

BEYOND TIME

Written by Rob Gracie

Collaborator: Eve Foley

FADE IN

INT: MAY 1944 - CATTLE-CAR - FP POV - NIGHT

It's pitch black.

Train wheels are clacking rhythmically.

A distant steam-whistle BLOWS.

Nearby whispers, someone groaning. An infant starts crying.

Muffled wooden THUNKS, like a horse kicking its stall.

MAN (O.S.)
HELP! ... HEEELP!

WOMAN (O.S.)
WE'RE GOING TO DIE IN HERE!

WOMAN #2 (O.S.)
SHHHH!

Approaching bright lights peek through the cracks of the wooden cattle-car. Shadows turn into people, packed like sardines, swaying tightly with the moving car.

Many cover their mouths with an sleeve or handkerchief, to block the stench. A nearby woman heaves, vomits through her hands.

The freaked woman to my left is sobbing, hyperventilating. Her husband is rocking, oblivious, mumbling prayers non-stop. I gently touch her arm. She nods, thanks me with her eyes.

An old woman is slumped upright on the other side, pinned between the wall and others, eyes open, dead.

The car shifts, parting the crowd. A teenage girl, eyes lit by a slice of light, is staring at me. Her eyes widen, just as the curtain of bodies close.

The steam-whistle toots twice as we slowly clack ... clack ... clack ... clack to a stop.

Silence. Everyone hyper-alert.

Where are we?

Neighboring cattle-car doors clank open.

GERMAN SOLDIERS (DISTANT O.S.)
Out! Out! Schnell!

Our boxcar door clanks and SLIDES VIOLENTLY OPEN.

GERMAN SOLDIER
OUT! OUT! SCHNELL!

Everyone PUSHES to the door like a jammed stampede. I search at the opening, waiting my turn to escape from the car.

The simple station is flooded by spotlights, with tall barbed-wire fences running on both sides. About a thousand are exiting the other cattle-cars.

My father JOSEPH, a lean middle-aged man, drops down ahead of me. He spins and reaches out for me, one eye blue, the other brown. I jump into his arms.

I look back up at the opening to see ELENA, the teenage girl that was staring, as she leaps down from the train, but stumbles, spilling her suitcase. MARIA, her middle-aged mother, quickly stoops to help her repack.

German soldiers are separating the men and women into thick lines, kept tight by vicious guard dogs. Nazi Officers are ingstand in the shadows enjoying a smoke, laughing.

In the near distance are four tall smoke stacks, tops glowing, billowing white in the moonlight.

An SS OFFICER walks between the quickly forming lines, instructing repeatedly.

NAZI OFFICER
Achtung, achtung, leave your bags
in the center, they will be
returned after processing.

A couple dozen men in striped pajamas rush in. A handful jump into the cattle-cars, the rest start loading luggage onto carts.

A STRIPED PRISONER bends down in front of me to collect the bags of a troubled YOUNG MOTHER and her two young children, whispering carefully.

STRIPED PRISONER
It's better if your children are
processed with their grandmother.

The Young Mother searches back at the cattle-car door, still in shock.

YOUNG MOTHER
But ... she died, she's dead.

The Striped Prisoner searches those within earshot, locking eyes with the ELDER WOMAN to my right. She smiles crookedly.

ELDER WOMAN

I will take them.

BARK BARK BARK! An angry German Shepherd SNAPS at us, baring its TEETH. I almost peed!

Most of the men are anxiously searching our line. My father tries to appease me with his soft smile. Behind him is an ELDERLY MAN, an Orthodox Jew, smiling directly at me. He tips his hat, out of place in a sea of panicked faces.

I scan the front of my line, and behind me. Elena smiles at me, two women back.

A GERMAN SS OFFICER walks the women's line, surveying, and steps back.

GERMAN SS OFFICER

Achtung, achtung. All pregnant women step forward!

I look back at Elena, now focused on her mother.

GERMAN SS OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Pregnant women will receive double rations. Please step forward.

Elena encourages her mother with a gentle nudge, but Maria resists, grasping her daughter's hand as she anxiously scans the crowd, and mouths.

MARIA

No.

One by one, twenty women step reluctantly forward. The SS Officer collects them with a smile and ushers them to go. Some of the women look back at their family calmly, a few husbands encourages their wives to go, but most are upset with the being separated. The pregnant women reach the end of the train, turn and disappear.

The OLDER WOMAN in front of me reaches out and grabs the arm of a passing guard.

OLDER WOMAN

Please, we're not supposed to be here.

Startled initially, the GERMAN GUARD realizes she's a harmless and shifts into an arrogant smile.

GERMAN GUARD
What did you say?

OLDER WOMAN
There has been a mistake, we're not
supposed to be here.

GERMAN GUARD
No? Really?

The guard grins at her two daughters, daring them, and grabs the woman's arm and yanks, forcing her to stumble out of line. I reach out in defiance but Elena yanks me back.

ELENA
(whispers)
Don't, this is bad.

I look back at the woman just as she's SHOT in the head, and drops. Did that just happen? Everyone is shocked silent. Several terrified women and children start crying as we continue our slow shuffle.

Alert Maria searches ahead, leans in and whispers.

MARIA
If they ask, tell them your
seventeen.

HANNAH
But I'm fourteen.

Elena smiles at me.

ELENA
We're seventeen now.

My father nears the front of the men's line, about fifty feet away. A drunk GERMAN OFFICER is selecting, pointing with a finger; go to this group, go to that group. The officer examines my father, steps in for a better look at his face, grabbing his shoulders.

GERMAN OFFICER
Doctor?

A striking, impeccably dressed NAZI OFFICER strides up to take a closer look. He smiles and offers my father a clear path.

NAZI OFFICER
Come with me please.

The Nazi Officer leads Joseph to a third group, about a dozen, some look like twins.

The German SS Officer at the front of the women's line looks me over.

GERMAN SS OFFICER

Age?

HANNAH

... Seventeen.

He points to the women's group to the right and a guard SHOVS ME. I search back for my father. He turns mid-stride to the small group and shouts back at me.

JOSEPH

I'LL SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE!

INT. APRIL 1994 HOLOCAUST MUSEUM - WASHINGTON D.C.

HELEN WHITE is staring at an old B&W photo, surrounded by horrific Auschwitz images.

