

THE TAURED EFFECT

Written by

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TEASER

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Super "Afghanistan - 0200 hours."

A full moon hangs in the night sky, a snow-capped mountain sits on the horizon partially cloaked in darkness.

A woman in her late 20's lays flat on their stomach in a low crawl, a consummate soldier, this is JACLYN HUNSAKER.

Three soldiers behind her.

Jaclyn drops over a ten foot rise.

Her hands grip the edge, then she drops, rolling to one side in a perfectly executed Parachute Landing Fall.

The barrel of a gun appears, pointed right at her face. Another face appears behind the gun.

An attractive man in his early thirties with a tough exterior, and a well defined Scottish accent. This is JAMES JOHNSON.

JAMES

Careful, I almost shot you.

JACLYN

Is that how you end all your relationships?

James laughs as more men drop over the rise and into view. He grips Jaclyn's hand and pulls her to her feet.

JAMES

What took you so bloody long? The target is inbound.

JACLYN

Already? It's too soon, We aren't ready!

JAMES

Then I suggest we get moving.

(Into his radio)

Are the damn mines ready yet?

James' radio squawks.

THROW AWAY SOLDIER 1 (O.S.)
No, sir. The mines aren't ready.

JAMES
Get into position two, we'll have
to ambush them.

James' attention is drawn to headlights coming around a bend.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Get into position. We'll have to go
without the mines.

THROW AWAY SOLDIER 1
Understood.

JACLYN
I'll send two of mine, I'll take
Carter and try to get the mines
ready.

JAMES
Thank you.

JACLYN
O'Neill, Saterfield, join the
ambush. Carter, let's get on those
mines.

Two soldiers low crawl into the darkness behind James.

Jaclyn and Carter reach the mines, and begin working.

Within minutes the staccato popping of weapons fire breaks
the silence.

O'NEILL (O.S.)
Hunsaker, we need back up, where
the hell are those mines?

JACLYN
(To Carter)
Go, I'm almost done here.
(Into her radio)
I'm sending Carter.

Carter nods, gripping her rifle she ducks into the night.

Quickly finishing Jaclyn grips her rifle and heads into the
darkness.

An eerie quiet settles over the night. A single gun shot. She stops.

A shape stumbles out of the darkness, dropping into Jaclyn's arms. Blood trickles from two gunshot wounds.

JACLYN (CONT'D)
Carter? Where is--

CARTER
Dead, they're all dead.

INT. AIRLINER - DAY

Super "Seven years later"

Jaclyn sits, working on a tablet computer, a strange woman in an even stranger world. Mid thirties, smartly dressed. A badge on her belt, once a soldier, now international law enforcement.

The P.A. pipes on.

CAPTAIN
(Thick german accent)
This is your captain, speaking.
We'll be landing in Heathrow
Airport in just a few minutes. I
would like to remind you to have
your travel papers ready for
customs inspection.

The Captain's announcement takes Jaclyn away from her work.

Her hands disappear into her pockets, she pulls out a passport.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Jaclyn walks away from the gate, toting a small duffel.

Arriving at the customs counter, Jaclyn presents her passport and badge.

CUSTOMS AGENT
What brings you to London?

JACLYN
Work.

The customs agent opens the passport, a look of confusion crosses the agents face.

JACLYN (CONT'D)
Is something the matter?

CUSTOMS AGENT 1
What country issued your passport?

JACLYN
Are you kidding? The United States.
It's right there.

The Customs agent nods to someone on the side. A supervisor steps forward, he speaks with a subtle German accent.

CUSTOMS SUPERVISOR
What seems to be the problem?

The agent hands the passport to the supervisor, he looks it over.

CUSTOMS SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
(To Jaclyn)
Frouline, you'll need to come with me.

JACLYN
"Frouline"? What's the matter?

CUSTOMS SUPERVISOR
We should talk in private.

INT. AIRPORT INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jaclyn's hands clenched in dread. Her hair sweaty and matted.

Finally the supervisor enters, two soldiers follow him. She rises, a soldier harshly sits her back down.

JACLYN
What is going on?

CUSTOMS SUPERVISOR
Tell me, what brings you to London today, Frouline--
(Looks at the passport.)
Hunsaker.

JACLYN
Agent Hunsaker with the C.I.A., I came to London on assignment, at the request of Gerry Haygood from MI-6--

SUPERVISOR

I've never heard of either agency,
but I would be most interested to
learn the truth about where you got
this, and how you know Gerry
Haygood.

He holds up Jaclyn's passport before dropping it on the table
in front of her.

JACLYN

I got my passport from the United
States, as far as Agent Haygood, I
came at her request.

SUPERVISOR

There is no such country. Tell me
more about this agency, the C.I.A.

JACLYN

The Central Intelligence Agency? In
Langley... wait, you've never heard
of the United States?

The supervisor stares stoically at Jaclyn.

SUPERVISOR

Intelligence? You're a spy?

JACLYN

We haven't been called that in
decades.

The supervisor sends a worried glance to the soldiers.

SUPERVISOR

Take her.

The soldiers surge forward and grab Jaclyn, pushing her to
the table handcuffs pinch closed.

JACLYN

What the hell is going on?

The Supervisors eye meet Jaclyn's.

SUPERVISOR

You're under arrest for
collaborating with terrorists, and
espionage.

JACLYN

Terrorists? What terrorists?

SUPERVISOR
Gerry Haygood.

JACLYN
(Confused)
What?

Armbands on each of the soldiers fall into focus. A red armband with a swastika.

END OF TEASER

ACT 1

INT. GULAG STYLE PRISON - EVENING

Jaclyn, dressed in an orange jumpsuit, sits in a rough metal chair, the only source of light is an overhead lamp, muted light glows from within a weakened light bulb. A metal table in the middle of the room.

Scraping and shuffling from the other side of the door.

The door grinds open. A Nazi officer walks in. A loyal soldier to the end, late thirties, this is HEINRICH.

Several photos of Jaclyn's affects in the officer's hand. He drops them on the table.

HEINRICH

Gutentag Frouline, velcome to Tod Untermensch prison. My name is Heinrich, I command ze British ving of ze Fuehrer's empire. You vill answer my qvestions, ya?

He stands over the table. Jaclyn nods.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

Vere did you come from?

JACLYN

I came from the United States of America.

Heinrich smirks.

HEINRICH

Ah, yes. Ze imaginary land of America.

Obviously irritated, Heinrich backhands Jaclyn. He brings his nose mere inches from hers.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

No more lies, ya? Your gadgets are not german. Vere did you get zem?

