

NOTE: This script has been coded for identification purposes.

11/22/63

101/102 - "The Rabbit Hole"

Written by

Bridget Carpenter

Directed by

*This episode takes place during  
June, 2015 and October 21-28, 1960*

Network Draft B - 1/29/15

©2015 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

**ACT ONE**

**IN BLACKNESS:**

We hear a man's voice, reading an essay aloud.

JAKE (V.O.)

*The day that changed my life. The day that changed my life wasn't a day, but a night. It was Halloween night.*

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - 1960**

CRASH. A door smashes open into a modest living room.

JAKE (V.O.)

*It was the night my father murdered my mom and my brothers and my sister with a hammer.*

The following images are fragmentary, whip-pan blurs, terrifying, nightmarish, adrenaline-inducing.

**INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - 1960**

Three SMALL CHILDREN in Halloween costumes -- FAIRY, COWBOY, GHOST -- run screaming down a hallway.

WOMAN (O.S.)

No! No! Nooo!

**INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - 1960**

A woman's arm pushes away a swinging hammer.

JAKE (V.O.)

*My father was real mean when he drank.*

**INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - 1960**

Torn fragments and pieces of Halloween costumes lay scattered across the floor -- cowboy hat, mask, fairy wings -- in a pool of blood.

Blood is spattered on the floral wallpaper.

JAKE (V.O.)

*It was in nineteen-sixty. I lived in Holden, Kentucky.*

More nightmare fragmentary images:

A hammer SLAMS into a wall, crunching into the drywall. A photo falls, shattering the glass.

JAKE (V.O.)  
*My street was Kossuth Street. My house was a green house. The front door look like a mouth. My father killed everybody but me.*

POV - a child from under the bed. We see a man's boots stomping around the room.

SOUND: a sickening CRACK. A scream.

And then -- it's as though WE are BEING PULLED from under the bed by our feet -- sliding --

JAKE (V.O.)  
*He got my leg with a hammer. He got my mom with a hammer. He got my sister with a hammer. She was in a comah for two months and then she died. Everybody died.*

A woman's lifeless, blood-smearred hand hangs over the bed.

The SOUND of heavy, deliberate footsteps. A child WAILS. And then... the wailing stops.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. LISBON HIGH - CLASSROOM - NIGHT - 2015**

JAKE EPPING (37) stands in front of six adults in folding chairs in a semi circle. He is tremendously moved as he reads the end of the essay.

JAKE  
*I don't like to remember it. But I can't forget it. The end.*

The Adult Education students are Indian, Filipino, African-American, Pakistani. Jake looks around the circle.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
It's a rough story.

HARRY DUNNING, 60, the lone white man, is ungainly and almost pathologically shy. He wears the uniform of a janitor. Jake moves to stand in front of Harry, who stares at his feet.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
And I couldn't put it down. This is what honest writing sounds like.

Jake holds the essay up. In red, at the top: a big A+.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I've been a teacher for eighteen years. I've never read anything better. Never.

Everyone looks at him blankly. Jake tries to wake everyone up. He gives a whoop.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Whooooo!  
This is a great fucking essay.

The students continue to stare. After a moment, the FILIPINO WOMAN hesitantly raises her hand. Jake points at her, happy for feedback.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Lynda.

FILIPINO WOMAN

Will this be on our test?

**INT. AL'S DINER - DAY**

CLOSE ON: a quarter being dropped in a mini-jukebox at the booth of a diner.

*"When I saw him on the corner/Then I knew that I was a goner/I've had it, yeah, I've had it..."*

The Bell Notes sing their hearts out.

REVEAL Jake sitting in the booth. He bites deeply into a double cheeseburger. Ahhh.

Al's diner is a throwback to a classic 50's diner. Formica tables, a long counter, vinyl stools, and an open grill behind the counter. The menu is painted in vintage font above the countertop.

***AL'S FAMOUS FATBURGER... \$1.25!***

Though the diner is clean and pleasant, there aren't many people there. This doesn't seem to trouble AL TEMPLETON, the diner's irascible 70-year-old owner. He stands at Jake's booth and refills his coffee.

AL

That's going straight to your ass.  
Not a Pilates class in the world is gonna help you if you keep eating like that every day.

JAKE

I blame you. Make a diet burger,  
I'll order it.

AL

I do make a diet burger. It's  
called salad.

JAKE

You know what? I'll have a  
milkshake, too. Strawberry.

Al shakes his head. These friends have a longtime rapport. Al  
glances at the pile of papers Jake has next to his plate.

AL

Grading?

JAKE

English papers.

Al picks one up. Reads.

AL

"This poem talks about old men and  
compares them to ghosts and trees  
through metaphor and imagery."  
(looks at Jake)  
That's bad, right?

JAKE

Yeah. Most of them are. Every once  
in a while, you get a student who  
kind of lights you up. But most of  
the time --  
(taps paper)  
-- it's that.

AL

Eesh.

JAKE

(cheerful)  
That's why I earn the medium bucks.

AL

-- Christy?

Jake looks up to see CHRISTY, beautiful with no makeup,  
dressed simply in jeans and a sweater. This is Jake's  
(almost) ex-wife.

AL (CONT'D)

How are you, huh? It's been a long time. You look good.

CHRISTY

Thank you. It's nice to see you, Al.

She slides into the booth across from Jake, who meets her eyes only briefly.

AL

Can I get you anything? Coffee?

CHRISTY

No thanks.

AL

Piece of pie?

CHRISTY

I'm okay for now.

AL

I'm going to brew a new pot of coffee.

(beat)

Back in about two minutes.

Al moves away, leaving them alone.

CHRISTY

Hi, Jake.

Jake takes another huge bite of his burger. Christy glances at his plate (onion rings) but says nothing. Her silence (no silence like a spouse watching you eat) speaks volumes. Jake holds his burger out, speaking with his mouth full.

JAKE

Wanna bite?

CHRISTY

It's a dollar twenty five. That can't be real beef.

Defiantly, he takes another bite.

JAKE

You're missing out.

CHRISTY

It's good to see you.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

I wrote to Helene. When I heard  
about your dad.

JAKE

She told me.

CHRISTY

Did you get a chance to talk to him  
before...

JAKE

He died while I was on the plane  
there.

CHRISTY

Shit. I'm so sorry.

JAKE

Yeah, well.  
(gestures at his papers)  
Things change, things stay the  
same.

CHRISTY

How are your students this year?

Jake shrugs.

JAKE

The same.  
(beat)  
How's Fred?

CHRISTY

Alex.

JAKE

I know.

CHRISTY

He's...

JAKE

I actually don't care.

CHRISTY

I know.

Christy starts to say something else, thinks better of it, and  
digs into her big purse to extricate three files that she  
pushes across the table to Jake. Pages of documents flagged  
with SIGN HERE post-its.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Three sets to sign. One for you,  
one for me, one for the lawyer.

JAKE

Let's get to it! You need a pen?

CHRISTY

I signed already.

JAKE

Atta girl. Always prepared.

He takes out a pen, begins signing. Christy watches.

CHRISTY

Are you writing anything these  
days?

JAKE

Nope.

CHRISTY

That's too bad.

JAKE

Is it?

CHRISTY

I always loved your writing.

JAKE

Editors felt differently.

He keeps flipping pages, signing efficiently.

CHRISTY

What about applying for a  
professorship at the university?

JAKE

Christy. Are you allowed to divorce  
me and still tell me what to do?  
Isn't that against the rules?

He signs one final time, closes the folder, pushes them back.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You're free.

Christy takes two files, and leaves one on the table.

CHRISTY

Jake. I want you to know that I'll always care about you.

JAKE

Please. Spare me the pity party.

CHRISTY

I had hoped we could -- talk. Be real.

JAKE

This is real. We didn't work out. End of story.

CHRISTY

That's how you want to leave things?

JAKE

What are you looking for? I signed the papers!

CHRISTY

I can't stand that you act like this is all just happening to you. Like you're a bystander.

Christy pushes out of the booth.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Believe it or not, I wish you all the best.

She begins to exit.

JAKE

Christy.

Jake has to dig deep for this -- he's still hurting.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I wish you the best too. Okay?

Christy tears up -- this means something to her.

She might kiss him quickly on the cheek -- and then hurries out of the diner, wiping her eyes. Jake watches her go.

Jake sits for a moment, then pushes his plate away. He shoves everything in his backpack and heads to the register to settle his tab. He looks at Al -- and is dumbstruck.

***Because his friend Al... is noticeably OLDER.***

Five minutes ago Al Templeton had great posture and a head of thick hair. This Al? He's stooping; he's thinner. The lines in his face are deeply etched. He has more grey at the temples.

Worst of all, Al coughs a terrible, hacking sound into a handkerchief. When he takes it away from his mouth, Jake sees blood.

**This is a reality-bending moment.**

JAKE (CONT'D)

Al?

Al coughs and coughs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Al, are you all right?

Al nods, unable to stop coughing. After a moment, he manages:

AL

Check's on me today.

*The careful viewer may see that Al is actually sizing Jake up thoughtfully -- but all Jake sees is damn, what the fuck happened to my friend?*

JAKE

What the hell happened?

AL

Nothing.

(beat)

I can't get into it.

JAKE

You can't get into it?

Al shakes his head.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jesus, talk to me!

AL

I will, okay? We'll talk. Later. Go home, Jake.

Al turns and exits to his little office in the back. Unnerved, Jake watches him go.

**EXT. AL'S DINER - DAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jake walks down the steps of the diner and into the near-empty parking lot. He pauses just past a mature, expansive green tree.

He turns and looks back at the diner. *What just happened in there?*

Through the window, he sees Al walk to the door and turn the OPEN sign to CLOSED. He doesn't look out at Jake.

Jake shakes his head and gets into his car.

**INT. LISBON HIGH - CLASSROOM - LISBON, ME - 2015**

Students watch stark black-and-white images of 1960s mental patients from TITICUT FOLLIES, a 1963 Frederick Wiseman documentary.

Jake sits at his desk, also watching.

**ONSCREEN: A DOCTOR stands with a PATIENT inmate.**

**ONSCREEN PATIENT**

**(agitated)**

*Your psychological tests ask me how many times I go to the toilet! And whether I believe in god! What business is that of yours?*

At the front of the classroom, Jake turns to check in with his junior class, all watching the film along with him.

Row after row of kids... all bent over their phones. Some kids wear earbuds. A girl checks her Twitter feed; another girl Facebooks. A dozen kids text mindlessly, their thumbs tap tap tapping. One boy naps.

CLOSE ON: Jake's lesson plan, neatly typed.

**1. Documentary storytelling: why? 2. Individual vs. Institution. 3. Personal responses. 4. Role of govt.**

Jake sighs. He turns off the television, turns on the lights. Kids shift in their desks.

**JAKE**

That was a real place. Real patients. Wiseman's documentary was banned for years. The hospital board went to court to prevent this film from being seen. Why?

No response.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why would Wiseman document these conditions? Make a movie? What's the point?

He waits. A gangly boy wearing an XXXL skater tee giggles at something on his phone screen. Jake soldiers on.

JAKE (CONT'D)

The point is: people tend to think that important stories are wars, elections, political movements. But this place matters. These people matter. Little things matter.

Jake waits for an acknowledgement. Nope.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Another little-known fact: all the pornography on the internet actually comes to us from another planet.

(beat)

Uranus.

Crickets. Wow.

The bell rings; kids gather their things to go. CODY, the gangly boy watching on his phone passes by Jake, still glued to the screen.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Cody. --Cody.

CODY

Yeah, Mr. Epping?

JAKE

What's holding your attention on that screen? You wanna let me in on that?

CODY

Sure.

He unplugs his headphones and holds out his phone so that Jake can see the screen.

Daft Punk plays, hypnotic: *Lose Yourself to Dance*.

It's a parrot, bobbing his head in perfect time to the music. A dancing parrot.

Cody grins, pleased to share the awesomeness.

CODY (CONT'D)  
I'll email it to you if you want,  
Mr. Epping.

Jake nods, hands the phone back.

JAKE  
You do that.

**INT. LISBON HIGH - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jake walks down the hallway. At the very end of the hall, he sees Harry Dunning from his adult education class opening his janitor's locker.

JAKE  
How's it going, Harry?

Harry turns, startled. God, he's shy!

He is not a stammerer -- not exactly. But his introversion gives his speech a deep hesitation.

HARRY DUNNING  
Mister... Epping. I was... going to  
come see you.

Jake glances inside Harry's open locker. Taped-up on the door: several 1960's vintage portraits of his mother, sister, brothers. Heartbreaking in their simple innocence.

HARRY DUNNING (CONT'D)  
Your class was the... last class I  
needed. For my GED. So now I can...  
graduate. You're maybe... busy. But  
I wanted to... invite you. To my...  
graduation.

JAKE  
Only if you let me buy you a beer  
afterwards.

Harry smiles.

HARRY DUNNING  
Sure.

JAKE  
Then I'd be honored.

Jake's gaze moves back to the photo.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Who took care of you after what happened to your family?

HARRY DUNNING

My grandma here in Maine. I never did too... good in school. You gave me the... first A plus I ever got.

JAKE

You deserved it.  
You have any kids?

The janitor shakes his head. He glances at the lockers.

HARRY DUNNING

Kids here are kind of my kids.

Jake meets Harry's eyes. A real connection exists between these two men. Harry closes the locker, shutting the photos of his family away.

**INT. JAKE'S CONDO - EVENING**

Jake walks through the rooms of his condo, collecting half-full coffee mugs from side tables, shelves, atop the piles of books. He dumps an armful of mugs into the kitchen sink.

Jake walks over to his desk. Piles of essays lined up, ready to grade. But he doesn't sit. He opens a drawer.

CLOSE ON a typed manuscript. Loose pages. It reads: *The Faculty Room*. By Jake Epping. 2005.

He lifts the manuscript out, flips to its first page... and then changes his mind. Something about the pages embarrass him.

Jake puts the pile of pages back in the drawer. Then he just stands at the desk, staring at nothing.

**INT. JAKE'S CAMRY - DAY**

Gloomy, murky afternoon weather. Jake taps the steering wheel and sings along to Lyle Lovett.

