

SEVEN CORNERS

by

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WGAE Registered

FADE IN:

EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK - DAY

A sidewalk is jam-packed with people whose undivided attention is directed on the street in front of them. The street is closed to traffic.

The crowd is dressed quite formally, dark suits for most men, light dresses for the women. Even the children look like they're going to church.

The air is filled with excitement, as everyone waits for something very special, perhaps a parade. Police are everywhere.

From his Nikes....

to his khakis.....

to his polo shirt, JEFF RICHFIELD appears different from the others, but nobody seems to notice.

An intellectual boyish type, 40, Jeff's good looking, but a little soft. He borders on nerdy.

He's the only person without a smile. He doesn't want to be here.

The man next to Jeff shoots home movies with his 8mm camera.

The cars parked on a side street are late 1950's, early 1960's.

There's practically no room to move. It's real hard to breathe.

He looks up and to his left and SEES a six story BRICK BUILDING. High atop the building, a HERTZ BILLBOARD flashes both the time and temperature, 12:25... 68... 12:25...

Beads of perspiration dot Jeff's face.

Something seems familiar.

Near the brick building, a man holds a sign: Welcome Mr. President. A woman holds a sign on the other side of the street: Hi Jackie.

Jeff scans the upper right section of the brick building, finding the right corner window just below the top floor.

Something STICKS OUT of that window.

Jeff pushes his way to a nearby POLICE OFFICER. He waves his arms frantically, yelling:

JEFF
Stop the motorcade NOW!

Absolutely no response. He looks back up at the window.

His anger makes him louder.

JEFF
The President's going to be shot.
You've got to listen to me!

Like he's not even there.

The beginning of the motorcade passes. The crowd NOISE and RUMBLING motorcycle engines are DEAFENING.

Jeff DASHES toward the brick building through throngs of people. He fights his way to the building's entrance under the sign: TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY

INT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY - CONTINUOUS

Through the front doorway, Jeff runs down a hall, goes through a door into a --

STAIRWELL

He knows where he's going.

He sprints up several flights of steps. Huffing. Reaching the fifth floor, he throws open the stairwell door and steps onto the --

FIFTH FLOOR

-- where Jeff flies down a hallway to the far end of the floor and a -- closed door. He violently tries to open it -- but it's locked.

He sags against the door and gasps for air, failing miserably. His face twists in agonizing despair. He smashes his hands to his ears.

He knows what's coming --

BANG!... click...

Jeff's body reverberates with the gunshot.

BANG!... click...

His body reverberates again.

BANG!

He wails a shrieking scream of futility...

INT. BEDROOM - JEFF'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Jeff jerks his head off the pillow, ending his scream.

He's soaking wet in sweat, at home, on top of his bed, in boxer shorts.

The radio alarm clock on the night table CLICKS to 6:00. The RADIO snaps on loudly. Rip Van Winkle couldn't sleep through this.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"Good morning. It's six o'clock in the District of Columbia on this twenty first day of November 2003. It's 39 degrees on the mall and you're listening to all news radio. The top stories in the Capital... "

From his lying position, Jeff slaps the off button and stares calmly at the ceiling.

He's been here before.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

Jeff sits on leather chair across the desk from DR. MARK STEVENS, a distinguished looking grey haired man of about 70. His nameplate sits on his desk.

An office with fancy furniture, including a sofa and a leather reclining chair, nice artwork, a hardwood floor and an award that hangs on the wall mentioning PSYCHIATRY all add up.

JEFF

The door's always locked. I never get in.

DR. STEPHENS

Maybe you have the key and you just don't know it.

Check your pockets next time.

INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - JEFF'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Jeff rolls out of bed and stumbles into a very small messy bathroom.

He turns on a small television next to the sink. The morning news is on.

The area around the sink is cluttered with both men's and women's toiletries, including shaving cream, deodorant, toothpaste, toothbrushes and makeup accessories.

Jeff turns around, approaches the toilet, pulls down his boxer shorts and pees. The sound of the urine hitting the toilet water is soothing.

TV NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

"Tomorrow marks the 40th anniversary of the assassination of John F. Kennedy."

Jeff quickly turns his head toward the television while he still pees. With his concentration on the Newscaster, the urine pounds the toilet seat.

TV NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Many anxiously await the report of the Assassination Records Task Force. Headed by former Secret Service Director Walter Bradford, the Task Force is about to release hundreds of previously classified documents related to the assassination.

Jeff turns away from the television and looks down at the mess he's made.

He looks up and catches a glimpse of himself in the mirror. He looks tired.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

I did Georgetown a favor by being on that task force.

Dr. Stephens bears a look of disbelief.

JEFF
(defensive)
What? You don't believe me?

INT. FIRST FLOOR - JEFF'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Dressed in a sport coat and tie, Jeff hurries down the steps.

Downstairs is simple, a living area with a small kitchen.

Bookshelves in the living area are filled mostly with text books. The 26 volumes of the Warren Report take up two entire shelves. The famous picture of John John saluting his dad's casket hangs on the wall.

The kitchen counter is cluttered with unopened mail. Some addressed to "Jeff Richfield", some addressed to "Linda Richfield."

Jeff grabs his briefcase from the kitchen table and heads for the front door.

As he is about to open the door, the phone RINGS. He stops in his tracks. It rings twice more. He has no intention on answering it.

The answering machine CLICKS on. Jeff's recording begins.

JEFF
(recorded voice)
You've reached Jeff. Please leave a message.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Jeff, it's me. Please pick up. I know you haven't left for class yet.

Jeff doesn't move.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Please.

Still no move.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Your mother wants to wish you happy birthday. I can't believe that you're 40.

I'll see you at ten thirty at the coffee shop.

Jeff goes out the door.

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

My mom thinks I'm about to take a header off the rotunda. I know she loves me, but she treats me like I'm ten.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS, VA - DAY

It's a cool fall morning as Jeff strides from his townhouse to the end of his short residential street.

He turns left onto Main Street where the bright yellow Rotary Club sign declares: Seven Corners, Virginia.

The quaint little town comes into view on his short walk.

Across the street, the steeple of the Seven Corners Methodist Church points high.

On his left is the Seven Corners Savings & Loan. A Washington Post vending box sits right outside the Savings and Loan. Jeff inserts two quarters, opens the box, and takes a newspaper.

On the run, he folds the newspaper and puts it into his briefcase, and heads quickly to the taxi stand just ahead, where a lone taxi awaits.

Just as Jeff arrives at the stand, he sees a Father with his young Son, about 3, walking hand in hand. He stops and stares just long enough so that a WOMAN beats him to the taxi. She opens the door, about to get in.

JEFF

Excuse me. I was here first.

The Woman, an attractive 30 something brunette, looks up at Jeff. He recognizes her!

JEFF

Linda!

LINDA

Jeff.

JEFF

You haven't returned my calls?

LINDA
How many times do we have to go
through this?

JEFF
Can't we just talk?

Linda's impatient. She just wants to get into the taxi.

LINDA
There's nothing to talk about. My
lawyer told me not to discuss
anything with you.
(sotto, with a mean tone)
I need to find another town to live
in.

Jeff heard it.

Linda gets into the taxi without even a "goodbye". Jeff
stares in despair at the taxi as it pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF
(monotone and depressed)
Married almost fifteen years... and
she never even wished me happy
birthday.

That was my taxi.

EXT. GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

The Georgetown campus is striking on this beautiful fall
morning. The campus bustles, as students walk in all
different directions. A sweatshirt worn by a Male Student who
quickly passes, has the "Georgetown" name and emblem on it.

With briefcase in hand, Jeff hurries into a four story, ivy
covered, red brick building. The sign at the entrance:
American Studies

INT. LECTURE HALL - AMERICAN STUDIES BUILDING - DAY

The students are already seated in the enormous lecture hall
as they wait for the start of a class. It's NOISY from all
the CHATTER. The hall seats about 150.

Many of the students have their textbooks out on their desks: "The History Of Media In Presidential Elections". The author: "Jeffrey E. Richfield."

Quickly, the chatter diminishes into a quiet whisper, as Jeff enters.

Disheveled, Jeff makes his way to the desk in the front.

JEFF

I need to cancel class today.

Several students clap.

JEFF

I'll see you all on Monday.

INT. CORRIDOR - AMERICAN STUDIES BUILDING - DAY

Many students crowd the hall as they head to and from class. Jeff makes his way to his office. His name is on the door: Professor Jeffrey E. Richfield.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - FOURTH FLOOR - HISTORY BUILDING - DAY

Typical professor's office: tiny. Books and papers hide the top of a small wooden desk. Stacks of papers are everywhere, even on the two wooden chairs in front of the desk. The small window offers a good view of the campus.

Jeff places his briefcase next to his desk, takes off his sport coat, drapes it over a chair, opens the window several inches, and loosens his tie. It's warm in there.

He's about to sit down, when DEAN LAWRENCE appears at the door. What an uncomfortable surprise.

In his early 50's, Dean Lawrence is academia with a capital "A." Dressed in a tweed suit, bow tie included, the Dean's all business.

JEFF

Dean Lawrence. What are you doing here?

DEAN LAWRENCE

Jeffrey, I came to talk to you.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

I hate when people call me Jeffrey.
Either they feel sorry for me or
they're about to give me bad news.

Sometimes both.

BACK TO SCENE

The Dean looks at the mess in Jeff's office. There's no place to sit.

Jeff hustles to clear the stack from one of the chairs. He starts another stack on the floor behind his desk.

JEFF

(points to the chair)
Please.

The Dean closes the door before he sits.

Jeff sits behind the desk. He's real nervous.

JEFF

What can I do for you?

DEAN LAWRENCE

When you came here almost ten years ago, you were one of our most promising educators. Someone who could make a difference at this institution.

Jeff looks down.

DEAN LAWRENCE

Now you seem to be going through the motions. Taking shortcuts. Lacking focus.

Jeff doesn't respond. He bows his head and looks down, avoiding eye contact with Dean Lawrence.

DEAN LAWRENCE

You cancelled class this morning?

JEFF

There were extenuating circumstances.

DEAN LAWRENCE

I've heard the excuses before.

When this University agreed last year to place someone on the Assassination Records Task Force, you were the obvious choice.

JEFF

And I appreciated that.

The Dean pauses before a hard point.

DEAN LAWRENCE

Unfortunately, your performance here has suffered since. Maybe it's time to resign from the task force and put your full efforts back into teaching.

JEFF

We're almost done.

I can't resign.

DEAN LAWRENCE

Then maybe you'd like to take a leave of absence from the University.

No response from Jeff.

DEAN LAWRENCE

You're leaving me with no choice.

JEFF

Teaching political science at Georgetown is the only thing I've ever wanted to do.

It's all I know.

DEAN LAWRENCE

You have to the end of the semester to turn things around. That's only two weeks away. If things don't noticeably change, then you're out. I hope it doesn't come to that.

The Dean leaves Jeff in shock. Devastated.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

Can you believe that?

DR. STEPHENS

You're in free fall at ten thousand feet. You're almost out of time.

JEFF

(agitated)

You think I asked for this? What in the hell do you want me to do?

DR. STEPHENS

I want you to put on a parachute and pull the ripcord.

JEFF

I don't need one.

DR. STEPHENS

Yeah? Well watch out for that sudden stop at the end.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - DAY

Jeff emerges from a taxi at the same taxi stand from this morning. He crosses Main Street going away from the Hospital, toward the McDonald's.

Next to McDonald's is a busy coffee shop without any sign. Jeff's enters the coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

This coffee shop has been here forever. It's long and narrow with an aisle down the middle.

On the right is a counter with built-in stools and an old-fashioned soda fountain. Many places are taken with people eating breakfast.

On the left side are booths. Most are occupied.

Tom, the owner, is at the cash register. He nods and points to a booth.

Jeff walks toward his mother, SANDY, an attractive well dressed woman of 65. A loving, religious, nagging mother who has dedicated her life to her son. She warmly smiles as Jeff approaches.

Jeff gives his mother a kiss on the cheek and sits opposite her.

JEFF

I don't have much time. I'm meeting Scott at the racquet club in about an hour.

SANDY

(disappointed)
I hardly get to see you anymore.

JEFF

Sorry.

MARY, a heavysset waitress in her mid sixties approaches the booth, coffee jug in hand.

SANDY

Coffee and a Danish for me.

JEFF

Just coffee please.

Mary pours the coffee and leaves.

SANDY

So how's my birthday boy?

JEFF

(sarcastic)
Just great. Couldn't ask for a better day.

SANDY

I can't believe that you're forty. It makes me feel so old. And to think how sick you were when you were born. The doctors didn't think you would make it.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

If she tells me the story of how I was born premature one more time, I - will - jump off the rotunda.

BACK TO SCENE

SANDY

But you were such a fighter.

JEFF

I must have used it all up as a baby.

Sandy looks out the window, contemplating what she's about to say.

SANDY

You're father would have been so proud of you.

Jeff's clearly uneasy.

JEFF

This isn't the time or the place.

SANDY

He loved you so much.

Jeff's anger emerges.

JEFF

How would I know? I never got a chance to know him. I don't even remember what he looked like.

How could you ever forgive him?

Tears fill Sandy's eyes.

SANDY

You're so wrong.

JEFF

I have to go.

Jeff roots for his cash as he gets up.

SANDY

Go ahead. I'll pay the bill.

Jeff kisses his mother, and is about to make his escape.

SANDY

Oh, I almost forgot. Diane's niece, Scott's cousin, Karen, is a teacher in Pennsylvania.

(MORE)

SANDY (cont'd)
She's thinking about getting her
graduate degree at Georgetown. Is
it possible you could show her
around the campus tomorrow?

Jeff's really annoyed.

JEFF
Mom, I don't have the time. Maybe
next week.

SANDY
She's here tomorrow. It'll take
only an hour. Please, for me.

JEFF
I'm sorry, I can't.

I have to go. I'm late.

Jeff hurries down the aisle and out the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - CONTINUOUS

As Jeff steps out onto the sidewalk, SUDDENLY, an
excruciating PAIN makes Jeff feel like his head's going to
explode. He clamps his hands on his ears.

He's having a SEIZURE.