JACLYN

I'm telling the truth.

HEINRICH

Do you take me for a fool?

Heinrich raises his hand to strike again.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW!

JACLYN
I-- what in God's name is going on?

Heinrich's demeanor changes.

HEINRICH
(In disgust)
God? Are you a Jew?

Heinrich's gloved hand grabs Jaclyn's collar and pulls, her instinct reacts, twisting Heinrich's arm up behind his head, his face meets the table.

JACLYN
All I know is that less than twenty-four hours ago I boarded a plane and left American soil, and now the third reich has somehow come back from the grave and seized England--

Two soldiers come to their leaders rescue. Hands grip Jaclyn, forcing her to release Heinrich, and drag her back to her seat.

JACLYN (CONT'D)
I don't understand one damn thing that's going on.

Heinrich turns on Jaclyn, his eyes are cold as steel.

HEINRICH
I don't know about zis "America", but you-- I would consider telling ze truth about vere you come from, or you could be judged as a shpy, and executed.

He exits. Two more soldiers bearing red armbands enter, bearing handguns. The first clamp Jaclyn in handcuffs. The second escort Jaclyn and the other two guards out.

INT. GULAG CORRIDOR - EVENING

Moldy, rusted walls lead the way, passing the occasional cell.

Jaclyn winces at a stench from one cell.

A cell door grinds open, Jaclyn is shoved inside.

INT. PRISON CELL - EVENING

The mattress looks filthy, Jaclyn winces at the smell.

JACLYN

And I thought Afghanistan was bad.

Jaclyn reluctantly lays down. Sometime in the night Jaclyn surrenders to fatigue.

INT. TERRORIST CAVE - NIGHT

A crude electrical system is wired along the cave wall, lights hang from the ceiling.

Jaclyn is herded in, a bag over her head, her hands bound behind her, she is still wearing her fatigues, though the jacket is gone, her shirt is stained by sweat.

A masked man on each of Jaclyn's arms, each man has an AK-47 slung over their shoulder.

One of the masked men shoves a foot behind her knees, forcing her to kneel.

The bag is ripped away.

Several tense seconds as the masked men step back to a safe distance.

A glowing ember brightens in the darkness and a puff of smoke. A man in his mid 30's, the TERRORIST LEADER steps out of the darkness, a lit cigarette in his mouth. Though calm on the surface his eyes are filled with hatred, he speaks in english, not perfect, but decent.

TERRORIST LEADER

I must say, you're quite resilient.
Getting you to crack is going to be
harder than I thought.

Jaclyn says nothing, she just stares at the Terrorist leader. He takes another drag off his cigarette.

TERRORIST LEADER (CONT'D)

I thought you might want to know
that not all of your people were
killed.

The Terrorist leader directs an unseen person to enter.

O'Neill, Saterfield, and James are escorted in, shackled and at gun point, O'Neill, Saterfield and James are forced to kneel. Six other Terrorists enter the cave chamber, each carrying an AK-47 at the ready.

JACLYN

My people will not negotiate with terrorists. You'll have to kill us.

TERRORIST LEADER

I will kill you, unless you answer my questions.

JACLYN

You want intel on U.S. Forces?

The terrorist leader smiles.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

(In Afghanistan dialect)

Bite me, Pig!

The terrorist leader nods to Terrorist 3 who points his AK-47 at O'Neill, Terrorist 3 pulls the trigger, a loud BANG and O'Neill hits the ground, dead, crimson fluid and grey matter on the cave wall.

TERRORIST LEADER

Tell me, or Allah will strike you down.

JACLYN

I'll send you to hell to meet Allah face to face.

The terrorist leader nods again. Terrorist 3 shoots Saterfield, spraying blood and grey matter.

Jaclyn struggles against her binds.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

You're going to kill us anyway.

Terrorist leader gets down on one knee and looks Jaclyn in the eyes.

TERRORIST LEADER

If you tell me what I want to know you will live.

JACLYN

So, you mean to keep me a prisoner of war, or a sex slave for your band of degenerate killers?

JAMES

Hunsaker, what are you doing?

She grunts as her bands come loose, her hand flies up to the terrorist leader to grab a pistol on his belt, she rises quickly to her feet.

Twisting the terrorist leader between herself and the eight other terrorists, using him as a human shield. The other terrorist fire, killing their leader, Jaclyn empties the clip and four terrorists drop, dead.

James breaks free of his bands and grabs an AK-47 from a terrorist at his side.

JACLYN

What the hell took you so long?

JAMES

They must have used new cable ties on me.

JACLYN

Excuses, excuses.

Jaclyn and James

INT. PRISON CELL - EARLY MORNING

An explosion shakes the prison, sirens fill the prison rousing Jaclyn. She looks around.

Another explosion, debris spills into her cell, dislodging the door.

A wall across the corridor now bears a gaping hole. Beyond the hole is darkness building as it descends deeper into a tunnel.

Jaclyn climbs to her feet and peers out, six people enter and pry the next cell open. Two fan out and run off in opposite directions, two more stand guard at the massive hole.

A voice, so musically familiar.

JAMES (O.S.)

(Heavy Scottish accent)

It's alright, sir. Time to go!

No German accent, who are they? She steps out of her cell. Six guns are trained on her. One stands out, James Johnson.

MAN 1

It's a woman, she might just be a prisoner.

JAMES

(Heavy Scottish accent)
Careful, frouline, I almost shot you.

JACLYN

James? I thought you were dead.

MAN 2

HA! That's a good one. Jerry's have been trying to kill Johnson for years.

James stares at Jaclyn, stunned, how did she know him? A scowl makes it obvious that James doesn't trust her.

JACLYN

Don't you recognize me? We were... involved.

JAMES

(Heavy Scottish Accent)
Nope. But I'd love to know how you know me. Unfortunately that will have to wait, we're expecting the kind of company that shoots back.

He looks her up and down suspiciously, still considering the option.

MAN 3

Johnson, we've got the Commander, let's go.

James points to the two guarding the hole.

JAMES

You two, take the commander back to the extraction point. We'll be on you six. Now move it.

The two men nod and head out through the hole, the commander takes a weapon from James and follows the two soldiers.

Man 4 comes running back.

MAN 4

We've got Jerry's incoming.

Bullets start flying. The rebel raiders shoot back.

Jaclyn takes cover.

JAMES

Fall back!

Man 1 directs Jaclyn to the hole with a nod, she follows them out.

One of the men is struck, not fatally, James helps him to his feet.

EXT. PRISON - EARLY MORNING

James, Jaclyn and the raider party exits a grate on the exterior of a large razor wire topped brick wall.

