon wrenches the pistol from "assassin" Speigel and slugs him in the face!

The senseless "assassin" Speigel stumbles backwards!

Gordon's last punch sends "assassin" Speigel against the balcony railing! He loses balance and topples over!

Gordon rushes to the railing...sees Speigel face down on some seats far below...

He sees Sylvia crouched over Wells' body!

Gordon sees Speigel's laser-sighted pistol on the floor of the opera box...snatches it...races out...

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE

Sylvia cradles Wells' head in her arms...

WELLS
(clinging to life,
smiles)
Sylvia...

SYLVIA
(anguish)
Don't move my love.

Gordon races from the door onto the main floor and over to Sylvia...falls to his knees over Wells...

GORDON
Herbert! Tell me how to unlock your machine! I need you to tell me! How do I do it!?

SYLVIA
Stop John!

Gordon shoves his hand and finger wearing the key ring in front of the dying Wells' eyes...

GORDON

My friend Sam is dead because of
you! How do I unlock it! Wells! Tell
me! How do I unlock it!

But Wells' face goes blank and he dies...

SYLVIA

(anguish)

No!

Sylvia cries and cradles the dead Wells' in her arms...

We hear VOICES in German yelling somewhere in the distant
corridor!

Gordon begins to crawl about the floor frantically looking
and sweeping his hands beneath chairs etc.

Gordon sees a small weathered book under a seat! He grabs it.

More VOICES and FOOTSTEPS. Gordon quickly scans the room with
his eyes...

GORDON

(softly)

Sylvia we have to go.

EXT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE - DAY

Gordon and Sylvia emerge from the alley beside the building
to see Hitler's 3-car motorcade drive off with a SCREECH!
Gordon pulls her back behind the corner of the
building...where they see...

A military TRUCK lurch to a stop in front of the Paris Opera
House. Soldiers quickly deploy off the truck and into the
building...

Two other open-top military VEHICLES SCREECH to a halt just
behind the truck...inside which is the SS Captain who
harassed them in the cafe.

Gordon looks down at his emotionally destroyed companion...

GORDON

(whispers)

Okay Sylvia sweetie...I need you to
walk with me here. Take my arm.

Gordon conceals Speigel's pistol between himself and Sylvia
as they walk closely together toward the same car Wells
arrived in earlier...

Carefully keeping an eye on the soldiers...the two arrive by
the car where Gordon shoves his arm in the window...whacks
the driver unconscious...then opens the door and pulls him
out to the ground...

GORDON (CONT'D)
 (whispers to Sylvia)
 Get in! Hurry!

Gordon follows Sylvia in and shut the door...

SS TROOPER
Halt!

Through the window Gordon sees an SS Trooper burst from the door yelling frantically and pointing excitedly at Gordon and Sylvia in the car!

GORDON
 (Sylvia)
Hold on!

Gordon jams his foot on the gas pedal and the car SQUEALS off!

SS Troopers OPEN FIRE on them in a HAIL OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE!

The SS Captain yells to some German soldiers...who quickly deploy into the truck and the other vehicles and SCREECH off in pursuit!

EXT. PARIS STREETS - DAY

MONTAGE: CAR CHASE

It's a classic car chase! Gordon driving his sedan...its military fender Nazi flags FLAPPING and fluttering as they race through the streets of German occupied Paris!

Gordon barrels right through a heavily GUARDED checkpoint as confused SOLDIERS finally open FIRE on them!

Shortly the truck and military vehicles race through the checkpoint in pursuit!

ANOTHER STREET

SQUEALING around the corner up a narrow street...Gordon almost hits two GERMAN SOLDIERS riding a motorcycle and sidecar! They join the chase...

BULLETS ZING AND POP OFF THE CAR as Gordon swerves and jams the accelerator...screeching around turns...barely avoiding PEDESTRIANS etc.

The Eiffel Tower looms over some buildings...noticed by Gordon as he turns in the general direction of it...

Gordon throws the steering wheel and the sedan SKITTERS around a corner...where he jams the brake pedal...bringing the car to a SCREECHING LURCHING HALT!

GORDON

Come on!

Gordon throws open his door...pulls Sylvia out and down a narrow alley between two buildings!

The first vehicles SQUEALS and CRASHES into the rear of Gordon's abandoned vehicle!