From nowhere, an OLD MAN steps to Jeff. In his 80's with a
full head of silver hair, there's something mysterious about
him.

OLD MAN
You alright?

Jeff cannot say a word. Nothing comes out. The pain's
unbearable.

SUDDENLY, the expression on Jeff's face changes.

The pain's gone, almost in an instant.

He regains his composure.

OLD MAN
You sure you don't need any help?

JEFF
No, I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

Jeff gathers himself. What in the hell just happened to him?

He looks back at the Old Man now walking away. Jeff walks across the street toward the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

I don't know what happened to me outside the coffee shop. I thought I was having a stroke.

And that Old Man looked right through me. It was really weird.

EXT. SEVEN CORNERS METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Several people go in and out of the old church. The lettered sign in front: Seven Corners United Methodist Church; Reverend Charles Cooper. The list of church activities are listed below the Reverend's name.

INT. SEVEN CORNERS METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

Sandy and REVEREND COOPER are seated together in a middle pew. The Reverend's about 70, heavyset with a trimmed beard.

SANDY

I don't know what to do. He's in so much pain. What could I have done differently?

REVEREND COOPER

This isn't your fault. You've shown him the way. The road he chooses is in his hands.

Maybe I'll have a talk with him.

SANDY

He'll never come see you.

Tears come to Sandy's eyes. The Reverend sees her pain.

REVEREND COOPER

Pray for him.

SANDY

I have.

REVEREND COOPER

Pray some more.

INT. EXERCISE ROOM - RACQUET CLUB - DAY

A very nice facility with "classy" clientele. Ten treadmills are lined up in front of a second story window that overlooks the street. The room's very crowded, as almost every exercise machine is occupied.

Jeff labors, heavy in concentration, on the treadmill at the end of the row. It's set to a very high speed. He's broken a good sweat.

Jeff's friend, SCOTT SINCLAIR enters the room. Scott, 38, is handsome, tall, with a dark complexion.

As he walks toward Jeff, he smiles at several of the good looking ladies hard at work. They all smile back at him.

Scott gets on the treadmill next to Jeff. Jeff acknowledges Scott with a nod, but he doesn't dare break stride.

SCOTT

The big four-oh. I can't believe it. Happy birthday.

JEFF

Thanks.

SCOTT

I need to be out of here by one thirty. I'm going to my mom's school.

She's retiring after 40 years.

Scott sets his treadmill at about half the speed of Jeff's. Scott begins his "workout." It's a walk in the park.

SCOTT

What's amazing is she started at Rosewood only because she thought she was going to marry one of the teachers. A guy by the name of Don Chivano. My Grandad called him Doctor Zhivago.

Jeff really labors. He looks straight ahead as he tries to focus on his workout.

It's easy for Scott to hold a conversation, but very difficult for Jeff.

SCOTT
So how the hell you've been? Long
time no see.

JEFF
Busy. The task force is just about
done.

SCOTT
(sarcastically)
Still working on the single bullet
theory.

No response from Jeff, but he's annoyed.

SCOTT
This is me Slick. Feed that line of
bullshit to a stranger. With you,
it's never done.

Jeff's pants.

JEFF
The work -- this task force is
doing -- means something.

SCOTT
To who, you?

Jeff breathes real heavy.

JEFF
Go to -- hell. You don't know what -
- you're talking about.

SCOTT
Yeah, well I'm not the one walking
20 miles an hour to nowhere.

Jeff's completely out of breath.

Scott hasn't broken a sweat.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - RACQUET CLUB - DAY

With their hair wet from the shower, Jeff and Scott finish
getting dressed. Jeff puts on his socks and shoes while
seated on a stool in front of his locker.

Scott looks in the mirror as he puts on his tie.

SCOTT

You remember? I think we were about 12. You dragged me to Kennedy's grave. It was a religious experience for you.

JEFF

Yea, so?

With his tie knotted, still at the mirror, Scott combs his hair.

SCOTT

You know what still amazes me to this day?

Jeff shakes his head "no."

SCOTT

Your father's buried less than a hundred yards from Kennedy. We never even visited his grave.

INT. RESTAURANT - RACQUET CLUB - DAY

Jeff and Scott eat lunch are at a table that overlooks the racquetball courts. The force of the balls can be heard SMASHING against the walls below.

Jeff has a sandwich and bottled water in front of him, while Scott has a hamburger and Coca-Cola. Scott finishes a small bag of potato chips. He turns the bag upside down. It's empty.

JEFF

You know, it was only a matter of time before you brought my father up. You do it all the time.

You and my mother.

Scott notices Jeff hasn't touched his potato chips.

SCOTT

You going to eat those?

Jeff ignores the question. Scott grabs the bag off the table and opens it.

SCOTT

You gotta get on with your life.

Jeff's anger builds.

JEFF

You're a shrink now too? I already have one. I don't need another.

Scott's already halfway through the second bag of chips.

SCOTT

Like I said, it's never over.

Jeff loses it, loud and angry.

JEFF

Why doesn't everybody just leave me the hell alone?!

Other Club Members nearby look up at the commotion. Jeff and Scott are oblivious to the onlookers.

SCOTT

Who's everybody? Your mom and me? Not quite a crowd.

Salt on the wound.

JEFF

Who the hell are you to give me advice?

SCOTT

Your friend.

JEFF

Well then, start acting like one!

SCOTT

I am.

Scott turns the second bag of chips upside down. It's empty.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

A doctor's office off on a side street. The sign on the door to the building - "Dr. Mark Stephens - Psychiatrist"

INT. DR. STEPHENS OFFICE - DAY

JEFF

Who does he think he's talking to?

DR. STEPHENS

He's just being honest with you.

Dr. Stephens looks at his watch.

DR. STEPHENS
Time's just about up.

JEFF
That's it? I need another half
hour.

DR. STEPHENS
Did I ever tell you about one of my
first patients? He was a guy about
your age.

JEFF
What?

DR. STEPHENS
Like you, he had a recurring dream.
He would be on a crowded elevator
but the doors wouldn't open. The
elevator would just go up and down.
He could never get off.

JEFF
What'd you tell him?

DR. STEPHENS
I told him to get to know the
people on the elevator.

Enjoy the ride.

EXT. ANNEX BUILDING - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

When a taxi pulls away, Jeff stands in front of a five story
rather plain federal office building. The sign on the
entrance: Federal Offices - Annex Building. Below that sign,
a temporary sign: Assassination Records Task Force.

Jeff enters through the revolving door.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - 5TH FLOOR - ANNEX BUILDING - DAY

Typical federal issue. Cheap steel furniture. Fishbowl
offices.

Behind Jeff on the windowsill is the famous photograph of
John F. Kennedy Jr. hiding under the front of President
Kennedy's desk while the President is busy at work

On his desk, off to the side, is a stack of newspapers, some
yellowed, some frayed. Several are encased in plastic.

Jeff reads a report at his desk.

Jeff's and Walter's no-nonsense raspy voiced secretary BARBARA, 60, walks in.

BARBARA

I put these newspapers on your desk. Walter asked you read them this week.

JEFF

Thanks, Barbara. Can you tell Walter I'd like to see him as soon as possible?

BARBARA

Sure.

Barbara leaves the office.

Jeff stands, he can't sit. He worries.

He looks out of the window across Washington, D.C., and then down at the stack of newspapers on his desk. A closer look reveals they're from November 23, 1963.

The Washington Post is on top, with the massive headline: PRESIDENT KENNEDY ASSASSINATED IN DALLAS. Smaller headline: Johnson Sworn In As 36th President. The Nation Mourns.

Jeff stares at it.

Not looking for anything in particular, Jeff turns to the second section - important local news. An article on the front page of that section catches his eye.

JEFF

"Local nurse killed by car."

He reads the article silently.

INSERT - THE NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

"LOCAL NURSE KILLED BY CAR
At about 7:00 on Thursday evening, Janet Cross of Arlington, was struck and killed by a car while waiting for a bus in front of the Seven Corners Hospital..."

BACK TO SCENE

Barbara pokes her head in. His back is to her.

BARBARA
Walter's ready for you now.

Jeff turns around. She notices he doesn't look right.

BARBARA
You alright?

JEFF
Yeah.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - 5TH FLOOR - ANNEX BUILDING - DAY

WALTER BRADFORD stands at his desk as Jeff enters.

At 70, Walter's built like a pot-bellied stove. An old fashioned tough guy, not long on conversation, he still smokes his cigars in the office, even though it's forbidden. He puffs on a big stogie.

WALTER
What now?

Jeff closes the door. Both men sit opposite each other at a small conference table.

Walter knows what's coming.

JEFF
Same old same old, Walter.

WALTER
How many times do I need to tell you? We are not here to investigate the assassination.

JEFF
Yeah, but...

Walter interrupts, and states from memory:

WALTER
Our charter is to "gather all the government documents relating to the assassination of President Kennedy, and with the permission of the President of the United States, release those records to the fullest extent possible to the American people."

The American people can then do any investigation they want.

JEFF

Doesn't it bother you we found documents that raise serious questions?

Walter tries to stay calm.

WALTER

That's your opinion.

Jeff's emotion inches up a notch.

JEFF

Doesn't it bother you the motorcade route was changed just an hour before the assassination to take it through Dealey Plaza?

Walter lets Jeff vent. He puffs his cigar. The smoke heads directly toward Jeff.

Jeff's emotion inches up another notch.

JEFF

Doesn't it bother you as a Secret Service Agent in Washington at the time, assigned to the President, you weren't even told of the route change?

Walter takes the cigar out of his mouth.

WALTER

I was told.

JEFF

No you weren't. Somebody put the revised route map in your outbox. You didn't see it until after the shooting. I guarantee if you knew about the change, you would have thrown up a red flag.

Doesn't all of this bother you?

Walter's angry.

WALTER

There's nothing I can do!

And I will only say this one more time -- It's not our job. Why are you fixated on this?

JEFF

Don't you need to know how someone could kill the President of the United States in broad daylight with hundreds of people protecting him and thousands watching?

Jeff interrupts before Walter can get a word out.

JEFF

And why did he even go to Dallas in the first place?

WALTER

What does that have to do with anything?

KNOCK on the door.

WALTER

Come on in.

It's Barbara.

BARBARA

Walter, it's three. They're waiting for you in the conference room. Shall I tell them you're going to be late?

WALTER

No. We're finished. Be right there.
(to Jeff)
I gotta go.

JEFF

We'll continue this later.

WALTER

No we won't.

INT. HALLWAY - 5TH FLOOR - ANNEX BUILDING - DAY

Jeff walks out of Walter's office down the hall to Jeff's office.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - 5TH FLOOR - ANNEX BUILDING - DAY

Just as Jeff enters his office he suddenly clamps his hands to the sides of his head.

SEIZURE.

The pain's unbearable, worse than the first one.

The room spins.

Jeff collapses to the floor and closes his eyes tight. He can't move. He can't hear anything but a deafening HIGH PITCHED TONE.

The SOUND is unbearable.

Then, SILENCE. No high pitched tone, no voices, nothing.

Jeff can look down on himself from above. His body's on the floor.

SUDDENLY, the seizure ends. Jeff's back in his body.

Barbara walks by Jeff's office and sees him laying on the floor. She rushes in, shouting:

BARBARA
(shouting)
Jeff, what's the matter!

Somebody get a doctor! Call an ambulance!

Walter, as well as several of Jeff's co-workers run into Jeff's office.

JEFF
No... No... I'm okay. I must have lost my balance. I'm fine now.

Jeff gets up from the floor, wipes off his cloths and pulls it together. Everyone in the room is shaken.

JEFF
Glad I could provide a little excitement.

BARBARA
Are you sure you don't need some help? You don't look so good.

JEFF
Everything's OK.

With looks of concern, everyone except Walter files out of Jeff's office.

WALTER

Shit, Jeff. You really scared the hell out of us. What's the matter?

JEFF

I don't know.

WALTER

You need to see a doctor.

JEFF

Walter, thanks, but I'm alright. I really am.

WALTER

Godammit! Don't argue with me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Sandy approaches one of thousands of simple white gravestones that make up Arlington National Cemetery.

On this gravestone: ROBERT A. RICHFIELD -- MAJOR U.S. ARMY -- MEDAL OF HONOR -- MAR 2 1929 -- JAN 25 1970.

Sandy stands in front of the grave, tears in her eyes, but she's not crying.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - 5TH FLOOR - ANNEX BUILDING - DAY

When Jeff pops his head in, Walter's polishing off a piece of cake.

JEFF

I'm headed to Seven Corners Hospital. See you tomorrow.

WALTER

Only if you're OK.

Walter licks the last bit of icing from his fork.

Jeff makes his way to the door, but before he exits, he turns toward Walter.

JEFF

(softly - not argumentative)
Do you ever think about it?

WALTER

(calmly)

Not a day goes by that I don't ask myself how did it happen. Not a day goes by that I don't think about what could I have done differently? Forty years later and it's like it happened yesterday.

There are many nights where I still can't sleep.

But it is what it is. It's history, and I can't change history. I can only deal with what I have control over today.

JEFF

Yea, but how do you survive?

WALTER

Harriet and the kids. It all comes down to family.

Jeff's face says it all.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - DUSK

Jeff walks toward the entrance to the emergency room at Seven Corners Hospital. The street is abandoned, except for a HOMELESS MAN in the glass enclosed bus stop just outside the emergency room.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SEVEN CORNERS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The emergency room's full with all different types. Jeff walks to the RECEPTIONIST behind the glass.

JEFF

I have an appointment with Dr. Shea? I'm Jeff Richfield.

RECEPTIONIST

Have a seat please.

Jeff sits at the far end of the room.

There's an old clock on the wall opposite Jeff. It's 5:55.

In front of him a table holds a mess of magazines and newspapers. The Washington Post, Time and Sports Illustrated are on top of the pile.

The newspaper looks like it's been read by everyone who walked in today. The Sports Illustrated has Michael Jordan on the cover.

Jeff fidgets, briefly reads the Post, then puts it down.

5:56.

Jeff looks up. His Mother stands in front of him. He's not too surprised.

SANDY
Why didn't you call me?

JEFF
How did you know I was here?

SANDY
I called your office.

Jeff nods. Sandy takes off her overcoat and sits next to him.

SANDY
You have a headache now?