Beyond a cluster of trees a pair of antiquated jeeps wait, impatiently. Engines running, steam pouring from the engine, a driver in each.

JAMES

Alright, lassies' let move!

Jaclyn breaks into a dead run, only James keeps pace with her, despite dragging a wounded man.

The rest of the liberation force is only a couple steps behind, stopping occasionally to fire wildly at the German soldiers.

James reaches the jeep a split second before Jaclyn. Reaching in to the back and pulls out a hand grenade.

Pulling the pin he throws. The grenade lands in a cluster of nazi soldiers, exploding.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(As an afterthought)

Fire in the hole.

A thunderous crack shatters the early morning. One of James' men drops, a hole in his head.

The four remaining soldiers take cover in the trees. James, the jeep drivers, and Jaclyn take cover on the other side of the jeeps.

JAMES (CONT'D)

SNIPER! Well this is bloody fantastic.

JACLYN

Are you always this sarcastic?

JAMES
 (Searching for the
 sniper)
 No, it's usually worse.

He spots the sniper's perch, an open tower on the edge of the prison wall a thousand feet away.

He searches the back of the jeep amid a potshot from the sniper. Rifles, hand guns, grenades, nothing to combat a sniper at this early hour. Wait! A large flashlight? A label reads "L.E.D." and "three million candle power".

JAMES (CONT'D)
 On my count, run like a bat out of hell.

He reaches for the light.

Another thunderous crack. He withdraws his hand. Then tries again.

He pulls the light free.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 One... Two... THREE!

James flips the light on, aiming it right at the sniper.

A distant shriek.

JAMES (CONT'D)
 MOVE IT!

The last three jump into the forward jeep, James, Jaclyn and the other driver jump into the rear jeep. They peel out spraying mud and asphalt.

INT. JEEP - EARLY MORNING

James turns to Jaclyn in the back seat.

JAMES
 Alright, what's this business about me being dead?

JACLYN
 We were running a joint op in the Kunar Province of Afghanistan, seven years ago. You, me and two others were captured by a terrorist cell.

JAMES

Afghanistan? No such country exists. For the last two hundred years or so they've been called the Islamic State, takes up what was Iraq, Iran, most of the "stans" Israel, Syria, the entire African and South American continent, and the Arabian peninsula. Anything that isn't a war zone or controlled by Germany is theirs.

JACLYN

I'm in the Goddamn twilight zone.

He glares at Jaclyn.

JAMES

Now, who the hell are you?

JACLYN

I'm Agent Jaclyn Hunsaker, C.I.A.

James gives a confused look.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

Central Intelligence Agency?

JAMES

You're a spy.

Jaclyn smirks.

JACLYN

We haven't been called that since--
(Thinking)
The Cold War.

James looks even more bewildered.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

With the Soviet Union, Russia, Berlin Wall? None of this rings a bell.

JAMES

Russia? You're out of the loop. The Kremlin isn't talking to anyone these days.

JACLYN

What about the United States?

James rubs the stubble on his face.

JAMES

There was a time almost two hundred and fifty years ago, give or take when a group of colonies decided they'd had enough of England. They called themselves the United States.

JACLYN

Is there anything across the Atlantic Ocean?

JAMES

Nothing worth fighting for. The whole place has been a war zone since 1812. Nothing United about them anymore.

JACLYN

This is all wrong. You're telling me that hundreds, thousands of people lost their lives, only to let my country fall to Two centuries of war and ruin? It makes no damn sense.

JAMES

You're crazy, it makes perfect sense, the damn Nazis have the power, and the only nation capable of of challenging them are sitting on their collective asses. Too bad we have more important matters to deal with.

JACLYN

Do you know something?

James hesitates, maybe a little, he gives.

JAMES

Not for certain, but the scuttlebutt is that Germany has a weapon, a single bomb capable of destroying an entire city in minutes. Intel suggests they're getting it ready for Moscow. Only problem is nobody knows where the Jerries launch platform is, and it is only a rumor.

JACLYN

I'm not crazy, I didn't make up an entire nation, or two hundred years of history. There has to be a way--
 (Looks at James)
 My luggage.

JAMES

Doubt they'd keep it nearby, it's probably at one of their compounds.

JACLYN

Is there one nearby?

JAMES

No way to know for certain, unless we can bag a German officer. They're not easy to get to, it's even harder to get them to talk before their cyanide kicks in.

He gives in.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Fine, I'll introduce you to someone who might be able to help. But we'll need to take a few precautions. In case you're-- one of theirs.

James holds up a head bag. Jaclyn groans as James puts the head bag on Jaclyn, immersing her in near complete darkness.

INT. REBEL BASE - MORNING

The bag comes off, she is still in near complete darkness. A few lights hang from a high ceiling a hundred feet away.

A voice speaks from the darkness, a German accent? Perhaps not quite, Austrian?

SMART GUY

Welcome, Agent Hunsaker. If that is your real name, frouline.

Jaclyn doesn't react.

SMART GUY (CONT'D)

Johnson told me a most interesting story about you. I'm a little reluctant to believe that it's true. He doesn't.

JACLYN

I can prove it. The Nazi's have my luggage from the flight, along with my computer, gun, passport, ticket. All stamped Norfolk International Airport, Virginia. U.S.A.

SMART GUY

If you want support for an op, you're barking up the wrong tree.

JACLYN

I just need to know where they would take my gear.

SMART GUY

Most of their compounds are impregnable. Going in with a well armed assault team with a month to plan, it's still suicide.

JACLYN

I was Delta Force for five years, CIA for five, Covert Black Ops for another seven. I can handle this on my own.

Another voice speaks from the darkness, but from somewhere else in the room.

CELL LEADER

(Irish Accent)

I'm afraid I can't allow that.

JACLYN

Look, someone must have gone back in time screwed up the past, and now the United States is now a war zone. France, England, they no longer exist. This isn't right.

SMART GUY

I'm inclined to agree, but assuming time travel was involved, how are your memories still intact? Based on what we know of temporal mechanics, you would have been instantly assimilated into any alternate time stream and assuming you still exist, your memories would not.

JACLYN

What else could it be?

Whispering in the darkness.

Smart guy sounds like he disagrees with something.

CELL LEADER
(Irish accent)
Fine, scan her. Just find me a
plausible alternate.

A single pair of footsteps echoes into the darkness. A hand grips Jaclyn's arm. Her eyes slightly adjust to see vague details on the man's face. He's older, a mustache, glasses, wispy white hair.