Photo: Hannah and Elena walking away hand-in-hand under bright lights, escorted by a german guard in low-lying fog, between a barrack and a fence that disappear into the darkness. Hannah is looking over her shoulder, profile, curling her hair behind her ear.

Museum visitors drift behind the slender 43-year-old woman, taking in the same display of photos.

An OLDER LADY notices Helen is frozen, trance-like, and touches her arm.

OLDER LADY

Are you OK honey?

Breaking Helen's trance.

HELEN

Sorry? Oh, yes.

Helen looks away, reeling from the horrific vision, and back at the photos. She curls her hair and stumbles to a bench to recover, eyes darting, wondering what just happened.

She continues the macabre tour; wandering slowly, experiencing a gamut of dark emotions.

An older woman sobs on a bench, her husband consoles.

A young couple huddles at the Dr. Joseph Mengele display.

Helen curls her hair behind her ear. A middle-aged man, fixated on the boxcar exhibit, stumbles back and plops onto a bench.

Helen continues the dim zigzag tour of hideous memories, overwhelmed, shocked by the horrors.

She crosses the glass bridge over the Hall of Witness, searching the names etched in the glass walls.

Exiting the exhibit, she discovers a research office.

RESEARCH SERVICES

An older woman is helping an elder jewish couple at a table filled with ledgers and papers, while a deflated YOUNG MAN consoles a Elder woman at his desk. Her search has come to an end.

YOUNG MAN

I'm sorry.

The elder woman exits, dabbing her tears. The young man sighs, turns to Helen.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

HELEN

I'm not sure.

YOUNG MAN

Are you searching for someone?

HELEN

A girl, in Auschwitz.

He offers a seat.

YOUNG MAN

Please.

He grabs a pad and pencil and sits.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Her name?

Helen hesitates.

HELEN

I don't know.

YOUNG MAN
You don't know?

HELEN
I'm not even sure how to explain.

YOUNG MAN
I'm sorry?

HELEN
What do you need from me, to find someone?

YOUNG MAN
Full name or identification number.

HELEN
What number?

He taps his forearm.

YOUNG MAN
The tattoo. Prisoner ID.

HELEN
I see ... Is there any other way?

The young man sits back, ponders the odd request.

YOUNG MAN
So your looking for a girl in
Auschwitz, but you don't know her
name or number?

Helen's turn to ponder, frustrated.

HELEN
Can I do my own research?

The young man leans forward.

YOUNG MAN
M'am, there are literally millions
of documents.

HALL OF REMEMBRANCE

Helen steps into the thunderously quiet hexagonal hall. The expansive skylight illuminates the open room, enhanced by shimmering candles highlighting the different camp walls. A handful of visitors respectfully roam, in slow motion.

Helen shuffles to the eternal flame, solemn, lost in a way.

Feeling drawn to the Birkenau wall, she wipes her tears and heads over to light a candle and observes a moment of silence. Emotionally exhausted, she stumbles to the side and sits on the step.

Grandmother NADI enters the hall with her DAUGHTER's family and heads to the Birkenau wall. DANIEL, the teenage grandson is curious.

DANIEL
Is this where you were Nadi?

NADI
(European accent)
Yes Daniel.

DANIEL
Birkenau.

NADI
Auschwitz.

DAUGHTER
Do you want to light a candle Mom?

DANIEL
Can I light it?

DAUGHTER
Nadi should light it.

Nadi looks at Daniel.

NADI
Will you remember?

Daniel looks back at the entrance.

DANIEL
I'll never forget.

GRANDMA
Good, you light it.

They watch Daniel light the candle and Nadi finally notices Helen, watching them. They observe silence for several moments before splitting up to look at the other walls. Nadi enters Helen's space gently.

NADI
Family?

Helen is still overwhelmed, whimpering. Nadi searches for her family, still reading the walls, and sits next to Helen.

NADI (CONT'D)
Are they still alive?

Helen shudders, eyes drop. Nadi looks at her grandson.

NADI (CONT'D)
My grandson is the one that wanted
to come here. I think he's starting
to understand ... I'm glad they
created this memory.

Helen wipes her tears, takes a breath.

HELEN
Your first time?

NADI
No, I was here last spring when it
opened.

Both reflect.

HELEN
What was it like?

NADI
The Holocaust?

Helen blinks yes. Nadi searches for her family, her daughter
smiles at her.

NADI (CONT'D)
No one can fully understand the
horror unless you lived it. Many
ugly, terrifying things happened!
This museum, this memory, honors
everyone that experienced the
Holocaust. We have to remember, so
it never happens again.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MAY 1994 HOSPITAL - DAY

Helen walks briskly down a sterile hospital hallway and
enters a patient's room. Her middle-aged brother JAKE is on
the bed surrounded in medical equipment, with his DOCTOR.

JAKE
(smiles)
Hey Sis.

Helen steps to his side and kisses him on the forehead.

HELEN
How are you feeling?

Jake's voice sounds rough.

JAKE
Better ...

He looks at the Doctor.

JAKE (CONT'D)
... at least I think.

Jake remains focused on Helen, sensing she's troubled.

DOCTOR
The results came back.

HELEN
And?

The doctor hates this part.

DOCTOR
It's spreading to the lymph glands
in his neck.

Helen quickly deflates.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I was just telling Jake about a new
treatment, a trial.

JAKE
(Smirking)
Once a lab rat, always a lab rat.

Helen searches the Doctor for answers, frustrated.

DOCTOR
We need to look at other options.

CUT TO: the hall, viewing the three through the window. The Doctor is explaining something. Helen is visibly agitated.

Back into the room.

JAKE
Doc, can you give us a couple?

The Doctor nods and leaves. Helen sits on his bed.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You look like shit!

Helen curls her hair behind her ear.

HELEN
I'm OK, couldn't sleep.

JAKE
Bullshit?

Helen fidgets.

HELEN
We need to focus on you.

JAKE
You always do that, change the
fuckin' subject. What's going on?

INT. 1994 TORONTO SUBWAY - DAY

Helen leaves the hospital upset, briskly walking the street to the subway and down.

She waits at the platform edge, deep in thought.

The next train arrives, but the doors don't open. Many in the full car panic, wanting to get off. They start pounding the doors, that finally open, and there's a mad rush to get off.