ANOTHER STREET

Gordon and Sylvia race from the alley down another narrow street...the Eiffel Tower clearly visible in the distance...

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER/GROUND LEVEL - DAY

With forced calmness, Gordon holds Sylvia's hand, and they assume a calm demeanor as they walk toward the base of the Eiffel Tower, which are heavily patrolled by German SOLDIERS.

Gordon notices Sylvia's eyes are glistening. He takes her gently by the shoulders...

GORDON

Sylvia honey...I'm very sorry about Herbert...I really am...but we're in trouble here. I need you to work your magic again, okay? Let's get it together, okay? You can do it.

One of the lead SOLDIERS sees and starts toward them waving his hand in warning...

Sylvia shakes off the tears...nods her head...just as the German Soldier steps up...he immediately recognizes Gordon's face...smiles profusely...shakes Gordon's hand excitedly and salutes...

The Soldier excitedly waves over a couple other SOLDIERS...who join in the excitement at having a hero in their midst...

GORDON (CONT'D)

Apparently they haven't radioed any alerts about what happened yet. We don't have much time. Tell him we want to go up.

Sylvia begins to converse with the Soldier in German while the crowd of other soldiers excitedly grab Gordon's hand to

shake...hammering him with CONVERSATION he doesn't understand...but smiles and nods as best he can...

SYLVIA

(Gordon)
He's letting us go.

The Lead Soldier continues talking to Sylvia as he and the others escort she and Gordon past the blockade barriers...to the entrance to the elevator of the Eiffel Tower...

The Lead Soldier steps aside to let Sylvia and Gordon enter the elevator first...then steps in.

There is a radio-telephone RINGING coming from a GUARD STATION nearby. One of the soldiers starts over to answer as the elevator doors shut...

INT. EIFFEL TOWER/ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator with Gordon, Sylvia and their friendly Soldier begins to rise up into the legendary steel structure...

Through the window behind their friendly companion, Gordon sees the soldier that answered the radio-telephone begin to wave his hands excitedly to the others...who unsling their machine-guns and begin to rush toward the stairs!

GORDON
(Sylvia, loudly)
Look at that view.

Gordon turns and pushes Sylvia toward the window...blocking the soldier's view...

Through the window Sylvia spots a bunch of SOLDIERS running up the stairs...just feet below the ascending elevator! She turns to Gordon and they share a look.

BRINGGGG! The elevator telephone RINGS loudly and urgently! The soldier reaches for it...

Gordon whips out the pistol he took from Speigel at the opera house...slams it hard onto the poor soldier, who slumps unconscious to the floor of the elevator.

Suddenly the elevator LURCHES to a stop at the main level of the Eiffel Tower. The doors OPEN...

GORDON (CONT'D)
Come on!

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER/MAIN LEVEL - DAY

Gordon and Sylvia run quickly across the main level of the famous structure!

PING! ZING! ZIP! Bullets suddenly ricochet all around them!

GORDON
There's the door! Go! Go!

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER/MAINTENANCE ROOM DOOR - DAY

Bullets HITTING all around...Gordon grabs the door to the maintenance room...shoves it open...shoves Sylvia in...pushes in after her...slams the door as bullets THUNK into it!

Fifteen or so German troopers race toward the maintenance room door! They arrive...one KICKS the door open...

Surprise on their faces! Looking in...the room is empty!

SWISH DISSOLVE TO...

INT. CAMPUS CLOCK TOWER/CLOCKROOM - NIGHT

SUDDEN SILENCE. We're back in the familiar peaceful environment of the Princeton University clock tower...

SWOOSH! The bright swirling black hole BURSTS open!

The time vehicle with Sylvia and Gordon SHOOTs out and SKIDS to a stop on the wooden floor!

SWOOSH! The swirling black hole IMPLODES out of existence...leaving just the bright skittering SPARKLES of the St. Elmo's effect bouncing on the floor around the time vehicle as its instrumentation WINDS DOWN to silence...

The gaping hole from the smashed clock face glass lies all around on the floor and the sounds of CRICKETS can be heard...

Sylvia and Gordon breathe heavily. Gordon sees emotion overtake Sylvia as tears pool in her eyes...

GORDON
(gently)
I'm sorry, Sylvia.

Gordon pulls Sylvia into his arms...where she cries...

SYLVIA
(through sobs)
I never told him anything.

Gordon holds her tight...comforting her for a few moments...