JEFF
(sarcastic)
Just the beginning of one.

SANDY
The nurse knows you're here?

How annoying.

JEFF
Yes mother.

Sandy makes conversation just to pass the time.

SANDY
This room used to be the waiting room for expecting fathers? I bet you didn't know that.

JEFF
No, mother.

SANDY
Forty years ago, almost to the minute, you were born just behind those doors. God, you were so sick.

JEFF

Maybe it would have been better for everyone if I wouldn't have made it.

SANDY

How dare you say that!

5:59.

SEIZURE!

The worst of them all.

Jeff clamps his hands to the sides of his head, tries to scream, but nothing comes out. His pain's excruciating.

The room spins in DEAD SILENCE. Jeff closes his eyes tight.

6:00.

SUDDENLY, the pain's gone.

Jeff takes his hands from his head, he can hear. But his eyes are shut tight.

He hears a voice, but it's not Sandy's.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Richfield, your wife had a baby boy.

Jeff's eyes are still shut tight.

JEFF

Sorry, you have the wrong person. I'm here to see Dr. Shea.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

How's the baby? He's almost seven weeks premature.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

The doctor's with the baby now. It's not good.

JEFF

This isn't funny.

Jeff opens his eyes.

The chair in which Sandy was sitting is now empty. Several chairs to Jeff's left, a MATERNITY NURSE stands in front of a MAN who's seated. Jeff's view of the man is blocked by the Maternity Nurse. The Maternity Nurse is not talking to Jeff, she's talking to the Man.

MAN

Can I see my wife? Is she okay?

The wall clock: 6:01.

MATERNITY NURSE

Mrs. Richfield's fine. I'll come back to get you in a few minutes.

She goes to talk to someone else in the waiting room, which allows Jeff to get a full view of the Man.

In his early 30's, the Man's height and build resemble Jeff's. He wears a white shirt and tie, and sports a crew cut.

Jeff stares at him in bewilderment. Why does he look so familiar? What in the hell's going on?

Jeff quickly glances around the room. Only five or six other men, all on the opposite side, all dressed peculiarly: dark suits, white shirts, dark ties, reminiscent of the early 1960's. All have very short hair. Nobody looks familiar.

There's now a sign over the door that leads to the other room: Maternity Ward.

The Man gets up, walks to the pay phone on the far wall, and makes a call. Is this some crazy dream?

The Maternity Nurse finishes her conversation and is about to leave the room, when Jeff stands up.

JEFF

(softly)

Nurse, I'm Mr. Richfield.

Did you see where my mother went?

MATERNITY NURSE

There was no woman in this room.

Jeff points to a door which leads to the maternity ward.

JEFF

(louder)

I was having a seizure...

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)

My mother must have gone back there
to get a doctor.

MATERNITY NURSE

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

Jeff sits back down. The Maternity Nurse leaves the waiting
room.

The Man finishes his telephone call, walks back to his seat,
sits down, and puts his head in his hands.

Jeff cannot comprehend what's going on. TOTAL DISORIENTATION.

Jeff closes his eyes tight for several seconds. Re-opens
them. Nothing's changed. But everything's changed.

The table in front of him is still strewn with newspapers and
magazines. Washington Post, Time and Sports Illustrated on
top of the mess.

Time is different now, and Sports Illustrated has a young
boxer on its cover: Cassius Clay.

Jeff picks the Post off the table.

Headline: Kennedy To Visit Dallas.

On the top of the newspaper, the date: NOVEMBER 21, 1963.

Hands trembling, Jeff places the newspaper back on the table.
He looks at the Man, who still has his head in his hands.

JEFF

(quietly)

Dad?

The Man, BOB, looks up.

MAN\BOB

Yeah.

Can you believe it? I'm a dad. But
my little boy was born too early.
He's really sick.

JEFF

Dad. It's me, Jeff.

BOB

Are you okay? You look like you've
seen a ghost. I'll get a doctor for
you.

The Maternity Nurse appears before Jeff can answer. She's with a DOCTOR.

MATERNITY NURSE

Mr. Richfield, you can see your wife now.

Bob and Jeff both get up from their chairs. The Maternity Nurse stops Jeff just about as he's about to enter the maternity ward.

MATERNITY NURSE

Are you with him?

JEFF

Not exactly.

MATERNITY NURSE

Then you can't go in there.

Bob continues on. He gives Jeff a concerned look as he walks through the door.

The Doctor, in his late 20's, stands next to Jeff. He looks vaguely familiar. Jeff stares but cannot make a connection.

MATERNITY NURSE

Sir, this is Dr. Stephens. Maybe he can help you.

Now he knows. Jeff's in utter shock.

The Maternity Nurse leaves the room.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS

Have a seat.

Dazed, Jeff sits in "his" seat. Dr. Stephens sits next to Jeff.

JEFF

You're Mark Stephens, the psychiatrist. I saw you this morning.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS

I am going to be a psychiatrist, but you have me confused with another doctor.

Jeff shakes his head in disbelief.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS
What's your name?

JEFF
Jeff Richfield.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS
You're not related to the
Richfields who had a baby tonight,
are you?

Jeff doesn't answer.

JEFF
I'm here to see Dr. Shea. You know
him.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS
Sorry, I don't. Maybe I can help.
What's the problem?

JEFF
I'm not sure. One minute I'm
sitting in this chair and it's
2003. The next minute it's 1963.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS
That's not very funny. What's
really going on?

JEFF
You're the doctor. You tell me.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS
Stay here. I'll be right back.

Perplexed and a bit worried, Dr. Stephens leaves the room.

Jeff checks for his wallet in his back pants pocket. It's
there!

He opens the wallet. He pulls his driver's license from the
wallet and looks at it.

INSERT - JEFF'S DRIVER'S LICENSE

Birth-date on the license: 11/21/63.

BACK TO SCENE

He places the license back into the wallet, looks in the
billfold and pulls out three twenty dollar bills.

INSERT - TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS

Date on the bills: 2002.

BACK TO SCENE

He places the money back into the wallet, and then notices a tattered photograph that he pulls out.

INSERT - THE PHOTOGRAPH

Two young children, about 8 years old and two older women, most likely the mothers of the children.

BACK TO SCENE

He places the photograph carefully into the wallet. As he goes to put the wallet into his rear pants pocket, a coin drops out of it onto the floor. He picks it up.

INSERT - THE COIN

It's a Kennedy half dollar, dated 1964.

Jeff turns the coin over and looks at it. His initials are carved into the back of the coin: JER.

BACK TO SCENE

He places the coin back into his wallet, and puts the wallet into his rear pants pocket.

He checks for and finds his keys to his townhouse in his sport coat pocket.

Jeff gets up and walks toward the door to the maternity ward. As he opens the door, he overhears Dr. Stephens talking to the Nurse.

YOUNG DR. STEPHENS (O.S.)
I don't know what the problem is
with this guy. Maybe we should call
the police just to play it safe.

MATERNITY NURSE (O.S.)
I'll call right now.

Jeff has to get out of the hospital.

Just as he's about to exit, two Elderly Couples enter from the street. At the same time, Bob returns from the maternity ward. Hugs and kisses all around, but somber grandparents.

Jeff's FROZEN once again.

BOB

Sandy's doing well. But it's like I told you on the phone, it doesn't look good for the baby.

Dad, I don't know what I'm going to do. I don't know what I can do.

BOB'S FATHER

Let's just take one hour at a time.

SANDY'S FATHER

Bob, can we see our daughter?

BOB

(pointing to the door to
the maternity room)
She's in there.

As he turns, Bob looks at Jeff. Their eyes meet. Then, the whole group exits the waiting room.

Jeff bolts out of the hospital.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - 1963 - CONTINUOUS

1963 in Seven Corners. Jeff's in awe, but there's no time to dawdle, for fear of the police.

The street's well lit and some early Christmas decorations give a warm holiday spirit to the town.

Several people stand in line at the bus stop. Jeff looks at the bus stop in an odd sort way, but continues on.

Feeling for the keys in his coat pocket, Jeff quickly walks in the direction of his townhouse.

People are walking the street, the stores are crowded. It's different. They seem happy. Some even nod "hello" to Jeff as they pass.

Cars on the street are familiar only from pictures. A red 1963 Dodge Polara is parked in front of the hospital. A blue 1960 Chevy Impala station wagon is in mint condition nearby. A 1960 Studebaker purrs by.

Jeff jogs down Main Street and then picks up speed as he turns down the street on which he lives.

EXT. JEFF'S TOWNHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He races up to the front of his townhouse and looks at it from the street. It looks the same.

He takes his keys, walks up to the front stoop, opens the screen door and attempts to unlock the front door. The key doesn't work. Frustration sets in.

SUDDENLY, the door swings open from the inside. The OWNER's furious.

OWNER

What in the heck's going on here?
Who are you?

Scared out of his mind, Jeff tries to gather himself.

JEFF

I'm sorry. I must have the wrong house.

Jeff tries to get a glimpse inside through the open door, but the Owner blocks Jeff's view.

OWNER

What number are you looking for?

JEFF

I'm not really sure. Sorry to bother you.

Dejected, Jeff turns, walks down off the stoop and back onto the street. The Owner closes the door.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - CONTINUOUS

Back on Main Street, Jeff walks toward the coffee shop. He notices the Seven Corners movie theatre is where the McDonald's used to be.

"LILIES OF THE FIELD" in block letters high up on the well lit marquee. The show starts at seven. Several folks line up at the small box office.

A YOUNG MAN, 20, steps up to Jeff, Girlfriend in tow. Jeff stares up at the marquee.

YOUNG MAN

Is the movie any good?

For a second, Jeff forgets where he is.

JEFF

It's wonderful. Poitier won the Oscar.

The Young Man gives Jeff an odd look and hurries his Girlfriend over to the box office.

Coming attraction movie posters catch Jeff's attention: Alfred Hitchcock's "The Birds" starts next week. HG Wells' "The Time Machine" starts on December 15.

As he moves to his left, still reading the posters, he sees the coffee shop.

He looks into the window, the same as he did this morning. It's crowded with folks eating dinner.

Two white uniformed Nurses exit the coffee shop very close to Jeff. Something clicks in his mind.

He looks at the Nurses and then turns in horror to the bus stop across the street. He looks at his watch. It's almost seven.

He races across the street to the bus stop. It's empty. What's his next move?

He runs to the main entrance to the hospital.

INT. MAIN LOBBY - SEVEN CORNERS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Jeff enters through the revolving door. The lobby's quite busy. Several Nurses walk past Jeff on their way out. An information desk is situated in the middle.

Jeff gets his bearings and heads toward the middle-aged female HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST at the desk. He's out of breath.

JEFF

I'm looking for Janet Cross?

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST

You just missed her.

JEFF

Where'd she go?

The Woman Receptionist points to the revolving door.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST

Her shift ended at seven. She just walked right by you.

She becomes concerned.

HOSPITAL RECEPTIONIST
What do you want?

No time to answer, as Jeff sprints to and through the revolving door, leaving the Hospital Receptionist dumfounded.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - CONTINUOUS

Out on the street, Jeff sees a NURSE, 25, wearing her white uniform, waiting at the bus stop alone. She's startled, as he runs right up to her.

JEFF
Janet Cross?

JANET
Who are you?

Jeff's beside himself.

JEFF
You need to move away from here.

Janet grows very frightened.

JANET
What are you talking about?

JEFF
Please, just move from here.

Now!

Across the street, a Police Officer on foot patrol turns the corner onto Main. Janet sees the Officer.

JANET
If you get any closer, I'm going to get that policeman.

Jeff gets it. That's it!

JEFF
Go ahead. Get him.

Janet thinks Jeff's crazy, and crosses the street to get the police officer.

Suddenly -- Jeff sees a car careening out of control, headed directly for the bus stop. Jeff jumps out of the way.

The car CRASHES into a telephone pole, just where Janet was standing. Several pedestrian good samaritans run to help the Driver.

Janet watches from the middle of the street, stunned. Jeff stands frozen near the smash up.

She looks directly at Jeff as she runs into the hospital yelling for help. He saved her life.

JANET

We need first aid and a stretcher
out here now!!!

All hell breaks loose. Doctors and Nurses all attend to the injured Driver. Jeff disappears in the crowd.

While Janet helps the injured Driver, she desperately tries to spot Jeff in the crowd. No luck.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's a wreck, as he slips past Folks going out to see the crash.

The coffee shop looks much the same as it was in 2003. Standing at the cash register, where he was in the morning, is Tom. Jeff smiles.

Tom looks out the window at all the commotion.

YOUNG TOM

What in Jiminy Cricket's going on
out there?

Jeff still shakes from what just happened.

JEFF

Some guy hit a telephone pole.
Everybody's going to be okay.

YOUNG TOM

Good.

Dinner? Follow me.

Jeff follows in a daze to the same booth he sat in at breakfast. Tom hands over a menu.

YOUNG TOM

Mary will be with you shortly.

Jeff sits facing the front.

JEFF

Thanks Tom.

Tom looks at Jeff wondering how a stranger knew his name.

Jeff holds up the menu: "Tom's Diner." Jeff points to the name "Tom" on the menu.

YOUNG TOM

Right.

MARY, mid 40's heavysset, walks up to the booth. Jeff smiles when he sees her. It's the same Waitress from this morning.

MARY

You ready to order sir?

JEFF

I'll have a hamburger and a beer.

Mary writes the order on her check pad.

MARY

What about some home made apple pie with that?

JEFF

No thanks, but can I borrow a pencil and paper?

MARY

Sure.

Mary rips a blank check from her pad, and hands that and her pencil to Jeff.

JEFF

Thanks.

As she leaves, an Old Man enters and sits at the counter, the same Old Man Jeff saw this morning. Exactly the same as in 2003 -- he is NOT forty years younger.

Jeff jumps from his seat and goes up to him.

JEFF

Excuse me. Didn't we meet outside this morning?

OLD MAN

No, not than I can remember. But at my age, remembering what happened at lunch is a challenge.

JEFF

Are you sure?

OLD MAN

Do you mean am I sure I don't remember?

JEFF

I know it was you.

Tell me what's going on! Please.

OLD MAN

Shh. Quiet down. They'll think you're crazy. What's your name, son?