SMART MAN
Come with me, there's something you
should know.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chairs line a long table in the middle, a woman in her late 30's works on what looks like a clear tablet computer. She sits at the far end of the table.

The smart man leads Jaclyn in, and seats her near the other woman.

SMART MAN
May I introduce Agent Gerry
Haygood, British Resistance.

The smart man pulls out a device, a rectangular object about four inches long and an inch wide. Lights begin circling the device as he waves it over Jaclyn.

Jaclyn looks concerned.

JACLYN
What the hell is that?

SMART MAN
A piece of German tech that was
liberated a few months ago, it will
tell us if there are any tracking
implants, among other functions.

GERRY
Welcome, Agent...
(Looking at a paper)
Hunsaker. I understand you have--
claims of being from the "United
States".

JACLYN

I'm not claiming anything. I am an American citizen and an agent with the C.I.A.

GERRY

You'd better sit down.

Jaclyn glares at Gerry, a look so intense Gerry begins.

GERRY (CONT'D)

It was 1776, thirteen British colonies claiming independence from England began to revolt. After more than six years the war ended, and a new nation rose out of the ashes, the United States of America.

JACLYN

So, if the Constitution was ratified, what happened to--

GERRY

Excuse me, but the what?

JACLYN

The United States Constitution? The laws by which its government was supposed to operate. The right guaranteed to it's citizens.

Gerry's eyes pour over her tablet for a minute, then light up with understanding.

GERRY

There was no such document. The articles of Confederation became the supreme law of the Confederate States, it had too many supporters.

JACLYN

Since the Constitution was never ratified the states were never united leaving them vulnerable for the war of 1812. What about France, Spain and England? In my timeline the United States helped the French win their revolution.

GERRY

The Confederate States--

Gerry stops, an awkward stare from Jaclyn.

JACLYN

Sorry, I'm still getting used to this.

GERRY

They were too entrenched with civil war to be bothered.

JACLYN

So the American Civil war started about seventy years earlier in your timeline.

GERRY

Yes, and after the French revolution failed, they damn near starved to death as a result. The leaders of the revolution were executed. Then for the next 200 years France was invaded three times. Spain, England and eventually Germany.

JACLYN

Which countries make up the axis?

GERRY

With respect Agent HUNSAKER, an easier question would be "Who's not with the Axis?"

JACLYN

How long has Russia been sitting on their hands?

GERRY

Eighty years, ever since they repelled Hitler's invasion. Germany has decided to keep their distance from Russia, for now. But intel suggests the Nazis are getting ready to move against them.

The door flies open, James rushes in.

JAMES

We caught one.

INT. REBEL INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A man in a Nazi uniform sits handcuffed to a table in the middle of the room, his uniform jacket removed. A swastika tattooed all over his arms and neck.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

James, Jaclyn and the Cell leader watch through a two way mirror.

CELL LEADER
Johnson, have fun.

James nods, then proceeds through a door.

INT. REBEL INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Turning a chair around, James sits down. He eyes a clock, then draws a weapon, racks a round into the chamber.

JAMES
Ten minutes, and if you don't tell me what I want to know. I'm putting this bullet through your skull.

NAZI PRISONER
I am prepared to die for ze fuhrer.

JAMES
Are you now? What if your death was slow and excruciatingly painful?

NAZI PRISONER
(Smirking)
You will learn nothing, I am not afraid to die for Germany.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Jaclyn watches, shaking her head.

JACLYN
He won't break him, not like this.

CELL LEADER
You have a better idea?

Eyeing the nazi, she nods.

JACLYN
Give me sixty seconds and knock on the door.

INT. REBEL INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Jaclyn enters.

JACLYN

(Chiding James)

Are you done? Do you have any idea how long it took to clean up after your last "interrogation"? You're taking my lead on this one.

She winks at James.

JAMES

(Playing along)

I'm going to get some answers, even if I have to beat it out of him.

JACLYN

Then just give me a few minutes with him before you do something--

(Glances at the Nazi prisoner.)

Messy.

She eyes the door, James takes the hint and leaves, closing the door behind him. Jaclyn eyes the clock.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

Can I get you anything? Coffee? Water?

The Nazi prisoner eyes Jaclyn suspiciously.

NAZI PRISONER

I don't recognize your accent. Where are you from?

JACLYN

Let's not talk about me. Let's talk about you. Do you have friends? Family?

Nothing.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

Okay, you won't talk to me. But what if I leaked intel that you were not... strong during your interrogation?

NAZI PRISONER

I have revealed nothing.

JACLYN

You don't have to, but your fuhrer doesn't know that.

(MORE)

JACLYN (CONT'D)

What do you think would happen to
your loved ones?

The Nazi prisoner's expression changes to worry, he sits
forward in his chair.

NAZI PRISONER

Is that a threat?

JACLYN

Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. That
all depends on you.

The Nazi prisoner pauses for a second, a smirk slowly crosses
his face.

NAZI PRISONER

You are bluffing. My family is
protected. You cannot get to them.

JACLYN

We can't, but if it came out that
you talked. What would happen to
your family?

Jaclyn successfully wipes the smirk of the Nazi Prisoner's
face, replacing it with worry.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

Now, if we're going to leak Intel
that you spoke, would you want your
friends and families suffering to
be justified?

A knock at the door. Jaclyn glances at Nazi prisoner.

Jaclyn glances at the door, then back to the Nazi Prisoner.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

Decision time. Does your family
live or not?

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

The door swings open, Jaclyn steps out.

JACLYN

There's an bunker sixty five
kilometers north of London. My
equipment likely arrived last
night.

James and Cell Leader glance at each other, concern in their eyes.

Jaclyn looks concerned.

CELL LEADER

We know where it is. That place is a bloody fortress. I can't sanction a suicide mission.

JACLYN

What about dealing a blow to the Nazi's? Can you at least get me in?

CELL LEADER

Not without solid intel, besides what would be the purpose in becoming a martyr to people who revere Nazi rule?

JACLYN

Then I guess I'm going in alone.

Jaclyn storms out.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM - AFTERNOON

A car parks, the door opens.

Jaclyn places one foot on the ground outside.

JAMES

Are you sure I can't talk you out
of this?

JACLYN

Something has happened in the last
few days, I need answers. I'm not
going to find them here. Provided
your documents are good, I should
make the bunker before morning.

JAMES

It's not the documents that worry
me.

JACLYN

Then why am I going alone?

An awkward pause. Jaclyn climbs out, forcefully shutting the
door.

The train whistle blows, it's ready to depart.

James' phone rings, glancing around he answers.