Helen slips in, finds an empty seat.

Wheels screech. Lights flicker. Scanning the blank faces of the half full car; Helen locks onto a seated ELDER MAN that looks exactly like the orthodox Jew in the men's Auschwitz line, smiling directly at her. He tips his hat. The train slows, passengers move to exit, blocking her view. She shifts, struggling to see him again, but he's gone.

A young TEENAGE GIRL rushes into the almost empty car with a fresh gash on her forehead, her jeans smeared in mud. She slips into the elder man's empty seat, cowering, searching the windows.

An angry-looking YOUNG MAN in mangy clothes races to the closing doors and squeezes through. He searches frantically for the girl, his knuckles bloody, and jumps into the seat next to the girl.

Helen scans the car to an alert teenage girl, fixated on the same disturbing scene. Her frightened eyes glance at Helen, connecting them for a moment.

Helen looks back at the girl, who's pleading for help with her eyes. He pulls her close, pinches her ear and whispers threateningly.

1944 FLASHBACK: A female German guard is pinching and pulling a woman prisoner's ear, forcing her to stand from a bunk.

END FLASHBACK

The man is glaring at Helen, reaches into his jacket, mouths.

YOUNG MAN

Fuck off!

Helen's stomach drops, looks away.

The train slows. The man grabs the girl's arm and jumps, demanding her to follow. He grins at Helen like a rabid dog, hand still in his jacket. The girl trips and falls. He grabs her jacket and yanks her to her feet.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Move!

And forces her out through the doors into the unknown.

INT. BOOK AGENT OFFICE - DAY

Helen strides into a large executive suite. On the wall are framed posters, including Helen White's new book "*The Other Side*". The receptionist and Helen acknowledge each other with a nod as she continues into the main office.

ABBY, an african-american in her 50's is scanning a book with her reading glasses. She leaps from her desk to greet her.

ABBY

Helen! ... What's wrong?

HELEN

It's been a shitty day.

ABBY

Here, sit down.

HELEN

I'll be OK, give me a sec.

Helen drops her bag on the chair, shakes her arms, takes a couple big breaths.

ABBY

OK?

Helen nods, forcing a smile.

ABBY (CONT'D)
How's Jake?

Helen grimaces.

HELEN
Not good Abby, I'm really hoping we
can reschedule?

Abby looks over her glasses.

ABBY
We've already rescheduled, and a
lot of changes had to be made. I
know he's all you've got ...

Abby shows three fingers.

ABBY (CONT'D)
... Three nights, short flight.

Helen moves to the window and looks out, feeling trapped by her obligations. Abby empathizes before offering a manila envelope. Helen hesitates before accepting.

ABBY (CONT'D)
It's all in there, including info
on the award. Zoe will pick you up
from the airport, and the bookstore
is expecting a ton of people.

INT. MONTREAL AIRPORT - OVERCAST DAY

Helen disembarks the plane, makes her way through a stream of travelers, collects her luggage, and heads to the exit.

EXT. AIRPORT EXIT - RAINING

A handsome 45-year-old man swings through the revolving doors with a large backpack and suitcase. A black crest tops his tall athletic build.

ERIC STONE looks up at the large glass awning being pounded by heavy rain, and around to get his bearings.

An elderly woman unknowingly drops her passport and he rushes over to return it.

Helen exits the same revolving doors just behind him and looks up at the same torrent. We hear ZOE nearby.

ZOE (O.S.)

HELEN!

Helen levels her sight and smiles, curls her hair. Zoe, a young fit woman, grabs her suitcase and offers the limousine.

HELEN

Wow, it's really coming down.

ZOE

Just started.

A loud CRACK of thunder. They get in.

Eric turns to see the limo leave, and heads to the taxi line.

Montage: Montreal cityscapes, sunset, night.

INT. INSIDE LIMOUSINE - SUNNY MORNING

The limo driver is negotiating Montreal traffic. Zoe and Helen are seated in the back.

ZOE

There will be a half hour meet and greet, then you'll be introduced and given the award, then lunch.

Helen nods, staring out the window, somewhere else.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Is everything OK Helen?

Helen doesn't respond.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Helen?

HELEN

Sorry, I'm OK, and nothing is scheduled tonight?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Eric strides down the wide corridor of the conference center to a pair of open doors. A large poster greets the entrance, "*Connecting to the Other Side with Dr. Izabella Stein - May 10, 1994*".

Eric enters the large hall, plenty of open seats but opts for the back. A WOMAN gets on stage just as he settles.

WOMAN

Thank you everyone for coming today. I'd like to introduce a woman that has changed my world ...

INT. HELEN AT AWARDS - DAY

Helen is seated at one of several full dining tables, at the front. TREVOR, the award facilitator, is introducing her, holding the prestigious plaque.

TREVOR

... Her style as a true story teller has sent me on many a journey. Ladies and gentleman, Helen White.

Everyone claps as Helen approaches the podium. Trevor presents her with the plaque.

HELEN

Thank you.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Eric is fascinated by the presentation.

Dr. IZA STEIN (PhD), a plump greying woman in her fifties, is speaking with a microphone on stage.

IZA

Looking back in ancient history, it was the Mystics, the Sages, the Medicine Man, or woman, (crowd chuckles), that we honored, that we trusted to help us heal, or maybe even do the healing. Unlike today's medical community, they approached healing from spirit, not science.

The audience concurs with nods.

IZA (CONT'D)

Not only are we returning to those roots, we are experiencing our own personal growth more intimately. New discoveries, even rediscoveries, are opening us up to a spiritual option of healing.

MONTAGE: Iza speaking. Audience listening. Close up of Eric.

IZA (CONT'D)

What I discovered is that by reviewing traumatic past life experiences, we can directly correlate what's happening in our current incarnation, phobias in some cases. And yet, there are deeper experiences that can affect us through many lives, and we carry these until resolved. So, by acknowledging these past life experiences, we can heal them simply by remembering, accepting them for what they are ... as soul experiences, by forgiving ourselves and releasing them.

INT. HELEN AT AWARDS - DAY

Guests are praising Helen, while others socialize as they return to their seats.

Helen shakes a lady's hand, the last to congratulate her.

HELEN (SMILES)

Thank you!