JEFF

Jeff Richfield.

OLD MAN

Well, Jeff. Have your dinner, we can talk after.

JEFF

Just tell me now what's happening.

OLD MAN

I'm sure you have a lot of questions, most of which you will be able to answer. Now go eat.

Jeff walks back to his booth, where a root beer awaits. He sits and takes a sip, disappointed. He could have used a cold one.

He looks up to make sure the Old Man's still at the counter. He's still there.

With the pencil and paper in hand, Jeff writes a list of names. "Mom", "dad", "grandparents", "Walter Bradford", and "Reverend Cooper". And "Go To" at the top of the list.

He looks out the window.

JEFF

Who else can help?

Just as he mutters, Mary brings his hamburger. She's caught the oddball talking to himself.

JEFF

Thanks.

Jeff takes a bite out of his hamburger. He looks up and checks the counter. The Old Man's still there, drinking coffee.

Back to his list, Jeff writes "Diane Sinclair". He crosses out "Sinclair" and writes "Butler". He circles her name and puts the paper in his pocket.

Jeff checks out the counter. The Old Man's still there.

Mary comes to the booth. She blocks Jeff's view of the counter.

MARY

You sure you don't want some apple pie?

Jeff cranes his neck as he tries to see the Old Man.

JEFF

No. Just the check.

Mary puts the check down on the table and walks away.

The Old Man is GONE!

PANIC. Jeff bolts up and looks around. Tom passes Jeff's booth.

JEFF

Did you see where the older man from the counter went?

YOUNG TOM

Who?

JEFF

You know, the older guy who was sitting at the counter just a minute ago.

Tom and Jeff both look to the counter. All the stools are occupied by a Cub Scout Troop, with the Den Mother sitting on the middle stool. The Troop is whooping it up with old fashioned ice cream sundaes.

Jeff makes a mad dash to the back, where he enters the --

MEN'S ROOM --

-- and slams the door open. He checks the stall. There's nobody in there. Jeff races back out to the --

COFFEE SHOP --

-- where's he's headed to the front door and outside.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Jeff desperately looks for the Old Man. The crowd has thinned out considerably. No success.

Distraught and disappointed, Jeff turns back into the coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the coffee shop stares at Jeff as he sheepishly walks toward his booth. But Tom stops him in the aisle.

YOUNG TOM

What have you been drinking?

JEFF

Root beer!

You sure you didn't --

YOUNG TOM

No.

Jeff sits and picks up the check. His total: 65 cents.

He takes his wallet from jacket pocket and removes his money from the wallet. All he has are twenty dollar bills all dated 2002.

Jeff takes one of the bills from his wallet, gets up, and walks to the cash register. Mary follows, afraid he may leave without paying.

Jeff hands the check and a twenty dollar bill over to Tom.

YOUNG TOM

Is this the smallest you have?

JEFF

Sorry, but it is.

Tom holds it up to the light to inspect it, making Jeff nervous.

YOUNG TOM

You never can tell with these big bills.

JEFF
I'm sure it's okay.

Tom puts the bill under the cash tray and gives Jeff his change. Jeff hands one dollar back to Tom.

JEFF
Can I get four quarters for a phone call?

YOUNG TOM
To China?

Jeff catches on and forces a chuckle.

JEFF
Uh no, let me have some dimes, please.

Jeff receives his dimes, hands a dollar to Mary for the tip, and hustles out.

Mary can't believe the tip.

EXT.\INT. MAIN STREET\TELEPHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

He enters the glass booth, folds the squeaky door shut, and sits down on the little stool to catch his breath.

Using the phone book from beneath the phone, Jeff looks up several numbers. He writes them numbers down on his list of names.

He slips a dime into the phone and is struck: no buttons. It's a rotary phone. He dials the number.

JEFF
Hello. May I please speak to Diane?

Sorry, I must have the wrong number.

Another dime, another number.

JEFF
Is Diane there?

CLICK.

And again.

MRS. BUTLER (OVER PHONE)
Hello?

JEFF

May I please speak to Diane?

MRS. BUTLER (OVER PHONE)

She's not here. Can I take a message?

JEFF

Mrs. Butler, is that you?

MRS. BUTLER (OVER PHONE)

Yes it is. Who's this?

Smiling, Jeff stumbles over his words.

JEFF

Uh, Jeff Richfield. I'm, uh, an old high school friend of Diane's. Can you tell me where she is?

MRS. BUTLER (OVER PHONE)

Who did you say you were?

JEFF

Jeff Richfield. You remember me?

MRS. BUTLER (OVER PHONE)

Well, I'm not really sure where she is. She may be at the Georgetown library.

JEFF

Thank you Mrs. Butler. Goodbye.

Jeff disconnects, then dials the OPERATOR.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

Operator.

JEFF

The number for Reagan Airport please.

OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)

(confused)

Which airport?

Jeff back-pedals.

JEFF

Sorry. National Airport.

He writes the number down, and another dime later, he dials it.

JEFF

I'd like to know the earliest flight from National to Dallas tomorrow?

Seven AM? And arrives?

Do I need a credit card to reserve a seat or can I pay at check-in.

Good, I'd like to make a reservation, please.

INT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - NIGHT

Proud of his accomplishments, Jeff contemplates his next step from outside the telephone booth. He glances around and notices the church steeple.

INT. SEVEN CORNERS METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

It's dark and cavernous, with the only a ray of dim light coming from the altar in front. Nobody prays on this Thursday night.

Jeff enters in the back. He walks to the front, where he stands below the altar. He looks up at the big cross which hangs above.

JEFF

What's going on? Have I died?

No answer.

JEFF

Is this a dream?

FAMILIAR VOICE

He usually doesn't communicate by voice.

Startled, Jeff looks around to see where the voice came from.

FAMILIAR VOICE

He also has a habit of not answering questions directly.

Jeff recognizes the voice.

JEFF
Reverend Cooper?

The Reverend's up on the altar. Jeff sees him.

Skinnier, no beard, and about the same age as Jeff, the Reverend walks down to Jeff.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER
Do we know each other?

JEFF
Not exactly.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER
How did you know my name?

JEFF
It's on the sign in front. My name's Jeff Richfield.

They shake hands.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER
Related to Bob and Sandy?

JEFF
No, I'm afraid not.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER
What can we do for you, Jeff.

He contemplates.

JEFF
Do you believe in miracles?

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER
God has been known to perform a few now and then.

The Reverend points to a couple of seats in the pew. They sit next to each other.

JEFF
What would you say if I told you I was from the year 2003?

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER
That's not a miracle. It's science fiction. Not his category.

JEFF

What would you say if I told you something terrible will happen tomorrow? But I can stop it.

Reverend Cooper's taken aback.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER

Stop what?

JEFF

A shooting.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER

I don't have time for this nonsense.

The Reverend stands up.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER

You should leave.

Jeff stands up.

JEFF

Please, I just need some money.

Reverend Cooper points to the exit.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER

I'm not going to ask again.

Suddenly, someone enters the church in the back. Although it's quite dark, the reflection off a badge and the outline a hat, leaves no doubt it's a Police Officer, BERT.

BERT

Reverend?

Jeff's ready to jump out of his shoes.

YOUNG REVEREND COOPER

Yes, Bert, I'm in the front. What's up?

BERT

There's a stranger in town causing all kinds of ruckus, first at the hospital, then over at Tom's place. We think he also tried to break into Charley's house.

The Reverend looks at Jeff. Jeff looks up at the altar.

Jeff tears ass to the altar and looks for his escape route. In his haste, Jeff topples the main podium. It CRASHES with a thud, ECHOING throughout the church.

Bert runs to the front, where the Reverend points to the podium. The race is on.

Unfortunately for Bert, he's an overweight small town police officer around 50. He's out of breath already.

Jeff's been on this altar before. He makes his way to the back of it, down a short flight of steps, out a basement door, and into the alley in the back.

Bert's still stepping over the broken podium.

EXT. STREET - GEORGETOWN LIBRARY - NIGHT

A taxi pulls to the curb.

On one side of the street is a building that looks like a library. On the other side is a college night spot called Gallagher's.

Jeff gets out of the taxi and stands at the DRIVER's window.

JEFF

Are you sure this is the Georgetown library? I thought it was three blocks down there.

TAXI DRIVER

What are you talking about? There's nothing but vacant lots down that way.

INT. GEORGETOWN LIBRARY - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

Jeff walks through the main door where many students are studying. The tables are situated between the book stacks, so it's hard to see who's sitting at each table unless you walk right up to them.

He searches for Diane, systematically walking between the book stacks.

SECOND FLOOR OF LIBRARY

Jeff runs up the steps and searches the second floor.

No Diane.

He's frustrated, about to head upstairs.

Then he notices a table hidden by the staircase. Two women sit at the table. One is busy reading, the other furiously writes.

Jeff moves closer, still behind a book stack.

His jaw drops. The woman writing is DIANE, late 20's, absolutely beautiful, wearing blue sweater and a plaid skirt.

He remembers to breathe, walks to the table, drawing the attention of both women.

Jeff sits opposite Diane.

JEFF
Diane Butler?

She looks at Jeff.

DIANE
Yes?

He tries to talk softly.

JEFF
You don't know me. My name's Jeff
Richfield.

DIANE
You teach here?

He's delighted she knows, then realizes she doesn't.

JEFF
Uh, actually no.
(sotto)
Not yet.

DIANE
Oh. I thought I recognized you.

The other Woman flashes Jeff a nasty look.

JEFF
I need to speak to you about
something. Can we go somewhere?
Maybe across the street to
Gallagher's?

Diane's taken aback.

DIANE

I beg your pardon. And how did you know my name?

JEFF

Please. I just need five minutes of your time.

DIANE

Is that what you do? Pick up women in the library?

I've heard about men like you.

Upset at being disturbed, the other Woman gathers her belongings and heads to a quieter table.

Diane, now alone with Jeff, quickly gathers her things, and makes a beeline for the stairs.

JEFF

Please --

DIANE

I have to go.

She heads down the stairs. Jeff follows frantically to the --

FIRST FLOOR --

-- where he catches up with Diane at the check out desk. She's headed straight for the exit, but Jeff calls out:

JEFF

Diane! Wait! Please don't leave.

Students turn to stare, but Diane doesn't answer. She walks faster, but Jeff's right behind her.

JEFF

Let me explain.

Diane stops in her tracks and Jeff bumps right into her.

DIANE

You keep calling me Diane like you know me.

JEFF

Just give me five minutes. That's all I ask. Then, if you want to get rid of me, you won't have any problem.

DIANE

Go ahead, start talking.

Jeff looks at all the people staring at them.

JEFF

Can we go across the street to
Gallagher's? It's a public place.

INT. GALLAGHER'S PUB - NIGHT

Typical college bar. Crowded and smoky, with a small dance floor. Rock and roll plays in the background.

Jeff and Diane sit awkwardly in a booth in the back where it's quieter.

Jeff takes a sip of his beer. Diane doesn't touch her Seven-Up. "Blowin in the Wind" by Peter, Paul and Mary plays in the background.

Jeff cannot get over how beautiful Diane is, but she allows no small talk.

DIANE

You have five minutes.

JEFF

What I'm about to tell you sounds crazy and you're going to think I am crazy. I'm just asking you to listen and keep an open mind. I'm not any danger to you.

DIANE

(unimpressed)

You have four and a half minutes.

JEFF

I don't know how to explain this, so I'll just come out and say it.

I'm from the year 2003.

I am a professor at Georgetown, but in 2003. I have no idea how I got here.

Diane looks at Jeff in stunned silence. She gathers her belongings and gets up to leave.

DIANE

You are right on both accounts.

Jeff's confused by her response.

JEFF

I am?

DIANE

Yes, it sounds crazy, and yes, I think you are crazy.

JEFF

Please don't go. Give me a chance to explain this better.

Jeff takes his wallet out and slips out the tattered photograph. He looks at it himself first.

Diane stands next to the booth.

JEFF

Look at this.

He hands it to Diane. She stares at it in silence. As Diane holds the photograph, Jeff points to the individuals one by one.

JEFF

That's me when I was five. This is, or was, or will be my best friend. My mother and

Deep breath.

JEFF

And this is you, my best friend's mother.

Six years from now.

Diane looks closely at the picture, shaking her head "no."

DIANE

Granted, this person does look a lot like me, but I would never have my hair like that. And the clothes. Where did you get this?

JEFF

I've had it since 1969. I always carry it.

DIANE

That's not me!

She hands it back, frightened and unsettled.

Diane's had enough.

DIANE

Your five minutes are up. Please do not follow me or I'll call the police.

She walks away. Jeff remains seated, head in his hands.

He makes one last attempt to keep her from leaving.

JEFF

(loud so Diane can hear)
You're getting your graduate degree in education here at Georgetown.

Diane stops, turns around and looks at Jeff.

DIANE

Anybody could know that.

JEFF

You're a teacher for the third grade at Rosewood elementary.

He's got her attention now. She moves toward the table, but is still ready to leave.

DIANE

That's not a secret.

JEFF

You chose Rosewood because you're in love with a teacher there, uh, Dr. Zhivago.

Her full attention. She moves very close to the table.

DIANE

Who told you that?

JEFF

Your parents tease you about it with that name. I don't remember his real name.

Diane's astonished. She sits back down.

DIANE

Who told you that?

JEFF

I just knew.

DIANE

What else do you know?

JEFF

You're a gifted teacher who loves her students. And your students love you. You're smart, caring... and one hell of a mom.

DIANE

(softly)

Who are you?

JEFF

My name is Jeff Richfield. I've known you for close to forty years.

She can barely be heard.

DIANE

I'm sorry, I can't accept that.

She stands, but doesn't leave.

JEFF

That's okay, I understand. You don't have to.

DIANE

What do you want from me?

JEFF

I need a place to stay tonight. I need someone to talk to.

Diane cups Jeff's chin, gently tilting his head up.

Jeff stares directly into Diane's eyes.

DIANE

There are a thousand good reasons for me to leave, but something's stopping me. It doesn't mean I believe what you're saying.

JEFF

Thank you.

DIANE

My parents have an small apartment
in the basement of their house. My
grandmother used to live in it. You
can stay there tonight.