JAMES

Good day, honey. No, she got on the
train, it already left.

He listens.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Is the Intel solid?

He listens.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I'll be there in three hours.

James hangs up the phone, put his car into gear and drives
off.

INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Several children sit on the train, many people crowd the walkway. A Nazi soldier approaches. Jaclyn lay sleeping.

EXT. TERRORIST CAVE - NIGHT

The dimly lit cave briefly lights up as Jaclyn and James fire at incoming terrorists.

JACLYN

Are you sure you're going the right way?

JAMES

Now is not the time to question.

JACLYN

Not the time to question? When is the time to question, when they kill us because we got lost?

Two more terrorists come around the corner. James quickly dispatches them with his AK-47.

Jaclyn glances back as muffled footsteps approach from the rear. Squeezing the trigger the terrorists fall dead.

James and Jaclyn continue through the tunnels until a small dark patch with stars is seen dead ahead. But the exit is covered by seven terrorists.

JAMES

Shit!

Thinking, he points across the tunnel. Jaclyn steps across the tunnel and hides in the darkness.

James yells:

JAMES (CONT'D)

(In Afghanistan dialect)

The prisoners have escaped, come quickly.

The seven terrorists say something, two stand from their position and head toward James.

James heads around the corner, leading the two terrorists away before he draws a knife and with two quick strokes he cuts their throats.

As one dies he shouts to the five remaining terrorists.

DYING TERRORIST
(In Afghan dialect)
The infidels are here! Kill them!

Jaclyn appears, taking a defensive posture as the five remaining insurgents rush toward the sound of their dying comrades.

James pulls a grenade from the dead terrorist, he pulls the pin and throws the grenade.

As the five insurgents round the corner the grenade detonates, killing two and wounding two more. Jaclyn and James begin firing.

One of the insurgents fires back hitting James in the stomach.

JACLYN
Johnson!

JAMES
Bloody haji's.

Angry insurgent voices begin shouting in the distance.

JAMES (CONT'D)
You'll have to go without me, I'll
only slow you down.

JACLYN
Not going to happen.

JAMES
Go or we'll both die.

JACLYN
I can't do it.

JAMES
Then I'll do it for you.

James draws a handgun, points it at himself.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I love you, Hunsaker.

He pulls the trigger.

He is dead.

Stunned Jaclyn backs away.

INT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

TRAIN NAZI
(In German)
Good Afternoon, Ma'am. Where are
you headed?

JACLYN
(In German)
I'm going to see family in the
North. I have my travel papers.

Jaclyn presents several forged documents.

Smiling the Nazi soldier takes the papers and examines them.

Several tense seconds.

JACLYN (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

TRAIN NAZI
My apologies, enjoy your trip.

Hastily the Nazi hands the papers back and presses through
the crowded walkway.

Jaclyn watches for several seconds. The Nazi passes into the
next car.

Jaclyn stands, but a large broad man bumps into her.

He speaks in English, his accent is German, but there is an
obvious Russian accent, as though hiding.

VLADIMIR
(In English)
My apologies. Won't you come with
me?

Jaclyn's eyes shoot up.

JACLYN
(Looking around, in
Russian)
Good day, comrade. You're accent
stands out too much.

The man nods. Several passengers glare at them, they don't
recognize the language.

VLADIMIR
Thank you, miss.
(Looking around)
(MORE)

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)
Perhaps we could discuss my apology
over a drink, in private.

Jaclyn nods.

INT. TRAIN, PRIVATE CABIN - AFTERNOON

Jaclyn steps in, Vladimir right behind her, he shuts the door
and locks it. He draws a pistol and aims it at Jaclyn.

VLADIMIR
Something interesting came across
German wire recently. A woman
escaped from a German death camp.

He holds up a wanted poster.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)
Looks an awful lot like you.

JACLYN
And yet you didn't alert one of a
dozen soldiers on the train.

VLADIMIR
Is still time for that. Who are
you?

Jaclyn mulls this over.

JACLYN
What have you heard?

VLADIMIR
Just that you'd escaped.

JACLYN
I escaped from Tod Untermensch
prison.

VLADIMIR
(In surprise)
Are you serious? Why did they take
you there?

JACLYN
They asked where I came from and
didn't like the answer.

VLADIMIR

If you are enemy of Germany, then you are friend. But I wonder why they're looking for you?

JACLYN

How do I know I can trust you?

VLADIMIR

How do I know you're not a nazi double agent?

JACLYN

Because my history tells of the fall of Nazi Germany more than seventy years ago, and a Nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal.

VLADIMIR

Those ideals will get you shot. But not by me.

Vladimir reluctantly holsters his gun.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

They must have thought you were a spy. How did you escape?

JACLYN

I had help.

VLADIMIR

British resistance?

JACLYN

They were extracting one of their own. My escape was a beneficial side-effect.

Vladimir extends his hand.

VLADIMIR

I am Vladimir Mediev, KGB.

JACLYN

Last I heard, Russia was going to sit this out.

VLADIMIR

Some, not all. There are some Russian intelligence agents in country. But with no support, is only matter of time before--

JACLYN

You're discovered and executed.

Vladimir nods.

VLADIMIR

Dah. There are many Russians in country, we have been biding our time looking for weaknesses in the German defenses.

JACLYN

I don't know what I can do, I'm looking for a Nazi bunker north of London.

Vladimir perks up.

VLADIMIR

I know this base, why do you want to find it?

JACLYN

There's evidence that confirms my country of origin.

VLADIMIR

(Reluctantly)

Where did you come from?

Jaclyn shakes her head in defeat.

JACLYN

Forget it.

Vladimir opens the door and peeks out before shutting it again.

VLADIMIR

I am heading for same bunker. I can help you get in. But I need something from you. Inside base is information on weapon. Intelligence suggests they will be launching the weapon in the next twelve hours. Moscow is primary target.

JACLYN
You want my help finding it.

VLADIMIR
Dah.

JACLYN
Can't you evacuate the city?

Vladimir looks at Jaclyn like she's an idiot.

VLADIMIR
You are talking about evacuating
more than twelve million people.

JACLYN
Fine.

Heavy footsteps outside the cabin, Vladimir cracks the door. Peeking, he spouts a Russian expletive. Vladimir watches through the slightly opened door.

A hand from an obscured patron points down the aisle. The soldiers begin moving toward Vladimir's cabin.

VLADIMIR
Nazi soldiers at your seat. We must
escape. They're coming this way.

Vladimir reaches into a suitcase and pulls out a bottle, Vodka.