Helen returns to her seat. The wait-staff are already serving soup. Helen's table guests are chatting.

LADY AT HELEN'S TABLE

Did anyone see the other event downstairs?

#2 LADY AT HELENS TABLE

I went there first, thinking it was this one.

HELEN

What event?

#3 LADY AT HELENS TABLE

Connecting to the other side.

LADY AT HELEN'S TABLE

It's one of those new age things.

HELEN

New age?

LADY AT HELEN'S TABLE

Psychics, UFO's, that kind of stuff.

TREVOR
Bunch of crap if you ask me.

Some chuckle.

#3 LADY AT HELENS TABLE
The brochure says they hypnotize
people.

#2 LADY AT HELENS TABLE
Isn't that dangerous?

#4 LADY AT THE TABLE
I think it's interesting.

Everyone looks at the #4 Lady like she's nuts. Helen stays
uninvolved.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LIGHTS DIMMED

The room is quiet, everyone is meditating.

Eric is in some kind of trance, alarming those near him.

Iza comes off stage to check on Eric.

IZA
(gently)
What are you experiencing?

Eric replies, eyes still closed.

ERIC
There are all these people, waiting
... we're in a building. It's dark.

IZA
What else do you see?

ERIC
Everyone is wearing ... some kind
of uniform.

Eric pops out of the trance and takes a couple short stressed
breaths. Iza assures with a gentle touch on his shoulder.

IZA
You're safe!

The audience settles, a few continue to whisper.

IZA (CONT'D)
Are you OK?

Eric nods, confused, now embarrassed. Iza leaves Eric and walks back up to the stage.

IZA (CONT'D)
Anyone else have an experience?

A couple hands go up.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL & LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Helen, Zoe, and Trevor exit the elevator on the main floor and stroll through the lobby.

Helen steps over to the event poster "*Connecting to the Other Side with Dr. Izabella Stein*", acknowledging with a smile.

Quiet goes to a flurry as a stream of participants exit the main conference room down the hall, making their way noisily towards Helen and her entourage.

Iza threads the crowd from behind to stop Eric, just before he bumps into Helen.

IZA
Excuse me, I just wanted to make
sure your OK?

Helen and her troupe exit through the main doors.

ERIC
Yes, I'm fine, thank you.

IZA
Do you live here?

ERIC
Toronto.

IZA (SMILES)
Ah, me too!

Iza offers her business card.

IZA (CONT'D)
If you want to explore?

INT. HELEN'S HOTEL

Helen enters the hotel lobby, takes the elevator, and quickly paces down the hall to unlock her room.

HOTEL ROOM

Helen places her award on the desk, sits on the bed, picks up the phone, dials and waits.

HELEN
Extension fourteen-eleven please.

INT. JAKE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The phone rings. Jake's NURSE answers.

NURSE
(quietly)
Hello.

She looks at Jake.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Who's calling?

The Nurse listens. Jake labors to breath.

NURSE (CONT'D)
He's sleeping.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Helen rises to the window to look out, concerned.

HELEN
How is he?

Helen listens. (Inaudible voice)

HELEN (CONT'D)
Of course, I understand. I'll ask
his doctor tomorrow.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Eric exits the elevator into the bright lobby. The CONCIERGE is returning to her desk.

ERIC
Excuse me, could you tell me where
Old Montreal is?

CONCIERGE
Of course.

The concierge reaches for a city map, unfolds it, points and circles with her finger.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
 We are here, and this is Old
 Montreal, about a half hour walk.

The concierge points to the front doors.

CONCIERGE (CONT'D)
 To your left.

EXT. HOTEL FRONT - DAY

Eric steps out onto the sidewalk, lit by the warm morning sun. Taxis are lined up, waiting. Eric turns left, past Zoe and the waiting limousine. Helen exits the same doors behind him and greets Zoe.

MONTAGE: Eric explores Old Montreal, taking lots of photos. He reviews the map a few times. A "Route 11" bus passes with an advertisement for Helen's book "*the Other Side*".

INT. BOOKSTORE OLD MONTREAL - DAY

Helen is seated at a table autographing her book. The bookstore is flooded with activity, spilling out onto the sidewalk. The line for Helen's autograph snakes the aisles.

EXT. BOOKSTORE FRONT

Eric enters the street and notices a commotion in a store.

He strides up to the bookstore window, slathered with posters for Helen's book signing (dated: May 11, 1994), and snickers at "*the Other Side*" title.

He heads inside to investigate, stretching to get a glimpse of Helen, hidden by the dense crowd. He grabs one of her books, leafs through to a page and reads. He looks up, like he's remembering something, scrunches his brow, and rereads.

Eric threads his way to the cashier with the book, straining to see the famous author.

BOOKSTORE AUTOGRAPH TABLE

Zoe is standing behind Helen. PIERRE, an effeminate 65-year-old steps up.

PIERRE (FRENCH CANADIAN ACCENT)
 I'm so honored to finally meet you
 Ms. White! I really enjoy your
 story's.

Pierre offers *the Other Side* book. Helen accepts, pen in hand.

HELEN

Thank you! To whom should I make it out to?

Pierre blushes.

PIERRE

If you don't mind, "Café Onze, my favorite restaurant!"

Helen looks confused.

PIERRE (BLUSHES) (CONT'D)

I know you've never been, and I would have remembered if you had. So if you're not busy tonight, I'd be honored to have you as my guest, to taste our wonderful cuisine ... My treat of course. I'd be honored.

Pierre pulls back insecurely, wondering if he's being too forward. Helen smiles.

HELEN

Where is it?

PIERRE

A couple blocks from here.

Helen finishes signing and hands the book back.

HELEN (SMILES)

I too would be honored.

Pierre looks at what she wrote and smiles.

PIERRE

Yes? Yes! Fantastique!

Pierre hands her a two-fold menu and points at the address. He leaves the table excited. Helen checks back with Zoe.

ZOE

I'll cancel your reservation.

HELEN (SMILES)

Thanks Zoe. Take the limo. I'll grab a cab.

ZOE

You sure?

HELEN
I'll be fine.

Helen curls her hair, scans the room as the next fan steps up. The crowd thins, she spots Eric in the back staring at her.

1944 FLASHBACK - CATTLE-CAR: The teenage girl's eyes, lit by a slice of light, are looking directly at her.

OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)
Elena.