JEFF

(sotto)

I feel like Marty McFly.

DIANE

What?

JEFF

Never mind.

DIANE

Come on, my car's parked across
campus.

EXT. GEORGETOWN CAMPUS - NIGHT

Jeff and Diane walk among the many students who are out for
the night. He's captivated by the campus.

They approach the building in which Jeff works. He stops at
the entrance and turns to look at it. The building looks
almost the same as in 2003.

Diane continues to walk; she doesn't notice Jeff has stopped.

JEFF

This is my building.

Diane stops and turns toward Jeff. She's about 15 feet away.
Jeff points proudly to a window on the third floor.

JEFF

See up there? That's my office.
That little window right there.

Diane doesn't know what to say.

Jeff looks at all the students pass by.

JEFF

God, I love this place.

How did I ever let it get to this?

DIANE

Come on, let's go.

EXT. DIANE'S CAR - WASHINGTON, D.C. - MOVING - NIGHT

With Jeff in the passenger seat, Diane drives her 1958 red Ford Fairlane with a manual shift on the column and no power steering. It drives like a truck. Jeff's impressed with Diane's driving abilities.

JEFF

Where do you live?

DIANE

I thought you knew everything about me.

Jeff smiles.

JEFF

Not everything.

DIANE

Down near Rosewood. But I have a key to my parent's house.

JEFF

So what's the plan? Am I supposed to introduce myself to your mom and dad and tell them I'm staying at the house tonight?

DIANE

I'm thinking.

EXT. OUTSIDE DIANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A two story colonial on a quiet residential street near Seven Corners.

Diane nods to Jeff as they exit her car. She makes her way up the walkway and enters her front door.

Jeff walks around to the back, careful not to make any noise. He reaches the back door, but Diane's not there.

Suddenly, a loud BARKING German Shepard comes charging at Jeff, who's frozen in his tracks. The snarling, barking dog stops a foot from Jeff, about to attack.

JEFF

Good boy... stay.

All of its sharp teeth are on display. The dog will surely attack if Jeff moves an inch.

Propped up against the house next to the back door is a "Mickey Mantle" Louisville Slugger baseball bat.

Jeff looks at the bat, then looks at the dog. Jeff's pissed.

JEFF

You're the last thing I need tonight. You get any closer, and the name "Mickey Mantle" will be permanently imprinted across your head.

A WOMAN'S VOICE from a distant back yard.

WOMAN'S VOICE

King! Come here boy. Come on.

King turns, gives one last bark, and runs to the voice.

JEFF

Go ahead. Go home to mommy.

Diane opens the back door and Jeff goes in.

INT. BASEMENT - DIANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's pitch black. They're in the laundry room.

Diane whispers.

DIANE

My parents are sleeping. I don't want to turn on any of these lights. Follow me.

Jeff takes two steps and then CRASHES into the washing machine. Diane winces at the thought of waking her parents while Jeff grabs his kneecap.

DIANE

Are you alright?

JEFF

I can't see a thing.

Diane holds her hand out. Jeff looks at it.

DIANE

Take my hand.

Jeff takes Diane's hand. Soft and gentle. They look at each other in a strange way. A connection Jeff cannot fathom.

Diane slowly leads Jeff into a room, shuts the door, and then turns on the light. Their hands slowly separate, both a bit embarrassed.

INT. BASEMENT BEDROOM - DIANE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jeff glances around. Bedroom and bathroom with a shower. Next to the bed is a night table, while across the room is a small sofa and a full dresser with a lamp on top.

Jeff sits on the sofa. Diane stands.

DIANE

What now?

JEFF

I'm exhausted. I'd like to take a shower and then go to sleep. I'll be out of here first thing in the morning. I promise.

DIANE

I'll go up and get some clean towels and a razor.

Diane leaves the room, quietly shutting the door behind her.

Jeff stands, takes his wallet out pants pocket and puts it on the night table. He takes his sport coat and lays it neatly on top of the dresser.

He goes into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Jeff looks into the mirror above the sink. It's the same tired face from this morning.

JEFF

What in the hell am I doing here?

He finds an old towel hanging on the hook behind the door, pulls the shower curtain back and checks out the shower. It looks very inviting.

He closes the bathroom door.

BEDROOM

The shower goes on.

Diane enters carrying some clean towels, a razor and some shaving cream. She sees the bathroom door closed and hears the shower running.

She KNOCKS on the bathroom door.

No response.

She KNOCKS louder.

BATHROOM

Jeff pulls open the shower curtain, gets out of the shower while it still runs, puts the skimpy towel around him, and opens the door a crack.

JEFF

What's the matter?

BEDROOM

DIANE

I have some clean towels, a razor
and some shaving cream.

Diane closes her eyes, and then covers them with her hand, pushes the door open a bit more, takes a half step in, and hands Jeff the goodies.

BATHROOM

Jeff smiles when he sees her.

JEFF

No peeking.

DIANE

Don't worry.

BEDROOM

Diane inches out of the bathroom and opens her eyes. Jeff resumes his shower.

Diane sees Jeff's wallet on the night table. She walks over to it, and contemplates what she is going to do.

She takes the wallet off the night table and inspects its contents: the twenty dollar bills dated 2002, and his driver's license. She takes a close look at license. The picture on the license is definitely Jeff.

DIANE

Date of birth. Eleven, twenty-one,
sixty-three.

TODAY.

Just as she returns the wallet, Jeff's Kennedy half dollar falls out onto the floor. She sets the wallet back on the night table and picks up the coin.

She looks at the coin curiously, but doesn't understand it.

Needing better light to look at the coin, she walks to the dresser, turns on the lamp that sits atop it, and closely inspects it. The JFK portrait with the date: 1964.

Before she can get a look at the other side, the shower stops.

In somewhat of a panic, she places the coin in the top drawer of the dresser.

Jeff comes out of the bathroom with a towel around his waist. He's surprised to see Diane's still here, standing next to the dresser. He then looks over at the night table and notices his wallet has been moved.

JEFF

You've been through my wallet.

He steps back into the bathroom.

DIANE

I couldn't help it. I wanted to see who you really were.

JEFF (O.S.)

Well?

DIANE

You've been telling me the truth.

Jeff comes back into the room in his pants and shirt.

DIANE

You were born today.

JEFF

Six PM at Seven Corners hospital. I was there when it happened -- again. I mean, right next to my father when he was told his son was born seven weeks premature.

DIANE
Unbelievable.

Did you talk to him?

Jeff nods.

JEFF
Unbelievable, considering he's been
dead for over 30 years.

DIANE
Oh, I'm so sorry.

Jeff lies down on top of the bed and closes his eyes.

JEFF
He's devastated. He thinks I'm
going to die.

DIANE
(sotto)
Going to die.

She now realizes what the coin means. The look on her face
tells it all. She sits on the sofa.

DIANE
They don't put living people on
coins, do they?

Jeff sits up and looks at Diane.

JEFF
What?

DIANE
I saw the coin. John Kennedy's on
it.

Jeff's silent.

DIANE
It's from 1964.

Something must happen pretty soon.
Tell me.

JEFF
I'm not sure what happens now.

DIANE
What happened before?

No response from Jeff.

DIANE
Please tell me.

Jeff lays back down, closes his eyes and speaks very softly.

JEFF
President Kennedy was, or will be
assassinated in Dallas at about one-
thirty tomorrow afternoon.

Diane starts to get hysterical. Jeff moves over to her. She stands up and they embrace in a comforting hug. Diane calms down a little.

The attraction Jeff and Diane have for each other is quite evident, but neither can act on it. Jeff, especially, is very uncomfortable with his best friend's mom.

He sits on the sofa next to her.

DIANE
I can't believe it.

Is that why you're here?

JEFF
I know everything about the
assassination. I've studied it for
years. What other reason could
there be?

DIANE
You think you can stop it?

Jeff becomes cocky.

JEFF
Yes. I know I can change history.

DIANE
What makes you so sure? You studied
history that hadn't been changed
yet. You can't guarantee anything's
the same -- you stepped in and
changed it just by being here.

JEFF
That has to be why I'm here.

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)

There's a flight to Dallas at seven in the morning. I'm going to be on it if you could loan me the money.

Diane nods.

Jeff gets back into bed and lays down.

With her head about to burst with all this, Diane lays down on the sofa. From her position, she cannot see Jeff.

Jeff closes his eyes, but Diane interrupts.

DIANE

Tell me about my son.

Jeff smiles

JEFF

Scott. My best friend. My only friend. I've known him since I was five.

DIANE

What's Scott like?

JEFF

He's a public defender.

She smiles.

DIANE

A lawyer for people who can't afford one. That's nice.

I don't marry Don Chivano, do I.

JEFF

Maybe I shouldn't tell you too much.

DIANE

Am I happy?

JEFF

Yeah.

DIANE

What about you?

JEFF

Your son told me today I'm a mess.

DIANE
Was he right?

Jeff nods. Diane can't see it. Jeff's eyes close.

EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK AT DEALEY PLAZA - DALLAS - DAY

A sidewalk is jam-packed with people whose undivided attention is directed on the street in front of them. The street is closed to traffic.

It's the dream again. Everyone's exactly the same. Same positions, same clothes. But this time Jeff's dressed like the other men, in a dark suit.

He looks up and to his left and SEES a six story BRICK BUILDING. The HERTZ BILLBOARD still flashes 12:25... 68... 12:25

Beads of perspiration dot Jeff's face.

The same signs held by the same people.

Jeff scans the upper right section of the brick building, finding the right corner window just below the top floor.

Something STICKS OUT of that window.

Jeff pushes his way to a nearby POLICE OFFICER, waves his arms frantically, and yells:

JEFF
They're going to shoot the
President!

Absolutely no response. His anger makes him louder.

JEFF
Listen to me! You've got to stop
the motorcade now!

Maybe he's invisible.

The beginning of the motorcade passes. The crowd NOISE and RUMBLING motorcycle engines are DEAFENING. Jeff's frustrated and desperate.

SUDDENLY, a LITTLE BOY, 7, runs up to Jeff, crying.

LITTLE BOY
Mister, I lost my daddy. Can you
help me find him?

Jeff is freaked out by this new version.

JEFF

Lost your -- You can see me!?

LITTLE BOY

I don't know where he is.

Jeff looks at the Little Boy and then looks back up at the Texas School Book Depository.

What's going on!?

He looks back down at the Little Boy apologetically, then makes a MAD DASH toward the brick building through throngs.

He fights his way to the building's entrance, looks up and sees the sign: Texas School Book Depository.

INT. TEXAS SCHOOL BOOK DEPOSITORY BUILDING - DAY

Through the front doorway, Jeff runs down a hall, goes through a door into a --

STAIRWELL --

-- where he sprints up several flights of steps. Huffing. Reaching the fifth floor, he throws open the stairwell door and steps out onto the --

FIFTH FLOOR

BANG...

BANG...

BANG.

He stops in his tracks, totally confused. The gun shots aren't supposed to happen until he gets to the end of the hall.

He sweats profusely.

He runs down the hall toward the last door on the floor. The door to the room is OPEN. He goes into the --

ROOM --

-- but nobody's there. Boxes are stacked near the corner window. Empty shell casings litter the floor. A rifle is propped up against the window.

He SCREAMS.

INT. BASEMENT OF DIANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Jeff finishes his SCREAM.

Diane's startled awake on the sofa.

DIANE
Are you alright?!

Jeff sits up trying to get his bearings.

DIANE
I hope my parents didn't hear that.

He gasps for breath, still new to this reality.

JEFF
I'm still here.

DIANE
Anything you want to talk about?

Jeff calms himself.

JEFF
No, not really.

He looks at his wristwatch.

JEFF
It's five-thirty. I think we should
get ready to go to the airport.

EXT. DIANE'S CAR - SEVEN CORNERS - MOVING - DAY

Diane drives down Main Street. Jeff takes a long hard look as they drive past the hospital.

Diane senses something.

DIANE
Everything okay?

JEFF
I'm just thinking about what's
going on inside there.

Seeing my father yesterday was
beyond comprehension. I didn't
think he cared.

DIANE

He died when you were seven?

Jeff forgets where he is.

JEFF

Killed in Vietnam.

DIANE

What's Vietnam?

He remembers where he is.

JEFF

You'll find out soon enough.

He was in the army. He died saving
a bunch of strangers.

DIANE

I don't understand.

Jeff becomes emotional.

JEFF

He left his wife and the child that
worshipped him to go fight in some
God forsaken place.

DIANE

When the army calls...

JEFF

The army didn't call. He
volunteered. It was his second
tour. He didn't have to go. It was
his choice!

Jeff's angry.

JEFF

What makes a man do something like
that?

DIANE

You mean to risk his life for his
country and other men?

JEFF

No. Abandoning his family. I needed
him. Where was he when I was
growing up?

DIANE
Helping. Isn't that what you wanted
to do when you became a teacher?

JEFF
Yeah, but I come home at night from
my job.

DIANE
Look, I don't know anything about
this Vietnam, and I don't know a
lot about your father, but I think
you're way off base.

Jeff looks out at the scenery.

DIANE
And I have the feeling the two of
you are a lot alike.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Jeff and Diane sit in the car just outside of the departures
terminal. She notices he's grown pensive.

JEFF
What if I can't stop it? What if I
can't change President Kennedy's
fate?

Diane's very understanding.

DIANE
Just tell me what you want to do.

JEFF
I'm going to Dallas. That has to be
why I'm here.

Diane opens her pocketbook, takes out an envelope and gives
it to Jeff.

DIANE
I took this from my room last
night. It's three hundred dollars.
Every penny I have.

JEFF
Thank you, I'm...

DIANE
Just come back safe.

Jeff tries to gather his words.

JEFF

I feel weird saying this.

DIANE

What?

They smile at each other.

JEFF

The more I'm with you, the harder
it is to hide my feelings.

DIANE

I know what you mean.

JEFF

I have to keep reminding myself who
you are. It's so crazy.

They embrace.

He thanks her with final squeeze and a smile, gets out of the car, and enters the terminal.

Diane tries to drive away, but is blocked by some heavy traffic.

INT. TERMINAL - NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Jeff heads through a crowded area to the ticket counter for the flight to Dallas. There's a line four deep.