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Where are we?

GORDON
Princeton. The *real* question is *when*
are we?

Gordon reaches into his pocket...pulls out Wells' journal...begins to flip through the pages of the weathered book...

SYLVIA

What are you looking for?

GORDON

There's got to be something in here...something that will tell me how to unlock this damn machine.

Gordon presses his finger on the console monitor...bringing up the same dialog window we saw earlier...asking for the "code".

GORDON (CONT'D)

It wants a password...a code word of some kind.

He continues flipping pages in the journal...

GORDON (CONT'D)

If you have any ideas...favorite song...favorite book...anything he might have said...

Gordon gets a quick idea...reaches to the keyboard...types in "Sylvia"...presses enter...doesn't work. He frowns...continues flipping pages in the journal...

GORDON (CONT'D)

(idea)
What's his birthday?

SYLVIA

Uh...September twenty-first.

Gordon types in "9-21"...

GORDON

Year?

SYLVIA

1866...I think.

Gordon types and adds "66" to the "9-21-". It doesn't work.

GORDON

(thinking out loud)
Maybe without the dashes...

Gordon types it in again...no luck.

GORDON (CONT'D)

(idea)
What's *your* birthday?

SYLVIA

June twenty-seven, 1875.

Gordon types in several versions of Sylvia's birthday...no luck. He sits back...frowns.

GORDON
(shakes his head)
This is pointless. It could be
anything.

He begins once again to leaf through the pages of Wells' journal...

SYLVIA
Why did he lock it?

Gordon types in a couple more password attempts with no luck.

GORDON
He didn't want me to make the same
mistake he did...keep going back
trying to fix things...playing
"God"...

Gordon freezes...has an idea...reaches to the keyboard...types in "God"...hits the enter key...

The screen suddenly switches to another display showing empty entry fields for "Date" "Time" and "Location"!

GORDON (CONT'D)
(victory)
Yes!

Suddenly Wells' glowing HOLOGRAM again appears beside the vehicle in the darkness...startling Sylvia!

WELLS
(hologram)
John...please...I must implore
you...*do not do this*...

Sylvia gazes in shocked fear at Wells' glowing life-like holographic image...

GORDON
(Sylvia)
It's not real, Sylvia! It's not
real! It's a holo--it's a
projection.

WELLS
(continuing)
Please John...I know what I'm
talking about...

Gordon reaches for the monitor screen...jams his finger on it...Wells' hologram FLICKERS out of existence...

GORDON
Sylvia...it wasn't real! See? *It wasn't real.*

Sylvia settles down...

SYLVIA
What doesn't he want you to do?

Gordon's face sweeps with resolve.

GORDON
Precisely what I'm *going* to do *right now.*

INT. CAMPUS CLOCK TOWER/CLOCKROOM - DAY

We're still in the clock tower...but we don't see either Gordon or the time vehicle...just the sinister Speigel...holding his pistol on a fearful Sam as he talks on Sam's phone to the invisible "other" Gordon...

SPEIGEL
We can save ourselves...much difficulty...if we simply cooperate. I know Wells came to you. You will bring me his journal now.

SAM
(unnerved)
Hey Zeigfried...wanna maybe dial down the arch-villain shtick?

SWOOSH! The now familiar bright swirling black hole *BURSTS* open on the other end of the clockroom! Both Sam and Speigel turn to see it.

Seemingly from out of thin air...the "future" Gordon leaps out and *SHOOTS* at Speigel...who tumbles backwards through the stairwell opening in the floor.

GORDON
Let's go Sam!

Gordon grabs the confused Sam by the arm and yanks him along toward the other side of the room...

SAM
(befuddled)
You've got a gun, John.

Speigel recovers...starts to his feet. Gordon aims...*FIRES* at him!

GORDON
Get in!

SAM
Get in *what*?

Gordon shoves Sam forward...and he disappears into thin air.

SAM (CONT'D)
Holy shit!

Gordon notices *himself* standing at the other end of the room...bewildered.

GORDON
(to himself)
Get back in that thing and get out of here!

POW! Speigel fires from the stairwell opening in the floor. Gordon FIRES back several times sending up splinters of floor wood.

GORDON (CONT'D)
(to "himself")
Go!

Gordon falls into the seat of his time vehicle...next to Sam and Sylvia. Sam offers his hand.

SAM
What the fuck?

