

PLAY VIDEO OF OPENING

Act 1, Scene 1

A Lab

- Werner von Braun - inventor of the time machine
- Assistant 1
- Arnold Geisler

(Braun sits at a desk, tinkering with some item.)

VON BRAUN: Yes! *(Beat)* Yes, I've done it!

(Assistant 1 rushes in.)

ASSISTANT 1: *(They are timid, in spite of being breathless and desperate.)* Von / / Braun—

VON BRAUN: *(Looking up from the desk, snapping)* It's 'Doctor' to you, insolent fool!

ASSISTANT 1: Apologies, Doctor, but please, you must listen—the Allied forces have marched on Berlin, the Third Reich is falling / /. This is our last stand.

VON BRAUN: It doesn't matter, it's not going to matter. The Reich falls, the Fuhrer dies *(Beat)* but with this machine, I will summon forth a scheme to surpass even the Final Solution.

(Enter GEISLER)

GEISLER: Doctor Von Braun. It's a pleasure to see you.

VON BRAUN: *(Enthusiastically getting up and moving to greet GEISLER)* Ah, my friend! Yes, you're here—today's the day! Our time has come!

ASSISTANT 1: Time for *(beat)* time for what, / / Doctor?

VON BRAUN: That's none of your concern—I'm not here to explain my life's work to a babbling moron. You could never comprehend what we are capable of, what this time machine is capable of.

Both ASSISTANTS join VON BRAUN at his desk as he returns to his work.

ASSISTANT 1: *(Excitedly)* Oh doctor this is... [amazing].

VON BRAUN: *(Closing his notebook and turning. Their voice is low, level, sinister and quiet.)* Excuse me. Was I asking for your opinion? Was I? *(Now, exploding with anger.)* GET OUT!

(ASSISTANT 1 steps back nervously, and flees. When he leaves, GEISLER and VON BRAUN eagerly get back to work.)

GEISLER: Is it really time? Is it *finally* my time? >

VON BRAUN: All of time is ours now.

GEISLER: Is today the day the world is shaped in our vision? *(Beat. The answer to that question is obvious due to VON BRAUN's demeanor.)* Once I go forward in time.

VON BRAUN: The opportunity is perfect. And I have just the specimen. *(Beat. Begins to inspect GEISLER like a show dog)* A perfect body. The persuasive skills of a gun in hand. Agility of a fox and the cunning to match. A flawless impersonation of the American scum. You are EVERYTHING.

GEISLER: The admiration is mutual, Doctor. Now, tell me, what exactly am I to do?

VON BRAUN: *(Short beat)* You'll know in due time. *(Handing GEISLER an envelope.)* I've gone ahead and identified your targets. You'll know the rest when you arrive. Do not fail me, my friend.

Act 1, Scene 2**BAO**

(HENRY and EMMA, walking onstage together.)

HENRY: *(Clearly excited)* I can't believe we get to fight Nazis.

EMMA: *(Rolling eyes and clearly frustrated)* We aren't doing anything. We are sitting here, in 2018, while we send our operative back to fight Nazis. Honestly, Henry, this isn't / / your first mission.

HENRY: But *still*, HE'S fighting Nazis! *(Henry is oblivious to pronouns)*

EMMA: Ben goes by *they*. *(Henry clearly doesn't care)*

(BEN walks in, moves in to greet HENRY instead of EMMA.)

BEN: So, you're in my ear?

HENRY: *(Suddenly very excited, running up to shake BEN's hand)* You're goddamn right, brother!

EMMA: *(Composed, but slightly annoyed, drags HENRY away from BEN while forcing a smile)* Actually, that's me. I'm Emma.

(EMMA hands BEN a folder. BEN opens the folder.)

BEN: Give me the rundown.

EMMA: So, as we know, the Nazis successfully were able to create a time machine at the close of World War Two, and they were able to travel through time arranging the deaths of minority music icons. Tyrell Jones, Selena, Tupac, / / Biggie --

BEN: So, where do I come in?

EMMA: The Bureau of Adjusted Outcomes and I have gone through years of research, and we've determined that indeed the Nazis were behind these mysterious killings. Our Director has pioneered a new technology in the field of dilative time manipulation that will enable both forward and backward movement on the timeline, and now, we need you to go back and right these wrongs. Our intelligence believes that reversing these assassinations will have a major positive impact on modern American race relations.

(SWEETIE runs onstage, with an envelope full of papers that are falling apart. One falls, she looks back at it—then sees BEN, drops the rest of the papers. HENRY moves to collect these and returns them to SWEETIE when she is finished with BEN)

SWEETIE: Hey! I'm Sweetie. It's your pleasure.

BEN: ...Ben Axeltiel. Nice to meet you. *(SWEETIE and BEN shake hands.)*

EMMA: *(Clears throat)* Ok enough pleasantries. No need for all of this. Let's get you out there and get started.

BEN: I can't get to know the group?

(HENRY walks over towards BEN as EMMA speaks)

EMMA: I'm here to feed information, not for new friends.

HENRY: *(Under his breath)* Or any friends...

(BEN chuckles)

EMMA: *(annoyed)* Let's just get you to your machine.

(ALL exit to the same side as to go get the time machine)

Act 1, Scene 3
The Bronx

EMMA: Ok, it's June 23, 1992, Bronx, New York City.
Your goal: save up-and-coming rapper Tyrell Jones
before he dies on the night of June 24th.

BEN: Gotcha, Tyrell Jones. I have his name, but who is
he?

EMMA: Tyrell Jones is a very upstanding individual.
Good grades. Good role model. Great guy.

BEN: Why him?

EMMA: Well, after our research we have come to the
conclusion that the Nazis wanted to start small
and see if killing a small-time idol would have
an effect in the community he resides in.

BEN: What happened after he died?

EMMA: Following Tyrell's passing, there was unrest in
the streets of Castle Hill, people blaming the
police for not acting quickly enough, and
mourning over the loss of a strong pillar of the
community.

BEN: This community has nothing to worry about. *(Beat)*
So, *(Smaller beat)* how did he die?

EMMA: After Tyrell finished his show on the 24th, he
was heading back home through the crowded streets
and a shot rang out. *(Beat. Shifts to a more
somber tone.)* He was struck right in his chest
(beat.) and died before he hit the ground.

BEN: Damn, must've been pretty traumatic for his fans.

EMMA: Indeed, it was. Some witnesses to the shooting tried to perform CPR, while several chased after the gunman. This was to no avail and the shooter was never found.

BEN: We'll get 'im. But first, Tyrell's safety. I'll start by attending his show.

EMMA: I think that'll be a good start. Keep your eyes peeled and keep to the mission.

(Ben exits to The Blue Mist lounge to scout.)

Act 1, Scene 4
The Blue Mist Lounge

(BEN approaches a couple of young fans in the line outside and goes for a handshake only to be met with an awkward dap.)