JAKE

*That's right, you're not from Texas  
That's right, you're not from Texas  
Texas wants you anyway...*

As Jake drives by Al's Diner, he's taken aback to see a big sign in the window:

**GOING OUT OF BUSINESS - THANKS FOR 35 WONDERFUL YEARS**

JAKE (CONT'D)

What the...

Jake pulls a right turn into the lot and parks.

**INT. AL'S DINER - CONTINUOUS**

Al sits alone at the counter, coughing. Jake's startled anew at how old Al looks.

AL

Look who's here. I was going to call you.

JAKE

What's with the sign?

AL

Going out of business. That's confusing to you?

JAKE

You're selling your place?

AL

Sold. Wasn't up to me. Don't own the land.

JAKE

When?

AL

It's been in the works for a while. Owners sold this lot and the one across the way to a developer. My guess is that they'll be digging a big hole here before the end of the month. Put in condos.

JAKE

Jesus. Aren't you... did you try to save it?

AL

I did try. Wasn't in the cards.

JAKE

I'm sorry.

AL

Yeah. --Come here. I want to show you something.

Al stands and goes behind the counter, through a door to a little back office. Bewildered, Jake follows.

**INT. AL'S DINER - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Al stands in front of what looks like a little pantry closet. He coughs again.

JAKE

Al, that doesn't sound good.

AL

No kidding.

(beat)

How long have we known each other?

JAKE

Ten years. Twelve.

AL

You trust me?

JAKE

That's what you ask before you whack someone.

AL

I have something serious I need to talk about with you. You have a minute?

JAKE

(after a beat)

Sure.

Al takes a moment, weighing his words.

AL

Before I tell you any more, I need you to go in this closet. Take a few steps down. Go in there, look around, stay as long as you need to... Then come back. Then I'll tell you everything.

Jake stares at Al. Is this a joke?

JAKE

Go in there.

(beat)

"Stay as long as I want?" You're kidding, right?

AL

I know I sound batshit, okay? I've thought about this, and it will just be simpler if you go in there like I'm asking! Can you just do me a goddamn favor and walk in to the fucking closet?

He coughs.

JAKE

Okay! Okay! Fine! I'm going!

Jake opens the closet and gingerly peers inside.

AL

Wait a second. Give me your cell phone. And your cash.

Jake stares for a beat, then hands Al his cell phone and wallet.

JAKE

You want my keys, too?

AL

Nah, those don't matter. Okay. Go.

Jake shakes his head, mildly frustrated.

JAKE

I'm going.

He steps inside.

JAKE (CONT'D)

There better not be spiders.

AL

You're gonna take three steps forward.

JAKE

If I feel cobwebs on my face I swear to god I'm going to scream like a little girl.

It's very dark. Jake can't see his hand in front of his face.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jesus... I can't see a th--

Suddenly, we hear him stumble.

HARD CUT TO:

**EXT. DIRT LOT NEXT TO WORUMBO MILL - DAY - OCTOBER, 1960**

--Jake falls down some invisible steps out onto an unpaved lot. THE LOUD, INDUSTRIAL SOUND of mill machinery hums in the air. It's a bright, sunny day.

He looks back to where he came from -- where Al's Diner should be.

There's nothing there.

He feels around where he just landed: invisible steps.

...Invisible steps.

He feels exactly where they are. He picks up a rock from the dirt and places one on top of a step. It hangs in the air.

Jake turns to face the street. He gawks.

The corner lot on which Al's Diner sits in 2015 is a shabby area shaded by the Worumbo fabric mill -- abandoned long ago.

But now?

Lisbon's Main Street hums with activity. A sign advertises MOXIE! People walk by snappily dressed in fashions from 1960. The cars on the street are Sunliners, Corvettes, Thunderbirds.

A campaign billboard - RICHARD NIXON 1960! And a smaller poster for KENNEDY.

**HONK!**

A 1960 milk delivery truck pulls over. A MILK DELIVERY MAN in a snappy uniform walks around to the back and then--

**CRASH!**

He drops a bottle.

MILK DELIVERY MAN  
For the love of Mike--

RADIO  
*"Awww won't you staaaay... just a  
little bit loonger--"*

Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs BLARES from the radio of a passing convertible.

**WHOOO WHOOO!**

The fabric mill's factory whistle blows! Lunchtime. *Factory workers from 1960 begin streaming out of the building, jostling past Jake.*

VOICE (O.S.)

You shouldn't be here.

Jake turns. A filthy man lays sprawled out in the dirt. He wears an overcoat and a fedora with a dirty yellow card in the brim. This is the YELLOW CARD MAN.

JAKE

Are you... talking to me?

The Yellow Card Man stares Jake straight in the eye.

YELLOW CARD MAN

You shouldn't be here.

Now the crowd of Worumbo factory workers streams all around Jake. One or two men give him odd looks (Jake's hair is longer than any other man's.)

Jake is sweating.

YELLOW CARD MAN (CONT'D)

You hear me?

This unfamiliar world is assaulting Jake. It's too much, too intense. Too real.

YELLOW CARD MAN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be here!

This guy spooks Jake. Dizzy, nauseous, Jake takes a step back towards the invisible steps...

And then turns and RUNS towards them, bangs his shin--

**INT. AL'S DINER - BACK OFFICE - 2015 - CONTINUOUS**

--Jake falls back through the closet door. His breath comes in gasps.

JAKE

What the fuck was that?

Al sits on a chair, his face calm.

AL

That was October twenty-first,  
nineteen sixty.

JAKE

No it wasn't.

AL

Now you understand why I needed you  
to go in there.

JAKE

Uh... no.  
It was a hallucination. Or drugs.  
Did you drug me?

AL

Do you feel like you were drugged?

JAKE

...No.

He looks back in the closet.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That's a...

AL

Hard to find the right words. I  
know. You go through there, and  
it's 1960.

JAKE

You're saying that's a time portal.

AL

I call it the rabbit hole.

JAKE

How is that possible?

AL

I don't know.

JAKE

How long has it been here?

AL

I found it about fourteen years  
ago. Before that...

He shrugs.

JAKE

Does anybody else know about it?

AL

Just you.

(beat)

I know you. I've watched you for years. I need you to do something.

Jake stares at Al.

JAKE

What are you talking about? Why did you show me this?

AL

Because I need you to go back there to stop the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

Off Jake, we--

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWOINT. AL'S DINER - DAY - 2015

Al fills Jake's mug with coffee. They sit at the diner counter.

JAKE

Have you gone through a lot?

AL

I go a couple of times a week.  
There's a butcher that I like on  
First Street.

Jake thinks about this.

JAKE

You buy your hamburger meat in the  
Past... and bring it back?

AL

How do you think I keep my prices  
so low?

JAKE

That's just weird.  
(beat)  
So -- why?

AL

Why what.

JAKE

Why Kennedy? Why make that your  
mission?

Al thinks about how to answer.

AL

Okay, Mr. Education, you know about  
the butterfly effect? If someone  
accidentally kills a butterfly,  
maybe ten years later there's an  
earthquake in Peru. The idea that  
small events have consequences.

JAKE

You're a beautiful butterfly?

AL

You're a sack of shit. Can I make  
my point?

JAKE

Go ahead.

AL

Do you think that if JFK lived, Robert Kennedy would have run for President in 1968? Seriously.

JAKE

Doubtful.

AL

So if Bobby doesn't run, that means no Sirhan Sirhan at the Ambassador Hotel in 1968. Save JFK, save his brother. That's what I mean about the butterfly effect.

JAKE

That's kind of simplistic.

AL

Hear me out. If Bobby isn't killed in '68, civil rights evolves totally differently--

JAKE

I don't know, Al -- wasn't Robert Kennedy's take on civil rights kind of soft--

AL

(overlapping)

--I would argue that John and Bobby working together would make it better -- the larger point is that saving Kennedy alters events enough to conclude that Martin Luther King is probably not even in Memphis in 1968! So James Earl Ray doesn't take a shot. Martin Luther King lives, which means that there are no race riots that come after King's death because he doesn't get killed.

JAKE

But what if history course-- corrects? What if Martin Luther King dies in a different way? Or a worse way?

AL

Everybody's going to die. That we can't change. But wouldn't it be better to have the people who are doing good things in the world around for longer?

Jake can't argue this.

AL (CONT'D)

And then there's Vietnam.

JAKE

(skeptical)

Saving Kennedy's life changes Vietnam.

AL

Johnson was the one who escalated everything in Nam! Thanks to LBJ and Nixon, we lost almost sixty thousand soldiers. The Vietnamese lost millions. If Kennedy lived, no way does that happen.

JAKE

I don't know. Changing history feels... arrogant.

Al's eyes flash at this.

AL

You think that Vietnam unfolded exactly as it should have? That American history was just hunky-dory? Tell that to Coretta Scott King--

JAKE

(overlapping)

Saving Kennedy is a theory--! You don't know--

AL

Goddammit! You know what I know? If you save Kennedy's life, you make the world a better place! I know you want to make a difference in this world!

This lands on Jake.

AL (CONT'D)

Well this will make a fucking difference. You'd be there. Able to do something. It's not "history." It's people.

JAKE

Why me? Why wouldn't you ask a, a historian?

AL

I'm supposed to put an ad in the paper looking for a time traveler? I'm asking you. I trust you - I know you have the heart and the courage to do what needs to be done, you little shit!

JAKE

But -- How do you know what you're doing in the Past matters at all?

Al digs into his pocket, hands Jake a pocketknife.

AL

Go check. See for yourself.

After a beat, Jake gets it. He stands and heads back to the office.

**EXT. DIRT LOT NEXT TO WORUMBO MILL - DAY - OCTOBER, 1960**

Jake emerges and walks carefully down the invisible steps.

The billboards. (MOXIE! NIXON!) The smell of sulphur and chemicals. The industrial humming of the Worumbo Mill.

*It's the exact same scenario.*

Again, he picks up a rock from the dirt and places it on top of a step.

**HONK!**

Again, it's the milk delivery truck. The MILK DELIVERY MAN walks around to the back --

**CRASH!**

As before the delivery man drops a bottle.

MILK DELIVERY MAN

For the love of Mike--

RADIO

*"Awww won't you staaaay... just a  
little bit looonger--"*

The same song blares from the same passing convertible. The same people walk by on the street in the same order.

**WHOOO WHOOO!**

The fabric mill's factory whistle blows.

THE YELLOW CARD MAN

You shouldn't be here.

Ignoring him, Jake pushes through the factory workers -- he clocks the same fellows eyeballing him.

In front of where Al's Diner would be, a young tree with red-gold leaves stands tall. (We saw this tree earlier in Act 1.)

Jake opens Al's pocketknife and carves "2015" deep into the trunk.

He moves quickly back against the sea of factory workers, towards the invisible steps--

THE YELLOW CARD MAN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be here!

Jake sees the rock on the invisible stairs, bounds up the stairs --

**INT. AL'S DINER - DAY - 2015**

-- he runs out of the closet. He doesn't pause, walking through the diner, past Al--

**EXT. AL'S DINER - CONTINUOUS**

--Jake walks over to the tree.

It's an older tree. He runs his fingers over the unmistakable grooves. 2015. Carved 50 years ago.

Or... two minutes ago.

AL (O.S.)

The next time you go through, the carving won't be there.

Jake turns. Al has followed him outside.

JAKE

Why?

AL

Each time you go through,  
everything resets. It's always  
11:58 on October 21, 1960. And no  
matter how long you stay -- three  
weeks, three years -- when you come  
back through, only two minutes will  
have passed here. And you saw just  
now: do something, and there are  
lasting consequences.

(beat)

But if you want to change something  
forever, you can't go back in.  
Because going back erases what you  
did before.

JAKE

Al. You tried to save JFK. Right?

This lands on Al. It's painful.

AL

Yeah. I tried.

JAKE

And it didn't work. So why do you  
think--

AL

I'm dying. I got cancer! In case  
you didn't pick up on that! I ran  
out of time. I knew I wasn't going  
to make it. So I came back. And now  
I'm asking you to help me. To help  
the world.

JAKE

What if saving Kennedy makes things  
worse?

AL

(shaking his head)

He shoulda lived. He, Bobby, Martin  
Luther King -- all taken too soon.

(beat)

But if it's worse, then go through  
the rabbit hole again, undo it.  
This place is going to be  
demolished, and when it is, the  
rabbit hole will be gone. Along  
with the one chance to make a real  
difference.

Al has another coughing fit, but manages to halt it. Jake puts a hand on the old man's shoulder.

JAKE

Let me take you home.

Al shrugs Jake's hand off. His gaze burns into Jake.

AL

Don't you want to do something that matters?

**INT. LISBON HIGH - CLASSROOM - DAY**

Another day, another group of kids paying cursory attention to Jake. They have books open on their desks. He holds a copy of *The Odyssey*.

JAKE

--When he's offered eternal life with the nymph Calypso, Odysseus declines. Why would he choose to remain a mortal?

Jake waits. No takers. He thinks for a moment.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Okay, close your books.  
(beat)  
Hello!

He gives a piercing whistle. Now they're paying attention.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Close. Your. Books. Forget the *Odyssey*. Forget Homer. I want to try a little thought experiment. If you could go back in time and change something... change history... if you changed one thing -- anything -- what would you do?

Students glance at one another. This is new. A NERD BOY raises his hand.

NERD BOY

How would we travel back in time?

JAKE

Doesn't matter. A time machine. Bang, you're back. So, what would you do?

NERD BOY  
(persistent)  
But are you talking about time  
travel that actually utilizes  
electromagnetic--

JAKE  
(overlapping)  
Glenn, *the method of time travel  
isn't the point.* The point is, what  
is one thing you would do to change  
history?

NERD BOY  
Buy IBM in 1975.

PREPPY BOY  
(inside a cough)  
Loser!

A vaguely GOTH GIRL from the back of the class speaks up.

GOTH GIRL  
Kill Hitler.

The class gives a murmur of agreement. Good choice.

BOY  
No, kill Saddam Hussein.

Dissent.

BOY #2  
Hussein over Hitler? You're  
high.

BOY  
Dude, Saddam was a monster--

BOY #3  
(overlapping)  
No no! Wait, kill Osama Bin Laden's  
parents!

Cheers. Nice one.