Jeff gets in line. An ANXIOUS MAN, 30, stands beside the line to the right of Jeff. It's hard to tell if the Man's in line or not.

JEFF

Excuse me. Are you in line here?

ANXIOUS MAN

No. The flight's full. I'm waiting
in case somebody doesn't show up.

The line moves up. Jeff's now third. Jeff turns back and looks at the Man.

JEFF

You need to get to Dallas?

ANXIOUS MAN

As fast as I can. My father had a heart attack last night. They're not sure he's going to live. The next flight's not until four this afternoon.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - NATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Diane's still stuck in traffic just outside the terminal. Through the large window, she can see Jeff standing in line, having a conversation with the Man.

Jeff then signals the Man into line with him. The Man picks up his suitcase and stands with Jeff. Their conversation resumes.

Traffic loosens a bit, and Diane moves ten feet, just enough for her to lose sight of Jeff.

Someone TAPS on the passenger window; she cannot see who it is.

It's Jeff. He gets into the car.

DIANE

What's going on?

Jeff looks straight ahead, the pensive appearance is gone.

JEFF

For many years, I've had nightmares about the assassination. I'm there at the shooting. In Dealey Plaza.

Diane doesn't know what Jeff is remembering, but his dread and description move her to feel his pain.

DIANE

That's horrible.

JEFF

Maybe from the newsreels, or from all the thousand of pictures I've looked at, the dreams are so detailed. I know every square inch of the place. I know every face. I've been there a thousand times.

And for all of those thousand times, I've never been able to stop it. The shots always ring out. And I wake up screaming.

DIANE

But this isn't a dream.

JEFF

Last night, when I somehow arrived here in 1963, I was sure it was fate. Stop the assassination. What other reason could there be?

DIANE

Only you can answer that.

JEFF

I think I have.

Can you take me to Seven Corners Hospital?

DIANE

Are you sure? And what about the Seven Corners police? They're looking for you.

JEFF

Yea, I'm sure. And I'll just have to take my chances with the police.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SEVEN CORNERS HOSPITAL - DAY

Jeff enters the nearly empty waiting room. The clock on the wall reads: 8:30. He proceeds through the door to the maternity ward.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - SEVEN CORNERS HOSPITAL - DAY

Jeff is alone. About ten babies are in bassinets behind a glass wall, easy for people to see.

In the back corner of the room is an infant in an incubator. The baby, which is flailing frantically, has several tubes attached to its nose.

Jeff strains to see the name on the tag: Baby Richfield.

His jaw drops in awe. Mouth gaped open. He doesn't know whether to laugh or cry. He stares. This infant is literally kicking and screaming to live.

As Jeff stares at the preemie, a conversation in the distance gets closer, but Jeff's oblivious. He's focused only on that incubator.

From behind Jeff, a NURSE pushes a WOMAN in a wheelchair. Wearing a hospital issue bathrobe, the woman, 26, looks very tired. The nurse wheels her up to the window next to an oblivious Jeff.

NURSE
(whispering)
I'll be back in ten minutes.

The Nurse walks away. The Woman stands and gazes into the maternity ward. She points to the far corner.

WOMAN
That's my son in the corner over there.

Jeff slowly turns his head in the direction of the Woman.

It's his MOTHER.

He's weak in the knees, afraid to look directly at her.

WOMAN/YOUNG SANDY
He's quite sick.

Jeff silently stares straight ahead, afraid to move.

YOUNG SANDY
Which one of these babies is yours?

He tries to gain his composure.

JEFF
None actually. I'm, uh, a friend of a father.

Jeff still stares at the baby.

JEFF
What's the matter with him?

YOUNG SANDY
He was born premature. His lungs are not fully developed.

The preemie still screams and kicks frantically.

JEFF
Ma'am, that baby has been kicking and screaming since I've been here. I'm not a doctor, but if that baby has bad lungs, he would have run out of breath by now.

Sandy smiles.

YOUNG SANDY
You really think so?

JEFF
I don't think your doctor knows
what he's talking about. Your son's
going to be just fine.

Sandy stares at him, grateful.

YOUNG SANDY
Hi, I'm Sandy Richfield.

Jeff tries to act normal, but is amazed at his circumstance.

JEFF
Jeff, uh, London. Pleased to meet
you.

Sandy extends her hand, and they shake.

YOUNG SANDY
My husband and I were going to name
our son Jeff. Jeffrey Edward. With
all of the problems, we haven't.

JEFF
Well, you two can go ahead and name
your boy.

YOUNG SANDY
Maybe we will.

JEFF
Good.

She sits back down, tired.

YOUNG SANDY
I don't know who I'm more worried
about, my son or my husband. He's
taken this so hard. He's been in
the hospital chapel all night.

JEFF
I have to be going, ma'am. Please
don't worry about your son. He's
going to be just fine. It was nice
meeting you.

YOUNG SANDY

Nice meeting you too. Thanks for
the kind words.

JEFF

Oh, and tell the doctor the baby
doesn't need the oxygen. It's bad
for his eyes. He'll be fine
without it.

Jeff walks out of the maternity ward, but looks at his mom
watching her baby, just before he exits.

INT. SANCTUARY - SEVEN CORNERS HOSPITAL - DAY

Jeff enters through double doors into a very small sanctuary,
with only five rows. Bob sits at the end of one row. Jeff
sits across the aisle from his father.

Bob recognizes Jeff from last night.

BOB

Hello.

Jeff nods back with a slight smile. Bob's unshaven and very
tired, looking like he hasn't slept all night.

BOB

What happened to you yesterday? You
had some people worried.

JEFF

I probably should have told the
nurse I was leaving.

You look like you could use
something to eat. Want to go to the
cafeteria for breakfast?

Bob sighs. There's nothing more he can do here.

BOB

Not a bad idea.

INT. CAFETERIA - SEVEN CORNERS HOSPITAL - DAY

Carrying trays of food, Jeff and Bob walk to a table in an
almost empty cafeteria.

BOB

This alright?

JEFF

Sure.

Both men place their trays on the table, on top of paper place mats.

BOB

I don't think we've been properly introduced. I'm Bob Richfield.

Bob extends his hand for a handshake. Jeff looks at it for a second and they shake hands. It's a long, protracted handshake.

JEFF

I'm Jeff London.

They sit.

BOB

So what was the problem yesterday?

JEFF

I was having terrible headaches and became disoriented. But I'm fine now.

How's your son doing?

Tears well up in Bob's eyes. He has a hard time speaking.

BOB

Less than a day old and he's fighting for every breath. The doctors say it's fifty-fifty at best.

Bob pulls a handkerchief from his pants pocket and wipes his eyes.

BOB

I feel so helpless. I would do anything for that little boy. Even give my own life.

JEFF

You would?

Bob realizes a fact.

BOB

You're not a father are you.

Jeff shakes his head "no."

BOB
Then you'd have a hard time
understanding.

JEFF
Bob... your boy's going to be fine.
I know it.

BOB
I hope to God you're right.

JEFF
I am. You don't have to worry.
Please, take my word.

BOB
But what if he dies? I'll never get
the chance to tell him I love him.
He'll never know what he means to
me.

Jeff scrounges around in his jacket pocket and finds the pencil he was given yesterday at the coffee shop, picks up an unused paper place mat, and gives the pencil and paper to Bob.

BOB
What's this for?

JEFF
Write your son a letter and let him
know how you feel. I guarantee
you'll be able to give it to him
one day.

BOB
Thanks, maybe I will.

Both eat some of their breakfast.

BOB
What do you do for a living?

JEFF
I'm a professor at Georgetown.
What about you?

BOB
Captain in the U.S. Army. In the
Pentagon. What part of the service
were you in?

JEFF
Never served. I have some problems
with my eyesight.

BOB
Sorry to hear that.

They both have some more breakfast. Jeff contemplates his
next step.

JEFF
Can I ask you a question?

Bob nods.

JEFF
Why does a soldier leave his wife
and son and risk his life for
strangers?

Bob understands what Jeff really asks.

BOB
Your father was killed in action.

JEFF
I was seven.

BOB
That was over thirty years ago.

Jeff nods.

BOB
You're mad at him for leaving you.

JEFF
I needed him then.

I need him now.

Bob pauses to contemplate his response.

BOB
He didn't give his life for
strangers.

Bob pauses again.

BOB

That has nothing to do with it.

JEFF

Then why?

BOB

He died for you..... he died for all of us. It's the most unselfish act known to mankind.

He wanted to give you a better life.

He wanted to give all of us better lives.

It had nothing to do with any strangers.

You thought that for thirty years?

JEFF

I was so young.

I don't remember him leaving. I never had the chance to tell him that I love him.

There are tears in Jeff's eyes.

BOB

He knows you love him.

Jeff looks directly in Bob's eyes.

BOB

I'm sure he loved you like I love my son. He's just not able to tell you.

Jeff looks down.

JEFF

(sotto)

He just did.

He just did.

Bob looks at Jeff in an odd sort of way.

BOB

There's no reason for being angry.
Move on with your life. Deal with
what you have control over.

Be proud of your father. You're the
person you are today at least
partly because of him.

Jeff smiles.

JEFF

My mom tells me that all the time.

BOB

You tell your mom she's a smart
woman.

JEFF

I will.

Jeff looks at the clock on the wall. 11:30.

JEFF

Bob, I need to get going.

BOB

I was good to meet you. You take
care.

JEFF

Good luck with your boy. He'll be a
handful before you know it.

BOB

Thanks for the encouraging words.

JEFF

No, Thank you.

Jeff gets up and they shake hands. Jeff exits the cafeteria
into a --

CORRIDOR

From behind a door, through a glass pane, Jeff pauses to take
one last look at his Father, who's busily writes on the paper
place mat.

JEFF

(sotto)

I love you dad.

Jeff turns and walks out of the hospital.

EXT./INT. MAIN STREET/DIANE'S CAR - DAY

Jeff gets into Diane's car parked on Main Street.

DIANE
How did it go?

JEFF
Great. I saw me, my mother, and had
a long talk with my father.

DIANE
Did you tell anyone who you were?

JEFF
No way. They would've put me in a
straight jacket.

DIANE
Where to now?

JEFF
Secret Service building in
Washington.

She looks puzzled.

JEFF
I'll tell you on the way.

Diane starts the car.

INT. DIANE'S CAR - FEDERAL BUILDING - WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Diane parks her car.

DIANE
But why do you have to go in there
if you don't think you can stop the
assassination?

JEFF
I need to see Walter face to face.

DIANE
Can I go with you?

JEFF
No, you better not.
(points down the street)
(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)
Just wait for me one block down
that way. Please.

Jeff looks at the clock on the dash board: 12:00.

JEFF
If I'm not back by one, meet me at
the coffee shop in Seven Corners.

DIANE
I have a bad feeling about this. I
just don't understand.

Jeff turns away from Diane and looks out to the street
through the car window.

JEFF
My life's so screwed up.

Angry for 30 years at something I
couldn't understand, obsessed with
something I couldn't change. I'm at
thirty thousand feet without a
parachute.

Jeff takes a deep breath.

JEFF
When I saw you in the library last
night, it was if I was stuck by
lightning. I never felt that way
before. Today, my father told me he
loved me.

I'm tired of being mad, tired of
being lonely, and tired of being
selfish.

I have to do this.

DIANE
But...

JEFF
Walter and I need to talk.

Jeff and Diane embrace in a warm hug.

Jeff gets out of the car and enters the building.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

The lobby, crowded with people, holds a desk with a uniformed SECURITY OFFICER and a visitors sign-in sheet. A bay of elevators are directly opposite the desk.

Jeff walks up to the Security Officer.

JEFF

I'd like to see Walter Bradford please.

SECURITY OFFICER

Third floor. Office 355. Please sign in.

Jeff signs the sheet "Jeff Richfield", and then just stands at the desk. The Security Officer looks at Jeff perplexed.

SECURITY OFFICER

What are you waiting for?

JEFF

You mean I just go up myself?

The Security Officer points to the elevators.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - FEDERAL BUILDING - DAY

The elevator door opens and out walks Jeff. Bustling with people, Jeff walks unnoticed, looking for office 355.

There it is: 355 Agent Bradford. Through the glass, Jeff can see Walter sitting at his desk smoking a cigar.

A Woman's raspy voice startles him.

RASPY VOICE

Excuse me, can I help you?

Jeff looks down and sees the "young" Barbara at a desk outside Walter's office, 40 years younger, but just as stiff and businesslike. Jeff grins.

JEFF

Hi. I'd like to see Walter, please.

YOUNG BARBARA

And you are?

JEFF

Jeff Richfield.

Barbara looks at the appointment calendar on her desk.

YOUNG BARBARA
Do you have an appointment with
Agent Bradford?

JEFF
Not exactly. I just need to see
him. It's important.

YOUNG BARBARA
What shall I tell him it's in
reference too?

Impatience sets in, and Jeff raises his voice a bit.

JEFF
Please Barbara, just tell him I
need to see him.

Barbara's taken aback. How did he know her name?

A MAN close-by, notices the commotion, and steps up to Jeff.
The Man, 26, is dark, good looking, and seems familiar.

MAN
Is there a problem?

YOUNG BARBARA
(to the Man)
This man would like to see Agent
Bradford, but doesn't have an
appointment.

MAN
Maybe I can help you. I'm Agent
Sinclair.

A look of shock comes over Jeff's face.

JEFF
Are you related to the Sinclairs of
Seven Corners?

Before Agent Sinclair can answer, Walter steps out of his
office. He's unhappy.

YOUNG WALTER
Can't I have any quiet around here?
What in the hell's going on?

YOUNG BARBARA

This man would like to see you, but he doesn't have an appointment.

JEFF

Please -- Agent Bradford, I just need to see you for a couple of minutes.

YOUNG WALTER

About what?

JEFF

Can we talk in your office?

Walter signals Jeff to come into his office. Agent Sinclair follows Jeff.

WALTER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It's a typical government office. Cheap furniture with glass walls that allow everyone on the floor to see into it. The desk's covered with scattered papers.

A portrait of President Kennedy hangs behind Walter's desk. A clock next to the picture reads 12:15

Walter sits at his desk and puffs on his cigar, while Jeff and Agent Sinclair stand.