- BEN: Ben. What brings you to the lounge tonight?
- FAN #1: *(Pumped)* Only here to see the best rapper of all time. He might be small now, but soon enough Snoop Dog won't even be able to touch him. Actually, I put this one on to him.
- FAN #2: Him? Him who? Because I know you're not talking about Tyrell. *I* was the one blasting *Brackets* months before anyone else.
- BEN: *(Small beat. Ben has a look of confusion)*
"Brackets"?
- FAN #1: You've never heard *Brackets*? Bro, what are you doing here? *(Both fans chuckle. Ben joins in.)*
- BEN: You know him personally?
- FAN #2: Tyrell? Nah, we're not close like that, but I've seen him around.
- FAN #1: Yeah, he's a good guy. Always in his books and if not he's spitting some in the studio.
- BEN: Sounds lonely.
- FAN #1: I mean it's not exactly like that. *(Beat)* I've played ball with him and his boys a few times. *(Smaller Beat)* Everyone likes him.
- BEN: Everyone?
- FAN #1: Pretty much.
- FAN #2: What about Deydey?
- FAN #1: Oh damn, yeah, Deydey.

BEN: Who's that?

FAN #2: Some punk stirring up beef with Tyrell.

BEN: Is he gonna act on it?

FAN #1: He doesn't seem like the type, he's all talk.
(Looks to see DEYDEY entering from the opposite side of the stage.) There he is now. What's he doing here?

FAN 2: Probably trying to start something.

BEN: Alright, thanks fellas, enjoy the show. (The two fans acknowledge BEN's departure.)

(BEN crosses over to a DEYDEY.)

BEN: Hey, Ben. (Goes to dap him. DEYDEY scoffs at his hand.)

DEYDEY: What you looking for, Ben? You want smoke?

BEN: (Into his earpiece) Emma, he's asking if I want smoke, what do I say?

HENRY: (Reaching over EMMA to yell into her mic.) Tell him you're trying / / to quit.

EMMA: (Pushing HENRY away.) No, no. He is asking if you want to fight. Tell him no, tell him you're against Tyrell, too.

BEN: (Back to DEYDEY.) No. You know who I do want smoke with? Tyrell. He thinks he's so good.

DEYDEY: For real, man? (Pauses to look around and then dapping him up.) If you're talking real shit, then I've heard there's someone plotting to rock his ass that's here today. (Beat) I don't know his name, but he shouldn't be hard to miss. It's this thin white guy that doesn't fit.

BEN: Thanks man, I'll be sure Tyrell gets what's coming to him. (Into his earpiece.) Emma I have what the guy looks like. We're stopping this killer tonight. (Beat) Heading in now. I'll check in after the show.

EMMA: (Concerned) Be safe.

(BEN crosses off stage into "the show.")

Act 1, Scene 5
Fightin' Nazis

(Clapping, whistling, cheering. The concert has just ended and Tyrell Jones is on stage taking it all in. Ben is in the audience waiting for Tyrell to exit so he can spring into action.)

TYRELL: Thanks everyone, and I hope to catch you all at my release party this Saturday at Club 57. Peace out. *(Drops mic and exits)*

BEN: *(Immediately springing into action and speaking into earpiece.)* Ok, Emma. Show's over, whatcha got for me?

EMMA: *(Furiously typing on her laptop and clicking through tabs)* So, according to the bureau's archives, Tyrell Jones was / / shot at exactly [9:45 Wednesday night.]

BEN: *(Flustered by a lack of urgency but mildly impressed by her precision.)* Not a lot of time. Where's he goin'?

EMMA: *(Still doing a graceful combination of typing and clicking.)* Right. *(Reaches over HENRY who is doing a mix of sleeping and scrolling through Facebook to grab a professional looking report.)* Tyrell is going to come back out and exit through the main doors in exactly five minutes and forty three seconds. You have until then to stop the shooter in his tracks. *(HENRY looks up and pays attention when he hears this.)*

(BEN scans the room and is able to pick out his target.)

The shooter walks slowly onto the stage. His expression is blank and he moves at a languid pace, but a fiery obsession burns in his sleep-deprived eyes.

He moves as though attempting to blend into the air itself.

His eyes lock on a target. They widen slightly. He stops pacing. He reaches slowly into his jacket's inside pocket, from which he pulls a revolver.

Tyrell's music fades. The sound of people exiting the club is eclipsed by an el train passing overhead.

The shooter raises the gun slowly and trains it on Tyrell, who is coming out of the club.

BEN: *(Crossing over to confront GEISLER.) Got him. (BEN grabs this man's arm and pulls up his right sleeve to reveal an armband. A look of shock comes over GEISLER and without missing a beat he whips BEN with the gun.)*

GEISLER: *You DOG! (Points his gun to off BEN only to be countered by BEN swiftly grabbing his gun arm pushing it toward the ceiling. The gun goes off right in BEN's ear causing both HENRY AND EMMA to jump.)*

HENRY: *Holy / / Shit >*

(BEN and GEISLER begin to tussle and fight for control of the gun.)

EMMA: *Ben, You okay? (Beat) Ben!?*

HENRY: *Ben, you kick that son of a Hitler's ass.*

(SWEETIE runs into the office with HENRY AND EMMA concerned about the commotion.)

EMMA: *Ok, Ben, remember your training. Balance offense and defense.*

(BEN knocks GEISLER to the ground; however, he loses his grip on the gun, which remains firmly in GEISLER's hand.)

HENRY: *Give him the ol' one - two punch-aroo!*

EMMA: *(Beginning to collect herself.) You gotta get the... [gun] (Realising that no one can hear her over HENRY's intense yelling.)*

(TYRELL emerges from backstage and is shocked by the brawl.)

HENRY: Make that bastard see stars and stripes baby!!

EMMA: *(Turning to address SWEETIE in a now collected manner who has been onlooking in horror as her two co-workers freak out.)* Honey, will you shut him up?

HENRY: Strangle him with an Amer- [ican Flag] *(SWEETIE without warning slaps HENRY hard upside the head. HENRY immediately shuts up. This line should be cut off by the slap.)*

EMMA: Ben what is happening?

(With the commotion in 2018 now resolved, attention should shift back to BEN and GEISLER who are about to finish up their duel. GEISLER catches sight of TYRELL and points his gun in that direction to take a potshot at his target. BEN moves to stop him, but is too late.)

GEISLER: *(Taking shot.)* Die, you inferior scum!

TYRELL: *(Narrowly missed by the shot.)* Jesus Christ!

(GEISLER sees that the window of opportunity has passed and makes his escape. BEN does not chase after him as he would quickly lose him in the city streets but rather turns to address TYRELL who is still in shock from the attack but very much alive.)

BEN: *(Acting like a mysterious badass.)* You don't know me but I know you. *(Beat)* These men want you dead. You need to find somewhere safe. Now. *(Begins to walk away like a cool guy then aside to his earpiece.)* He got away *(Beat)* but, Tyrell's alive.

EMMA: That's all that matters for now. You scared me out there.

(HENRY gives EMMA a confused look.)

BEN: I'm fine. It's all part of the job. I'm headed to the next location now.

(EMMA sighs and pushes back in her chair.)

HENRY: Not looking for friends huh?

EMMA: Not looking for my operatives to die either.

HENRY: Su-u-r-r-e.

EMMA: Just go get me Selena's file.

HENRY: *(Teasing.)* Okay FRIEND.

(HENRY exits.)

BEN: Wait--hey, Emma? Emma?

EMMA: *(Turning her mic back on.)* I'm here. What's going on?

BEN: A fight might break out if I leave now. Deydey's really upset.

EMMA: You're here for Tyrell. I advise you move on with the mission.

BEN: And let this kid get pummeled? I don't think so.

DEYDEY: *(Screaming at FANS 1 and 2.)* It's bullshit, man. This is bullshit!

FAN 2: Dey, chill!! This really isn't the time for your mess!