SMART GIRL  
What about Pol Pot? He caused  
insane genocide--

BOY #4  
You go to Europe in like 1930  
when Hitler and Stalin met  
and kill both--

SMART GIRL  
Hitler and Stalin never met,  
idiot.

GOTH GIRL

Or you could go back and kill Homer  
so we wouldn't have to read this  
dumb book.

BOY

Yeah, kill Homer!

SMART GIRL

Which wouldn't be hard, he's  
blind.

Jake watches his students, enlivened by the many ideas of who they would kill.

**INT. FITNESS KING - AFTERNOON**

Jake runs on a treadmill. Fast.

The gym is deserted. Just rows and rows of empty bikes and treadmills.

He runs faster. Faster. The console BEEPS; the belt slows.

Jake steps off, breathing hard. He catches himself, reflected to infinity in the mirrors. A hundred Jakes.

A GYM STAFF WORKER enters the workout room, picks up a towel, turns off the light, and begins to exit.

JAKE

Hey! Hello! I'm right here!

The Gym Staff Worker flips the light on, embarrassed.

GYM STAFF WORKER

Didn't see you.

**INT. LISBON HIGH - GYM - AFTERNOON**

Jake sits in the bleachers at the sparsely attended Adult Education Graduation Ceremony. On the gym floor, a dozen adults (three from Jake's class, including Harry) sit wearing graduation caps. The Lisbon High PRINCIPAL stands behind a podium.

PRINCIPAL HAYLES

Marisol... Breslin!

A smattering of applause. MARISOL walks to the podium and takes her GED from the Principal. They smile for a photo. *CLICK*. She returns to her seat.

Next to Jake, the mustached VICE PRINCIPAL sighs loudly.

PRINCIPAL HAYLES (CONT'D)

Hector... de la Fuente!

VICE PRINCIPAL

(to Jake)

Why do they always schedule these  
fucking things on a Friday? Huh?

PRINCIPAL HAYLES

Harry... Dunning!

Jake claps loudly, whistles. Harry looks at the ground as his picture is taken. He limps back to his chair. The Vice Principal shakes his head pityingly.

VICE PRINCIPAL

God. That guy.

JAKE

Harry took my class. He's a great  
writer.

The Vice Principal eyes Jake skeptically.

VICE PRINCIPAL

A great writer. Really.

JAKE

Really.

(beat)

You get my letter of recommendation  
for him?

VICE PRINCIPAL

Yeah, I did.

(off Jake)

Sorry, Jake, not gonna happen.

Jake looks at the Vice Principal with disbelief.

JAKE

Richard...

VICE PRINCIPAL

Listen, you love Harry, I love  
Harry, we all love Harry. He's  
great at pushing a mop. But at  
managing? Making a schedule?  
Signing time sheets? No way.

(off Jake)

Put a band aid on your bleeding  
heart. You're not gonna change the  
world here. Harry's lucky to have a  
job, period.

PRINCIPAL HAYLES

Lily... Zulueta!

The Vice Principal checks his watch. Stands.

VICE PRINCIPAL

I'm officially off the clock. Happy Friday.

PRINCIPAL HAYLES

Let's hear it for our Adult Education Graduates for their hard work!

The audience stands, clapping and whooping. Jake automatically stands, too.

Faking cheer, Jake gives the thumbs-up to Harry. No promotion for Harry; no raise. Nothing else is going to happen.

Shit.

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Al opens the door to find Jake on his doorstep.

JAKE

Tell me more.

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jake sits, noting the tray of Al's many medications, tissue boxes, over-full trash cans. This is the home of a sick man.

NURSE (O.S.)

Al, take your pills now, and in three hours you take one more dose before bed.

A Nurse emerges from Al's kitchen, cardigan on, bag over her arm. She holds a bottle of water and two pills in her hand.

AL

I got it.

NURSE

Let me see you take them.

AL

(to Jake)

She's afraid I'll take one fistful too many. And then good night.

Undeterred, the Nurse holds out the glass and waits. Theatrically, Al swallows the pills.

NURSE

Thank you.

AL

Thank you, beautiful.

NURSE

I left two cans of Ensure in the  
fridge. You need to eat.

(to Jake)

He needs to eat.

The Nurse gives Al a kiss on the top of his head and exits.

AL

Who do you think shot Kennedy?

JAKE

Lee Harvey Oswald. Maybe.

AL

Maybe.

JAKE

Did you see Kennedy get shot?

Al shakes his head no.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Then you don't know if it's Oswald?  
What if it's the Mafia. Or the CIA.  
Or the FBI. What if this whole  
thing is too big to change?

AL

It's big.

JAKE

People have been arguing about this  
since the day it happened.

AL

But no one was tracking Lee before  
it happened.

**EXT. LOVE FIELD AIRPORT TERMINAL - FLASHBACK - 1962**

Passengers exit down the stairs right onto the tarmac. And here they are, making their way out of the plane:

LEE HARVEY OSWALD (22), gangly, assertive, alone even in a crowd.

He carries a shabby suitcase. His wife MARINA OSWALD (22) follows two steps behind him, carrying a one-year-old baby JUNE in her arms.

Marina is dark-haired, blue-eyed, phenomenally beautiful. Men turn to stare at her as she passes despite her drab clothes.

REVEAL: AL -- healthy -- wearing a 1960s suit, leaning against a signpost nearby, pretending to read a paper. His eyes are on Oswald and Marina.

Suddenly, theatrically, Lee drops his bag. He kneels. He kisses the ground. Marina stops, embarrassed.

LEE

I'm back! Whooo!  
(to Marina)  
You know why I did that?  
(she shakes her head)  
Because we're home.  
(laughs)  
You do it too.

MARINA

Lee -- I no can do.

LEE

C'mon, Marina! Kiss the ground!  
Kiss it!

Passersby glance over at Lee, some amused, some annoyed at the little spectacle. Lee takes the baby from Marina.

Reluctantly, Marina kneels and kisses the ground. She stands up, straightening her skirt. Lee puts his arm around her.

LEE (CONT'D)

This is our time, baby.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Leeeee!

A short, matronly woman in cat-eye glasses opens a car door, gets out, comes towards Lee. This is Lee's mother, MARGUERITE OSWALD (55).

MARGUERITE

Lee! Leeeeee!

Lee grimaces. He looks beyond Marguerite to meet the eyes of his brother BOBBY (27). WTF? Bobby shrugs helplessly back at Lee: *what was I gonna do?*

As Marguerite grips onto Lee, Bobby and his wife, VADA (20s), greet Marina and fuss over baby June.

Al watches avidly.

Lee shakes his brother's hand -- then they hug, Lee's eyes full of love. Lee's happy to see his brother. He turns his attention to Marguerite.

LEE

Where are the reporters?

(Oswald really asked this when he arrived.)

BOBBY OSWALD

(confused)

For what?

LEE

For the homecoming of the only US Marine ever to defect.

Bobby's face falls.

BOBBY OSWALD

Can we not start with the Commie talk? Christ.

MARGUERITE

Bobby. Language.

(touches Lee's arm)

Next time, Lee.

Lee suddenly notices Al.

LEE

What the hell are you starin' at?

AL

Nothing.

LEE

Yeah. Mind your own.

Truculent, Lee takes the baby from Marina and gets into Bobby's car without another word.

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 2015**

Jake takes this in.

JAKE

How come you didn't kill him right there?

AL

His wife next to him, holding the baby? Could you do that?

Jake shakes his head no.

AL (CONT'D)

And it's not like I have magical powers. If you shoot someone in cold blood in front of an airport, you're going to get arrested. They have the electric chair in Texas.

(he points)

Can you get me that briefcase over there?

Jake does. Al opens it and takes out a fat, messy file folder labeled LEE HARVEY OSWALD. Al flips through the pages.

AL (CONT'D)

General Edwin Walker.

Al shows Jake a photo of Walker.

AL (CONT'D)

Right-winger. Ran for Texas governor. On April tenth, nineteen sixty-three, there was an assassination attempt on General Walker in Dallas. The police dug the bullet out of his kitchen door. The bullet came from a six point five Carcano caliber rifle. Which is the gun that killed Kennedy. Lee Harvey Oswald's gun.

JAKE

...Same gun.

AL

That's on the historical record. And Oswald told Marina that he missed Walker.

He has a bout of coughing. Recovers.

AL (CONT'D)

Listen. The JFK conspiracy theories, by and large, are horseshit. It wasn't the mafia. It wasn't fucking Hoover. It wasn't three hobos on the grassy knoll.

Al closes the file, looks for another one.

AL (CONT'D)

But I've read everything there is to read, and I have been back there, and there are weird things about Oswald that don't sit right. And the weird things all connect to one guy.

He finds the file he's looking for, labeled GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT.

He opens it, revealing a photo of George de Mohrenschildt -- wide, handsome face, sleek silver hair. Prosperous.

AL (CONT'D)

George de Mohrenschildt.

He closes the file.

AL (CONT'D)

I'm fifty percent sure that Oswald was the lone gunman.

(beat)

I couldn't eliminate Oswald unless I was all the way sure. A hundred percent.

JAKE

How do you get a hundred percent sure?

AL

I stayed in Dallas for three years, I waited for Oswald to come back from Russia. I thought if I could see what really happened with Walker, if Lee really shot him with the same rifle and he was alone - if I could see that with my own two eyes, then I'd be certain.

JAKE

What exactly do you mean when you say "eliminate" Oswald?

AL

I mean kill him.

Pause.

JAKE

I don't know if I could do that.

AL

I know.

(beat)

It's why you have to be one hundred percent sure it was him. Alone.

They continue to talk, and we FADE OUT on their conversation...

**INT. LISBON GROCERY - LATER**

Jake pushes a near-empty shopping cart. He pauses in front of a giant bottle of vodka. Which looks really good right now.

WOMAN (O.S.)

No eggplant. That's a dealbreaker.  
No eggplant or okra.

MAN (O.S.)

What?!

Peals of adorable laughter from the produce area. Jake glances down the aisle to see Christy and a BOYFRIEND.

CHRISTY

I hate eggplant, don't judge me!

BOYFRIEND

Okra, I get. Okra is disgusting.  
But tender, delicious eggplant? Do you hate puppies too?

Their cart is packed with fresh pasta, vegetables, bottles of wine, ice cream -- food made by people in love.

Instinctively, Jake pulls back so Christy won't see him.

*What's keeping Jake here in 2015, anyway?*

He looks down at his own cart. A single frozen chicken pot pie. He grabs the vodka.

**EXT. AL'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Jake rings the doorbell.

No answer. He pushes open the door--

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Al is dead.

He sits motionless in his chair.

Jake stares, in shock. He moves closer and sees:

A folded piece of paper with a key on top of it. His name is on the note.

*Dear Jake,  
Do one thing that matters. Please.  
Your friend,  
AL*

Jake looks down at Al's feet and sees the briefcase.

His eyes well up. In this moment... Jake decides.

JAKE  
Okay, buddy.

He wipes his eyes. Opens the briefcase, checking that everything is there: files, dossier, ID, money. He checks his jacket pocket -- yes, he still has the betting notebook Al gave him the night before.

He races out the door.

**EXT. AL'S DINER - MORNING**

Speeding into the lot, Jake parks haphazardly.

He sees a FOREMAN talking with an older couple wearing matching sweat suits. Jake hops out, briefcase over his shoulder, jogging past the group. The Foreman turns.

FOREMAN  
Hey!

Jake puts Al's key in the lock.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)  
You can't go in there!

Jake waves, flashing a big smile.

JAKE  
I'll just be two minutes!

And he slips in the door, locking it behind him.

**INT. AL'S DINER - CONTINUOUS**

Jake wedges a chair against the door as insurance.

He speeds through to the back office --

**INT. AL'S DINER - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

--Closes the office door behind him, takes a deep breath, and opens the closet door.

JAKE  
Here I go, Al.

He steps into darkness.

**EXT. DIRT LOT NEXT TO WORUMBO MILL - DAY - OCTOBER, 1960**

Jake basks in the sunlight. The industrial humming of the fabric mill fills the air.

It's the same scenario Jake has seen twice before.

**HONK!**

The milk delivery truck pulls up.

JAKE  
(under his breath)  
Careful.

The MILK DELIVERY MAN walks around to the back --

**CRASH!**

MILK DELIVERY MAN  
For the love of Mike--

RADIO  
*"Awww won't you staaaay... just a  
little bit loonger--"*

The convertible cruises by. Jake hums along with the music.

**WHOOO WHOOO!**

The factory whistle blows.

Jake joins the crowd of factory workers walking towards Main Street. He smiles. He's actually... excited. Anticipatory.

YELLOW CARD MAN  
You shouldn't be here.

Jake ignores Yellow Card Man. He joins the crowd of workers, blending in with the people in the Past.

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE****INT. AL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - EVENING - 2015**

(NOTE: this is a continuation of Al and Jake's conversation in scene 25.)

Al and Jake stand at the dining room table, where Al has spread a dozen documents. A Maine driver's license, credit card, social security card and more. Also a pile of cash.

Jake looks at one of the \$20 bills closely: GROVER CLEVELAND.

JAKE

This looks like monopoly money.

AL

It's not. It's everything I saved from my job. About seven grand. Worth about fifty-five thousand in 1960 dollars.

Jake peers at the license.

JAKE

No photo.

AL

No photo on a driver's license for years.

JAKE

(reading)

"James T. Amberson."

AL

That's you. See, you can still answer to Jake if you want. Makes it easier. You're welcome.

(off Jake)

What?

JAKE

I can't believe you think I'm a hundred ninety.

AL

Your pants make you look fucking fat. Sign this.

He gives Jake a social security card which also reads JAMES AMBERSON.

JAKE

How did you get this?

AL

Got the name off a gravestone in Saint Cyril's boneyard, then I requested an application from the Maine Secretary of State. Simpler times, buddy.

JAKE

When did you put this all together?

AL

When I realized that I was getting too sick to make it all the way. I didn't want to die there.

Jake keeps touching the money, picking up the various I.D.s.

AL (CONT'D)

When you get back there, get your identity set up and be meticulous. Open a bank account. Get the right clothes. Get a haircut for god's sake. And then get your ass to Dallas. You need to start your life from scratch there. Here's the most important thing, though.

He holds up a small green notebook. Jake opens it. There are pages and pages of handwritten dates and scores, under the headings BASEBALL - 1960. BOXING - 1960. FOOTBALL - 1960.