Jeff can't help but smiling at the sight of his good friend.

YOUNG WALTER

What's so funny?

JEFF

I'm sorry, nothing.

YOUNG WALTER

Who are you?

JEFF

Jeff Richfield. Can we speak privately?

YOUNG WALTER

This is as private as you're going to get.

Jeff hesitates.

JEFF

I have some information about President Kennedy's visit to Dallas today.

YOUNG WALTER

What kind of information?

JEFF

The President's life may be in danger.

Walter stands up behind his desk, concerned, puffing faster on his cigar.

YOUNG WALTER

What in hell are you talking about?

JEFF

The motorcade was originally supposed to stay on Main Street and then get on the Stemmons Freeway.

YOUNG WALTER

That's the route. So what? It's published.

JEFF

This morning, someone changed it without telling you. They now make a right on Houston and a left on Elm, through Dealey Plaza. The President's life's in danger as soon as his car turns onto Elm.

YOUNG WALTER

The route hasn't been changed. Where are you getting this from?

JEFF

Walter, call someone in Dallas to cancel the motorcade. You don't have much time.

YOUNG WALTER

I can't act on some crazy person's hunch. I need information. Facts. Tell me, or you'll be arrested.

JEFF

Please, just call!

Walter puts his cigar in the ashtray.

YOUNG WALTER

Tell me now, or you will be taken
downstairs and locked up!

JEFF

There's nothing more to tell you!
Now call or you will regret it for
the rest of your life!

YOUNG WALTER

(to Agent Sinclair)

Take him to holding downstairs
until I can figure this out. Tight
security.

(to Jeff)

You satisfied now?

Agent Sinclair takes Jeff by an arm and takes him out of the
office. Jeff desperately resists. They make it two feet out
of the office.

JEFF

Wait! Wait! Walter, look in your
outbox. At the bottom of your
outbox is the revised route. Look
for it!

Walter shakes his head in disbelief, and inspects his outbox.
He finds a manila envelope at the bottom of the box.

YOUNG WALTER

Hold it one second.

Walter opens the envelope, takes out a letter and reads it.

YOUNG WALTER

Bring him back in here.

Agent Sinclair takes Jeff back into the office. By this time,
there's quite an audience looking into the office.

Walter holds the paper.

YOUNG WALTER

You don't know what you're talking
about. This has nothing to do with
the President's trip to Dallas.

Jeff's confused.

JEFF

Are you sure?

YOUNG WALTER
(to Agent Sinclair)
Get him out of here.

Jeff glances at the clock.

JEFF
Right at this moment, there's a man
on the fifth floor of the Texas
School Book Depository building
with a rifle. As soon as the
motorcade turns left onto Elm,
Kennedy gets his head blown off.
What else do you need to know?

YOUNG WALTER
Take him downstairs. I don't want
him left alone.

JEFF
(struggling)
No! Don't do this!

Agent Sinclair takes Jeff out toward the elevators.

ELEVATOR BAY - CONTINUOUS

As Jeff struggles to get away, Agent Sinclair pushes the down
button.

The elevator door opens and out comes the Mail Boy pushing a
mail cart on rollers. In the bin on the cart are several
manila envelopes. The top envelope is addressed: Agent Walter
Bradford.

Jeff looks at the Mail Boy, knowing full well the revised map
is in the mail cart. There's nothing he can do.

ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Agent Sinclair escorts Jeff into the elevator, pushing the
button for the first floor. The elevator's quite large, as it
can hold upwards of 25 passengers.

The elevator stops at the second floor, and at least 20
people get in. When everyone forces their way to the back,
Agent Sinclair has difficulty holding onto Jeff's arm.

A very heavy Male Passenger innocently squeezes between Agent
Sinclair and Jeff. Jeff shoves the Heavysset Passenger into
Agent Sinclair, and everyone falls like dominoes, with Agent
Sinclair on the bottom.

As the elevator door closes, Jeff exits to the --

SECOND FLOOR --

-- where he runs down the hall to the stairwell. He stops just short of it, and then runs back to the elevator and pushes the down button.

FIRST FLOOR

Digging out from chaos, Agent Sinclair gets off and runs for the stairs and into --

THE STAIRWELL --

and pounds up to the --

SECOND FLOOR --

-- just in time to see Jeff get into the elevator.

He sprints to the elevator and looks at the floor indicator, which shows the elevator went down to the first floor. Agent Sinclair runs down the hall and back into the stairwell.

FIRST FLOOR

Jeff gets off the elevator and quickly makes his way out to the street.

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The street's crowded with pedestrians. Jeff tries to see if Diane's parked where they had planned. He can see the car, but he cannot see if Diane's in the car or not.

Jeff weaves in and out of the pedestrians as he desperately tries to get to the car. He turns around and sees Agent Sinclair as well as two other Agents weaving their way through the crowd a half block behind him.

The Agents spot Jeff, and turn up the chase.

Jeff hightails it into an alley, where he sees a door someone has left open. He ducks in and pulls the door shut.

The agents do not arrive in time to see where Jeff went. They search the alley.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING IN WASHINGTON - CONTINUOUS

Through some empty hallways, Jeff makes his way to the front lobby, where there are just couple of people going in and out.

Through the front entrance, he sees Diane's car. Other agents have joined the search on the street.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jeff calmly exits the building and heads for Diane's car.

On the corner, closer to where Diane's parked, is a drug store. Jeff ducks into the store to scout the final half block.

INT./EXT. DRUG STORE/STREET - CONTINUOUS

From the store window, Jeff can clearly see Diane sitting in her car. At least ten agents search the area. There's no hope of making it to her car.

Jeff then sees Agent Sinclair step up to Diane's car, tap on the driver's window, and talk to Diane.

Jeff nods his head, as he realizes what just happened.

A taxi pulls up in front of the store to let out a Passenger. Just as the Passenger exits, Jeff runs from the store and jumps into the taxi.

EXT./INT. STREET/TAXI - CONTINUOUS

JEFF

Main Street in Seven Corners. I'm
in a hurry.

TAXI DRIVER

No problem.

The taxi pulls out down the street. As it passes Diane's car, Jeff's eyes meet Diane's -- both helpless.

Jeff sees Agent Sinclair spot him as the taxi speeds away. Through the back window of the cab, Jeff watches Agent Sinclair make a call on his walkie talkie.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - DAY

The taxi pulls away, leaving Jeff in front of the coffee shop.

He frantically looks for Diane's car, but it's not there.

He spots the phone booth.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - DAY

Jeff rifles through the phone book attached by a link chain to the phone. He finds the number.

Jeff puts a dime in the slot and dials.

FEMALE OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
Federal Offices, can I help you?

JEFF
Walter Bradford please. Tell him
it's Jeff Richfield.

FEMALE OPERATOR (OVER PHONE)
One moment please.

CLICK.

WALTER (OVER PHONE)
(excited)
Where the hell are you? You're in
one shitload of trouble now!

Jeff's calm.

JEFF
Walter, did you make the call?

WALTER (OVER PHONE)
None of your goddamn business!

JEFF
You're running out of time. In
about five minutes, the President
will be dead.

You found the envelope, didn't you.

WALTER (OVER PHONE)
(more calmly)
Please, tell me who you really are.
What's going on?

From behind the phone booth, Bert, the Seven Corners Police Officer that chased Jeff yesterday from the church spots Jeff on the phone. Jeff does not see Bert.

JEFF

You're a good man, Walter. Nothing you could have done would have stopped this. Nothing.

Please remember that.

Just as Bert is about to get to the phone booth, Jeff spots two Secret Service Agents, one being Agent Sinclair, get out of a car.

They see Jeff and run toward the phone booth.

JEFF

Your men are here to arrest me. I have to go.

WALTER (OVER PHONE)

Wait! Don't hang up!

Jeff hangs up and exits the phone booth just as the Agents and Bert converge.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - CONTINUOUS

They all close in as Jeff races across the street to the hospital and into the --

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SEVEN CORNERS HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Jeff looks around. Just several waiting Fathers, one of which listens to music on a transistor radio. There are no familiar faces.

Through the glass entrance door, he can see Bert and the Agents about to enter.

There's nowhere to run. It's over.

Suddenly, the pain hits him.

Another SEIZURE. A big one.

Jeff stumbles and sits on the chair where all of this started. The pain in his head is excruciating.

He clamps both hands to the sides of his head and closes his eyes. He hears a DEAFENING HIGH PITCHED TONE -- and then silence, except for the faint radio in the background.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 We interrupt this program for an
 urgent news flash from CBS news. It
 has just been reported...

The wall clock reads: 1:32.

SUDDENLY, the pain's gone.

Jeff slowly removes his hands from his ears. With his eyes
 still closed, he hears a NURSE's voice.

NURSE
 Mr. Richfield.

Jeff slowly opens his eyes. A NURSE, 65, stands in front of
 him.

He looks to his left: his mom, 2003 version.

NURSE
 You had us worried for a second.

SANDY
 Are you okay?

JEFF
 Yeah, I'm fine. I just had one of
 those headaches.

Jeff studies the Nurse. Her name tag: JANET CROSS. He knows
 it's familiar, but he doesn't know why.

He looks around. It's 2003. It's dark out.

He looks at the clock: 6:01.

Jeff's so confused.

OLDER JANET
 The doctor will see you now.

Janet walks to someone else in the waiting room.

SANDY
 Are you alright?

He picks up the newspaper on the table in front of him:
November 21, 2003.

JEFF
 What the hell is going on?

SANDY
What do you mean?

JEFF
Have I been here the whole time?

SANDY
What are you talking about?

JEFF
I had the most bizarre -- Have you
been here the entire time?

SANDY
Jeff, we've been sitting here since
I came in.

JEFF
I just had the craziest dream.

SANDY
How's that possible.

JEFF
I don't know, but I dreamt I was...
I was...

Jeff's disoriented.

JEFF
I'm having a hard time remembering
what it was about. I was some place
very familiar, but so strange. My
memory's fading fast.

SANDY
What in God's name are you talking
about?

Janet returns.

OLDER JANET
Are you coming? The doctor is
waiting.

Dazed, Jeff follows Nurse Cross into the examining room.

Sandy reads the newspaper while she waits.

LATER

The clock on the wall: 6:30

Sandy's still reading the newspaper when Jeff emerges from the back.

SANDY

What did the doctor say?

JEFF

He couldn't find anything. He wants me to come back next week for a complete physical. He gave me a prescription in case the headaches come back.

There's one weird thing.

SANDY

What?

JEFF

The vision in my right eye's so much better. Maybe that last headache somehow cleared it up.

Sandy doesn't understand what Jeff's talking about, but doesn't say anything.

SANDY

Come on, walk me to the flower shop.

JEFF

Why are you going there?

SANDY

Every so often, I put two white roses on you father's grave. I went out there today, but I didn't bring any. I'm going back tomorrow.

Sandy puts her coat on, and both are ready to walk out.

Jeff glances back for one last look, shakes his head in confusion, then leaves.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - NIGHT

Main Street's back to normal -- for 2003. Just a few stragglers, all in a hurry to get home.

No friendly nods from anyone they pass.

JEFF

This sounds crazy, but something happened to me in that hospital. I just -- feel different.

SANDY

You are...

Jeff whips his head to stare at her in shock, before she adds:

SANDY

... sounding crazy.

Oh, I almost forgot.

Sandy pulls an envelope from her purse.

SANDY

I found this buried in a box of old things I was about to throw out. It has your name on it. It looks like your father's handwriting.

Jeff takes the letter.

SANDY

Maybe he was going to give it to you when he got back.

They cross the street, and walk to "Marty's Flowers", just two stores from the coffee shop. Sandy looks in the window to make sure it's still open.

JEFF

I'll wait out here.

While Sandy's in the shop, Jeff stares at his name neatly handwritten in faded pencil on the envelope.

Jeff moves to where there's better light under the shop entrance. As he opens the letter, Sandy comes out of the shop with two white roses wrapped in paper.

SANDY

Come on, buy me dinner. The coffee shop's empty. You can read it in there.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Sandy and Jeff are sitting at "the" booth. Except for a few customers at the counter, the coffee shop's empty.

Jeff drinks a soda, while Sandy sips a cup of coffee.

Jeff slowly opens the envelope and pulls out a paper that has been neatly folded several times. With the paper being old and not in very good condition, Jeff gently unfolds it.

It's an old place mat from Seven Corners Hospital. Jeff looks at the cover of the place mat, an etching of the hospital as it looked many years ago.

He turns it over to find his father's handwriting. Jeff squints, as the handwriting, which is in pencil, has faded over the years.

JEFF

I'm not sure how much of this I can read.

It's dated November 22, 1963. The day after I was born.

SANDY

He must have written it while he was in the hospital cafeteria.

JEFF

"Dear Jeff, well we really haven't named you Jeff yet, but we will."

Sandy smiles.

JEFF

"While you fight for every breath upstairs, I struggle to find a way to tell you what you mean to me."

Tears in Sandy's eyes.

JEFF

"Even though I haven't been able to hold you yet, I want you to know the love I have for you is unconditional and there's nothing in this world I wouldn't do for you."

Most of the rest is totally faded. There's only a little more I can make out.

Jeff takes a sip of his soda.

JEFF

"Whatever you do with your life, I will be proud, and you can know I will always be with you. Love, Dad.

Sandy wipes her eyes with her napkin.

Jeff gently folds the letter and places it back into the envelope.

The Waitress, the Older Mary, steps up and places dinner on the table. A salad for Sandy and a club sandwich for Jeff.

JEFF

Thanks, Mary.

Mary nods and walks away.

SANDY

You probably don't remember, but right before he left that last time, he sat with you and tried to explain his reasons.

JEFF

I don't remember much of what he said, but I do remember telling him I loved him.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SEVEN CORNERS - NIGHT

Jeff and Sandy stand next to Sandy's car as she's about to get into it.

SANDY

Thanks for dinner. And happy birthday. It's been quite a day.

JEFF

That's an understatement. Thanks for everything.

Jeff gives his mom a big hug. She kisses him on the cheek, gets in her car, starts it, and drives off.

As the car pulls away, Mary runs out of the coffee shop, crosses the street and hands something to Jeff.