DEYDEY: My mess? MY mess? You know what? If not now, when? When is there a time for "my mess"? Huh? When do *I* matter? When do *I* get the VIP treatment pricks like Tyrell get for pretending to do what I do. Pretending to be about what I'm about?

FAN 1: What are you talking about?

DEYDEY: I'm talking about this wannabe bullshit. I'm talking about all the fake ass rappers spitting shit they've never been through. Sitting comfy in houses with beds and food swearing they know these streets. It's not fair! My cousin died selling the drugs Tyrell plays with. Tyrell does it for fun. To buy shit he doesn't need. My cousin was out here trying to keep food on the table. Do I have the right to be mad now? Or am I just on my mess again?

BEN: *(Ben approaches trying to diffuse this.)* Hey, how about you all head home? It's been hectic enough, the last thing this club needs is a fist fight. Just go home and sleep it off.

(The people disperse.)

BEN: Emma, what was DeyDey talking about? Is Tyrell some kind of fraud?

EMMA: If I tell you, will you continue?

BEN: I'll think about it.

EMMA: *(Rolling her eyes.)* To some he is. DeyDey was criticising Tyrell for the same reason tons of other rappers face criticism. Like Biggie, Tyrell lives in a middle class house with a parent that adores him. He does not have to sell drugs but still raps about the life drug dealing leads.

BEN: Is he some sort of bad guy?

EMMA: Subjective. Some are mad that people like them, get famous off of lives they are not forced into. Others are just happy to have media that depicts the truth of their struggles. It makes them feel less alone.

BEN: I see.

EMMA: Can you return to the mission now?

BEN: Sure. I thought you'd never ask.

(Blackout)

Act 1, Scene 6
Corpus Christi, Texas

EMMA: Okay, Ben, great job on Tyrell's case. Unfortunately, that's not the end of our worries. The Nazi agent is still at large and we have work to do. I'm sending you to the next time period now.

BEN: It's never that easy is it. *(Ben fiddles with time device.)* Alright, heading there now.

EMMA: Alright, Ben, you're now approaching the next objective in Corpus Christi, Texas. The date is March 30, 1995.

BEN: That sounds familiar *(Beat)* Who're we after?

EMMA: Selena Quintanilla. Well-known Mexican American music artist / / and singer

BEN: Yeah, gotcha. *(Beat)* Wasn't her death solved, though? It was the president of her fan club or something, right?

EMMA: Yes, police reports from that day state that Yolanda Saldivar, President of her fan club, was the killer; however, we have reason to believe that she did not act alone.

BEN: And I'm gonna guess that's where the Nazis come in.

EMMA: That's exactly right. She was murdered at the Day's Inn on Navigation Boulevard. Unsurprisingly, Selena was murdered by gunshot. Are you going to be able to handle that this time?

BEN: I'm a super spy--of course I can. Besides, I wasn't the one screaming last time.

HENRY: No, I wasn't screaming. *(Beat)* Just loudly supporting you. Anyways I ain't afraid of no Nazis.

BEN: Sure, tell that to my deaf ear.

EMMA: Time is kinda important here, guys...

BEN: Right. *(Ben exits. Blackout.)*

***PLAY VIDEO OF PIRATE BROADCAST, SEGMENT 01
("DOGGIES")***

Act 1, Scene 7**Yolanda**

- BEN: Okay, I'm outside Yolanda's room. What's my goal here?
- EMMA: We don't know much about the Nazi's plan with Yolanda. All we know is that she will be involved. Talk to her and see what you can find out.
- BEN: On it. *(Ben knocks on YOLANDA's door. He waits for a moment. No response. He turns away from the door to address EMMA again.)* What do I eve-[n say to this woman?]
- YOLANDA: *(Opening the door and cutting off BEN's line.)* Who the hell are you?
- BEN: *(Stammering)* I--uh, I'm looking for Yolanda / / Saldivar?
- YOLANDA: And why would that be?
- BEN: *(Panicked)* I just know you're the president of Selena's fan club and I wanted to know if I could talk to you?
- YOLANDA: *(Immediately changing tone)* Well in that case come on in. Let's talk.
- (They walk into YOLANDA's home to see a man lying on the couch screaming at the television.)*
- GEISLER: Why were you at that damn door so lo-[ng?]
(Sitting up angrily and intensely, the suddenly smug.) Oh. Huh. Who's the friend?
- YOLANDA: Oh, he's just our newest member of the fan club!

BEN: *(Making eye contact with GEISLER--they recognize each other and BEN smiles ironically.)* Yeah, I'm a huge fan. I just can't wait to spend some time with Yolanda and get to know her a little better. *(Continues smirking at GEISLER)*

YOLANDA: *(Blushing)* I can't wait to talk to you about / / our club!

GEISLER: *(Pissed off)* Like hell you're gonna get to know her better.

(A silence falls in the room as the three look at each other.)

BEN: *(Awkwardly breaking the silence.)* Well, this seems to be a bad time, can I meet with you tomorrow?

YOLANDA: *(Nervously looking at GEISLER who gives her a stern look back.)* Maybe that's for the best. I'm meeting with Selena tomorrow though, so could we- [meet afterwards?]

BEN: Perfect. I'll stop by and meet her. I'm so excited. *(Smiling at GEISLER then as he exits aside to EMMA.)* I'm to intercept the meeting and talk Yolanda out of it. By the looks of things that Nazi is in deep with her. *(Ben exits)*

YOLANDA: *(Stares off to make sure BEN is gone and then frantically to GEISLER)* I really don't know how I could do this, please, I can't.

GEISLER: How else are we gonna get out of this?! Are you trying to get us both in jail Yolanda? Is that what you want? You would do that to us?

YOLANDA: *(Beginning to be hysterical, crying)* I don't! I don't! I'm sorry, I know!

GEISLER: You want to go to prison? And be miserable for your entire life? *(Long Beat. Now in a manipulative, calming voice.)* Baby, this needs to happen. Selena isn't good for you. *(Beat)* She isn't good for either of us.

YOLANDA: *(Still miserable but resolved.)* Yes, dear. *(Beat)*
You always know what's best. *(Long Beat.)* Leave
the gun on the table. It'll be done tomorrow.
*(GEISLER embraces YOLANDA while shooting a
devilish grin.)*

(Blackout.)

Act 1 Scene 8
Ben's Slight Dilemma

(We see BEN pacing around outside and he seems greatly worried.)

BEN: Emma, I have a slight problem.

EMMA: Oh no, that's not what I wanted to here. What's happening

BEN: Well, I was not able to stop Yolanda before the Nazi got there. He already implanted the idea into her mind and from the looks of their relationship it seems like nothing is going to stop them.

EMMA: Ben, you can't be serious, you have to save Selena. There isn't another option here.

BEN: I know. I am going to have to take a huge risk in order for it to go right.

EMMA: I know what you're hinting at and I cannot advise you to take such risks. If something was to go wrong who would continue the mission? Who would stop the Nazi's from rising again?

BEN: Yeah, Emma, I know, But who is gonna stop Selena from dying if it isn't me. And I will do it at all costs. Hey and remember I'm a super spy, ain't nothing gonna go wrong.

EMMA: You know that does not give me hope, right?

BEN: Well, it should, when have I messed up before?

EMMA: Just get on with it, Ben, you're running out of time.