AL (CONT'D)

Your meal ticket. Don't lose it.

JAKE

Jesus Christ, you lived in the Past and bet on games.

AL

Baseball and boxing mostly. Now if someone ever found that notebook, you'd have a lot of uncomfortable questions to answer. Keep your bets small. Lose every once in a while. You should be fine.

**INT. LISBON BARBER - DAY - 1960**

Jake enters the small shop. The BARBER sizes him up. One other CUSTOMER sits in a chair, reading the paper.

JAKE  
I'd like a hair cut.

BARBER  
I'll say.

He looks disapprovingly at Jake's shaggy hair. The Barber puts a cape on him and begins. After a moment:

BARBER (CONT'D)  
From out of town?

JAKE  
Oh. Uh huh. Jake Amberson.

BARBER  
Amberson. Now are those the  
Ambersons over in Castle Rock?

JAKE  
...No.

BARBER  
My wife's cousin married an  
Amberson, but he was from New  
Hampshire. Those your people?

Jake's a little rattled.

JAKE  
No. I was -- adopted.

The Barber pauses at this weird information.

BARBER  
Mm hm.

CUT TO:

**INT. LISBON MAIN STREET DINER - DAY - 1960**

Close-cropped now, Jake wolfs down the Blue Plate Special at a diner, swooning at how goddamn good the food is. A college-aged WAITRESS comes over as he finishes his pie.

WAITRESS  
I guess you liked it.

JAKE  
Oh my god. That's the best pie I've  
ever eaten. It's insane.

The Waitress blinks.

WAITRESS

Um. I hope that's good.

JAKE

It is.

WAITRESS

That'll be sixty cents.

JAKE

...You got it.

He gives her a dollar.

WAITRESS

You're not from here, are you?

JAKE

Just passing through.

WAITRESS

I'll tell my mother you liked her pie, Mister...

JAKE

Amberson.

WAITRESS

Amberson. Oh! I went to school with Maeve and Ellie Amberson, are you related?

JAKE

I'm not.

WAITRESS

Maeve got married right after she graduated and she moved to Derry--

JAKE

(cutting her off)

Thanks for the meal.

He exits.

**INT. COLVEY'S MENSWEAR - DAY - 1960**

Jake holds his arms out for a TAILOR who measures him for a suit, taking pins from his mouth.

TAILOR

Amberson I don't know. But my mother's maiden name was Anderson.

(MORE)

TAILOR (CONT'D)

Every single one of the Andersons was born in Lisbon and never left. Come to think of it I did know a John Amberson, fellow in my unit. Went back home to Bakersfield as I recall...

Jake doesn't answer.

**INT. TAMARACK MOTOR COURT - FRONT DESK - 1960**

Jake enters the lobby and approaches the young MANAGER at the front desk.

MANAGER

Welcome to the Tamarack Motor Court, may I help--

JAKE

(overlapping)

I'd like a room--just traveling through town--James Amberson not the *CastleRock Amberson* thanks very much.

He puts a twenty dollar bill on the desk. The Manager blinks, then reaches behind her and slides a key to Jake.

**INT. TAMARACK MOTOR COURT - JAKE'S ROOM - DAY**

Jake plops on his bed, takes out the dossier on Lee Harvey Oswald, studies the pages.

The afternoon turns to evening outside.

**INT. AL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - EVENING - 2015**

Al and Jake sit, passing the file back and forth.

AL

There's a crazy part.

JAKE

Oh, thank god you're gonna tell me about the crazy part, the time travel and the killing Oswald were boring the shit out of me.

AL

The Past doesn't want to be changed. There are times when you'll feel the Past... push back.

JAKE

"Push back?"

AL

When you're close to altering something. You need to be aware. When you do something that fucks with the Past, the Past fucks with you.

**INT. TAMARACK MOTOR COURT - JAKE'S ROOM - DAY**

Jake stares at himself in the mirror. He runs his hand over his new short, semi-crappy haircut. Tries on a hat. Adjusts his tie. Feels stupid. Talks to the mirror.

JAKE

I'm James Amberson. Jake Amberson.  
(winces)  
Don't be an asshole.  
(beat)  
Figure out how not to be an asshole then go to Dallas.

He returns to his bed, lifts up his 2015 jacket... and his iPhone tumbles out onto the floor.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Motherfuck.

He looks around, paranoid. Doesn't know what to do.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Not good.

He shoves the phone deep into his bag. He'll deal with it tomorrow.

**EXT. LISBON MAIN STREET - MORNING**

Jake walks down the street, wearing a suit and hat, attempting to act at ease.

Across the street, he notices a man tipping his hat when a woman passes.

A woman passes Jake. He tips his hat. Nailed it.

**EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MORNING**

Row after row of gleaming, exquisite, vintage cars. Jake can't help himself. He enters the lot.

The CAR SALESMAN, who knows a fish when he sees one, watches him placidly.

CAR SALESMAN  
You a buyer or a looker?

JAKE  
Looker.

Jake's eye lands on a beautiful red Sunliner convertible.

CAR SALESMAN  
Honey of a car.

JAKE  
Some rust on the panels.

CAR SALESMAN  
Well, this climate. What you wanna know is that this thing drives like a horse afire. And the tires are just about new. Bought it from Arlene Boland over in Durham after her husband died. If there was one thing Tom Boland knew it was how to take care of a car. Course that don't mean much to you, you're from out of town, am I right?

Jake holds up his hands in surrender.

JAKE  
Guilty. Jake Amberson. From Wisconsin.

CAR SALESMAN  
Buell Carlson.

JAKE  
How much?

CAR SALESMAN  
Three-fifty.

Jake laughs before he can stop himself. The Car Salesman looks quizzical, and Jake stops.

JAKE  
Tell you what. I'll give you three twenty five for it. Cash.

The Car Salesman's grin tells Jake that his bargaining wasn't much.

CAR SALESMAN  
Mister Amberson, you just made yourself a deal.  
(MORE)

CAR SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Young lady in the office will write up the sale. While she does that, I'll put on a sticker and a fourteen-day plate.

Buell shakes Jake's hand.

JAKE

I appreciate that.

CAR SALESMAN

(still gripping Jake's hand)

Sticker'll be another five dollars.

JAKE

(after a beat)

You got me.

Buell walks with Jake towards the office.

CAR SALESMAN

You in town for business or pleasure?

JAKE

A little bit of both. I'm a writer, doing some research for a book.

CAR SALESMAN

A writer. You don't say.

JAKE

Let me ask you a question, Buell.

CAR SALESMAN

Shoot.

JAKE

Do you know a place around here where someone might lay down a bet? Not outrageous, but maybe a little more than a friendly wager.

Buell raises his eyebrows. Off his reaction--

**EXT. FLAGG LIQUOR - DAY**

Jake pulls up to the curb and parks his car in a... well, let's say a seedier area of Lisbon than we've seen thus far.

Jake opens Al's betting notebook and reads down the list of bets that Al has painstakingly copied.

CLOSE ON

The column labeled 1960:

**10/22: FIGHT OF THE WEEK - EDER JOFRE VS. ELOY SANCHEZ - JOFRE  
WIN KO 6TH round - World Champion Bantamweight**

Jake shoves the notebook into the glove box.

He walks up to the dilapidated liquor store.

Instead of going in the front, he peers around the side. There is a wooden door near the back. He enters.

**INT. UNLICENSED BAR/FLAGG'S LIQUOR - DAY**

Windowless. As Jake's eyes adjust to the dim light, he sees a group of hardened men on stools at the small bar.

Jake pretends ease and sits. The BARTENDER polishes glasses.

JAKE

A fellow at the car lot in town --  
Buell Carlson -- told me this was a  
place someone might make a wager.

Bartender sizes Jake up.

BARTENDER

Not from around here, are you.

JAKE

I guess that's pretty obvious.  
James Amberson, from Wisconsin. I'm  
in Lisbon for a little business.

(no response)

Staying at the Tamarack Court. Nice  
place. Quiet.

(beat)

Not as quiet as it is right now.

BARTENDER

What are you looking to bet on?

JAKE

How about the fight of the week?  
Jofre versus Sanchez. Jofre to win.

BARTENDER

Give you three to one odds.

JAKE

That's it?

BARTENDER

Yeah.

(beat)

Now if you wanted to make it interesting, you could say how many rounds.

JAKE

Uh huh. Like, what would you say if I said, Jofre knocks out Sanchez in the sixth round?

The Bartender cracks a smile.

BARTENDER

I'd say thirty-five to one.

JAKE

Well hell I'm gonna go for it.

The Bartender glances briefly at the end of the bar. A small PINCHED-FACE MAN meets his glance and gives the Bartender an almost imperceptible nod.

BARTENDER

You sure?

JAKE

That's a bet. A hundred dollars.

Silence.

Too late, Jake realizes his mistake: a hundred dollars is a huge bet.

JAKE (CONT'D)

...Or not.

The Pinched-face man -- LITTLE EDDIE -- speaks quietly.

LITTLE EDDIE

I'll cover that bet.

(beat)

What was your name?

JAKE

James Amberson.

LITTLE EDDIE

My friends call me Little Eddie.  
Let me buy you a drink.

JAKE

You know, I had planned to run an errand--

LITTLE EDDIE

Fight's about to be on the radio in a half hour. We can listen together.

**INT. UNLICENSED BAR/FLAGG'S LIQUOR - DAY**

CLOSE ON a watery whiskey.

Miserable, Jake stares into his drink. The group at the bar -- including Bartender, Little Eddie, and a brutish man called CHICKEN -- all listen to the fight, talking over one another, then shushing.

RADIO FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*Buster Henderson yelling instructions from Jofre's camp, but Jofre can't seem to get off. Thirty seconds to go in this round. Grazing shot. Jofre still walking, stalking forward.*

CHICKEN

Awww he's taking a beating.

RADIO FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*Jofre still game, still carries the big bomb, still can unleash that heavy leather, but Sanchez is taunting him with very fast moves.*

BARTENDER

Doesn't look good for your guy Jofre, pal.

Jake smiles hollowly. He gulps his drink, waiting for the result he knows is coming.

RADIO FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*And ladies and gentlemen, we are seeing Jofre turn it around!*

The men in the bar stop talking.

RADIO FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*A flurry of uppercuts - beautiful shots all the way, each one finding its mark! Sanchez is stunned!*

CHICKEN

You gotta be kidding me.

FIGHT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

*He's down, Flat on his back. Wait -  
he's up on his haunches but no,  
Sanchez is down in five, six,  
seven, eight, nine--*

*(bell)*

*The fight is over! The fight is  
over! Jofre has knocked out Sanchez  
in the sixth round! Nobody saw this  
coming!*

ON THE RADIO, the crowd goes crazy. The bartender snaps the radio off; the room is silent. A BARFLY stares at Jake woozily.

BARFLY

Did you just win on a thirty-five to one bet?

JAKE

Guess I got lucky.

LITTLE EDDIE

Guess so.

Little Eddie smiles. But his eyes don't smile.

He goes into a back office, returning a moment later with an envelope.

JAKE

Thanks, Eddie.

LITTLE EDDIE

Count it.

JAKE

That's okay. I trust you.

LITTLE EDDIE

Count it.

*(beat)*

Make sure it's all there.

Jake counts the money. Little Eddie waits expectantly.

JAKE

Uh, thirty-six hundred dollars.

The BARFLY sucks in his breath sharply.

BARFLY

Jesus. That's more than my mother's house.

JAKE

I, uh. I better get going. I appreciate the bet.

BARFLY

He appreciates the bet!  
(laughs)

Jake shoves the envelope in his pocket, desperate to leave.

LITTLE EDDIE

Enjoy your time in Lisbon.

CHICKEN

Yeah. Enjoy the Tamarack Motor Court.

They know where he lives.

**EXT. SIDE STREET - MOMENTS LATER**

Jake is pale as he gets into his brand-new Sunliner convertible.

Little Eddie stands in the doorway with Chicken. They look at Jake with cold eyes.

CHICKEN

Nice ride!

Shit.

**INT. TAMARACK MOTORCOURT - JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Panicked, Jake frantically shoves his clothes into a suitcase. His papers, the dossier, files -- all swept into the briefcase

JAKE

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck.

THUD. Something falls out of his bag. It's his iPhone.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He picks it up. Stops. Takes a breath.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You're being paranoid.

(beat)

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

People make bets. Those guys win  
and lose money all the time. You're  
being paranoid.

Suddenly, the sound of a CAR pulling up.

Headlights sweep across his room.

What. The. Fuck. Jake peers through the curtain.

A Plymouth parks, and Chicken, the thug from the bar, emerges.  
He spies Jake's car -- the only other car in the lot.

He tosses his cigarette, strolls towards the row of Motor  
Court Rooms.

Aghast, Jake stands stock still. He has no idea what to do.

**INT. TAMARACK MOTOR COURT - JAKE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Familiar music. It's Daft Punk.

The room is all shadows. The door creaks open.

CHICKEN stands in silhouette.

Pom. Pom. Pom. Pom. N-ch. N-ch. N-ch. N-ch. The music  
continues.

CLOSE ON -- Chicken's face. Deeply confused. He stares in the  
direction of the music, where we can see a tiny two-inch  
square of digital light.

**The dancing parrot. Cody's video of the dancing parrot from  
Act One. Playing on Jake's iPhone.**

Chicken takes a step into the room--

WHAM!

Jake whacks him on the back of the head with an ashtray.  
Chicken goes down, groaning.

Jake grabs his iPhone and SPRINTS out the door.

**EXT. TAMARACK MOTOR COURT - SUNLINER - CONTINUOUS**

Jake leaps into the Sunliner, gasses the car and SCREAMS OUT  
OF THE LOT. As he hurtles towards the road -- in the driveway -  
- a dark figure --

*The Yellow Card Man. Staring at Jake.*

JAKE  
Jesus Christ!

Jake SWERVES, missing the Yellow Card Man by a hair.

He looks in the rearview mirror. The Yellow Card Man stands in the middle of the road now, behind Jake, still staring.

He grows smaller and smaller in the mirror.

Heart pounding, Jake punches the gas pedal to the floor and speeds away.