GORDON
Welcome to *my* world.

Gordon activates the machine and in moments they are swallowed up in the swirling vortex. The last thing we hear is Sam's screaming voice...

EXT. PRINCETON CAMPUS/LECTURE HALL - DAY

Now we're in the hallway just outside of the lecture hall where we saw Gordon holding class at the beginning, we see Wells walking to stand just outside the door to the lecture hall...from which Gordon's voice ECHOES...

Wells starts to walk inside when a hand grabs his shoulder from behind...stopping him.

GORDON
Herbert.

Startled...Wells, turns to see our "future" Gordon...and is confused...

WELLS
(pointing to
classroom)
But you're--how did...

GORDON
No time to explain. Come with me
now.

WELLS
(confused)
Yes...I do need to talk to you
professor...I just didn't expect you
to be so eager after--

Gordon turns...shoves his hand holding Wells' journal into
his face.

Wells' grins broadly.

WELLS (CONT'D)
(excited)
You did it!

GORDON
Of course I did it!

Past Wells' shoulder, Gordon spots Isa coming down the
hallway carrying the picnic basket...stops abruptly by a
closed door...quickly opens it and shoves Wells inside an
empty classroom with no lights...

GORDON (CONT'D)
Wait in here.
(shoves journal into
his hand)
Hold onto this.

WELLS
But...

Gordon shuts the door in his face.

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - DAY

Wells turns around...still confused...looks around the empty
classroom. Smiles at the journal in his hand...

SYLVIA
Herbert?

Wells spins toward where the familiar VOICE came from...sees
nothing but dark empty classroom...

WELLS
(confused)
Who's there?

Seemingly from nowhere...Sylvia emerges from thin air in the
corner of the classroom...

WELLS (CONT'D)

(shock)
Sylvia?

Sylvia rushes toward Wells and embraces him!

WELLS (CONT'D)

(tears of happiness)
I thought I'd lost you!

From thin air...Sam emerges from the invisible time vehicle...

SAM

(deadpan)
Hi. Sam.

INT. PRINCETON CAMPUS - DAY

Gordon steps in front of Isa...surprising her...

GORDON

Isa.

ISA

(jolted, smiles)
John? You gave me such a start.
(looks at her watch)
You finished early? I was just--

Gordon pulls her aside.

ISA (CONT'D)

(shows basket)
I brought lunch.

GORDON

Good...because after I say what I'm going to tell you, you're going to go right into that classroom and meet me for lunch.

ISA

(confused)
But I don't understand...you're here...

GORDON

Yes...I know...it's going to seem confusing, I know.
(choosing words)
I'm going to say something to you. You're going to think I'm crazy...but just listen. Can you do that?

ISA
 (uncertain)
 Yes, of course. You're scaring me
 John.

GORDON
 (gently,
 affectionately)
 I'm going to walk away in a
 moment...and you're going to go
 ahead and walk into that classroom.
 I'm going to be there just like I am
 right now. I know it makes no sense--
 and it probably never will--and when
 you see me in that classroom--I
 won't remember any of what I'm
 saying to you right here either.

ISA
 (forced smile,
 slightly unnerved)
 John...you're confusing me.

Gordon leans in...gives her a gentle loving kiss...leans back
 and smiles at her...

GORDON
 (smiles)
 Have I ever said thank you for what
 you've done for me?

ISA
 It's just *lunch*...

GORDON
 Not lunch...everything. Everything
 these last few years--putting up
 with a man with a wounded heart--
 nursing it back to life--you are a
 wonderful, *wonderful*, sweet woman
 and I don't deserve you. Fortunately
 I'll still have you in the end.

He leans in...gives her a very loving kiss...

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Now go on into that classroom, okay?
 Go on in there. Have lunch with me.
 Everything's going to be alright
 now. Do you believe me, Isa?

ISA
 (forced smile)
 Yes.

GORDON
 (smiles)
 Good girl.

Gordon gives her a quick parting kiss...backs up...smiles at Isa. She smiles back.

Gordon nods his head in the direction of the classroom...mouths "go on."

Isa looks at the picnic basket...shrugs...turns and starts into the lecture hall. Gordon watches her disappear...

GORDON (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Goodbye Isa.

Gordon turns quickly...walks back toward the other classroom where he left Wells...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The classroom door opens and Gordon comes in to see Wells, Sylvia and Sam...