**Act 1, Scene 9 -
Fightin' Nazi, Part 2**

(In YOLANDA's apartment)

- GEISLER: You got this, baby girl. Don't cry. The cars going to be in the back. You go in. Send her to bed. And come back to me. Remember (*Clasps YOLANDA on the shoulders.*) you are not alone anymore, okay?
- YOLANDA: She just has so many people looking up to her. Do you know what Selena means? She means hope. She means a better life. She's the American dream in this perfect Chicana package. And it doesn't even stop there. She has a special place in Latina hearts. She's just so hardworking and easy to love. Everyone loves her, and everyone will be so sad if she's gone. Everyone will hate me. It'll all be my / / my fault
- GEISLER: Yolanda, you're getting ahead of yourself. Get it together. They can't be mad forever. (*Long Beat. A silence consumed the room*) Why won't you trust me, Yolanda? Do you just... Do you just not care about me anymore?
- YOLANDA: What? You're the love of my life. What do / / you mean?
- GEISLER: If you really loved me you'd do it. You're thinking about everyone's family and friends and feelings, but not ours. (*Beat*) And you know what that tells me? (*beat.*) That tells me I don't matter to you. (*Slowly escalating*) Not to mention your mother -- does your mother not matter? Huh? How about your sisters? No? They don't matter either? Just a bunch of fucking fans? That's really who you're worrying about right now?

(*During this time, Ben comes on the stage with Selena, completely infatuated. They pantomime small talk as Ben and Selena walk over to the door.*)

YOLANDA: No, no, that's not tr-[ue].

GEISLER: Then prove it. Prove you love us, Yolanda. Prove you love me. Selena wants to take everything from us. And right now, you're letting her.

YOLANDA: *(Gentle tears.)* I won't. I don't want to be alone again.

GEISLER: Good. Neither do I.

(BEN knocks on YOLANDA'S door. Ben makes sure to stand in front of Selena while he opens, knowing what's about to happen.)

YOLANDA: That must be her.

GEISLER: I'll be waiting for you. Call my name when the job's done. *(Leaves out the back door.)*

YOLANDA nervously works her way toward the door and opens it, firing her gun at the first person she sees, hitting BEN directly in the shoulder. SELENA screams and flees the scene while YOLANDA stares in horror. GEISLER hears the blast and knows his work is done.)

GEISLER: Beautiful. *(Leaves this time period, abandoning YOLANDA to face the consequences alone.)*

YOLANDA: *(Panicked, drags Ben who is in serious pain into the apartment. She runs to a cabinet to grab medical supplies that are clearly insufficient for the task at hand.)* Ar-Are you ok?

BEN: *(Attempting to suck up the pain.)* Yeah... *(Sharp intake of breath.)* I'm fine. There's only a *(Pauses again to grimace in pain.)* bullet in my shoulder.

YOLANDA: *(Becoming hysterical again.)* Oh, my God, I'm so sorry. I never thought it would / / go this far.

BEN: *(Still in intense pain.)* Yolanda, listen to me. Forget this happened. Get away from whoever told you to do this and no one will ever know. Alright?

YOLANDA: What do you mean? This is horrible. I'm horrr-
 [ible]

BEN: Yolanda! You have to trust me! Run!

YOLANDA: But I-

BEN: GO!

(YOLANDA, terrified, flees the scene, leaving only BEN in the room; as he gets up to leave the room, he contacts EMMA.)

BEN: Selena has been saved. *(Sharp intake.)* Need
 medical assistance when I get back.

(Blackout.)

PLAY VIDEO OF PIRATE BROADCAST, SEGMENT 02
("TIME")

ACT 1, SCENE 10**Go Punch A Nazi**

(BEN stumbles into the BAO from offstage where HENRY, SWEETIE, and EMMA rush to greet him EMMA and SWEETIE get on both sides of BEN for support.)

EMMA: *(Distressed.)* Jesus, Ben, this couldn't have been necessary.

HENRY: *(Excitedly, in front of them.)* Yeah, why couldn't you have just beat him up again? Wasn't that great? Beating Nazis... Emma you reme-(mber?)

EMMA: Henry, just take him to the medic.

(HENRY and BEN walk off to get BEN's wound dressed.)

EMMA: Ugh, Sweetie, I don't know what we're going to do. With Ben getting hurt, we're running behind, we're not gonna make these deadli- (nes I need to get to work and get started...)

SWEETIE: Just get started, let me know if you need anything! *(Exits.)*

EMMA: Thanks, Sweetie, could you actually- *(Realizes that SWEETIE is no longer behind her and has left.)*

HENRY: *(Enters excitedly)* Hey, Emma, so I've got some ideas!

EMMA: Not now.

HENRY: No, no, it'll help. So as you know I was pretty disappointed with Selena's case because Ben didn't even try to beat up that Nazi. So what if I started my training now, I mean I'm already pretty advanced which I'm sure you know so I'll probably get through it at least a million times faster than any of our other super spies. They don't have my brain power or determination. But I think if we were to send me back in time it's not even that the mission will be finished quicker but it'll be more efficient. You know what I'm saying Emma? More Nazis. Punched in the face. Imagine it. Emma. Emmaaaaaaaaa. Are you listening? Emma!

EMMA: *(Snapping after slowly getting more and more annoyed as HENRY speaks.)* What is it now?

HENRY: I should be sent back in time! Just give me a chance! I'll never make the stupid mistake of getting shot like Ben did! I'll give 'em the old one-two! Just give me access! I can do it! Emma, come on, just listen to me!

EMMA: *(Rolling her eyes as she takes a bite from an apple and gives the bitten apple to HENRY)* Here! It's our newest time machine. Go nuts.

HENRY: Oh, thank you so much! You probably won't regret this!

(HENRY runs out towards the audience "using his time machine" and punches a man with a Hitler mustache and a red arm band to the ground.)

HENRY: Yes! *(Runs back to the BAO ecstatically, running immediately into SWEETIE, almost knocking her down.)*

SWEETIE: *(Annoyed.)* Jesus, Henry! I've been looking for you everywhere--I've been assigned as your babysitter. *(Rolling eyes.)*

HENRY: No, Sweetie! You gotta listen to me! I just punched a freaking Nazi!! He didn't even know I was coming. I pulled some major spy sneak attack skills you should've seen- (it!)

SWEETIE: You just punched someone?

HENRY: Yeah! A Nazi with a stupid mustache!!

SWEETIE: You better hope our asses don't get sued, I swear to God. (*Grabs HENRY by the ear and drags him off stage.*)

Act 2 Scene 1
Debriefing in the BAO

(On one side of the stage HENRY and SWEETIE are talking about HENRY punching GEISLER; obviously, SWEETIE does not care, but HENRY keeps going on about it.)

HENRY: But really, Sweetie, it was a real Nazi and that means I'm a real super spy too.

SWEETIE: Henry, there was no chance that you punched a Nazi--it's 2018. You just need to calm down and relax.

HENRY: How can I relax when there are Nazis on the loose and no one but Henry, the SuperSpy, to stop them!!

SWEETIE: Can you stop it with the "SuperSpy" nonsense, you are barely an office hand at the BAO.

HENRY: That's not true! Why would Emma give me a time machine if I was just a measly little office hand?

SWEETIE: That was a apple, Henry! Oh, my God, Henry, we need to get back to the mission. Ben just got shot, that's more important than you punching a random guy on the street. Now, let's...GO!

(They exit the stage and BEN and EMMA come on. EMMA sits BEN down in a chair.)

EMMA: Are you sure you're alright? The doctors said you should be taking it easy for the next month or so.