**END ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR****EXT. RURAL DESERTED BRIDGE - NIGHT - 1960**

The sound of cicadas and a rushing river. Jake sits on the hood of his car under a canopy of stars. He stares at the iPhone in his hand as its battery winks from 1%... to nothing.

He drops the phone to the ground, then stomps on it repeatedly, destroying it.

Then he hurls the phone's carcass over the bridge and listens to the splash.

Jake starts the ignition and drives into the night.

Cue The Ventures!

**EXT. STATE ROAD - DAY - 1960**

Jake's red Sunliner zooms by. We linger on a sign:

*INTERSTATE 60 ... COMING IN 1961*

His roadtrip will consist of rural and state roads; four-lane interstate thruways haven't been built.

**EXT. HIGHWAY TRUCK STOP - DAY - 1960**

Jake stands near his car holding an unfolded map. A TRUCKER stands next to him, pointing out different ROADS TO TEXAS.

A SECOND TRUCKER joins them. They trade the map back and forth, debating the merits of two different highways.

Jake shakes each of the Truckers' hands.

**EXT. RURAL NEW HAMPSHIRE - DAY**

Late October: the trees are a riot of yellow, red, and umber.

Drivers going the opposite direction all wave to Jake. He realizes that this is a thing. He starts to wave back.

**EXT. RURAL NEW HAMPSHIRE - DAY**

Jake passes by dozens of MIGRANT WORKERS in the fields. Fall harvest.

**EXT. CONNECTICUT - DAY**

Jake's car drives by a homespun clapboard church, people streaming out after a packed Sunday service.

Everyone wears their Sunday best, women in hats and gloves, children in stiff suits and dresses.

**EXT. RURAL NEW JERSEY - DUSK**

Magic hour. Jake cruises behind a big old blue Ford truck. In the truck bed are FIVE CHILDREN of various ages and two big dogs. The youngest child looks to be about three years old. Atop the truck: two rifles on a gun rack.

A NINE-YEAR-OLD FRECKLED GIRL grins at Jake shyly. Jake HONKS his horn and waves. All the kids grin at that, and all wave back.

**EXT. TENNESSEE - DAY**

The landscape is changing now. From the vibrant fall colors of the East, it's becoming flatter, dustier, more sun faded, with the sepia and ochres of the South.

Jake drives by a NIXON Billboard: [NOTE -- actual billboard]

***THEY CAN'T LICK OUR DICK! VOTE NIXON!***

Jake has to blink at that one. Wow.

**EXT. TENNESSEE - DAY**

Jake drives by a bus station, where a circle of African-Americans wear or carry huge signs. It's a BUS BOYCOTT.

The signs read *save your cotton picking money* and *What we ask is simple... impartial service for all!*

An older AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN meets Jake's eyes. They nod at one another.

**EXT. SUNLINER - DAY**

Jake is parked by the side of a road. He bites into a GIANT BURGER. The taste is so explosively delicious, he closes his eyes.

JAKE

Oh my god.

Get ready for a FOOD MONTAGE:

**INT. DINER IN TENNESSEE - DAY**

Jake digs into a plate of chicken and grits swimming in gravy.

JAKE

Oh my god.

**EXT. ROADSIDE FARM STAND - DAY**

Jake crunches into a huge yellow piece of corn on the cob.

JAKE

Oh my god.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

Jake leans against his car, his shirtsleeves rolled up. He drains a bottle of root beer. Lets out a massive belch.

JAKE

Oh my god.

He takes his belt out a notch.

**EXT. RURAL ARKANSAS FILLING STATION - DAY**

As a SERVICE WORKER fills the gas, Jake steps out of his car to stretch his legs. He hears RATTLING, HISSING. It's loud.

He sees a big truck -- this is where the sound is coming from.

The TRUCK DRIVER wears ranch clothes and spits chew.

JAKE

What's that noise?

The driver points at the bed of his truck, stacked HIGH with mesh cages.

Jake moves closer and sees that the cages are TEEMING WITH HUNDREDS OF SNAKES. Rattlesnakes.

They coil and slither over one another. Jake takes a step back.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Holy shit. What do you have those for?

The Truck Driver sticks out his leg, hiking up his pants to reveal SNAKESKIN BOOTS.

TRUCK DRIVER

Make you a pair for fifteen dollars.

JAKE

No thanks.

The driver shrugs.

TRUCK DRIVER  
They're good eating, too.

Unnerved, Jake walks back to his convertible. The Truck Driver laughs, privately amused.

**EXT. TEXAS STATE LINE - DAY**

Big sky. Texas sky. Jake's car speeds by.

A Texas-shaped sign proclaims *DRIVE FRIENDLY - THE TEXAS WAY*

Now we've reached the hard, cracked, flat brown Texas earth.

**EXT. TEXAS SERVICE STATION - DAY**

Jake exits the Men's Room and puts on his sunglasses. His eye is caught by a hand-lettered wooden sign:

*COLOREDS ONLY*

And an arrow, which points towards a dirt path. Jake follows the arrow.

**EXT. DIRT PATH - CONTINUOUS**

Jake stands at the end of the path, staring at the "bathroom" - a rotted board with a hole sawed into the middle. It lays atop two rocks.

JAKE  
Jesus.

Poison ivy grows in clusters nearby.

**INT. TEXAS SERVICE STATION - DAY**

Jake pushes the door open, jingling a bell. A matronly white COUNTER WOMAN looks up, smiling warmly.

COUNTER WOMAN  
Afternoon.

JAKE  
(heatedly)  
I just went down the path you have around the side. You call that a bathroom?

The Counter Woman looks taken aback.

COUNTER WOMAN

Oh, sir, that's not for you. We have facilities right here for you, out and to the left.

JAKE

I know that, I'm talking about what's outside!  
(off her confusion)  
The board? On the rocks? That's it?

COUNTER WOMAN

Oh! Don't worry, the niggers don't mind using that. They're used to it.

Jake feels eyes on him. An OLDER WHITE COUPLE are staring. As is a COWBOY.

JAKE

That's bullshit.

A little gasp from the Counter Woman. Jake realizes that this is common, casual racism -- ordinary life. Just another day.

OLDER WHITE MAN

You don't use that kind of language.

Jake senses he's making a scene. But then he decides - he doesn't care.

JAKE

You people should be ashamed.

He slams out the door.

**EXT. HIGHWAY INTO DALLAS - DAY**

The Sunliner speeds past a sign:

*DALLAS, TEXAS - POPULATION 679,684*

We pull back and see the city for the first time. It is gleaming. Ominous. Stark fingers of steel clawing out of the brown dirt.

Jake drives onward.

**EXT. DEALEY PLAZA - DALLAS - DAY**

Jake sits in his parked car.

He looks down at the file that's open in his lap. It's an article on Lee Harvey Oswald, alongside a black-and-white photo of the Texas State Book Depository. The window in the photograph has been circled.

In the dossier, a handwritten list of names Al has notated:

*Bonnie Ray Williams - suspect - black - cleared*  
*Harold Norman - white - testified Warren Commission*  
*Buell Wesley Frazier - white - testified - gave LHO a*  
*ride to work that day*

REVEAL - he's across the street from the actual Book Depository, a menacing brick cube. He looks for a long time at the building, which seems to glower back.

**EXT. TEXAS BOOK DEPOSITORY - DAY**

Jake stands outside the entrance. He doesn't go in, though. He looks up at the sixth floor, then walks around the side of the building, where there's another door.

A white STOCKBOY goes in the door, carrying boxes. A black 17-year-old young man exits a moment later. He wears a canvas newspaper bag over his shoulder. This is BONNIE RAY WILLIAMS. (Jake will meet him again in three years, but he doesn't know that now.)

Bonnie Ray walks past Jake with purpose down the street. Jake impulsively calls out...

JAKE

Bonnie Ray!

Bonnie Ray turns to see who's calling his name.

BONNIE RAY

Yessir?

JAKE

Um. You work here?

BONNIE RAY

I deliver papers, sir.

JAKE

You don't work in the book depository?

BONNIE RAY

(confused)

Book depository?

That's Sexton Foods. Been Sexton Foods for twenty years.

Jake does a double take. Then he feels stupid.

JAKE

Because the Book Depository doesn't  
move in until 1962. -- Never mind.

Jake turns to walk back towards his car. Bonnie Ray watches  
him, mystified.

BONNIE RAY

Sir, how'd you know my name?

Jake glances back.

JAKE

Lucky guess.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DALLAS - DAY**

A trim, no-nonsense woman leads Jake up some stairs. This is  
FRANCES BOLAND, the owner.

FRANCES BOLAND

As you can see, the common room is  
downstairs. You may enjoy that any  
time. Breakfast and supper are  
included in the weekly rate.

They walk down a hallway.

FRANCES BOLAND (CONT'D)

Now how did you find us? Was it the  
sign outside? Because I've been  
meaning to repaint it.

JAKE

Actually, a friend told me about  
this place.

FRANCES BOLAND

Oh, he stayed here? What was his  
name?

JAKE

Al... Templeton.

Jake realizes his error. Damn. Frances knits her brow.

FRANCES BOLAND

I don't recall anyone by that name.  
Hm.

Jake tries to joke his way out of it.

JAKE  
Having a senior moment?

FRANCES BOLAND  
A what now?

JAKE  
Never mind.

Frances looks at him oddly, then pauses at the last door.

FRANCES BOLAND  
This would be your room.

She opens the door to reveal a modest room - bed, desk, chair - decorated in floral prints.

FRANCES BOLAND (CONT'D)  
This used to be my grandmother's sewing room.

JAKE  
Is there a bathroom?

FRANCES BOLAND  
Facilities are down the hall. What brings you to Dallas, Mr. Amberson?

JAKE  
I'm traveling around the country to do research for a book. I wanted to stay somewhere quiet, settle in.

FRANCES BOLAND  
I have a few visiting professors from the college. It's very peaceful here.

JAKE  
Then I'd like very much to take the room. I can give you a week's rent right now.

FRANCES BOLAND  
Supper's at six.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE - JAKE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jake takes off his jacket, hangs it in the closet. He walks around, thoughtful. Looks out the window: a beautiful tree-lined street.

Jake opens his briefcase and takes out the file on LEE HARVEY OSWALD.

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - 2015**

MATCH CUT -- on the same file.

Jake reads the material in the LEE HARVEY OSWALD file, absorbed. Al watches Jake. He clears his throat.

AL

You get yourself to Dallas as soon as you can. Become so ordinary there that you disappear.

JAKE

When do I start tailing Lee?

AL

Lee Harvey Oswald is in Russia, he doesn't come back to the United States until 1962. Your job for two years is to cram. I wrote down everything I saw and I put it in that file. Lee's apartments, his jobs, where he goes, who he talks to. His mother lives in Dallas, she's a piece of work.

(beat)

And tread lightly.

JAKE

What's that mean?

AL

It means don't interfere with the Past when you can avoid it.

JAKE

Oh, so, I shouldn't visit my dad in Chicago and tell him to quit smoking.

AL

Goddammit!

Jake startles. Al is livid.

AL (CONT'D)

This isn't a fucking game! This is the difference between making it back here alive or dying in 1960. You don't do anything idiotic like telling somebody you're from 2015, and you sure as shit don't go see your father!

(MORE)

AL (CONT'D)

I know your dad passed before his time and god knows I'm sorry for that, Jake, but the Past does not want to be changed! What I'm asking you to do is dangerous!

Al's sudden anger takes Jake aback.

JAKE

Sorry. It was just a joke.

AL

Well it was a stupid joke.

(beat)

My aunt died when I was five. Everybody said I was her favorite, everybody said I took after her. I thought, why not drop in on Aunt Gail, see what she was like?

**EXT. DALLAS SUBURBAN STREET - 1960 - NIGHT**

Cicadas sing. Jake strolls down the street, looking in windows. Families sitting down for dinner.

AL (V.O.)

I figured out she was working at a Dairy Queen in upstate New York. I drove up, parked on the curb, I could see her inside. Fifteen years old. Same smile. But overhead there were linemen repairing a transformer. I get out of the car, one of them drops a screwdriver.

In front of one house, he sees a father with rolled-up shirtsleeves having a catch with his son.

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - 2015**

JAKE

And what happened?

Al rolls up his sleeve. A crazy scar.

AL

If you fuck with the Past... it fucks with you.

Jake stares at the scar.

**EXT. DALLAS STREET - NIGHT**

This is a less suburban area, perhaps with more open lots. At the end of the block, Jake spies a PHONE BOOTH. Its fluorescent light flickers.

He's drawn to it.

**INT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS**

Jake opens the door, taking in the heavy phone in its cradle, the rotary dial. He lifts the receiver... then puts it down. Who would he call, anyway?

Who?

Jake thinks.

He digs in his pocket, takes out a dime, and dials.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Directory assistance.

JAKE  
Hello, operator. I'd like to get a  
phone number for, uh, for  
Christopher Epping. He's in  
Chicago, Illinois.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Would you like person-to person?

JAKE  
...Yes.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
I can connect you. That will be  
thirty-five cents.

JAKE  
Okay.

He drops the coins in the slot. He's sweating a little.

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
[static]

JAKE  
I'm sorry, what?

OPERATOR (O.S.)  
I said, [warped voice] [static]

JAKE

What?

OPERATOR

Connecting--

A loud BLAAARR in Jake's ear.

He hangs up, puts another dime in the slot. This time, instead of a dial tone, he gets only static. Then: BLARP BLARP BLARP BLARP.

Jake hangs up, exits the booth.

**EXT. DALLAS STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Jake walks twenty feet, disappointed. The night feels lonely. And then -- he turns.

He's changed his mind. He's going to go back and try to call one more time.

When suddenly --

*A black Studebaker with its sharp spear-like front SCREAMS down the street, fishtailing from side to side. The car plows THROUGH THE PHONE BOOTH and smashes into a brick wall at full speed.*

If Jake had been in that phone booth? He'd be dead.

He runs to the smashed-up car. Peers inside, then staggers back. The MAN in the driver's seat is dead, impaled by the steering wheel.

JAKE

Oh my god. Oh my god.

In the passenger seat is a BLOODY DEAD WOMAN, her beautiful face sliced at the hairline, her neck and cheeks covered with fresh lacerations.

And then:

The DEAD WOMAN OPENS HER EYES.

BLOODY DEAD WOMAN

You shouldn't be here.