SAM

So. John. Lots of things to talk about.

GORDON

(to Sam)

Later.

(to Wells)

Give me the book.

Wells hands him the journal...

GORDON (CONT'D)

No...the *book* in your pocket. The book you're going to give me. With the key ring in it.

Wells remembers...pulls the wrapped package from his jacket - hands it to Gordon...who hastily tears off the wrapping...dumps the other key-ring from inside into his hand...tosses the book to the floor.

GORDON (CONT'D)

Get to the clock tower. To your time machine. Take Sylvia and Sam. I'll meet you at the cave.

Gordon turns and hurries toward the classroom door as he shoves Wells' ring onto his finger...

GORDON (CONT'D)

I'll see you there!

SYLVIA

But...where are you going John?

Gordon turns back around with a look of resolved determination...

Gordon turns...opens the door...and is out...

DISSOLVE TO...

EXT. GORDON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A bright FLASH of light BLINKS from the shadows somewhere behind Gordon's house.

Moments later...from the shadows...Gordon creeps up the driveway...peers cautiously before proceeding...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The front door cracks open slowly. Gordon peers in...then slips in and quietly closes the door...

SILENCE. The lights are off but deep blue MOONLIGHT STREAMS IN THE WINDOWS...

Gordon steps quietly and cautiously across the floor...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Gordon peers into the dark kitchen. Nobody is there.

BRINNNGGGG! The kitchen wall telephone RINGS LOUDLY, startling him!

Catching his breath...the phone RINGS once more and stops short...

Stopping to listen intently...he hears the MUFFLED SOUND of a VOICE from upstairs. He moves on toward the stairs...

INT. GORDON'S HOUSE/STAIRS - NIGHT

Gordon quietly climbs the stairs. The VOICE grows louder as he rounds the top of the stairs and moves on toward his bedroom...

LIGHT GLOWS beneath the crack of his bedroom door...

Gordon tiptoes closer and closer to the door as the muffled VOICE grows louder...it's a WOMAN'S VOICE...talking on the phone...

SARAH
 (muffled through
 door)
 I miss you too.
 (beat)
 Just watching a little TV before
 bed.
 (LAUGHS)
 (MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

It was *your* idea to put the TV in the bedroom.

Gordon puts his hand against the bedroom door and pushes it open slowly...

A familiar woman stands with her back to us and the phone to her ear.

It's Sarah! Alive and well. She's a vision of kindness and serene beauty. She stands quietly smiling to herself...unaware that Gordon gazes upon her--transfixed--his face betraying such a surge of emotion...his eyes pooling with tears...

SARAH (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I can't wait either. Good luck tomorrow. Hurry home, okay? I love you. Bye.

Sarah hangs up the phone...stands there for a second or two...

SARAH (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I love you, John.

GORDON

(quietly)

I love you too, Sarah.

Sarah spins around to face him with a yelp!

SARAH

Jesus you scared me John!

(suddenly confused)

But...you're in Chicago...?

(smiles)

And I fell for it.

She rushes to hug him...

SARAH (CONT'D)

I knew you'd make it. I just knew it.

GORDON

Sarah.

She sees tears begin to stream down his face as he is overwhelmed by the moment...

SARAH

John? Are you alright?

Gordon walks slowly toward her...speechless...his eyes welling with tears. He stops facing her...touches her shoulders...

SARAH (CONT'D)
John? What's wrong? You're crying.

GORDON
(emotional)
I've missed you so much Sarah.

Gordon cuts her off...pulls her into an epic embrace that releases the pent up emotions of many years of sadness...

SARAH
It's okay John. Wow.

GORDON
(emotional)
I love you Sarah. I love you so much.

SARAH
I love you too. You're shaking.

She reaches with her finger to his lips...

SARAH (CONT'D)
(smiles)
It's okay. It's a nice surprise.

Gordon's smile fades...he looks at his watch...

GORDON
(suddenly serious)
Sarah we need to go.

SARAH
Now?

Gordon quickly turns her and leads her toward the closet...

GORDON
Quick...get dressed.

SARAH
You're just full of surprises. What should I wear?

GORDON
It doesn't matter. Quickly Sarah. There's not much time to explain but we have to go.

SARAH
What's the rush?
(smiles)
We're catching a plane. Exciting!

Gordon notices the clock on the night-stand is five minutes ahead of his watch...