The train crowd snaps closed.

END FLASHBACK

Helen recoils, scans the closing crowd, and looks up at the next fan.

HELEN
I'm sorry?

The older woman clarifies.

OLDER WOMAN
Elena, can you please make it out to Elena?

CASHIER

Someone bumps into Eric as he makes his purchase. The CASHIER slips the book into a small bag and hands it to him.

CASHIER
Merci.

Eric smiles just as another person bumps him.

ERIC
Thank you.

The cashier points to the end of the autograph line.

CASHIER
The line starts there.

One last BUMP, hard this time. Agitated, Eric escapes to the front door, swinging it open just as a fire truck roars by, sirens WAILING.

Startled, Helen looks for the source of the loud noise and catches a glimpse of Eric as he makes his escape. A fan blocks her view, she shifts;

his anxious face now looking through the window. She curls her hair while her eyes follow him until he's gone.

EXT. BOOKSTORE FRONT

Eric takes a big breath on the sidewalk, puts the book into his bag and pulls out the map. He glances back at the bookstore and resumes his old town tour.

MONTAGE: Eric taking photos. Kneeling, shooting close-ups of flowers at the front of the CAFE ONZE restaurant patio. Architecture, street vendors, cityscapes.

INT. MONTREAL TAXI - LATE AFTERNOON

Eric jumps into the cab and settles back.

ERIC
Hotel Montréal.

DRIVER
Oui Monsieur.

They drive a couple blocks.

ERIC
Do you know of a nice restaurant?

DRIVER
Oui, Café Onze.

ERIC
OK, take me there ... wait, nice patio, beautiful garden?

DRIVER
Oui Monsieur, very nice.

EXT. CAFÉ ONZE - 5PM

Eric exits the cab in front of Café Onze. The address is 1111. Eric looks at the flowers he shot earlier and chuckles.

Pierre greets him with a smile inside.

PIERRE
Bonjour.

ERIC
Bonjour, just me.

Pierre grabs a menu and leads Eric to a table for two in the almost empty patio. Eric sits, reaches into his pack and pulls out the *The Other Side* book. He looks at the back, sees a portrait of Helen, raises an eyebrow. The waiter arrives.

WAITER

Bonjour, Puis-je vous amener
quelque chose à boire?

Eric looks confused, the waiter smiles.

WAITER (CONT'D)

May I get you something to drink?

Eric selects from the wine menu, the waiter nods and leaves. He resumes his book inspection.

Helen enters the patio with Pierre, chatting non-stop as he leads her to a table. Helen notices a seated ELDERLY MAN smiling at her, and tips his non-existent hat. Again? She stares at him as they pass.

Pierre pulls her seat, she settles, offers a menu, coos her, and CLAPS in delight.

Eric looks up and scans for the sharp CLAP, landing on Helen, seeing her clearly for the first time.

Pierre leaves.

Eric looks down at the book portrait to confirm the likeness. It's her! He studies Helen for a couple more moments while she reads the menu, getting the nerve.

Book in hand, he strides over and respectfully enters her space from the side.

ERIC

Excuse me, I couldn't help but
notice.

Eric holds up Helen's book, but fumbles, dropping it. Eric squats to pick it up. Helen curls her hair, thinking he wants an autograph.

He restarts his presentation. Helen has pulled a pen.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wait ... no, I just wanted to meet
you. I saw your book for the first
time today, at the bookstore. I
read a line and what you wrote ...
intrigued me.

Helen reviews quickly, remembers.

HELEN

Oh, I saw you, when you were leaving.

ERIC

(embarrassed)

Yea well, I'm not good with crowds.

Helen smiles reassuringly.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I was taking photos and saw the busy bookstore. Then I saw your poster. Your book title matches a conference I went to yesterday and I thought ...

Helen eyes light up.

HELEN

Connecting to the other side, at the Montreal conference center?

Surprising Eric.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I was upstairs!

Pierre approaches. Eric looks at him, back at Helen.

ERIC

I'm sorry, are you waiting for someone?

HELEN

Oh no ... no, Pierre invited me to try his wonderful cuisine.

Pierre smiles. Eric points the book at the empty seat.

ERIC

May I join you? Or am I imposing?

Eric looks at Pierre, and back at Helen. She smiles, offers the seat.

HELEN

Please.

Pierre pulls the other chair out. Eric offers his hand.

ERIC
Eric Stone.

HELEN
Helen White.

ERIC
I know.

Helen blushes, they shake. Eric starts to sit but jumps up.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Oops, hang on.

Eric jogs back to his table. Pierre checks in with Helen, her eyes still locked on Eric, curls her hair. Another patron is trying to get Pierre's attention.

PIERRE
Excusez-moi.

Pierre leaves. Eric returns with his backpack just as the waiter arrives with his wine order, behind Helen.

ERIC
Do you like red wine?

The waiter presents the bottle, impressing Helen.

HELEN
Yes please.

ERIC
We'll need another glass.

The waiter leaves. Eric finally sits.

HELEN
So, Eric, you're a photographer?

ERIC
Yes, actually I came for
yesterday's conference, but I'm
always shooting something.

HELEN
And you were taking photos, near
the bookstore?

The waiter returns with a second glass.

ERIC
Yes.

Eric samples and nods approval. The waiter fills while Eric grabs the map from his backpack. He unfolds it to show Helen, and points.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Old town, this is the bookstore,
and ...

He sees the *Café Onze* ad on the map and points at it.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Well ain't that ... that's here!

Eric looks around, scratches his head.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I've been looking at this map all
day, and I was here earlier too,
shooting those flowers.

HELEN
Coincidence?

Eric reflects, sits back.

ERIC
Serendipity.

There's a lovely pause. Pierre returns.

PIERRE
May I be so bold as to offer some
suggestions?

Helen looks inquisitively at Eric.

ERIC
I'm open, hungry.

HELEN
Good, you decide for us Pierre.

Pierre smiles, takes some of the tableware and leaves.

HELEN (CONT'D)
So which part, what page?

ERIC
Sorry? ... Oh, I don't know which
page ... it was more like, *déjà vu*.

MONTAGE: Eric and Helen are enjoying themselves. They lean in, relax, laugh. Sunset turns into night.