Jake runs.

**END ACT FOUR**

**ACT FIVE****INT. BOARDING HOUSE - ENTRY - DALLAS - NIGHT**

Jake barrels in the front door, and moves up the stairs. Frances and a few boarders turn to look, curious.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE - JAKE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jake vomits into the wastebasket.

KNOCKS.

FRANCES BOLAND (O.S.)  
Mr. Amberson? Are you all right?

JAKE  
Fine. I'm fine.

He closes his eyes, still nauseated.

FRANCES BOLAND (O.S.)  
Can I get you anything?

JAKE  
No. Thank you.

He rubs his eyes hard. Two people are dead because he tried to call his father.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MORNING**

Jake sits at the dining table. Haggard, he nurses a cup of coffee. Frances enters.

FRANCES BOLAND  
Oh, Mr. Amberson. You had me worried last night.

JAKE  
I'm sorry about that.

FRANCES BOLAND  
No reason to be sorry. I'm glad you're feeling better. Let me make you some fresh coffee.

She exits to the kitchen.

From the stairs, a teenage boy in an ROTC UNIFORM enters. His hair buzzed high and tight, he helps himself to eggs and toast, then sits. He nods at Jake.

ROTC KID  
Morning, sir.

JAKE  
You're in the ROTC?

ROTC KID  
Yes sir.

JAKE  
How old are you?

ROTC KID  
Fourteen, sir.

JAKE  
Headed to the army?

ROTC KID  
Soon as I turn eighteen.

Jake thinks for a moment.

JAKE  
Can I ask you a question?

The kid nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Say America got involved in a war.  
And it was in a country far away.  
Country you've never heard of. No  
one can explain why exactly we're  
involved. You lose all your  
friends. You see terrible things.  
When it's over, we don't win, we  
just stop. And everyone just wants  
to forget the whole thing happened.  
Would you want to fight in that  
war?

The boy meets Jake's gaze. He understands Jake's question, and isn't just answering on patriotic autopilot.

ROTC KID  
Sir, it would be an honor to fight  
for my country.

Jake feels a flash of pain in his heart at this boy's straightforward innocence.

JAKE  
Kind of thought you would say that.

Frances enters with a fresh pot of coffee and refills Jake's cup. The boy gives his attention to his breakfast.

FRANCES BOLAND

Here you are.

JAKE

Thank you.

She looks at her son with exasperation and love.

FRANCES BOLAND

For goodness sake, Henry, slow down, don't wolf your food.

Jake watches the kid eat. Alive, for now. Will he go to Vietnam in four years? Five? Probably.

Unless Jake does something.

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - 2015**

Al pours a can of Ensure into a glass over ice and gulps. Jake watches, faintly disgusted.

JAKE

That looks horrible.

AL

Tastes worse.

(drinks; grimaces)

Only thing I can keep down.

Al reaches under the LEE HARVEY OSWALD file to grab the thinner file labeled GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT.

AL (CONT'D)

I showed you this man earlier. He's the key. This man is the reason that I could never just go back and take Lee Harvey Oswald out.

JAKE

George de...

AL

Mohrenschildt. George de Mohrenschildt was a very, very good friend to Lee Harvey Oswald in Texas. George, you see, is a Russian ex-pat. Grew up in Minsk. He's wealthy, educated, charming.

(MORE)

AL (CONT'D)

Runs with the international banking set. Member of the Dallas Petroleum Club.

JAKE

Okay...

AL

He and his American wife spend a lot of time with Lee and Marina in their shitty little apartment. They bring presents for the baby, they give Marina money, they buy groceries. And -- he's a CIA asset.

JAKE

What?

AL

Testified for the Warren Commission. Tell me, Jake, what's a connected rich guy doing hanging out with Sparky Oswald, who didn't make it in Russia and can't hold onto a minimum wage job in Dallas?

Al taps George's photo.

AL (CONT'D)

Oswald didn't have any friends. Except him. Why? If there was anybody behind the curtain, pulling the strings? It would be him.

Jake pages through the folder.

CLOSE ON typed pages: a transcript of George de Mohrenschildt's testimony for the Warren Commission; a write-up on the Cuban-Venezuelan Oil Voting Trust Company; and in Al's scrawl, the names "Clint Murchison," "J. Walton Moore," and "CIA."

JAKE

I thought I was going to Dallas to blend in. You want me to spy on George too?

AL

There's not much time in 1960 for George. He's around, then he disappears. Goes to Haiti, pals around with Duvalier. By the time I realized how deep of a player he was, I'd started to get sick.

JAKE

I get why I'm trailing Oswald -- see if he acted alone. What am I looking for with this guy?

AL

Does he tell Oswald to do it? And who tells HIM to tell Oswald to do it?

JAKE

Who -- Like the CIA?

Al nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

How sure are you about George?

AL

I'm not. But if Lee was a patsy? Then this was the only guy who could have set him up. You need to cross off that possibility.

JAKE

And once I do?

AL

Then you kill him.

JAKE

Do you think there's a way to stop Oswald without killing him?

AL

No.

Off Jake, processing --

**INT. DALLAS PETROLEUM CLUB - DALLAS - 1960**

Jake takes in the lush lobby of the Dallas Petroleum Club.

Green-black carpet, red leather chairs. Chandeliers would sparkle but for the cigarette smoke. On every wall, huge gilt-framed oil paintings of cattle and oil wells.

A matronly, big-haired FRONT DESK TEXAN LADY who's been on the phone hangs up and turns her attention to Jake.

FRONT DESK TEXAN LADY

Good afternoon sir, how may I help you?

JAKE

Ma'am, I'm not a member.

(chuckle)

Not that I need to tell you that.  
I'm a writer. I started to write a  
book this year called GREAT  
AMERICANS. But once I got into it?  
I realized that I needed to retitle  
it GREAT TEXANS.

FRONT DESK TEXAN LADY

I'd buy that book.

JAKE

Well that makes me feel good.  
The truth is that a considerable  
percentage of the people I'd like  
to profile are members of this  
club.

She smiles in appreciation.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I don't want to be a pest, but if  
Mr. Clint Murchison were here at  
the club today, it would be an  
honor to interview him for my book.

FRONT DESK HOSTESS

Junior or Senior?

**INT. DALLAS PETROLEUM CLUB - INNER ROOM**

In a smoky inner room, Jake sits across from CLINT MURCHISON -  
Texan oil magnate.

CLINT MURCHISON

That year we hosted the Duke of  
Windsor at the ranch. Not that I  
care about that royalty shit. The  
wife enjoyed it.

JAKE

What do you think about the current  
presidential campaign?

CLINT MURCHISON

Not much of a Kennedy fan. But  
LBJ's gonna look out for Texas, I  
know that's right.

A BOOMING LAUGH from across the room. A Russian voice.

GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
--so he said,  
(Texas accent)  
"Pahdener, you walked into the  
wrong saloon..."

Jake glances to see the heavily built, charismatic GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT holding the rapt attention of four Texas businessmen. He animatedly concludes his story.

GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT (CONT'D)  
But I told him, never challenge a  
Russian with vodka!

Hearty laughter all round.

CLINT MURCHISON  
Good old Mohrenfuck.

JAKE  
Unusual name.

Murchison gives Jake a look for a moment, then laughs.

CLINT MURCHISON  
George de Mohrenschildt. Too damn  
long a name, I told him. Used to  
work for me. Man could sell rice to  
the Chinese.

Jake makes a sudden decision.

JAKE  
Mr. Murchison, would you point me  
in the direction of the facilities?

CLINT MURCHISON  
Out the lobby and turn right.

JAKE  
Thank you. I'll be right back.

Jake pretends to walk towards the lobby, and then surreptitiously turns to follow the Russian.

**EXT. DALLAS PETROLEUM CLUB - MOMENTS LATER**

Jake turns his head to look up and down the street. Across the street, he sees a man - George? - in a small city park. He crosses the road quickly.

**EXT. CITY PARK - CONTINUOUS**

Jake sprints down a path. Looking for George's silver head of hair. There's a man far ahead who looks to be the same build! Jake runs faster--

He passes a WOMAN on a bench reading a library book -- she looks up as he caroms by.

And suddenly he's SWALLOWED UP by a mob of UNIFORMED SCHOOLGIRLS -- seven, eight, nine years old -- lead by a severe-looking NUN. They talk noisily, crowding the path. Jake is too startled to slow himself down and he BARRELS ONWARD, knocking over at least two little girls. There is immediate crying, some screams, commotion. The Nun narrows her eyes at Jake.

NUN

Excuse me, sir!

JAKE

(mortified)

Sorry -- I'm sorry, I was looking for someone--

(to crying girl)

--Aw jeez, are you okay? I'm so sorry--

NUN

I'll handle this.

(pushing Jake away)

Rita, you're all right.

(girl keeps crying)

Say a prayer and come along.

JAKE

I'm really--

The Nun gives Jake the evil eye; he shuts up. The girls all move on.

If George de Mohrenschildt was ever here -- he's long gone. Shit.

On another bench a distance away, the Woman with the library book in her lap has watched this little tragedy unfold. Jake glances over, accidentally meeting her gaze.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

I don't blame you, knocking them down -- I mean, you were clearly outnumbered.

Jake laughs, charmed by her dry tone.

JAKE

Exactly. I had to stand my ground.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

They're vicious.

She grins at him, closes her book, stands, walks away. She's tall and elegant.

Jake spies that she left her purse on the bench.

JAKE

Miss.

The Woman keeps walking. Jake stands, grabs the purse, and jogs after her.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Miss--! Excuse me...

He catches up to her, and she turns to face him. Jake's breath catches in his throat: she's stunning. He extends her purse.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You forgot something.

She stares at the purse, then laughs. It's a great laugh.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

I forget everything when I'm reading.

JAKE

When I was twelve, I missed every stop on my train because I was finishing *Of Mice and Men*. I closed the book and I was an hour past home. My dad picked me up. Not happy.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

Admit it. You cried.

JAKE

*Of Mice and Men*? Like a baby.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

Well -- a month ago I was reading a Chandler novel and I lost my other handbag. So thank you.

Jake hands her the purse and glances at the book in her hand. *From Here to Eternity*.

JAKE

Which do you like better, the book  
or the movie?

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

Please. The book is always better.  
Everybody knows that.

JAKE

Come on. The Manchurian Candidate.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

...Is that a film? I know the book.

JAKE

Uh, you know... I guess it's not.  
Maybe they'll make it a movie  
someday.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

I doubt it'll change my mind. I'm a  
librarian.

She continues to walk. Jake walks alongside her.

JAKE

I've always wanted to ask a  
librarian something.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

Really.

JAKE

Can you tell me how many librarians  
it takes to screw in a light bulb?

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

No. But I know where you can look  
it up.

She looks at him wryly.

JAKE

You know that one.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

I know every one.

JAKE

That's a bad one.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH

They're all bad.

They smile at one another. To Jake, this moment slows, extends somehow.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH (CONT'D)

I forgive you.

She holds out her gloved hand to Jake, and they shake.

WOMAN ON THE BENCH (CONT'D)

Sadie Clayton.

JAKE

Jake Amberson.

SADIE

Well, I appreciate your coming to the rescue, Mr. Amberson. My husband would kill me if I lost another purse.

Jake releases her hand.

JAKE

My pleasure.

They've reached the end of the path. She nods at him and crosses the street. A car is parked there -- a beautiful red and white 1958 Plymouth Fury, CA license plate CQB 241 (Stephen King fans will recognize the car from Christine; we will see this car in episodes 105-106.)

A fastidiously-groomed MAN -- presumably the husband [we'll meet him in episode 105: JOHNNY CLAYTON] -- gets out of the driver's side and solicitously opens the passenger door for Sadie. They drive away.

Jake turns back to scan the park - George de Mohrenschildt still nowhere to be seen. For a minute, Jake doesn't care. He walks off, whistling.

**EXT. GEORGE DE MORENSCHILDT'S HOUSE - DAY**

Jake waits in his parked Sunliner at the end of an upscale Dallas residential block. His eyes are fixed on an affluent house.

The door opens and George de Mohrenschildt steps out. A woman with perfectly drawn-on eyebrows and big 1960 hair stands in the doorway -- JEANNE, his wife. She pecks him on the cheek. Jake pulls his hat down over his eyes, keeping his face out of sight.

George gets into his coffee-colored Cadillac and pulls out of the drive. Jake follows.

**INT. SUNLINER - DALLAS STREET - DAY**

Jake tails the Cadillac at a safe distance.

JAKE

Where you headed, George de  
Mohrenfuck?

He turns his car into the city's center and sees George's Cadillac pull behind a long line of cars waiting to get into the parking lot of the Dallas Memorial Auditorium.

**EXT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - DAY**

Jake parks and follows George on foot. And then he sees a gigantic banner with Kennedy's face:

*KENNEDY for PRESIDENT - Leadership for the 1960's.*

Jake watches as the people exit their cars. Everyone wears a Kennedy campaign button. Music comes from the auditorium -- Frank Sinatra singing new lyrics to "High Hopes."

FRANK SINATRA RECORDING

*Everyone is voting for Jack/He's  
got what all the rest lack/Everyone  
wants to back Jack/Jack is on the  
right track/Cause he's got high  
hopes/He's got high hopes/Nineteen  
sixty's the year for his high  
hopes...*

Jake realizes: Dallas is a campaign stop. Kennedy still has to win the election -- these are the last days of his presidential campaign. Jake is suddenly inside the very reason that he's come to the past -- JFK.

George de Mohrenschildt has come to hear Kennedy's speech.

**END ACT FIVE**

**ACT SIX****INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

Jake stands behind George inside the darkened auditorium. It's hard to see the podium through the standing crowd.

He's adrenalized without being fully conscious of it: Al never saw Kennedy. Al was never near the man. But Jake needs to tail George... right?

People whistle and applaud. The stage glows brighter.

A familiar, amplified voice rings out.

JFK

This is a difficult and dangerous period.

A woman near Jake shifts, and suddenly Jake sees a figure standing at the podium. It's him. Kennedy.

JFK (CONT'D)

We do not run for the Presidency and the Vice Presidency promising that if we are elected life will be easy, but we do promise that if we are elected this country will begin to move again, this country will move forward, this country will stand strong, this country's brightest days will be ahead. I ask your support in this campaign.