GORDON
Oh shit!

SARAH
What?

Gordon is suddenly epically urgent...

GORDON
Forget getting dressed Sarah...we have to go *right now!*

SARAH
Settle down John. We'll make the flight.

GORDON
(sharp)
Now Sarah!

Sarah's smile fades...

SARAH
(slightly unnerved)
You're scaring me John.

GORDON
(softens)
I know...I'm sorry...you'll have to trust me. Come on.

Gordon takes her arm and pulls her along...

SUDDENLY ISA IS STANDING IN THE DOORWAY!

GORDON (CONT'D)
(shock, confused)
Isa?

SARAH
(confused)
John? Who is this woman?

GORDON
What are you doing here?

Stepping out behind her and holding his pistol to her head is Spiegel! Sarah SCREAMS!

ISA
(fearful)
John!

SPEIGEL

Is not time travel wonderfully convoluted, professor Gordon? It is strange to hear one's own dying words telling you everything.

(on Gordon's look)

Yes, the opera house.

ISA

I'm sorry John.

GORDON

(kind)

No...it's not your fault.

SARAH

(unnerved)

What's going on, John? Who are these people?

GORDON

Sarah...this is going to be very hard to understand sweetie but...

Gordon's face suddenly sweeps with epic realization as he spins back to Speigel...

GORDON (CONT'D)

You! It was you! While I was away in Chicago! You killed her!

SARAH

Killed who?

SPEIGEL

Now give me that journal or both of them die.

ISA

(fearful, pleading)

John please do what he says. Give him what he wants.

Speigel yanks Isa's head by the hair...smashes his pistol against her jaw!

SPEIGEL

Enough!

GORDON

No!

(resign)

I don't have it!

(on Speigel's reaction)

But I'll take you to it!

INT. ACTIVE VOLCANO/CAVE

CONSTANT RUMBLING. FREQUENT SHAKING...we're deep inside the cone of an gigantic active volcano...

High up on the inside wall...a narrow balcony-like cliff at the end of a cave hangs precariously over the vast expanse of roiling lava hundreds of feet below...casting an incandescent red-orange GLOW over the entire scene...

Through the opening high up we see smoke with occasional glimpses of blue sky...

Just inside the cave opening...crates of supplies are stacked against the wall...along with a canvas-covered wheeled vehicle of some sort.

Sam and Sylvia stand just outside the cave door opening watching...

Wells...who reaches...his arm half-invisible until suddenly the time vehicle RIPPLES INTO FULL VISIBILITY...

Wells tosses the journal onto the seat of the time vehicle, and then walks over to the canvas covered wheeled vehicle...takes a corner of the tarp and yanks it off to reveal...

A FUTURISTIC LOOKING TRACKED VEHICLE that reminds us of the Chariot in the old 1960's *Lost In Space* TV series. It's sort of a super-large mini-van meets RV...with heavy-knobbed wheels in the back and an articulating tank-track covered wheel assembly in front.

SAM

Gotta tell ya. Kind of nervous here, what with being inside a volcano and all.

Wells ignores him, pulls out a REMOTE KEY FOB...presses the button. There is a familiar sort of car alarm CHIRP as...

The rear door to the vehicle CLICKS open and RAISES...

Wells picks up one of the plastic cargo boxes and shoves it into the vehicle...

SWOOSH! A bright flash behind them and they turn to see the familiar swirling vortex EXPLODE open...then IMplode out of existence.

SYLVIA

John!

Gordon emerges from thin air...climbing out of the newly arrived invisible time vehicle. He has a worried look on his face.

Sarah follows, then Isa...as they emerge from invisibility...

Finally Speigel emerges from invisibility. His eyes are locked on all of them and his pistol aimed unwaveringly...

Wells' face flushes with horror!

SPEIGEL
(motions to Gordon
and Sarah)
Over with them!

Gordon helplessly takes Sarah's hand and they backstep over to join Wells, Sylvia and Sam...

Speigel keeps Isa with him.

WELLS
What happened?

GORDON
I'm sorry.

Sam is shocked to see Sarah.

SAM
(shock)
Sarah?

Speigel looks at his captured party with satisfaction...

SPEIGEL
All together at last. Excellent.

Wells recognizes Isa...

WELLS
(disdain)
Isolde.

GORDON
(shock)
You *know* her?