Patrons and wait staff blur around them like a time-lapse while they engage at regular speed.

HELEN'S TABLE

Eric is leaning in, focused on Helen.

ERIC
Maybe it was a past life?

She sits back, looking cynical.

HELEN
What, like reincarnation?

ERIC
It explains a lot of what your
experiencing.

Helen pulls back even further, the idea scares her.

HELEN
I'm not sure I believe in ...

Pierre interrupts; he shows his watch, shrugs.

PIERRE
I'm sorry.

Eric and Helen scan the empty patio. Helen looks at her watch.

HELEN
Shit, no we're sorry Pierre.

And starts gathering her things.

EXT. CAFÉ ONZE FRONT - NIGHT

Helen and Eric exit Café Onze to the waiting taxi, tension is thick, a space between them. Helen's mind is racing, eyes processing, frightened by the idea of past lives.

The taxi pulls up. Eric bends down to the open passenger window, ready to give the driver directions. He looks up at Helen, raising his eyebrows.

HELEN
Hotel Montreal.

Eric drops his head, snickers.

HELEN (CONT'D)
What?

ERIC
Me too! ...

And opens the door.

ERIC (CONT'D)
My treat.

Helen hesitates, on the edge of flight, but gets in.

EXT. HOTEL MONTREAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

They exit the taxi into the cool summer air.

ERIC
So how long are you in town?

Helen is unsure how to finish the impromptu date.

HELEN
I leave first thing. My brother is
very sick.

Eric frowns, he wants to continue.

ERIC
Oh.

HELEN
Good night.

Helen retires quickly into the hotel, before Eric can say
another word.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JUNE 1994 FLOAT TANK - TORONTO

Someone is breathing softly in complete darkness. We can hear
a calm "thump, thump" heartbeat. Water quietly laps the sides
of the small space.

GASP!

The breathing stops, the HEARTBEAT accelerates. Splash! Then
a bigger SPLASH!

ERIC (O.S.)
Shit!

Eric chuckles nervously, blows a couple stressed breaths, whistling softly as he exhales.

Cut to the exterior of the float tank, the room lit by dim blue light. The door opens, Eric crawls out naked and wet.

INT. ERIC'S LOFT - TORONTO - DAY

Eric enters his loft, drops his bag and heads to the open kitchen and starts coffee.

The two story open concept is framed by old brick walls and thick wood beams, with a bank of tall windows running the full length.

He strides to his desk to search for something, rediscovering Helen's book and reminisces for a moment. He restarts and shuffles through the papers and finds the business card, grabs the cordless and returns to the kitchen.

INT. JAKES HOME - TORONTO - DAY

Helen is packing Jake's belongings in a relatively bare apartment. Rain spatters the windows. She retrieves an empty box from a back room and drops it next to the desk.

She looks at the wall of family photos and starts taking them down: Helen and Jake at various ages, family portraits with their parents.

She looks down at the pile on the desk and is surprised to see Dr. Iza Stein's book sitting next to her book. Curious, she picks it up and discovers several handwritten notes inside.

DREAM #1 (JAKE V.O.)

Sis and I are separated by a big fence. Something is wrong with my neck. I try to call out to her, but I can't speak.

Fear. Love. We challenge ourselves.

DREAM #2 (JAKE V.O.)

I'm sitting on a stool in a room. A nurse is placing a tray of syringes on a table. A doctor enters, he looks like the devil and scares me. He picks up a syringe and walks over to give me a shot.

Once a lab rat, always a lab rat.

She places the notes carefully into a manila envelope marked "Jake", and starts reading Iza's book, a paragraph.

Intrigued, she curls her hair and moves to the couch to read some more. She turns the page, a business card falls out.

She picks it up.

INT. ERIC'S LOFT - TORONTO - DAY - RAIN

Eric is at the window with a coffee on the cordless. It's raining.

ERIC

I don't know if you remember me?
I'm the guy in Montreal that had
that vision at the conference a
couple of weeks ago?

Eric listens.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Yes. So, I had another experience.

Eric listens, takes a sip of his coffee.

ERIC (CONT'D)

OK ... yes please?

Eric jogs to his desk to look at his calendar, June 03.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Thursday works.

INT. FRONT RECEPTION - IZA'S OFFICE

Helen skips up the stone stairs into the old townhouse.

The grand staircase winds to the right, with a long wide hallway leading to the back. On the left is the sitting room, with LISA the receptionist at her desk.

LISA

Helen?

HELEN

Yes.

LISA

Have a seat, Dr. Stein will be with you shortly.

Helen nods, looks at the digital clock, it flips to 11:00. She checks her watch and settles into a chair near the hall.

Eric leaves the session room at the back, down the wide hall to the sitting room.

They see each other. Helen cocks her head in disbelief.

ERIC

Helen?

Helen rises, curls her hair. They approach magnetically.

ERIC (CONT'D)

How are you?

HELEN

OK, good.

ERIC

What are you doing here? Sorry,
It's just ... I'm surprised to see
you.

Iza exits from the back and walks up to them, looking at Eric, then Helen, meeting her for the first time.

IZA

Helen?

HELEN

Yes, Dr. Stein?

Iza reaches out to shake her hand. Eric can't take his eyes off Helen.

IZA

Everyone calls me Iza. You two know
each other?

ERIC

We met in Montreal.

IZA

Oh, at the conference?

HELEN

No, later, coincidentally.

Iza raises a brow.

ERIC

And, coincidentally, you both have
the same book titles.

IZA

Really?

Iza checks her watch, preoccupied.

HELEN

Its nothing like yours, its a romance novel.

IZA

I'd love to hear more but unfortunately I'm booked today. We should get started.

Iza ushers Helen gently, cupping her arm, turns to Eric.

IZA (CONT'D)

I'll see you next week. Lisa will set you up.

ERIC

Wait!

Eric pulls a business card, but fumbles it. Helen curls her hair while he picks it up. He offers it to Helen.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'd like to see you again, when you have time.

Helen takes the card and nods yes, and turns to follow Iza down the hall. Eric continues watching her. Helen glances back, and smiles.

MEDIUM ROOM

Iza invites Helen into a large living room; with bright windows, a fireplace, and a forest of house plants. She offers the couch in the center and settles into the recliner, facing each other.

IZA

So how did you find out about me?