An explosion of enthusiastic, genuine cheers and applause. Jake is mesmerized.

JFK (CONT'D)

One hundred years ago a great American President wrote a friend, *'I see the storm coming. I know there is a God and that He hates injustice. If He has a part and a place for me, I believe that I am ready.'* Now in 1960 we know there is a God. We know He hates injustice. And we see the storm coming. But if He has a place and a part for us, I believe that we are ready. Thank you.

The crowd erupts -- a frenzy this time.

Amidst the whistling crowd, we see Jake -- as moved and inspired as he's ever been. It's as though Kennedy was speaking directly to him.

**INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - ENTRY**

Outside the main auditorium, Jake follows George at a discreet distance.

A CAMPAIGN DOOR GUY holds a clipboard, standing watch in front of a door. George nods to him familiarly, says something Jake can't hear. The Campaign Door Guy checks his clipboard, then lets George in.

Jake waits for a moment, then approaches the Door Guy with false confidence.

JAKE  
Al Templeton.

The Guy checks his clipboard. Looks at Jake with a practiced neutral expression.

CAMPAIGN DOOR GUY  
I don't see that name here.

Jake gestures to the closed door.

JAKE  
George doesn't like my name on any lists. I work with George de Mohrenschildt. He told me to meet him here.  
(beat)  
George is a busy man - he would be put out if I didn't make the appointment.

The Door Guy looks at Jake for a beat. Jake assumes the expression of someone important.

*Is it going to work...?*

A pause, then the Door Guy moves aside to allow Jake access.

**INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - VIP ROOM**

The room is crowded with well-heeled Texans, all buzzing with excitement over their proximity to Senator Kennedy. Men in suits and women in hats smoke and chatter.

A YOUNG VOLUNTEER, perhaps twenty, takes hold of Jake's lapel and pins a button on it. Jake looks down.

It reads: **ON THE RIGHT TRACK -- WITH JACK.** The pixie-haired volunteer's face radiates with idealism.

YOUNG VOLUNTEER  
Your suit collar looked lonely.

Jake glances across the room -- he sees George de Mohrenschildt working his charm on a tall man in a cowboy hat.

JAKE  
Then you better give me two.

Beaming, she pins another button on: **KENNEDY FOR PRESIDENT.**

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You like working for the campaign?

YOUNG VOLUNTEER  
I think Senator Kennedy is the one person who's really, really going to make a difference.

It's a crowded room. But excited. A middle-aged COUPLE turns, and the WIFE sees the Volunteer's basket of buttons.

WIFE  
Oh, could I get one?

YOUNG VOLUNTEER  
Of course.

She hands the wife a button - and there's a stirring in the room. Murmurs: *He's going to be here. The Senator is coming!* Jake's heart tightens. Is he about to meet the future President?

Jake feels a tap on his shoulder. He turns to see the Door Guy scowling.

CAMPAIGN DOOR GUY  
You shouldn't be here.

The Wife and Husband both involuntarily move away from Jake. He looks at the door where he came in from.

Two severe men in suits stand inside the door. By their demeanor, it's clear they are members of the Senator's SECURITY DETAIL.

*Shit.*

The Young Volunteer looks confused, takes a step away. Jake understands that this is about to be a scene -- one that will cause George de Mohrenschildt to see Jake. This can't happen.

The Security Detail Guys push through the crowded room towards Jake.

Jake jostles the Volunteer's basket -- which she drops. Taking advantage of the split second that the Door Guy looks down, Jake ducks behind the Kennedy banner, out a service door.

**INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS**

Jake dashes across the foyer.

SLAM! The Security Detail Men come out the door -- after him!

Jake darts into a stairwell, going down...

**INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Jake stumble-rushes down the stairwell, into the deepest level of the Auditorium. We're in the bowels of the place now. A few buzzing industrial lights. Stacks of chairs.

Jake stumbles into a shadowed hallway, stretching forever. He sprints down the hall.

A STAIRWELL DOOR SLAMS above. Footsteps.

Breathing hard, Jake keeps running. He turns down another hallway.

It looks exactly the same.

**INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

A DOOR SLAMS. Footsteps.

Jake quells his rising dread. *Is this the Past?* Behind him, Jake hears a single cough.

He whips his head around -- nothing.

But when he turns back, down at the end of the hall --

***The Yellow Card Man.***

Framed in the doorway. Staring at Jake. *But... the last time Jake saw him was in Maine. This is impossible.*

The Yellow Card Man turns and walks out of sight.

Jake hears the racing footsteps of the security detail. They're getting closer.

JAKE

Fuck.

Reluctantly, he heads in the direction of the Yellow Card Man.

**INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Another hallway. Boxes, coils of cable, piles of curtains. One wall has a number of doors -- closets, maybe -- in a row. No sign of the Yellow Card Man.

Jake starts trying the knobs on the doors. Locked. Another, and another. Finally, a door opens. Jake ducks into --

**INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - PANTRY - CONTINUOUS**

-- a walk-in pantry. Shelves and boxes of dry goods. A tiny basement window provides the only sliver of light. Jake holds his breath, listening.

The sound of men running by on the other side of the door.

MAN (O.S.)

Keep going!

Footsteps pound by, then fade.

Jake carefully tries the doorknob. Locked.

Confused, Jake shakes the handle. It stays locked. *What is this? Is it the Past?*

He twists the knob repeatedly.

JAKE

(under his breath)

Shit. Shit. Come on.

Jake feels for the light switch. Fluorescents flicker dimly.

A whisper of noise from a corner. He turns.

A single roach moves across the floor. Ugh. It darts under a large crate.

Jake shivers. Tries the doorknob again. Still locked.

**Click chck clck chck chk ttttt chk ttttt chk** -- the sound of *skittering...*

One cockroach. Another. Now five. Now a dozen... all pour from under boxes and crevices. Not a hallucination. Real.

And now HUNDREDS of cockroaches stream from behind cupboards and under shelving, blackening the floor. They come fast, a sea of clicking, skittering Texas-sized roaches.

Jake screams. Turns, works the doorknob frantically. He beats at the door.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Jesus!

The roaches swarm his shoes. Jake stomps, pounds the door, tries the doorknob over and over and

--the door opens--

Jake stumbles out of the room. And

**WHAM**

He's knocked out cold.

**END ACT SIX**

**ACT SEVEN****INT. DALLAS MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM - BACK ROOM**

SLAP!

Jake is smacked awake by one of the two men from JFK's SECURITY DETAIL. This guy is beefy and unsmiling -- we'll call him CORRIGAN.

CORRIGAN  
Wakey wakey sunshine.

Jake feels the back of his head and winces. The room is small and near-empty. Jake sits on a folding chair. His wallet has been emptied onto a table.

The SHORT SECURITY GUY -- PARRY -- pokes through Jake's effects. He studies Jake's license.

PARRY  
James Amberson. Nineteen Bluebird Lane. Lisbon, Maine. Pretty far from home.

JAKE  
My place looks just like this.

CORRIGAN  
You tried to scam your way into the Senator's VIP room, and then you ran. You aware assaulting a United States Senator is a felony?

JAKE  
I wasn't going to hurt anybody.

CORRIGAN  
Then why'd you give a fake name?

PARRY  
And then run.  
(smiles ruefully)  
That looked bad.

There's a knock on the door. Corrigan opens it. George de Mohrenschildt pops his head around the corner, and Jake flinches: THIS IS NOT GOOD. De Mohrenschildt looks at Jake. Jake drops his gaze.

GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
Don't know him.

CORRIGAN

Sorry for the trouble, sir.

GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT

No trouble at all.

He departs.

CORRIGAN

Mr. Amberson from Maine, I'm not interested in spending the rest of the night in this frigging basement. So why don't you tell me why you needed to get into the VIP room...

Jake glances at Parry, then at his wallet on the table. Jake's eyes go to...

**...a 2014 quarter amidst his change.**

*Fuckfuckfuckfuck.* Suddenly Jake shouts.

JAKE

*Is he still here?!?*

The suits are startled.

CORRIGAN

Who?

JAKE

(singsong)

JFK, JFK! Jack is on the right track! I gotta be honest, I just wanted to shake the guy's hand! He's the real thing! He's gonna cut the bullshit out, he's the best this country has to offer! Get ready for greatness, and that speech! Huh? I only wanted to see him, tell him that I'm a believer! You know what I'm talking about! Right?

Jake talks fast maniacally. The security men exchange looks: *Oh, one of these.*

JAKE (CONT'D)

You can't fault a guy for believing in the man he's gonna vote for!

CORRIGAN

Shut up for the love of God.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Is enthusiasm against the law? You can't arrest me for that?

CORRIGAN

Actually you're wrong about that. If I catch your enthusiastic ass near Kennedy's campaign again, we'll bring you up on charges.

Parry gives Jake his wallet back.

PARRY

Don't go places you're not invited.

JAKE

Will you tell the Senator I'm his number-one fan?

Corrigan rolls his eyes.

CORRIGAN

Sure.

Jake scoops his change into his pocket.

Parry and Corrigan wait for Jake to exit, which he does. Still sweating.

**INT. BOARDING HOUSE - JAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Jake stares at two closed files next to each other on the small desk. One file: LEE HARVEY OSWALD, one file: GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT.

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - 2015**

Al and Jake sit side by side at Al's dining room table. The de Mohrenschildt file contents are spread out in front of them. Al types on a laptop, Googling GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT. A dozen photos of George appear.

AL

You'll miss your friend Google in 1960. --So George de Mohrenschildt was a CIA asset. He's also got interests in Haiti, real estate, who knows what else. Some shady shit. No one's on record about when his fling with the CIA began, but I think they approached him in 1960.

JAKE

So... you followed him when you were in Dallas?

AL

While he was there. No way was I going to test my luck out of the country. The CIA is no joke. I wanted to see -- but I worried about getting too close. You should be, too.

(beat)

But there was one night.

Jake waits.

AL (CONT'D)

One night I realized was actually an important night. A night where something happened.

JAKE

What?

AL

I couldn't find out.

JAKE

Then how do you know it was important?

AL (PRE-LAP)

Because I felt the Past push back.

**EXT. EL FENIX - DALLAS - 1960 - NIGHT**

A busy street in downtown Dallas. Cars cruise around the block. Uniformed VALETS run to open the doors for well-heeled patrons.

Jake crosses the street. Approaches the large Mexican restaurant: El Fenix.

AL (V.O.)

That night George took his wife Jeanne out to dinner at El Fenix, but they didn't eat together.

We see George de Mohrenschildt dressed beautifully. His wife JEANNE -- attractive, dressed to the nines -- holds his arm. They enter the restaurant.

A group of young MEXICAN TOUGHS on the corner talk loudly and animatedly to one another.

AL (V.O.)

First thing that I felt - an argument outside the restaurant got out of hand. You need to get the fuck out of the way.

Jake switches direction and zig-zags away from the group. Without warning, a FIGHT breaks out. One young man SHOVES another. Someone throws a punch. Suddenly it's CHAOS.

AL (V.O.)

Don't get drawn in.

Jake has evaded trouble -- he makes it in the door.

**INT. EL FENIX - FRONT OF HOUSE - DALLAS - CONTINUOUS**

Jake stands discreetly out of sight, watching George kiss his wife on the cheek. She goes one direction -- to the bar, waving at friends. George walks into the main room of the restaurant.

AL (V.O.)

The fella at the front is gonna say no way you get a table.

The EL FENIX MANAGER, a big man, looks sorrowfully at Jake.

EL FENIX MANAGER

I'm sorry, sir, without a reservation, we will not be able to accommodate you.

Jake slips the El Fenix Manager a ten-dollar bill. He manages to take the money and ignore Jake at the same time.

AL (V.O.)

Have cash.

EL FENIX MANAGER

(to the couple behind Jake)

This way, Señor. Follow your *camarera*.

When the Manager turns back to Jake, his face is still neutral. Jake palms him a twenty.

EL FENIX MANAGER (CONT'D)

Ah! I just saw a booth open up. A lucky night.

AL (V.O.)

And if you get in, watch out...

**INT. EL FENIX - MAIN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS**

A BUSBOY pushing a rolling cart with silver dishes on it crosses in front of Jake.

AL (V.O.)  
...for the busboy.

He stops, lights a chafing candle, and sets the top of the dish ON FIRE.

BUSBOY  
Ahh!

He grabs the flaming dish, and runs RIGHT AT JAKE. But Jake dodges -- the flaming tray misses him.

AL (V.O.)  
Once you enter the back room, the light fixture is gonna fall.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Fuck you.

HARD CUT TO:

**INT. AL'S HOME - DINING ROOM - FLASHBACK - EVENING**

Jake stands looking at Al skeptically.

AL  
Oh, I'm sorry, were you there? No.  
I was. More than once.

JAKE  
This is ridiculous.

AL  
It's not going to feel ridiculous.  
The light cut my shoulder wide open. Hurt like a bitch. And it kept me from following de Mohrenschildt all the way in. That's as far as I ever got. So if you want to make it farther, you better fucking listen.

CUT TO:

**INT. EL FENIX - BACK DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jake looks up. The ceiling has a dozen lighting fixtures: multi-pointed tin stars. The tips of the stars look lethal.

If one falls on Jake's head... he's dead. It's a reverse mine field -- the mines are above.

Oblivious, the El Fenix Manager leads Jake directly under the line of four of the sharp light fixtures.

AL (V.O.)

And be very fucking careful.

Jake steps carefully, oddly, veering right and then left, all to avoid walking under a star lighting fixture. He bumps into a Waiter.

JAKE

Sorry about that.

He walks rapidly in an arc around a table. The diners stare.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Pardon me.

A waitress turns and nearly falls -- Jake is too close.

WAITRESS

*Cuidate!*

And then it happens -- a light fixture FALLS with a sickening CRASH. Jake grabs the Waitress and yanks her out of danger. COMMOTION. Servers and Busboys run to clean up and check in with patrons.

The El Fenix Manager reaches the booth and turns to watch Jake who eventually gets to him.

EL FENIX MANAGER

Are you all right?

JAKE

Sure.

EL FENIX MANAGER

Your table.