BEN: Of course, I'm alright, remember the whole "superspy" thing? *(Goes to laugh, but his wound hurts too much. Grabs it and groans in pain.)* I knew what I was doing.

EMMA: Mhm, yeah, you sure did. People who know what they are doing don't usually end up shot.

BEN: Well, in this case it was necessary, it was the only way I could get Selena out of the situation alive and keep Yolanda from taking a fall for a murder she didn't want to commit.

EMMA: Ben, you're right, but how are we going to continue if you're deemed unfit to go on missions?

BEN: That doesn't matter, I'm gonna continue with the mission anyway.

EMMA: You can't do that, you could get kicked out of the BAO for not following the doctor's orders.

BEN: Who cares about the BAO, screw what the doctor says. This mission is bigger than us and this organization. This mission is bigger than my health. We need to complete this mission for the human race.

EMMA: Ben, are you sure about this. If you keep getting hurt you're not going to come back alive.

BEN: If that's what it takes, that's what it takes. I'm willing to make that sacrifice. Let's just get back to the mission there's not much time left.

EMMA: Alright, if you're willing to risk your life, I'm sure willing to risk my job. Let's go...the next two people are going to be the hardest to save. I'm sending you to the next location now.

Act 2 Scene 2
Briefing for Tupac

BEN: Alright...I know I'm in Vegas, but I'm guessing we're not here to play cards?

EMMA: You're here for Tupac Shakur. The date is September 7th, 1996. Tupac is getting shot tonight.

BEN: *(Surprised and anxious.)* Tonight?? Why aren't I getting any time?

EMMA: Well, now that you're in the field against orders we have to speed up our process a bit. It's 10:00 a.m. there right now, he won't be killed until 11:00 p.m.

BEN: *(Sarcastically.)* Oh, so I have 13 hours to stop a super Nazi murder spy.

EMMA: *(Teasing.)* See that's the spirit.

BEN: So, where's he getting shot?

EMMA: On the corner of East Flamingo Road and Koval Lane.

BEN: How'd they kill him?

EMMA: Well it's a drive-by. Tupac gets shot at the red light at that intersection.

BEN: You expect me to stop a car?!

HENRY: You stopped a bullet just the other day.

EMMA: Please, don't use the same method to stop the car.

BEN: I wasn't planning on it.

EMMA: We recently found out that the driver was a gang leader of the Crips. They're known to hang out on Donna Street. Make sure you keep to downtown Vegas, you don't want to mix up gangs. Donna Street is only 20 minutes from the shooting site. Make sure they don't get there.

BEN: Got it. I'll head downtown now.

Act 2, Scene 3
Trouble on Donna Street

BEN: Alright, I'm headed towards their hangout now
 *(Walks across towards center stage, takes a step
 back while looking "down the street.")* Um, Emma?
 There's way too many guys here.

EMMA: What happened to me not worrying about Ben, the
 super spy??

BEN: Well, Emma, that was always one on one. What do
 you expect me to do versus 10 or more gang
 members?

EMMA: I see what you mean. What time is it there?

BEN: About 10:30, why?

EMMA: You only have to distract them for 25 minutes to
 guarantee Tupac makes it past that red light.

BEN: I don't know if I'd live for 10 minutes alone in
 there.

EMMA: I have an idea. Bear with me for a minute.

BEN: Please go as fast as you can.

*(Inside the BAO you see Emma look towards Sweetie who immediately
 responds with...)*

SWEETIE: There is no way in hell I am doing that shit.

HENRY: I ALREADY PUNCHED A GEISLER! LET ME GO, I'LL DO
 BETTER THAN BEN EVER COULD!

EMMA: Fine, It's not like we have a choice. *(Talking to
 Ben.)* Help is on the way.

*(A flash shines across stage and HENRY runs out, excitedly punching
 his fists at invisible Nazis.)*

BEN: You've got to be kidding me.

HENRY: Let's go, Ben! I'll lead the way! Don't be afraid--I got you!

BEN: Emma!!

EMMA: Yes, do you need something?

(BEN stares as HENRY continues to do ridiculous spinning fighting moves in the air.)

BEN: Why are you doing this to me?

EMMA: We're the only ones who know you're out in the field right now. We can't risk our superiors finding out.

BEN: You couldn't have sent Sweetie?

SWEETIE: *(Putting on Henry's headset.)* Sorry man, but there is no way in hell I'm risking my life against gangsters. They don't mix well with women.

BEN: *(Sighs)* Okay, I'll figure this out.

HENRY: I can't wait to fight Nazis!

BEN: These guys aren't Nazis, they're gangsters, much different.

(Henry has a look of great fear on his face unable to look away from the hangout.)

HENRY: This isn't what I signed up for.

BEN: And I didn't sign up to have you as backup, but we don't get a choice here. We gotta go save Tupac. Like it or not, we're a team, Henry.

HENRY: I don't know.

BEN: Well, you need to. I have your back, Henry.

(Ben puts his hand on HENRY'S shoulder and HENRY looks back to him and nods with a slight smile, they hurry off stage.)

Act 2, Scene 4
Cocaine Collaboration

BEN and HENRY approach the gangsters. A single spotlight in center stage illuminates only that section leaving the remainder pitch black. Noises fill the background to show the hangout is filled with thugs.

EMMA: It is critical to the mission that you guys stall them. Twenty minutes and you guys are golden.

BEN: Hey. I'm here for some snow.

G1: We're busy, how much do you want?

BEN: You guys good for a kilo?

HENRY: Two if you could!

G1: *(Unsettled.)* You guys from around here?

HENRY: U-hh...

GEISLER: Now hold on a second. I don't recognize these guys. They seem straight to you?

G1: Nah, bro.

HENRY: No, we're legit! I want... Uh..

EMMA: Say you want it raw.

HENRY: I want it raw. Two kilos of your highest quality raw coke.

GEISLER: Huh. *(scoffing)* Two kilos of raw coke.

BEN AND HENRY: Yeah.

GEISLER: Prove it to me.

The gangsters all laugh as they pull out a small plastic dimebag of coke.

G1: Which one of you pansies are gonna step up and snort this line?

(Nazi grabs BEN by the shoulder.)

GEISLER: I think the kid with the ponytail wants it.
(grabbing him by the scruff of the neck) Get over here, friend. Take a sample.

(GEISLER drags BEN by his hair over to the table and begins to force his head down.)

HENRY: *(Wanting to prove himself.)* Wait! I want it!

(The GEISLER and G1 gives HENRY a strange look, wondering why he won't let BEN take it.)

HENRY: It's been a while for me. *(Chuckles.)* Just looking for my freeze.

G1: Let the kid do it.

GEISLER: Alright. *(GEISLER tosses BEN to the side letting go of his hair and giving him the evil eye.)*

HENRY: Uh-hh yeah. I just really need my freeze. *(Henry snorts the line with the forceful assistance of GEISLER.)*

GEISLER: *(Stage whispers in G1's ear.)* Look G, we gotta roll, remember tonight's the night we're taking down the king himself.

G1: *(Brushing him off.)* Nah, man, that can wait, I'm having too much fun with these two fine locals right here.

GEISLER: Jesus Christ, don't you realize how important this is?

G1: I get it, I get it, but come on, let's have some fun first.

BEN: *(Walking away from Henry for a second.)* Emma, I think we got them distracted enough, how much longer?

EMMA: Just a little bit longer and Tupac will be long gone.