WELLS
She's one of Speigel's agents. She's
after the journal too.

GORDON
What?

GUNSHOT! Speigel's face suddenly goes blank and he drops to his knees...falling face-first to the ground a few feet from the precipice.

Behind him Isa holds a SMOKING PISTOL!

Sarah SCREAMS! Isa smiles at Gordon.

ISA
 (looks on Speigel)
 The clumsy fool. He had no vision.

GORDON
 (shock)
 Isa?

ISA
 I'm afraid it is true my love.

Isa looks and smiles at Gordon, who is still overwhelmed by this revelation as Isa picks up Speigel's pistol and holds it leveled on them...

ISA (CONT'D)
 I finally realized I could have the journal for myself. So, while Speigel was off chasing you...failing time after time...I realized all I had to do was to patiently wait for you to retrieve it for me.

She spots Wells' journal laying on the bench seat of the visible time vehicle...a smile...and she picks it up and waves it for emphasis.

ISA (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

GORDON
 (realization)
 It was you who searched my office that night. *That's* why you were in such a hurry to leave.
 (emotional)
 All this time...and you're one of *them*?

ISA
 A Nazi? John...do you really think that little of me? Do you think I would just give something this powerful to the *Nazis*?

GORDON
 (disdain)
 I have no idea what you would do.

Without taking the pistol off them...Isa bends down...grabs a fist-full of dirt...tosses it in the direction of the invisible time vehicle she just came in on...

The dirt FALLS AND COATS THE INVISIBLE MACHINE like the dust in the clock tower did earlier.

ISA
 (to Sarah, indicates
 Wells)
 ...take his ring and bring it to me.

SARAH
Ring?

ISA
 (harsh)
 Do it *now!*

Isa switches on the LASER scope of the pistol and a BRIGHT RED DOT glows on Sarah's chest...

GORDON
 No!

Gordon turns to Wells...takes his hand...slides his key ring from his hand...

ISA
Bring it here!

Gordon walks slowly, carrying Wells' key ring...over to Isa...

ISA (CONT'D)
 Stop there! Put it down there!

Gordon freezes in his tracks by the right rear fender of the undamaged time vehicle.

He reaches and sets the key-ring on the fender.

Isa waves the pistol to indicate for Gordon to move back...which he does...backing away two steps.

Isa steps forward...the pistol laser dot now glowing on Gordon's chest as she reaches and picks up the key-ring and with a last look at it...hurls it over the precipice...

ISA (CONT'D)
 (indicates the other
 "invisible" time
 vehicle)
 Now...push it in!
 (points to Sylvia)
 You...help him!

Wells makes a start...

ISA (CONT'D)
 No! *Her only!*

Sylvia walks cautiously over to stand next to Gordon. Both set themselves behind the dirt-covered "invisible" time vehicle...and with great effort...begin to shove it toward the cliff's end drop-off to the roiling glowing magma caldera below...

With one final heaving shove...Gordon and Sylvia shove the heavy, partially visible machine over the edge...

It tumbles for hundreds of feet...finally plunging into the sea of fiery lava far below...

Isa smiles...steps backwards a couple steps...up against the other time vehicle...the pistol never wavering from them...

GORDON

(disdain)

How could I have been so blind?

ISA

Don't be so hard on yourself, John.

(looks at Sarah)

But just to let you know...I was the one who killed Sarah while you were away. Not Speigel.

(pitiful smile at
Gordon)

Don't you see? With her gone it was easy. You were a man devastated by the death of his one true love.

(evil smile, cold
whisper)

You were helpless.

A QUAKING RUMBLE shakes the ground under their feet...

ISA (CONT'D)

But now I'm afraid it is time to say goodbye. Millions of years from now somebody's going to dig up your fossilized bones and wonder what happened here.

WELLS

You can't leave us here! This volcano is going to erupt in less than twelve hours!

ISA

(smiles)

Even better. No evidence.

Isa steps backwards up and into the other time vehicle. Without shifting her eyes or the pistol from them. She reaches to her pocket...pulls out the other key-ring and touches it to the console port. The machine WHINES to life!

Isa puts a foot up into the running board of the time vehicle...turns to Gordon...

ISA (CONT'D)

Adieu my love.

SUDDENLY the ground QUAKES and LURCHES violently!

Isa...who is only half-standing in the ROCKING vehicle...teeters off-balance!