**INT. EL FENIX - DALLAS - CONTINUOUS**

Jake sits in his booth. At an adjacent table, George de Mohrenschildt and a pair of DARK-SUITED MEN. Jake reads his menu, straining to hear their conversation.

MAN #1

We've been [muffled] to meet with  
[muffled] for [muffled].

GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
I'm [muffled]... [muffled] admired  
Allen Dulles.

MAN #2  
None [muffled] the books, as it  
[muffled]

MAN #1  
[muffled] know that [muffled]  
position to [muffled] unusual  
[muffled] Russian currently liv--  
[muffled].

George nods, beaming, happy for the attention.

|                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT       | WAITER                     |
| [muffled] to make a           | (overlapping)              |
| difference, yes. [muffled]    | Good evening señor, may I  |
| wants his life to matter!     | offer you a margarita? Our |
| [muffled] make me very happy. | house speciality.          |
| To [muffled].                 |                            |

Jake shakes his head at the waiter, irked.

JAKE  
I'll order later.

WAITER  
As you wish, señor. Our specialties  
de la casa are--

JAKE  
Later. Later!

The waiter backs away. The room grows LOUD:

A margarita mixer.

A tray of dropped dishes.

At this point Jake sees the men in suits hand George a piece of paper, but he can't hear them.

Jake watches George scan the paper. He's speaking, and the men are listening with great focus.

The margarita mixer stops. But Jake still can't hear. George's finger traces down the page.

GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT  
...[muffled] Sergey. I know him.  
[muffled] estate. Antonov -- no.  
Belinsky --[muffled].

Jake leans forward, straining.

MAN #1

He de- [muffled]. [muffled].  
[muffled] previously [muffled] in  
Minsk.

George claps his hands in excitement, his face lights up.

GEORGE DE MOHRENSCHILDT

[muffled] up in Minsk! [muffled]  
grew up in Minsk! But --  
(shakes his head no)  
[muffled].

WAITER (O.S.)

Señor, may I take your order now?

Jake grits his teeth.

JAKE

You know what, I'll have some  
chicken fajitas, all right?

WAITER

(consuder)  
Que?

JAKE

Fajitas.

The Waiter shakes his head. No idea.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Um... really? You don't have those  
yet?  
(off the Waiter)  
Fine. The house special. Whatever.

The Waiter departs. Jake watches the MEN rise and leave George de Mohrenschildt's table. George waits for a moment. He glances at the piece of paper in his hands. He checks his watch. Nods to himself, noting the time.

Then he stands and exits.

Jake watches George go. He glances up at the lights again -- god, this is a mess. He waits until George has left the back dining room and then he **sprints across the room.**

He's not ready to lose this. He doesn't even know what "this" is, exactly.

**INT. EL FENIX - FRONT OF HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jake pushes past two waiters -- **sees George de Mohrenschildt through a crowd of people in the bar.** No sign of the men in suits. George moves through a doorway marked LOUNGES -- W.C.

Jake follows.

**INT. EL FENIX - HALL OUTSIDE RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jake enters through the same door we just saw George enter. At the end of the hall, another door marked GENTLEMEN'S LOUNGE swings closed.

George must have gone in.

To meet someone? *Another agent?*

Jake weighs his options. Takes a few steps closer. Then he carefully, quietly, pushes open the door --

**INT. EL FENIX - GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

-- *more whispers.*

Jake freezes partway through the door. Glances down the hall - no one there. He steps in, tense, ready to run.

He peeks under the stalls. Nothing.

Then he hears whispering again. Then -- scuffling. A grunt.

He moves to the adjoining doorway, inching to the corner so he can look around it and sees --

-- standing against the far wall -- George de Mohrenschildt's back. A woman's legs are wrapped around his waist.

His pants are around his ankles.

Jake realizes -- this is *Jeanne*, her face buried in George's shoulder. The scuffling and whispering Jake heard? Is George having vigorous standing-up sex with his wife.

At the moment he realizes this, Jeanne looks up and **meets Jake's eyes.**

*Uh oh.*

Jake jumps back and pushes hastily out the door--

**INT. EL FENIX - HALL OUTSIDE RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS**

-- into the hallway -- to find his Waiter, the El Fenix Manager, and another large fellow who appears to be SECURITY. They're all glaring at Jake.

WAITER  
(in Spanish)  
*This motherfucker ran out on the check!*

JAKE  
I figured out what to order--

The large Security fellow grabs Jake's arm.

**EXT. EL FENIX - CONTINUOUS**

Past the crowd of upscale Dallas denizens, Jake is given the bum-rush out.

JAKE  
Ahh -- Jesus!

People react. He brushes himself off, walks away.

**INT. SUNLINER - NIGHT**

Jake speeds down a Dallas street.

JAKE  
What are you doing to me, Al. Huh?

He drums the wheel.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
That was George, that was the CIA.  
That was George's wife. Wow. So  
he's an informant. Like the  
research says. But...

A car horn BLAAARS as Jake makes a fast left turn on a yellow.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
...if George de Mohrenschildt is a  
CIA asset as of tonight, does that  
mean that the CIA is actually  
involved in trying to get the  
President killed three years from  
now?

Jake laughs in disbelief.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Great. Awesome. Jesus Christ. So be it. I'm futureman, and maybe I just have to be George's shadow. Damn you, Al...

Jake pulls up to the boarding house to see--

The house is in flames.

**EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jake sprints towards the door. A FIREFIGHTER shoves him back.

FIREFIGHTER

Stand back, sir! We got everybody out!

JAKE

*No! Everything I own is in there!*

The firefighter shakes his head: *doesn't matter*. Jake pushes forward -- the firefighter pushes Jake back aggressively.

FIREFIGHTER

No one is going in. You get me?

Jake sees Frances Boland, sobbing on her son's shoulder. Residents huddle together on the lawn.

He stares, aghast, watching the Past burn up everything.

The file on Lee Harvey Oswald, the research on the JFK assassination -- everything. Up in smoke.

**END ACT SEVEN**

**ACT EIGHT**

**EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT - 1960**

CLOSE ON - the charred betting notebook from Al.

FIREFIGHTER (O.C.)  
This yours?

Jake looks at the Firefighter, and what he holds in his hands.  
The Firefighter extends the notebook to Jake.

CUT TO:

**INT. AL'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK - 2015**

Al holds the betting notebook.

AL  
I know it's a lot to take in.

Jake laughs - a bit hollowly.

JAKE  
You think?

AL  
Change is hard. I don't mean that  
in a poetic way. I mean there's  
gonna be shit you can't imagine.

JAKE  
If it all goes south, can't I come  
back and try again? It's two  
minutes in this time, right?

AL  
The diner's going away. Demolished.

JAKE  
Not in two minutes.

AL  
You think you turn right around, do  
it again - but it doesn't work that  
way. You have one shot.

JAKE  
How many times did you try?

Al shakes his head.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Al? How many times?

AL

Had some false starts. I got caught in kind of a loop. I spent about six years trying, all told, before I got sick.

Jake's face registers shock.

AL (CONT'D)

You got one trip. One.

JAKE

Time for you to get to sleep.

AL

I'll sleep when I'm dead. Let's go back to the diner. I want to watch you go through.

Jake is taken aback -- he's still unsure about the whole enterprise.

JAKE

Now? Al - I can't.

(off Al)

I mean, I can't tonight. I need to think about this, I just need to...

AL

Please. Do this for me. Do it to make a difference. It matters.

JAKE

I'll come over tomorrow, okay?  
We'll talk more then.

Al puts the betting notebook in Jake's hands. Jake tucks it in his pocket.

They move to the front door. Al watches the younger man walk down the front path. Jake turns and waves.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Get some rest!

Al smiles, but his eyes are sad.

AL

Goodbye, Buddy.

**EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT - 1960**

CLOSE ON: Al's burned notebook.

Jake holds it. The fire's out now, though the house still smolders.

Only a few pages are left in the notebook -- a list of bets, all in 1963. A singed, torn photo of Lee Harvey Oswald holding a rifle. Pages of handwritten notes folded up. A xerox of a newspaper -- the headline of JFK's assassination: Jake's talisman.

Jake shoves the notebook into his pocket.

FIREFIGHTER

Sir. We have beds available at a city shelter.

Jake doesn't answer.

FIREFIGHTER (CONT'D)

Sir?

JAKE

I shouldn't be here.

FIREFIGHTER

You're in shock.

JAKE

No. I can't do this. I shouldn't be here. It's over. I'm going home. Back to Maine. I'm done.

Jake turns and walks to his car. The Firefighter watches him get in and drive away.

**EXT. SUNLINER - NIGHT**

A high, wide shot of Jake's Sunliner zooming through Dallas's empty streets in the wee hours of the morning.

FRANK SINATRA (O.S.)

*...Jack is on the right track!  
Cause he's got high hopes  
He's got high hopes  
Nineteen sixty's the year for--*

The radio is snapped off.

The Sunliner's rear lights grow smaller and disappear into the darkness of the road.

**INT. LISBON HIGH - CLASSROOM - FLASHBACK - 2015**

At his desk, Jake gathers up his papers.

HARRY DUNNING (O.S.)  
Mr. Epping?

Jake looks up - the janitor stands hesitantly in the doorway.

JAKE  
Harry. Hi.

HARRY DUNNING  
Am I... bothering you?

JAKE  
Of course not.

HARRY DUNNING  
I wanted to... thank you for being  
at my... graduation. Made it  
feel... real official.

JAKE  
It was my pleasure.

Harry nods. He starts to exit, then turns.

HARRY DUNNING  
And I also wanted to... thank you  
for putting in a... word for me  
about that promotion. It... meant a  
lot.

JAKE  
I'm sorry that I couldn't do that  
one thing.

HARRY DUNNING  
You tried.

JAKE  
I wish I could have done more.

Harry shakes his head.

HARRY DUNNING  
You gave me an A-plus.

He reaches into his pocket, takes out the folded essay.

HARRY DUNNING (CONT'D)  
Never got an A-plus in my life.

Harry holds out the essay to Jake.

HARRY DUNNING (CONT'D)  
Keep it.

JAKE

I can't.

HARRY DUNNING

Please. I'll... keep the A+. Can't  
take that... away from me. You...  
keep the essay.

Jake accepts the gift, moved.

JAKE

Thank you.

HARRY DUNNING

You're a... good man, Mr. Epping.

Harry limps out. Jake stares down at the essay, pained that he hasn't been able to do one goddamn thing to affect Harry's life.

JAKE (V.O.) (PRE-LAP)

*The day that changed my life. The  
day that changed my life wasn't a  
day, but a night. It was Halloween  
night.*

**INT. SUNLINER - GAS STATION - 1960**

CLOSE ON Harry's essay.

The day that changed my life wasn't a day, but a night. It was Halloween night. It was the night my father murdirt my mom and my brother and my sister with a hammer.

Jake has retrieved it from the glove compartment and holds it in his hands, rereading the words on the page.

JAKE (V.O.)

*It was the night my father murdirt  
my mom and my brother and my sister  
with a hammer and hirt me bad.*

Reveal: Jake sits in his car at a rural service station. Carved pumpkins sit on the steps of the houses across the street.

JAKE (V.O.)

*It was in nineteen-sixty. I lived  
in Holden, Kentucky.*

CLOSE ON the words typed on the page:

It was 1960. I lived in Holden, Kentucky

The GAS JOCKEY, a kid of 17, finishes filling up Jake's car and polishes the windshield.

JAKE (V.O.)

*...my street was Kossuth Street. My house was a green house. The front door look like a mouth.*

CLOSE ON the words typed on the page:

My street was Kossoth St. My hous was a green hous. The frunt door look like a ~~moth~~ mouth.

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON THE SENTENCE

My father kilt everybody but me.

JAKE (V.O.)

*My father killed everybody but me.*

GAS JOCKEY

That'll be five dollars eighty-nine cents.

Jake digs into his pocket and hands the kid a ten dollar bill.

GAS JOCKEY (CONT'D)

I'll getcher change.

JAKE

Keep it.

The kid's eyes widen.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Lemme ask you something. How far is it to...

(checks essay)

...Holden?

GAS JOCKEY

Guess it's about thirty miles.

(makes face)

Not much of a town. Why'd you wanna go there?

Jake stares ahead for a moment.

JAKE

Because... I might be able to do  
one thing.

**EXT. DUNNING HOUSE - HOLDEN, KENTUCKY**

Jake stands in a park across from a green house. A BOY (8) and a GIRL (5) chase each other around the yard, whooping and laughing. A LITTLE BROTHER (3) sits on the lawn, digging with a shovel and a bucket.

Jake looks at the street sign: KOSSUTH STREET.

He looks back at the house; the door looks like a mouth. The boy aims his finger at his sister.

BOY

Bang! Got you! You're dead!

The Girl screams with pleasure.

BOY (CONT'D)

Come on, Ellen, now you die!

ELLEN

Aaaaaahhhhhh!

She falls down theatrically. The front door opens (the door that was smashed in from scene 1.) The children's lovely, if careworn, MOTHER opens the door.

MOTHER

Ellen, for goodness sake, please  
tone down the drama. The neighbors  
are going to think that someone's  
dying over here.

We've seen these kids and this mother before. In the photo in Harry Dunning's janitor locker.

SLAM!

A big, handsome MAN gets out of the Plymouth he's just parked in the street. He finishes a cigarette and waves.

MAN

I don't suppose any of you want any  
ice cream.

ELLEN

I dooooo!

LITTLE BROTHER

Daddy!

Ellen and the three-year-old boy run to the man.

MAN

Hi, Doris! Looking beautiful.

Doris doesn't answer right away. When she does, her voice is cool.

MOTHER

Have them back at six.

She goes in the house, closes the door.

The Man's jaw tightens. He looks at his oldest son, still in front of the house. The boy hangs back. Kicks the steps. The Man eyes his oldest son.

MAN

Harry! Come on! Shake a leg!

Jake stares. The eight-year-old boy is HARRY DUNNING.

After a moment, Harry walks over to his father, who tousles Harry's hair.

MAN (CONT'D)

Atta boy. Let's go.

This man? This is FRANK DUNNING.

This man will murder his entire family with a hammer on Halloween night.

Unless Jake stops him.

This is the man Jake has come to kill.

Jake watches the kids pile into Frank Dunning's car and drive away.

**END EPISODE 101/102**