JACLYN
We have to get off the train.

He takes a swig, then dabs some on his face and neck.

VLADIMIR
I have plan.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

Two Nazi soldiers move down the hall, one is armed with an AK-47, the other has a luger. Both weapons are drawn and high ported.

The nazi with the luger pulls a door open and points his weapon inside. Nothing, they move onto the next one.

The next is occupied, they spend a few seconds talking with someone inside before closing the door and moving on.

The nazi's open the Vladimir's cabin.

Vladimir is seated, the side of his face against the window. The nazi's smell the alcohol and laugh.

They step forward, nudging Vladimir with the barrel of the AK-47.

The Russian's eyes snap open, one foot flies up knocking one Nazi back.

Vladimir's hand seizes the barrel of the AK-47, ripping it away from the nazi in one fluid motion.

The butt of the gun swings around and cold cocks the nazi with the luger. Then a single punch from a huge fist puts out the other nazi.

Vladimir looks out from his cabin, spying other nazi's he spouts more expletives in Russian.

Reaching into a duffel, his hand emerges with a block of grey clay, explosives.

He flips a switch and sets it by the door, then pulls the window open. His leg swings out.

EXT. TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Jaclyn is already halfway to the end of the train car, she glances back to Vladimir. He urgently gestures for her to keep going.

Then it appears dead ahead, a train tunnel. Only a few inches of clearance.

Jaclyn picks up the pace, after another twenty feet her foot slips, one hand manages to maintain its grip.

Vladimir reaches Jaclyn, the train tunnel looms closer, they'd reach it in seconds.

Vladimir shouts in Russian, something like "move it" while pulling Jaclyn up.

The train whistle blows, the train picks up speed. The end of the car is only a few feet away, but it's too late. They leap for it.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

Jaclyn and Vladimir tumble to a stop as the train zips into the tunnel.

JACLYN
 (Sarcastic)
 Fantastic.

VLADIMIR
 You think that was good?

JACLYN
 I was being sarcastic.
 (Looks at Vladimir)
 Oh, right.

Jaclyn stands up, favoring a tender ankle.

JACLYN (CONT'D)
 How far is it to the bunker?

VLADIMIR
 Another twenty kilometers. I think.

JACLYN
 You think?

VLADIMIR
 Relax, you whine like the french.
 There is safe house in next town.

JACLYN
 I thought the french were wiped
 out.

VLADIMIR
 Only those who refused Nazi rule.

Vladimir watches Jaclyn limp.

JACLYN
 (Sarcastic)
 No, it's fine, it's only a sprain.

VLADIMIR
 Okay then.

Vladimir rushes ahead. Calling back a Russian word, urging Jaclyn to hurry.

EXT. ENGLISH TOWN - NIGHT

Vladimir strolls through the streets, jumping at every shadow and scrape. Jaclyn limps by Vladimir's side.

JACLYN

I thought you said there was a safe house here.

VLADIMIR

I thought so too.

Vladimir looks around, concern growing on his face.

A pub falls into view.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

Assuming password hasn't change I know where we can go.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

The door swings open abruptly, Vladimir casually steps in, he inhales deeply through his nostrils.

Stepping up to the bar he looks around, there are no soldiers, he knocks on the counter top "shave and a haircut".

A man on a stool turns. A shot glass in his hand. He wears a nazi uniform, mostly covered by a trench coat.

JAMES

About bloody time you showed up.
Why didn't you stay on the train?

Putting the glass to his lips, he gulps a drink down.

Johnson stands, a fist goes into Vladimir's face. Vladimir goes down, drawing gasps from the patrons.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(Looking around, in German)
You're too cavalier.

JACLYN

You're one to talk, besides I thought this was a suicide mission without 'solid intel'.

JAMES

(Motioning for another)
I take it you haven't heard.

The bartender refills the shot glass.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We're making too much noise in the wrong ears. They're about to move against Birmingham, Dublin Glasgow, Edinburgh. Every city the resistance has a major presence. Then their going to level Moscow.

James gulps the drink down.

INT. RAMSHACKLE WARROOM - NIGHT

James, Jaclyn, and Vladimir surround a table covered in a map, crude drawings on it displaying troop placement, and other hazards.

Jaclyn has her foot up, Vladimir wraps it, only had paying attention to Jaclyn, his eyes mainly on the map.

JAMES

I already clocked security, a surgical strike is our only chance.

JACLYN

(Looking over the map)
I think you mean a suicide strike.
Where's your team?

JAMES

You're looking at them. There is a second squad, but--
(He shakes his head.)
I lost contact with them three hours ago.

VLADIMIR

We're dead.

Jaclyn puts her shoe back on, and stands.

Vladimir looks concerned. Jaclyn notices. A smile assures Vladimir.

A poster hangs on the wall. Jaclyn's wanted poster.

JACLYN

Maybe not. What about a trojan horse?

JAMES

A what?

JACLYN
We'll need a prison transport.

EXT. BUNKER ROAD - NIGHT

A prison transport bounces along a dirt road, the fortress in the distance.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT - NIGHT

Jaclyn's hands are shackled, her body now clothed in a prison jumpsuit.

JACLYN
(Sarcastically)
Great driving, ace.

Vladimir glances back, a thumbs up and a smile while James sits across from Jaclyn. He hands her a key.

JACLYN (CONT'D)
We really should teach him about sarcasm.

JAMES
If we survive this, though I fear it'll short circuit his primitive brain.

EXT. BUNKER ROAD - NIGHT

The prison transport vehicle continues bouncing down the road.

EXT. GUARD POST - NIGHT

Two nazi soldiers step out, raising their hands high to stop the transport.

Break lights glows as the large vehicle stops.

NAZI 1
(In German)
What's your business here?

VLADIMIR
(In German)
Prisoner transport for herr colonel's interrogation.

NAZI 1

(In German)

I wasn't notified, I'll have to clear it.

Vladimir shoots James a worried glance. The back door pops open.

VLADIMIR

(In German)

Hey, I'm just trying to follow my orders. One prisoner, claiming to be from some country called 'America'.

The nazi soldiers stop cold, something isn't right.

NAZI 1

(In German)

Where is she?

Vladimir indicates the rear of the vehicle.

The first nazi draws a luger. He heads to the back of the vehicle.

James grips his AK-47 and waits at the back door.

Nazi 1 pulls the back door open.

Muzzle flash lights up the night, the nazi falls.

Vladimir pulls a handgun and shoots the other guard.

James climbs up the truck, next to Vladimir.

JAMES

Boring conversation anyway. GO!