Gordon leaps at her!

Isa swings the pistol back at him...but Gordon knocks it away...slamming into her...they both tumble into the seat!

Gordon turns to her...

GORDON

Go to hell!

And with that...Gordon SLAMS his fist down onto the "blue button!"

Isa's eyes widen in fear!

Gordon LEAPS backwards off the time vehicle just as the SWIRLING BLACK HOLE BURSTS OPEN AND SWALLOWS ISA AND THE VEHICLE!

Gordon turns away from Isa's horror-stricken eyes...before she disappears completely...with a last lingering ECHOING SHRIEK...

Gordon lies on the ground...has a moment's conflicting emotion...gets slowly to his feet...

Sarah, Sylvia, Sam and Wells rush over...

WELLS

Twelve hours into the future.
(afterthought)
What a horrible way to go.

SYLVIA

What did you do! Where did she go!?

Gordon just breathes...exhausted...

WELLS

He sent her twelve hours into the future.
(looks around)
She'll be in the middle of this volcano when it erupts.

They all gaze at the roiling molten sea of lava far below...

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO...

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN SLOPES - DAY

High jagged snow-peaked mountains cut the horizon in the distance...one of which billows a gigantic smoke plume into the blue sky above the picturesque sylvan vista...

We hear a MOTORIZED SOUND of an ENGINE...then the tracked RV rolls up towards us...slowing and stopping.

INSIDE THE ALL-TERRAIN VEHICLE

Riding inside are Gordon, Wells, Sylvia, Sam and Sarah. Gordon in the driver's seat.

SARAH

(to Sam)

Let me get this straight. That woman back there...*was the cause of all this?*

GORDON

Pretty much so, yes.

SARAH

And you *fell in love with her?*

Sarah gives Sam a slight whack of the hand...

SARAH (CONT'D)

And you let him?

Sarah looks expectantly at Gordon, Wells and Sylvia...but nobody speaks up.

We hear a low VIBRATING RUMBLE. Everyone turns and looks out the rear window at the volcano on the distant horizon...

Suddenly it SPEWS and EXPLODES magnificently into the sky!

WELLS

There she goes.

GORDON

Literally.

They all watch the violent, yet beautiful natural event for long moments...

SAM

How the hell did you *afford* all this?

GORDON

Seriously? After everything that's just happened to you and that's the first question you have?

WELLS

Actually, professor, you'll appreciate this. I traveled to 1913 and I obtained a 1913-V Liberty Nickel.

(smiles)

Worth over four million dollars in *your* time.

GORDON

Wells...you're one resourceful son-of-a-bitch.

SYLVIA

So...just where is it we're going exactly?

WELLS

France.

Wells switches on a monitor on the dashboard...which glows to life and reveals a map with a BLIP that FLASHES...

WELLS (CONT'D)

(pointing)

I'll switch off driving with you in a few hours.

GORDON

I don't see any roads on this map.

WELLS

(slight chuckle)

Well, that's because we're about seventeen-thousand years before any were built. Isa was a little off in her estimate.

Wells smiles at everyone.

WELLS (CONT'D)

Everything is taken care of.

GORDON

You and I have some communication issues to work on Wells. We really do.

Gordon shifts into gear again and GUNS the ENGINE and the ATV moves forward...

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN SLOPES - DAY

We watch the ATV roll away toward the panoramic vista of snow-capped mountains...

DISSOLVE SLOWLY TO...

INT. DEEP DARK CAVE SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE

In total DARKNESS...a solitary, bright, FLAMING torch held by SOMEONE...illuminates the walls of a low-ceiling, dimly lit cavern...

We hear occasional ANIMALISTIC GRUNTING and excited YELLING from an unseen GROUP milling about in excitement...

REVEAL glimpses of heavy-jawed, thick-foreheaded, hairy Neanderthal-types as the TORCH FIRE rim-lights their faces. They remind us of the hominids at the beginning of *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

The excited group of early hominids jump, SHRIEK and YELP excitedly...reacting as they reach out and touch thin air near the rear wall of the cave...

The torchlight FLICKERS onto the cave wall behind the invisible object...and we see very familiar crudely painted depictions of a hunting scene.

We are in *GROTTE DE LASCAUX*...looking at the famous PALAEOOLITHIC CAVE WALL PAINTINGS in what in 17,000 years or so will become France...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END