BEN: So you see, we're not joking around, can you hook us up tonight? This deal could lead to many more down the road.

GEISLER: Come back tomorrow. We're leaving now.

G1: Nah, nah, man, 2 kilos, do you know how much we make off that? We can handle the other dude later.

GEISLER: You aren't getting it! This has to be done tonight.

HENRY: WOOOOHOOOOOO LET'S HAVE SOME FUN...*(He says as he starts to rough house with G1.)*

G1: *(Laughing.)* I like these guys, you go on without me, it can't be that hard. It's just one dude!

GEISLER: You're our driver for God's sake! I can't get there as fast as you...

G1: There's no way I'm missing this deal, man.

GEISLER: *(menacing, sarcastic)*
Okay. Okay, cool. Yeah. Stick around for the deal. And have fun with your "*fine locals*". But when word gets back to our boss, it's not gonna be good for you. But what the hell, make your own decisions.

G1: He won't care after how much coke I just sold.

GEISLER: I'm leaving.

(Geisler storms off.)

BEN: (*To Emma.*) Oh no, the Nazi just left. I think he's going to kill Tupac himself.

EMMA: Not to worry, Ben, Tupac's car is long gone. He escapes tonight alive. Now: you two get out of there without causing any more trouble.

BEN: (*To G1.*) Alright man, we gotta head out. I'll send an associate down in an hour with the cash.

G1: I'll be sure to give him the best stuff we got and keep me in mind for your future deals.

BEN: We certainly will, you don't know how much you helped me tonight.

(BEN and HENRY exit. Blackout.)

Act 2, Scene 5
Briefing for a Notorious Case

BEN: Well, I guess Henry's here to stay. I gotta say, you really did help me back there!

HENRY: *(Still groggy from the cocaine crash.)* Thank you, thank you, but without your smooth talking that Gangster might of just left with the Nazi.

BEN: Henry, that's all you. He loved your antics.

HENRY: Alright, alright, I'll take this one. I really did do great, didn't I?

EMMA: Hey "superspies," I like that you two are getting along, but we got a mission to finish remember? Time is running out.

BEN: She's right, where to next?

EMMA: You don't know what's next? *(Beat)* These two murders go hand in hand. Next up, *(Beat)* Biggie Smalls.

HENRY: Biggie Smalls? I've never heard of him.

BEN: *(Henry remains confused throughout the list.)* The Notorious BIG? Big Pappa? The King of New York? Really, Henry? Nothing?

(Henry shakes his head.)

EMMA: Ben, I'm just surprised as you are, but that's not important right now. What *is* important, is saving him.

BEN: My bad, where do we need to go?

EMMA: You two are off to California, more specifically, the corner of Wilshire Boulevard and Fairfax Avenue.

BEN: Another street corner? Another drive by?

EMMA: Gangsters make it quick, they get in, they get out.

HENRY: *(Very ambitiously.)* The way I see it, it's the same as last time. Let's go, Ben.

EMMA: Not quite, though, you aren't getting any time with this one. You are going right into the action.

BEN: Come on, Emma, I've taken a bullet; Henry snorted coke. We need more time.

HENRY: Nah, Ben! *(Beat)* We're super spies *(Beat)*. We got this! C'mon, let's go!

(They exit off to time travel to California.)

Act 2, Scene 6
Biggie Action

EMMA: Okay, you two are now just up Fairfax Avenue, only a block away from where the shooting is about to go down.

HENRY: Yahoo!!! Time to fight the Nazis!

BEN: Again, *not Nazis*, gangsters just like the last time.

HENRY: Oh, just some gangsters? As long as if I don't need to snort another line of that cocaine, then I'm okay.

BEN: We have a lot more to worry about this time than a measly drug dealer.

HENRY: One of them was a Nazi, though, and we stopped him.

BEN: Stalled him, we only stalled him. This time we need to stop him for good. The only thing is, I don't know what to do.

EMMA: Oh! Ben, the "superspy," doesn't know what to do? Are you telling me you need help?

BEN: Emma, now isn't the time for teasing--we actually have no time, remember?

EMMA: I'm sorry, I just need to feel important now and then. The killing takes place in five minutes, so you need to act now.

BEN: Five-mi[nutes]

HENRY: Five minutes, that's plenty of time. Let's get a move on, partner.

EMMA: Exactly there's the spirit, get a move on.

(BEN and HENRY hurry off stage and then rush back on, now on the same street corner as the killing.)

BEN: Oh lord, I don't see anything. What am I supposed to look for?

EMMA: An all-black compact coming up Fairfax very soon.

BEN: Henry, I think I see it now. Yes, it is, I'm sure of it. We gotta act now?

(Immediately HENRY jumps off stage into what has been decided as the road and we hear tires screech and Henry runs back on stage and hides behind BEN.)

BEN: Holy shit, Henry, why in the hell did you think that was a good idea?

HENRY: Ben, I needed to help you and that's all I could do for you. Now, you need to help me.

(GEISLER, G1, and G2 run on, all brandishing guns.)

GEISLER: You three have no idea what you just walked into.

BEN: I think we might understand more than you think.

G1: Oh yeah? Is that the case? Then why is ya buddy hiding behind you?

HENRY: *(Acting tough.)* I'm not hiding, I'm just catching my breath.

G2: Ah, alright, I see.

G1: Breathe deep, cause it might be your last one.
(He puts the gun to Henry's head.)

G2: Should we just pop 'em both, boss?

GEISLER: No. I wanna deal with this one on my own. *(He walks towards BEN, who, as he raises his arm, grabs it and steals the gun.)*

BEN: As I said, I know more than you think. So if I were you two, I would just scam now before you become collateral damage from what's about to happen.

(G1 and G2 look at each other, nod, and sprint off.)

GEISLER: Fucks. Hard to get good help these days. Now, tell me this. Do you really think you've accomplished anything? Are you so blinded by your optimism that you've failed to realize you've been completely pointless in everything you've done so far?

HENRY: Ben, what does he mean?

BEN: Don't worry, Henry, he's just trying to get in our heads.

GEISLER: That could be the case. Maybe I'm just trying to get in your head. I can see how you might think that. But, I also might be telling the truth. I mean, do either of you actually know what you're doing here? Do you know what the consequences could be? Or is this all apart of "The Master Plan".

BEN: You're talking a big game for someone in this position.

GEISLER: No, I'm exactly where I need to be. You're the ones who walked into a trap. A trap that's been laid out for you since the very beginning.

HENRY: Ben, he's starting to scare me. What if he gets away?

BEN: Don't you worry. He won't be going anywhere.

(BEN shoots GEISLER in the leg; GEISLER falls to the ground.)

GEISLER: *(Laughing.)* My life is worthless to you and your mission. I've completed everything I came here for, so at this point, it really doesn't matter what what happens to me. Just a drop in the bucket my friend.

HENRY: What does he mean?

BEN: He's just playing mind games, but I do know he won't be leaving here alive.

(BEN shoots GEISLER in the chest, as he dies...)

GEISLER: You're going to be surprised. I gave you a fair warning, but you didn't trust me. There's so much you don't know. But you'll find out in due time.

BEN: Emma, we stopped the Nazi for good, but he kept saying these things we didn't understand.

EMMA: I know Ben, something's gone wrong. Get back here now.

HENRY: Ben, I told you he was scaring me, we better head back.