The second guard stumbles. A big Russian boot mashes the gas pedal and the vehicle zips into the compound.

INT. BUNKER, COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Several commanders stand around an open duffel rifling through the items inside.

One holds a Glock sidearm, his brow crinkles, it doesn't look familiar. A forceful hand takes it.

HEINRICH

Zees vere taken from ze frouline ven she vas arrested.

The commander looks awestruck.

COMMANDER 1
Vere could zees have come from?

HEINRICH
It matters little, zees vill serve
ze glory of Germany.

An underling quickly shuffles in.

UNDERLING 1
Mein herr, an alarm has been
triggered at guard post three, the
guards are not responding.

Heinrich perks up.

HEINRICH
Put ze entire bunker on alert. It
must be ze rebel scum.
(Setting the items down)
Prepare Zees for transport to
Berlin.

A nazi gives a salute, his arm extended at a firm forty-five degrees, reverencing Adolf Hitler, and gathers up Jaclyn's affects before leaving the room.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Alarms blare, and lights flash. The prison transport careens toward a large garage type door that makes up the bunker's main entrance.

Nazi soldiers spray hot lead, the prison transport continues toward the gate, unabated. A dozen nazi soldiers in the way.

Nazi soldiers dive out of the way at the last second.

Colliding with the main entrance, the prison transport buckles. Concrete, iron and wood crack and shatter.

INT. PRISON TRANSPORT - NIGHT

Blood drips down Vladimir's face as he raises his foot and thrusts it into the windshield, knocking it loose.

VLADIMIR
We're in, get your asses up here!

Vladimir grips a rifle and climbs through the opening.

Jaclyn and James appear, a weapon in their hands.

A staccato popping closes in from behind, gun fire, James looks back, then directs Jaclyn toward the opening.

JAMES
Ladies first.

JACLYN
(Squeezing into the
opening)
Is it armed?

JAMES
And it's about to blow. Now get in.

Jaclyn disappears into the bunker, James follows.

INT. BUNKER CORRIDOR - NIGHT

James enters the hall, waving Jaclyn and Vladimir on urgently. They take cover around a corner.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Two dozen soldiers draw near, curious why the gun fire stopped. One opens the back door.

BOOM!

A plume of fire erupts into the night sky.

INT. BUNKER, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A pulsating light flashes in the dimly lit corridor as a KLAXON breaks the silence. Vladimir leads the way to an adjoining hall.

VLADIMIR
(Indicating hall)
Here.

INT. BUNKER, COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A soldier approaches Heinrich, worry on his face.

NAZI SOLDIER 2
Commander, several rebels have
penetrated ze bunker.

HEINRICH
Is ze lockdown complete?

NAZI SOLDIER 2
Yah-vol, mein herr.

Heinrich smiles.

HEINRICH
No one gets in, and no one gets
out. Kill zem. Kill zem all.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

Jaclyn, James, and Vladimir climb from the air ducts, race through the halls, James at point.

A nazi darts into the hall and is put down by James's gun.

JACLYN

You guys call this a suicide mission?

JAMES

Intel had the interior compliment substantially higher. Unless--

They reach a door. James's voice trails off.

JACLYN

Unless what?

JAMES

The alarms are for the lock down, either the majority are outside, in which case getting out could be a problem. Or they're inside lying in wait to ambush us, in which case, getting out won't be the problem.

James kicks the door in.

INT. BUNKER, EQUIPMENT STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

The door hangs open, James, Jaclyn and Vladimir enter.

Two surprised Germans surround a table. They go for their guns, Vladimir and James cut them down with gun fire.

Vladimir positions himself at the door.

Jaclyn surges forward to collect the items on the table. James's hands grab a news paper, the main headline reads "French President to meet American President", a large picture of the White House below the headline.

He looks at Jaclyn as the last of the items are loaded into the duffel.

JAMES

What does this prove?

Jaclyn reaches for a glock, she checks it, then racks it.

JACLYN

I was right. Someone must have gone back in time and polluted the time line.

JAMES

If my basic understanding of temporal mechanics is right, this would be impossible, unless you were protected, but as soon as you arrived wouldn't all of this--

(He indicates the equipment, the news paper)

Cease to be?

Vladimir whispers from the door. James and Jaclyn approach.

VLADIMIR

Nazi pigs are coming.

JAMES

How do they even know where we are?

VLADIMIR

(Withdrawing behind the table.)

It doesn't matter, we're surrounded.

Angry German voices shatter the silence, Vladimir pushes the table on its side.

James, Jaclyn and Vladimir take cover behind the table. A grenade bounces into the room.

James pushes Jaclyn down as he also hits the deck. It's too late, a brilliant flash fills the room.

INT. BUNKER, COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Disarmed, Jaclyn, James, and Vladimir march in at gun point. Their knees hit the floor. A dozen German troops surround them.

Heinrich stands before a large screen, he wants to gloat before the rebels execution.

HEINRICH

Welcome, rebel scum. I wanted to invite you to be my guest at a celebration that will demonstrate the tactical superiority of Germany. In just over three minutes, I will launch a weapon and destroy Moscow forever. Cut off the head of the mighty Russian dragon. But first, you will be executed.

Vladimir barks several insults in Russian as the clock ticks down.

A figure drops into the room. It's not German, it's a woman in her late 20's, HALLEY, dressed in black. She moves swift and stealthy, an expert gymnast, or parkour master.

Heinrich draws his luger, he begins monologuing.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

So, who will die first? Ze Russian?

He points his luger at Vladimir, no? He moves on.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

How about ze frouline? Ve should have executed you days ago.

The face is in place, a nod to James.

James nods back.

A pair of pistols spew hot lead, four nazi's hit the ground, dead.

The remaining nazi's draw weapons as Heinrich shoots back.

Another parkour master leaps out of the darkness, mid 30's, this is SEAMUS, wielding dual long knives in reverse hand grip. The knives slice the ropes that bind James and Jaclyn.

Heinrich flees the room in the confusion.

The last of the nazi soldiers hit the ground dead as the woman's guns click, out of ammunition. Vladimir eyes the console, he struggles against the ropes.

SEAMUS

Though I'm not sure about the Russian.

The Halley moves to the center of the rebel group, reloading, and racking both guns simultaneously like a total badass.

HALLEY

Oh, just be done with it. Loose him already.

A knife severs the rope binding Vladimir's hands.

Vladimir rises and rushes over to a console, his fingers pounding the keys furiously.

HALLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell are ya doin'?

VLADIMIR

I'm trying to stop weapon from destroying Moscow.