HELEN

I found your book at my brother's home. He passed recently.

IZA

I'm sorry.

HELEN

Thank you.

IZA

And you'd like to connect with your brother?

HELEN

Yes, I hope. I'm not sure how this works?

IZA

I'm not in control of who shows up, but we can certainly try. Now, I'm going to start with a prayer and see where spirit takes us. Comfortable?

Helen nods.

IZA (CONT'D)

Let's begin.

Iza reaches for the cassette player and presses record. She closes her eyes and mumbles a quick prayer.

IZA (CONT'D)

Ok. Today is June seventh, nineteen-ninety-four, and we're doing a reading for Helen White.

Helen is curious, alert. Iza closes her eyes again, sits back and settles into her trance.

IZA (CONT'D)

I sense a father figure coming through. Could be your father, or a grandfather?

HELEN

Both have passed.

IZA

He says, I don't know what this means, but he's saying ... I'll see you on the other side.

HELEN

Jake?

IZA

I'm helping you.

HELEN

I don't understand?

Iza pauses, listening to spirit.

IZA

The signs are there ... It's your
job to pay attention.

Helen looks confused.

MONTAGE: Hallway towards the back. Lisa at her desk on the
phone. The digital clock says 11:55.

Iza is excited, leaning forward, turns her head.

IZA (CONT'D)

He's also showing me the number
eleven, actually, he's holding up a
SIGN with the number eleven on it!

Helen shakes her head, no idea. Iza looks up to her right,
like she's listening to someone.

IZA (CONT'D)

Yes, OK, OK, thank you ...

To Helen.

IZA (CONT'D)

Eleven is really important, pay
attention to eleven.

Helen looks confused.

IZA (CONT'D)

It could mean many things, a tool
to guide you, give you direction, a
wake up call from spirit.

HELEN

Eleven?

IZA

So when you see an eleven, stay in
the flow with what's going on,
don't question it, follow it.

Helen nods, still confused. Iza's stares at a bare wall.

IZA (CONT'D)

Did Jake have different colored
eyes?

Helen shakes her head.

HELEN

Brown.

Iza glazes again, and refocuses on Helen.

IZA
He's in your dreams.

Helen eyes widen.

EXT: 1944 - NORTHEAST HUNGARY - FP POV - DAY

Joseph is crouched, facing me ready to leap, with frightened blue and brown eyes. We're at the edge of a farm field in dense brush, shaded by a big old oak tree.

JOSEPH
Now!

Joseph starts. I reach out to grab his arm.

HANNAH
Wait.

A dozen german soldiers are just coming into view to our left, about a hundred yards, marching the road at the end of the field.

JOSEPH
We have to go, now.

HANNAH
Wait!

JOSEPH
Stay low.

He slips into the field. I catch up, crouched, staying below the waist high grass.

I trip and fall. Joseph rushes back on all fours to help me.

We're almost there.

GERMAN SOLDIER (O.S. DISTANT)
HALT!

We're in the woods. Joseph yanks me down, scans.

JOSEPH
This way.

Running again, through the dense trees and brush.

GERMAN SOLDIER (O.S. - GETTING CLOSER)
HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

People are crashing through the woods behind us.

GERMAN SOLDIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 HALT!

JOSEPH
 (whispers loudly)
 Hurry.

They're getting close. Now we're in the next field, in a full run along the trees.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
 Hurry!

A man leaps out in front of us with a small suitcase, maybe 30 feet away. We gage quickly. Friend or foe?

GERMAN SOLDIER (O.S. - VERY CLOSE)
 HALT!

The man takes off running for his life.

Two German soldiers BURST from the woods. One soldier sees us, points his rifle. The other aims at the running man.

GERMAN SOLDIER (CONT'D)
 HALT OR I'LL SHOOT!

I turn to my frightened father.

FADE TO BLACK.

BANG!

INT: 1994 TORONTO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Helen gasps, jolts up in her bed.

HELEN
 FUCK!

She takes several stress-releasing breaths, eyes searching.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 It's OK. You're OK. Fuck!

She swings out, turns the side lamp on and reaches for her notepad and pencil. She quickly scribes, reads back, adds more.

She shuffles to the bathroom and turns on the light. Curls her hair behind her ear, grips the sides of the sink, stares into the mirror for a beat. She drops her head.

HELEN (CONT'D)

FUCK!

INT. 1994 COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Cafe exterior, pedestrians walk by.

Helen is sitting at a small table inside, alone. She finished her coffee fifteen minutes ago. She looks at her watch and around. Where is he?

A FRENCH-CANADIAN WOMAN and her friend are at the next table, chatting excitedly.

Helen looks at her watch again and searches the windows. Did he forget? Disappointed, she gets up and grabs her things.

FRENCH-CANADIAN WOMAN (O.S.)

I couldn't believe it, four or five
would have been OK, but ELEVEN!

Helen stops. Her eyes fall on the cafe chalkboard; June 11, Daily Special = \$11. She returns to her seat, and just like that; Eric appears, out of breath.

ERIC

I'm so sorry! Traffic was jammed.

Helen smiles and nods, accepting his apology. Eric notices her empty mug.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Would you like another?

HELEN (SMILES)

Yes please.

ERIC

Two creams?

Helens' face brightens.

HELEN

Please.

Exterior looking in: Eric returns with two coffees. They catch up like two old friends reconnecting.

CAFÉ TABLE

Helen is uncomfortable, cradling her cup.

ERIC
So when did this happen?

HELEN
April.

ERIC
At the Holocaust Museum?

She nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I went in April ...

He recalls.

ERIC (CONT'D)
... the twentieth I think.

She calculates, eyes widen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
No shit?

Helen sits back, guarded.

HELEN
Can we talk about something else?

ERIC
Why? I think its cool.

Her eyes dart, feeling trapped.

HELEN
You won't believe me.

ERIC
Why wouldn't I believe you?

HELEN
Because you'll think I'M CRAZY!

Eric places his hand on her arm.

ERIC
What happened?

(Beat)

HELEN

It was like I was there OK. And the people, I knew the people!

ERIC

What people?

Helen snaps back.

HELEN

IN THE PHOTO! THEY'RE IN MY FUCKING NIGHTMARES!

ERIC

Nightmares?

Helen stares at Eric's confused face.