(BEN and HENRY exit to go back to the BAO)

***PLAY VIDEO OF PIRATE BROADCAST, SEGMENT 03
("IGNATIUS")***

Act 2, Scene 7
Something's Wrong

(HENRY and BEN rush in to SWEETIE and EMMA sitting at the desk.)

EMMA: Why didn't you tell me?!

HENRY: What do you mean!? I didn't do anything!

EMMA: Sweetie has been telling me you punched someone.
You should've told me!

SWEETIE: He didn't know!

BEN: What are you guys talking about?

SWEETIE: When you were with the medic, Henry ran outside
and punched some guy. I was worried about you,
Ben, I didn't even think that the guy could've
actually been a Nazi!

HENRY: I told you I punched a Nazi!

EMMA: You didn't say it was right outside our front
door!

HENRY: What are you talking about?

EMMA: There's Nazi propaganda everywhere. I don't know
what happened. But as you saved them, the present
changed around us!

BEN: How is that possible?

EMMA: Well Sweetie and I have been discussing it and we
can't know for sure but, we think that when the
icons were killed, they became martyrs. Now that
they lived, we don't have them as pillars of
culture bringing our country together. But, I
don't know anything about this time travel stuff,
Ben. I never have. Everything I told you we were
given.

SWEETIE: All the technicalities are done by our superiors.
We don't know how this works.

HENRY: Then let's go talk to them. Demand answers!

EMMA: You can't just go talk to them, Henry. We'd need access.

HENRY: I have access!

SWEETIE: How?

HENRY: I'm sent to the director all the time. Let's go talk to him.

EMMA: Are you serious?

HENRY: We can go right now and get all the answers we need.

BEN: Let's get going, then.

(They all exit together.)

Act 2, Scene 8
Director's Cut

(EMMA, HENRY, BEN, and SWEETIE walk on stage with HENRY leading the way.)

HENRY: Well, this is it.

EMMA: Are you really sent here so often that you have full time access?

BEN: I say we don't question it.

HENRY: We can go right now.

EMMA: (Okay.)

(Walk in to waiting room where they're motioned to sit down by a woman at the table. They sit for a moment of heavy uncomfortable silence.)

The room feels uncomfortably large, but the oppressive groan of electricity in the walls triggers an aching sense of claustrophobia.

The room feels uncomfortably small, but the deep network of plumbing pipes and heat vents in the walls reveals the placement of the room: the stomach of a massive building, a room suspended within miles of concrete. Neither above ground, nor below, just somewhere within the depths of the facility.

The space is massive.

The space is constrained.

RECEPTIONIST: Can I help you?

BEN: (A long pause. We are somewhere else now.) Yes.
(Two second pause) We're here to talk to the director

RECEPTIONIST: (Four second pause) Did you make an appointment?

(HENRY gets up and raises his hand to wave.)

HENRY: Uh--hi, Ma'am.

(Five second pause.)

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, Henry, hello. *(Ruffles and straightens here papers, pull her glasses up on her little nose.)*

(Four second pause.)

So you spoke with the director? Well, was it an email or a gmail?

HENRY: It was a gmail, ma'am.

RECEPTIONIST: *Well I'll be.* (three second pause) They're cleanin' him right now but... *(Two second pause)* But he should be done in a few moments or so.

THE ROOM BEGINS TO BUZZ. THE LIGHT BECOMES BRIGHT. THEN DARK. THEN BRIGHT. ZzzzssstZZ. ZZssS. SzzzsZZssStttt.

PLAY VIDEO OF FULLER AS STENOGRAPHER, PART 1

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, boy, is my face red! It looks like he's ready now. (two second pause) Just make sure you wash your hands before you go in there. (two second pause) He is very sick.

HENRY: Of course, ma'am.

RECEPTIONIST *(Slowly, and without emotion, almost as though the message is a secret code.):*

He is very sick.

RECEPTIONIST and desk taken off stage as the agents walk to center stage. Darkness.

A spotlight falls on on MR. FULLER, a formally dressed man in his mid sixties who wears mid-century horn-rimmed glasses and bears some resemblance to Buckminster Fuller. He is seated in a chair next to a table. Upon the table is an orange typewriter.

MR. FULLER: Well, if isn't Henry Molloy. It's been a long time.

HENRY: It's nice to see you Mr. Fuller. Did you get my message?

MR. FULLER: You sent me a message?

HENRY: Yes, just this morning. I need to speak with the director. I wrote you an email.

MR. FULLER: Oh, an *email* you wrote me! Well why didn't you say so. Of course! I know you're working on a very important project right now, and needing a last-minute meeting with the father of the technology himself? That tells me something must be going wrong.

HENRY: Well, we cannot yet say for sure, but we may have run into some problems.

MR. FULLER: Well, before I can let you in to see the Director, I need to ask...Have your friends here met with him before?

HENRY: No, sir. I can't say they have.

HOLT: Well, I should let you know what you're gonna see in there. The Director is a man who, well, (three second pause) (speaking in a low, austere, almost apologetic tone) he works with *specimens*.

And...over the years, he has, well, you know, done a few projects on himself...
(enthusiastically now, trying to reel back)...and I'm just the stenographer.

BEN: It's okay, sir.

(3 second pause. Then, it's as though Mr. Fuller knows he hasn't fully conveyed his warning, and the word "look" seems to escape him like steam.)

HOLT: Look, I am just trying to let you know... This is a man who can't go outside. The skin was applied a long time ago, and, you see, it falls apart if it gets too warm.

So not a lot of people get the chance to meet the Director. And normally, nobody gets to see him except for me and his nurses.

But he knows that your operation's stakes are high, so he has decided to make an exception.

I just want you all to know what's going to happen when we go in there. The Director has removed some of the -- well, he's going to have to speak to you through me, you see. I will be translating.

Again, I am the Stenographer.

(Darkness.)

(The three walk in to the DIRECTOR's sanctuary. Medical machines hum in the corners. Pipes hiss in the ceiling.)

(BEN, EMMA, and HENRY walk into the room. The room is dark.)

(MR. FULLER walks to the back of the room and pulls a lever on an electrical box that triggers a deep hum in the room. The hum is of electrical origin and is located somewhere within the room. Underneath the floorboards, another sound begins: another hum, hovering around 12 hz, subconsciously heard. The DIRECTOR is hard to see, as he is engulfed in darkness.)

DIRECTOR: TTTZsssSSZZ TttttzZssszZZ TtttzZsszzZttZZ
TtttZsssSSZ zzsSSSZ Z zzzs StttTTzzz Ttzt ztssS
SSztzsZ ZsZ

(The bulb comes to life, causing the room to fade in and out between total darkness and dim, orange light. It is a warm and fairly weak bulb [around 20 watts with a color temperature between K2000 and K2200].)

(The DIRECTOR is a frail individual. He is positioned in a gurney, elevated at a 45-degree angle. His head is bald and pallid, his skin

slightly mottled around the edges of his slightly misshapen features. He lacks eyebrows. His top teeth are small, as though they are bottom teeth that were fixed to the wrong jaw. He appears to have insufficient iron in his liquid diet.)

(From the back of his gurney, there is a protruding GOOSENECK LAMP that bends forward and hangs a lightbulb over his head like the light of an angler fish. His face is blank. He wears a tan flight-suit and has no shoes. His limbs are crumpled and fragile looking.)

(The light stops buzzing in and out. The room is dark again. Only the STENOGRAPHER can be seen. The STENOGRAPHER clicks out a few words on his Apollo 10 electric typewriter. He makes a big show out of taking the paper out of the machine to examine what he has written. He straightens out the paper before reading off what it says.)