JACLYN

Can't you scramble fighters and shoot it down?

VLADIMIR

Not unless I know exactly where weapon is coming from.

The clock continues the countdown, dipping below one minute.

The computer beeps, access denied.

Vladimir swears in Russian.

VLADIMIR (CONT'D)

I can't abort the launch, unless--

He goes back to work, finally the countdown expires.

Video displays a missile taking to the night sky.

JACLYN

No!

VLADIMIR

Let's go.

JACLYN

You seem awfully calm.

VLADIMIR

Target is no longer Russian. We must keep moving. I set base reactor to overload.

JAMES
Overload?!

JACLYN
Overload?! How long do we
have?

VLADIMIR
Ten minutes, give or take.

Vladimir claims an AK-47 from a dead soldier and heads out. James, Jaclyn, Halley, and Seamus follow.

An alarm begins to sound, a different alarm.

INT. BUNKER, HALL - NIGHT

A wave of nazi soldier approach, armed to the teeth.

Vladimir lets loose with his AK-47, several soldiers fall, the rest take cover and shoot back. Finally Vladimir takes cover.

Halley, Seamus, Jaclyn and James fire back at the Nazi's killing several of them, but more keep coming.

JAMES
There's no way we're getting out
the front door, too many soldiers.

VLADIMIR
You have better idea?

JACLYN
You got any C-4?

JAMES
Some, what do you have in mind?

JACLYN
Stave off death until we can find a
way out of here.

James pulls a block of labeled "C-4 explosive" out of his vest and slaps a detonator on it before handing it to Jaclyn.

Jaclyn places the explosive on the wall.

JACLYN (CONT'D)
GO! GO!

Vladimir steps out in the open, firing. James, Jaclyn, Halley and Seamus fall back.

Jaclyn ducks into a room, a sign on the door labeled "waste disposal" in German. James, Halley, Seamus and Vladimir duck into the room.

INT. WASTE DISPOSAL ROOM - NIGHT

The walls are lined with equipment, grates and one other door.

The sound of boots clapping down the hall way, angry German shouting "Schnell, Schnell!"

JACLYN

Did you set the detonator?

James rushes to the door and peeks out.

BOOM!

James pulls his head back inside as flames whip down the hall.

Seamus, Halley and Vladimir take a position at the door.

Jaclyn approaches a schematic on a nearby wall.

James joins her.

JAMES

What are you doing?

JACLYN

(Examining the schematic)
Trying to find a way out of here
without getting us all killed. Why
do you ask?

JAMES

There are only two ways out of
here, one takes us through a horde
of Jerries.

JACLYN

That leaves only one way, but will
it be a dead end?

VLADIMIR

More Nazi pigs will be here any
second.

JACLYN

Look like this door hooks up with a sewer system, then reaches the surface after a few hundred feet.

Jaclyn strides across the room and grabs the knob.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

Shit! It's locked.

The shouts of more angry Germans is heard out the door.

JACLYN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't happen to have any more C-4, would you.

JAMES

Sorry, I'm all out.

Vladimir, Halley and Seamus begin firing at the on coming Nazi horde.

A grenade pops in, no pin.

James reacts, kicking the grenade toward the other door, he pulls Jaclyn to safety. Everybody takes cover.

The grenade detonates.

A nazi soldier steps into the room and discharges his gun, hitting James in the shoulder, Vladimir grabs a grenade on the soldiers' belt, pulls the pin and shoves the soldier back into the hall way.

The grenade detonates, Jaclyn goes to James.

James touches his wound and finds blood.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Would you look at that, I'm mortal.

Jaclyn pulls James to his feet. The door now hangs ajar. Dislodged by the grenade.

Jaclyn pulls the door open, inside is a grate walk way

Jaclyn and James claim weapons, the staccato popping of weapons fire fills the intermittently lit hall.

Jaclyn heads in, James, Vladimir, Halley and Seamus follow.

INT. WASTE DISPOSAL TUNNEL - NIGHT

The walkway continues for another fifty feet before.

A sign in German thirty feet away. It's an exit. Burned rubble covers the ground.

VLADIMIR
Hurry, it could go anytime.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jaclyn stands before a man in his late 60's. Stars on his uniform, this is GENERAL HAMMOND

His face covered in a scowl.

They talk, Jaclyn's face bears the urge to cry, and explain herself. But she holds her composure.

INT. WASTE DISPOSAL TUNNEL - NIGHT

James looks around, the lights are growing brighter. An electric hum builds to a crescendo.

James, Jaclyn, Vladimir, Seamus, and Halley break into a dead run. Reaching the exit they grip a ladder hurry through. . One by one they climb to safety.

EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT

James climbs into a jeep, it starts with a little effort. Jaclyn, Vladimir, Halley and Seamus climb in, James mashes his foot down on the gas and the jeep speeds away.

Many nazi soldiers struggling to get away from the base, they ignore the escaping rebels entirely.

BOOM!

The bunker explodes, a plume of fire and a nearly deafening explosion.

INT. POSH OFFICE - DAY

Super "Two Days Later. Berlin, Germany"

A pair of tongs drop an ice cube into a small glass. A brown liquid poured over the ice, a fine cognac.

The man brings the glass to his lips and take a large sip.
The man looks middle eastern.

MYSTERY MAN
What of your facility?

HEINRICH
Destroyed.

MYSTERY MAN
You'll be disappointed to know the
missile did not hit Moscow. Reports
indicate that it struck a city on
Chinese soil.

HEINRICH
Zat is of no concern, mien fuhrer.

MYSTERY MAN
It won't be long before they learn
the missile was one of yours. We
cannot afford to have the coalition
fall apart now. Here is too much
distrust among the axis powers. We
may have to accelerate our plan.
For Allah.

Heinrich snaps to attention, a sense of national pride.

HEINRICH
For Germany.

INT. REBEL BASE, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Smart man, Rebel Cell leader and Gerry Haygood are seated
around a conference table.

Jaclyn enters.

JACLYN
You wanted to see me?

SMART MAN
Yes, we think we can explain the
inconsistencies in our recent
history. You may want to sit down.

Jaclyn's eyes look over the Smart Man, then to the Cell
Leader, then back to the Smart Man.

JACLYN
What's wrong.

The smart man holds up the scanner they used several days earlier.

SMART MAN
Do you remember this?

Jaclyn nods.

SMART MAN (CONT'D)
It was able to detect a point four two variance in your quantum signature.

JACLYN
My "quantum signature"? With all due respect, can you get to the point?

CELL LEADER
Isn't it obvious? You're from an alternate reality.