After a short conversation, Mary scampers back across the street and into the coffee shop.

Jeff stands on the sidewalk holding the roses Sandy had forgotten.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - JEFF'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Jeff's sport coat is tossed over a kitchen stool, the roses are in a vase on the kitchen counter, and Jeff sits on the sofa with his feet up on the coffee table sipping a beer while he watches CNN.

The phone RINGS. Jeff gets up and picks it up in the kitchen.

JEFF

Hello?

SCOTT (OVER PHONE)

What did the doctor say?

JEFF

How did you know?

SCOTT (OVER PHONE)

I spoke to your secretary Sherlock.

JEFF

I was told my friends are the cause of all my problems.

SCOTT (OVER PHONE)

Sorry for the hard time at lunch. Come on, I'll buy you a beer.

JEFF

No date tonight?

SCOTT (OVER PHONE)

Just you, beautiful. Meet me at the Pub at eight. Okay?

JEFF

Make it nine.

SCOTT (OVER PHONE)

(surprised)

You're really going out on a school night?

JEFF

Bye Scott.

Just as he hangs up, the doorbell RINGS.

Jeff goes to the front door and opens it, very surprised to see who's there.

JEFF

Diane! What's the matter? Come on in. I just hung up from Scott.

Diane enters. As beautiful in her late 60's as she was in her late 20's, Diane's the epitome of the word "class."

They look at each other strangely, with some sort of new connection.

OLDER DIANE

Everything's fine. I just wanted to show you something.

You used to carry a Kennedy half dollar with you all the time. Right?

Jeff nods.

Diane reaches into her pocket and takes out a Kennedy half-dollar.

OLDER DIANE

Is this yours?

JEFF

No. Mine's in my wallet.

He walks to the kitchen stool where his jacket was tossed, takes his wallet out the pocket and looks for the coin. He cannot find it.

JEFF

I know I had it this afternoon.

He looks at the coin Diane's holding.

JEFF

Let me see that.

Diane hands it over, and Jeff inspects it. He sees his engraving.

JEFF

This is mine. Where'd you find it?

OLDER DIANE

Mother moved into a nursing home last week. My niece and I were cleaning out some of the old furniture in her basement tonight. I found it in the dresser drawer.

JEFF

I've never been in your mother's house, let alone her basement.

OLDER DIANE

I'm as surprised as you are.

JEFF

Strange things have been --

At that moment, the TV NEWSCASTER catches Jeff's eye.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Next, we'll be talking to Walter Bradford, the man in charge of the Kennedy Assassination Records Task Force.

Diane follows Jeff into the living room.

OLDER DIANE

Walter Bradford used to be Will's boss.

Jeff did not hear what Diane said.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

As everyone knows, tomorrow marks the fortieth anniversary of the assassination of John F. Kennedy. I'm here with Walter Bradford, former Director of the Secret Service, who is now heading the Assassination Task Force. Walter, tell us what your group is doing.

JEFF

(shocked)

What!

WALTER (ON TV)

We're gathering all government records and documents that deal with the assassination in preparation for releasing them to the general public.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

But the Task Force has not investigated the assassination?

WALTER (ON TV)

No, and that's something I have to keep reminding my staff. We're not here to investigate.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Mr. Bradford, I would be remiss if I didn't ask you if the events of forty years ago don't still bother you. As the Warren Commission pointed out, you raised a red flag with respect to the motorcade route at the last minute.

JEFF

What's he talking about?

WALTER (ON TV)

I would be lying if I didn't say I don't think about it every day, because I do, but I don't lose any sleep over it. I know what I tried to do.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

What was that?

WALTER (ON TV)

Well, at the last minute I discovered the route had changed without getting approval from the proper channels. I just wanted to be safe rather than sorry.

Jeff turns to Diane in surprise.

JEFF

That's not the way it happened!

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Why wasn't the motorcade stopped?

WALTER (ON TV)

The new route had been approved by the President's people in Dallas. My group in Washington just weren't properly informed.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Thank you Mr. Bradford. CNN will be right back.

JEFF

What the hell's going on?

Sorry. I must sound like a raving lunatic.

OLDER DIANE

That's alright. You're very passionate about your work.

JEFF

I am. It's just that I'm very confused right now about a lot of things. The coin included.

OLDER DIANE

I'll tell you something very odd.

As soon as I saw the coin sitting in the drawer, I knew it was yours. Don't ask me how, but I knew it.

JEFF

You probably saw the engraving.

OLDER DIANE

Until just now, I never knew there was any engraving.

They smile nervously.

OLDER DIANE

I better get going.

JEFF

Good night. Thanks.

Diane kisses Jeff on the cheek.

OLDER DIANE

Happy birthday.

Diane goes out the front door.

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - 5TH FLOOR - ANNEX BUILDING - NIGHT

The area is dark. The only light comes from Jeff's office. He sits at his desk holding the Washington Post from November 23, 1963.

He's looking for the article about the nurse killed in front of the hospital.

He reads the headline to himself:

JEFF

"Man injured in hospital crash.
Injuries not life threatening."

Jeff's confused, as he thumbs through the newspaper to make sure he didn't miss the article. It's not there.

INT. SEVEN CORNERS PUB - NIGHT

The neighborhood tavern is nothing fancy. A lot of locals, quite crowded. Everyone seems to know each other.

Jeff and Scott sit at the bar with beers. They've had more than one.

JEFF

-- and I can't explain any of it.

SCOTT

But you were in the emergency room sitting next to your mother the whole time. You didn't go anywhere.

JEFF

I did go somewhere.

Scott teases.

SCOTT

God, do I pick out the weirdos or what.

I don't think you want to tell this story to anyone else. You sound nuts.

Jeff laughs.

JEFF

You're right.

Scott hasn't seen Jeff laugh like this for a long time. Maybe something did happen.

The Budweiser clock above the bar strikes midnight.

SCOTT

November 22. You know what today is?

JEFF
It's the 40th anniversary of --

SCOTT
-- the day my mother met my father.

JEFF
What!?

SCOTT
You know the story. She's told it
to everyone a million times.

JEFF
Tell me. I don't remember.

SCOTT
Just as Kennedy was assassinated,
my mom was parked in downtown D.C.
She was totally lost.

JEFF
Yeah.

SCOTT
Anyway, my father knocked on her
car window to see if she was
alright. That's how they met.

JEFF
Really?

SCOTT
Yeah, my father was a Secret
Service agent at the time. She had
her brain freeze in front of his
building. He just happened to walk
by.

JEFF
Why don't I remember this?

SCOTT
A few months later they were
married. A year after that, moi.

JEFF
Wow. I must be drunker than I
think. My brain's swiss cheese.

SCOTT

No offense Slick, but your brain's
been swiss cheese for as long as
I've known you.

They CLINK their beer mugs and take a long gulp.

SCOTT

If my mom hadn't gotten lost that
day, I never would've been born,
and you wouldn't have a best
friend.

Think it was fate?

INT. CROWDED SIDEWALK AT DEALEY PLAZA - DALLAS - DAY

Jeff finds himself where he always is in the dream: next to a
Police Officer in the middle of Dealey Plaza.

Same time, same temperature.

Jeff's in his "modern" clothes.

But this time, it's different. There are no beads of sweat.

Jeff makes no attempt to talk to the Police Officer standing
next to him.

Cool, calm and collected, Jeff looks around at all the
people. He studies the smiling faces of the young and old;
all those who hope to get a glimpse of Camelot.

The Little Boy runs up to Jeff, crying.

LITTLE BOY

Mister, I lost my daddy. Can you
find him?

Jeff sadly looks up at the Texas School Book Depository
building. He sees the rifle sticking out of the right corner
window just below the top floor.

He looks down and extends a hand to the Little Boy.

JEFF

Come with me.

The Little Boy takes Jeff's hand, and they turn and walk away
from the Depository to a grassy area.

Jeff kneels next the child, covers the Boy's ears and buries his face tenderly against Jeff's shoulder, preventing him from hearing or seeing.

BANG...

BANG...

BANG.

Jeff calmly holds the child through all the ensuing commotion.

An eerie quiet settles in despite the desperate panic in the Plaza.

Jeff releases the Boy, who immediately sees his Father coming toward him.

LITTLE BOY

There he is! Thanks, mister.

The Boy runs into his Father's arms.

In the eerie silence, Jeff looks around at all of the shocked people in the crowd, who minutes ago were smiling so happy. Some cry, while others kneel down. An innocence lost.

JEFF

(sotto)

It's time to move on.

A thin haze of smoke rises toward the Depository building.

SUDDENLY, VERY LOUD -

RADIO ANNOUNCER(V.O.)

"Good morning. It's seven o'clock in the District of Columbia on this twenty-second day of November 2003. It's 43 degrees on the mall and you're listening to all news radio. The top stories of the day... "

INT. JEFF'S TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jeff moans and slaps the radio. It shuts off.

He stares at the ceiling, a slight smile on his face. The radio woke him up.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - JEFF'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Dressed in a suit, Jeff hustles downstairs. He takes the two roses from the vase, re-wraps them in paper, and flies out the front door.

INT. SEVEN CORNERS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Jeff sits by himself in the same booth as yesterday, facing the entrance. His suit coat hangs on a post next to the booth. Bacon, eggs, toast, coffee and orange juice. He reads the newspaper while he eats.

He happens to look up at the entrance. A FAMILIAR WOMAN, around 30, walks into the coffee shop. Except for her clothes, the Woman looks exactly like Diane did in 1963.

Jeff's jaw drops. He knows he recognizes the Woman, but from where?

She walks directly toward Jeff, but just as she gets to the booth she turns toward the counter.

She leans over the counter, looking for a Waitress.

Jeff gawks at her.

The COUNTER WAITRESS comes over.

FAMILIAR WOMAN

Can I have a toasted bagel and coffee to go please?

COUNTER WAITRESS

Sure.

The Young Woman sits at the counter. She now becomes aware of Jeff.

She swivels around on the stool to look directly at Jeff.

FAMILIAR WOMAN

Is there a problem?

He continues to stare.

JEFF

No.

Sorry, I thought I recognized you.

Without saying a word, she swivels back.

Jeff attempts to eat his breakfast, but continues to stare.

The Counter Waitress hands the Woman a paper bag and a cup of coffee to go. She pays, and is on her way out.

Jeff just sits and watches her leave. Five more steps and she's out the door.

In an non-convincing voice:

JEFF

Excuse me.

She couldn't hear that even if she was wearing a nuclear hearing aid.

Jeff stands up and makes it louder.

JEFF

Excuse me.

Not loud enough. She's one step from the door.

Suddenly, Jeff sees the mysterious Old Man from yesterday, sitting on the first stool near the door in the front. Jeff's perplexed at the sight of the Man, but tries to remain focused on the Young Woman.

Just as she's about to open the door to leave, the Old Man stands up, gets her attention, turns her to face Jeff, and points in Jeff's direction.

She hurries back toward Jeff.

FAMILIAR WOMAN

Did I forget something?

JEFF

I'm sure I know you.

FAMILIAR WOMAN

You called me back here for that?

(facetiously)

Is that what you do? Pick up women in the diner?

I've heard about men like you.

He just stares. That sounded so familiar.

Jeff smiles.

FAMILIAR WOMAN
What's so funny?

JEFF
Nothing.

Sorry.

Jeff sits back down in the booth.

She walks toward the exit again, about three steps, before:

JEFF
Are you related to Diane Sinclair?

She stops and walks back to Jeff's booth.

FAMILIAR WOMAN
Who are you?

Jeff continues to stare at her for a few seconds in silence.

JEFF
(softly)
You're Diane's niece....

Scott's cousin.

She sits opposite Jeff in the booth.

FAMILIAR WOMAN
Who are you?

JEFF
Jeff Richfield.

She looks into Jeff's eyes.

FAMILIAR WOMAN
Scott's friend.

I'm --

JEFF
Karen Butler.

KAREN
(softly)
Right.

How did you know?

JEFF

I'm not sure. We must have met before.

KAREN

If we did, I sure don't remember.

JEFF

You just looked familiar.

KAREN

You teach at Georgetown.

JEFF

Yea.

I heard you may be going to graduate school there. Maybe I can show you around.

KAREN

Your mom told me you didn't have the time.

JEFF

I can make time.

KAREN

I'm back in a couple of weeks.

JEFF

What about today?

Are you busy for dinner tonight?

She smiles in confusion and surprise.

KAREN

Are you asking me out?

JEFF

There's a little pub in Georgetown. Gallagher's. I could show you around and then we can eat.

KAREN

But we've just --

JEFF

I'm your cousin's best friend. He can vouch for me.

This makes her smile.

KAREN

Scott vouch for anyone? I don't think so.

JEFF

So you will have dinner with me?

She nods slowly.

Jeff smiles, the smile of a very happy man. A smile we haven't seen before.

The mysterious Old Man who was sitting at the counter is gone. Jeff doesn't even notice, as Karen and him talk.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

An upscale restaurant in a good hotel. Tablecloths and good china. Croissants in a fancy basket.

Two men in suits eat breakfast. It's Scott and his Dad, engaged in cordial conversation. Quite a few smiles. Scott looks a bit hungover.

INT. BRADFORD BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight filters into the bedroom.

A Man and a Woman are asleep in bed.

The man turns over. It's Walter. He's sound asleep. He wears a slight grin.

INT. SANDY'S BREAKFAST NOOK - DAY

Dressed in a bathrobe, a happy Woman sits and drinks her coffee. She gazes out the kitchen window onto her backyard.

It's Sandy, wearing a big smile. It radiates.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

Thousands upon thousands of simple identical white gravestones lined up row by row by row. It goes on forever.

Closer, there's one particular grave.

Robert Richfield.

TWO WHITE ROSES lay against the grave stone.

Move about a hundred yards up a hill to a grave unlike the others. Much more prominent. A memorial.

The grave area is paved with rectangular stones. Encased in those stones is a flat black slate gravestone with a simple inscription. Below a cross: "John Fitzgerald Kennedy". Below the name: "1917 - 1963"

Next to the black slate gravestone lays a KENNEDY HALF DOLLAR. A closer look reveals Jeff's engraving, his initials: JER.

The ETERNAL FLAME burns brightly directly behind the gravestone.

FADE OUT.