STENOGRAPHER: "The jackal is much like a dog, but they are not the same. Do you agree with that?" [*Looking up from the paper.*] That's what the Director says.

HENRY: Yes, I do.

EMMA: (*Whispering.*) What does he mean?

HENRY: (*Uncertain.*) He means exactly what he says he means. They're different animals. That's obvious.

BEN: I don't think you're right about that, Henry. He means something else.

PLAY VIDEO OF FULLER AS STENOGRAPHER, PART

(*Pause.*)

DIRECTOR: ttZZzzttsstt zzzztztsttsttsttzSZZZSTSS

MR. FULLER:

Ice.

Hands.

Celestial rotations.

The decay of time is necessary...or your days pass in moments. (*Beat.*) I have been here too long.

DIRECTOR:

Zzzz ssttt szzztstttzZ ZZsss StT TszT Zzzz Tzttt
zsssss stt stzSZZZ

MR. FULLER:

I am afraid for you four. I had a dream last night. It was about you. It was frightening.

A man named Ignatius came to my office. He was from the Bavarian region, and he didn't want to speak, but I could tell he was trying to communicate to me without words. I could not understand what exactly he was trying to communicate, but he was angry. He had crawled in through a small hole. The small hole is in the wall, behind my dear grandfather clock.

DIRECTOR:

Zsszst stssz ssttt Szzz tsttt zZ ZZss szz.

MR. FULLER:

Then, a large bird came in from the same hole in my dear grandfather clock. The Bavarian stranger grabbed it tight by the beak and plucked its feathers one by one.

I was frightened. But I knew that it was September, and for reasons unknown to me, that meant that the birds were congregating in the basement. I felt that everything would be okay.

Then three more birds came through the hole in the wall, and the stranger was gone. The featherless bird was shaking on the ground, and he was singing some kind of song, but not a bird song. A human song. Then, he started to dissolve. And as he turned into liquid, the other birds began laughing. They were laughing at the melting bird, and it made me sad.

DIRECTOR: Zzzz ssttt szzzztstttzZ ZZsss StT Tsz TZzzz.

MR. FULLER: "Birds live in the walls.

Now listen to me very carefully.

There is a fox in your driveway. It's not the same kind of dog."

DIRECTOR Zzz sszZ Tttt ssszz.

MR. FULLER (*Booming, deliberating voice.*)

Notice.

LUPUS. CORVUS.

There are NO LEGS.

(The machines become louder. The room is awash in rumbling, harsh noise.)

MR. FULLER (*Becoming louder.*)

SOMETHING IS UNUSUAL.

BEN

BEN

BEN

(Darkness.)

Act 2 Scene 9

FINES

(The group walks into EMMA'S office looking rattled.)

EMMA: Okay let's start our brainstorm on ways to undo what we've done. Let's get started. Sweetie, Hery, grab any files we have on the time technologies.

(HENRY and SWEETIE exit off the other side of stage.)

BEN: Emma, I'm gonna be needing you for this one. *(He walks past the desk picking up his machine.)*

EMMA: What do you mean? We haven't made the game plan.

BEN: There's only one game plan here, Emma. He knew me. Emma, he knew me and I don't know how he knew anything back there. He told me what I need to do, and he told me in a way that only I would understand. I'm sorry, but you have to trust me on this one. I'll need your help.

EMMA: Well, clearly it went over our heads. What's your genius plan, supersp--

BEN: *(Interrupting.)* Come with me, Emma. I'm being serious now. *(Takes EMMA's hand and walks off stage.)*

EMMA: What is this? What are we doing here?

BEN: This is one day before I got the call to start this mission. We're outside my apartment.

EMMA: Okay, new question: why?

BEN: Emma, I know you don't wanna hear this, but you're gonna be needing this.

(BEN looks to the ground with confidence but the inability to look at EMMA in the eye as he hands over a gun and passes her.)

EMMA: (*Turning him around.*) What are you expecting me to do with *this*?!
BEN: Emma, you need to be the one that does this.
EMMA: You're crazy if you think//
BEN: I can't do it, Emma. It'll create a paradox. You need to be the one pulling the trigger.//
EMMA: No. No, I'm not...I won't.
BEN: This the only way! (*Pause as EMMA's face falls with sadness. Then, quieter and calmer.*) You heard him. The only way to reverse it is to make it so it never happened. There's only one way to do that. I have to die before I start the job.
EMMA: What if we just go back to stop you before you save them? Yeah, yeah, we can go through each period again.
BEN: Emma, no. You can't travel places you've already been. We'd create a hole in the timeline.
EMMA: No. No no no. There has to be another way. You're wrong.
BEN: You just never want me to be right.
EMMA: Now is not the time for jokes. (*Through teary eyes and a breaking voice.*)
BEN: Emma, you're the only person I trust to do this...Emma. It'll be okay.
EMMA: No, it won't! You'll be gone!
BEN: Emma///

EMMA: You're the only friend I've ever made. (*BEN goes to speak but is interrupted.*) This is why I sit behind my desk Ben. It's not fair that you made me want to stand up. This can't be me. I can't kill you.

BEN: Emma, it's the only way. In two minutes I will be walking out that door.

(BEN puts his hand on EMMA's shoulder as she stares down at the gun in her hands feeling it in her hands through blurry eyes she looks up and hugs BEN.)

BEN: I couldn't have asked for better. I'm so happy to have worked with you, Emma.

(As EMMA steps away she wipes the tears from her eyes.)

EMMA: I can't bear to see you disappear. Please don't let me see you die.

BEN: Goodbye Emma.

(BEN walks toward the back of the stage, where there is a large light. As he does this, EMMA slowly raises the pistol. BEN reaches the light and tilts his head slightly upward, looking directly into it.)

(EMMA looks out to where PAST-BEN is [toward the audience]. She closes her eyes as her hand visibly shakes as she cocks the gun. She opens her eyes and exhales. As she exhales, the gun goes off and the light on BEN goes black, leaving EMMA, the only illuminated subject on the stage.)

(EMMA slowly falls to her knees, horrified with what she has had to do. The light on EMMA fades slowly. Darkness.)

(The lights come back up to the city streets, which are back to normal with no Nazi propaganda. EMMA walks down towards center and her shoulders rise and fall.)

EMMA: I guess it's over.

(EMMA sits down on a bench quickly followed by HENRY. HENRY sits down next to EMMA and puts his hand on her shoulder in comfort. EMMA pauses for a second and looks up and away down the street. Blackout.)

Act 2 Scene 10
FIAT LUX...OR NOT

INT. DIRECTOR'S OFFICE

(A small light source comes into view. THE DIRECTOR is seated in his gurney. MR. FULLER is gone. His table is unoccupied. There is no typewriter. A featherless bird sits on the surface of the table where MR. FULLER's typewriter once sat)

(Extremely slowly, THE DIRECTOR raises his hand from his lap. He reaches his hand out in front of himself, the palm facing the audience.)

(He closes his hand. He extends his fingers again, opening the hand. He closes it again. He repeats this process several times.)

There is a deafening electrical buzz. The sound is ascending in amplitude. It begins to evolve, like garbled voices coming from deep inside a broken machine.

It cracks to a sudden stop. The light dies.

DARKNESS.

PLAY VIDEO OF END CREDITS.

THE END.