HELEN

I'M DONE!

She leaps, gathers her things.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I CAN'T DO THIS!

Eric raises his hands to diffuse.

ERIC

Wait, slow down.

HELEN

I KNEW THIS WAS A BAD IDEA!

Helen escapes, almost bursting into tears.

ERIC

Helen, WAIT!

She races to the door, not looking back.

ERIC (CONT'D)

YOU CAN'T RUN FROM THIS!

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - DAY

Helen bursts into the street and releases the tears. Why is this fucking happening to me? She scurries, trips for a step. She looks back for Eric, to see if he's following, nothing.

Helen slows at a line of homeless people waiting to enter the soup kitchen.

A disheveled woman with a missing a tooth waits with a metal bowl in her hands, and stares at her as she walks by.

1944 FLASHBACK: Food line in Auschwitz. An emaciated woman with a metal bowl stares at her as she walks by.

END FLASHBACK

Helen retracts. What the hell? And starts running again.

Pedestrians stare at her awkwardly, making her feel paranoid.

She whisks past an ELDER MAN smiling at her. He tips his hat. She scrambles sideways and stumbles. She looks back, and quickly scans the street. What the fuck, where'd he go? And jumps back into her almost marathon pace.

Helen exits the busy street into an alley, and drops at a backdoor step, sobbing uncontrollably.

A WOMAN is passed-out at the end of the alley, back against the other wall, framed by skull & cross-bones graffiti.

1944 FLASHBACK: A woman is sprawled at the end of the far barrack wall, legs spread flat, head dropped, dead. The back fence has warning signs, stenciled skull and cross-bones. A tall German SS Officer steps out from behind the barrack, glances down at the corpse, and lights a cigarette.

END FLASHBACK

Helen's eyes dart like a trapped cat, and back to the woman.

An ASIAN COOK in whites takes a long drag off his smoke, looks down at the passed-out woman, and up at Helen.

Helen jumps and races quickly back to the street and crashes into a grungy HOMELESS MAN's shopping cart, spilling the contents onto the sidewalk with her.

1944 FLASHBACK: A hand reaches out, sheathed in a German Officers sleeve, grabbing her wrist to help her up.

END FLASHBACK

The homeless man steadies her, smiles with a missing tooth.

HOMELESS MAN

You OK lady?

Helen stammers back. Fuck, another one? And that's when she sees the bookstore, with both book posters of "*The Other Side*" taped to the window.

Helen steps up, wipes her eyes, stares at Iza's poster.

INT. 1994 ABBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Abby is leaning back in her office chair, aggravated. Stacked books form a ragged wall on the desk, blocking Helen in.

ABBY
Jesus Christ, FUCK!

HELEN
I know, it's been ...

ABBY
And you haven't even fuckin' started?

Helen cowers.

ABBY (CONT'D)
What the fuck Helen? I gave you some room, because of Jake, but ...

HELEN
I know, I know.

Abby glares.

ABBY
KNOWING IT AND DOING IT ARE TWO TOTALLY FUCKIN' DIFFERENT THINGS!

HELEN
OK, I GET IT! I FUCKING GET IT! I FUCKED UP!

Abby raises her hand, gently dropping the energy.

ABBY
I'm sorry ... I'm sorry ... It's just, we've never missed a deadline.

Helen sighs, releases.

HELEN
It's my fault.

She touches Abby's hand.

HELEN (CONT'D)
And I'm sorry.

ABBY

I'll call the publisher and ask for
another, what, three months?

Helen calculates, relieved she still has time, nods.

HELEN

Three months.

INT. IZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Iza's townhouse front door swings WIDE OPEN. Its POURING.
Helen shakes her umbrella and quickly steps in.

Lisa looks up, smiles.

LISA

Coming down huh? Have a seat,
she'll be right with you.

Helen glances at the closed door at the end of the hall. She
takes a seat, peeks down the hall and fixates on the door for
a beat ... frowns.

She looks back at Lisa who's wondering what she's doing.

Helen sheepishly smirks back and escapes by redirecting her
gaze to a painting on the wall.

The door opens, her heart jumps. It's not him.

Helen rises to greet Iza and they stroll to the back office.

EXT. TORONTO STREET - DAY

Eric is racing through a crowded umbrella sidewalk in the
pouring rain. He jaywalks and almost gets hit by a car,
sliding over the hood.

INT. IZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Iza and Helen leave the back office and head to the front.

HELEN

Thanks for taking me on such short
notice.

IZA

We'll figure this out.

Helen stops, still unsure.

IZA (CONT'D)
I have a lot of experience with
this.

Helen relaxes. They enter the front room, Lisa at her desk.

IZA (CONT'D)
Lisa can you book Helen for a
regression please?

LISA
Of course.

Iza turns to Helen.

IZA
I have to get ready for my next
client.

HELEN
Thank you again.

Iza nods and walks back down the hall.

Helen approaches Lisa, checking her calendar.

LISA
How about noon Thursday?

Helen hesitates.

LISA (CONT'D)
Or, next Friday at two?

Helen takes the leap.

HELEN
Thursday.

Eric BURSTS through the front door, like a soaked cat.

They see each other. Helen's heart skips a beat. Eric wasn't
expecting to see her.

ERIC
Are you OK?

HELEN
I'm so sorry.

Eric steps in, dripping on the carpet.

ERIC
But you're OK?

Helen sighs, feeling relieved, nods.

Eric realizes he's making the carpet wet.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Shit!

And goes back to the hall.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Can we catch up later? I'm really late?

Helen curls her hair.

HELEN

I'd like that.

INT. REGRESSION ROOM - IZA'S OFFICE

A dim enclosed room, the window draped by a heavy curtain.

Helen is reclined under a blanket. Iza adjusts the video camera, looks through the viewfinder, and up at Helen.

IZA

Where going to start with this life first, working backwards through your childhood.

HELEN

OK.

IZA

And if your comfortable, we'll go into your past life.

HELEN

OK.

IZA

Let's begin ... Close your eyes. You're going to be awake and aware. Hypnosis is a shift, from thinking mind to feeling mind, moving from your head to your heart. Your ego is going to be there in the background, but we're going to open up this window to observe you, like watching a movie.

FADE TO BLACK

The volume of Iza's voice fades to silence as the induction continues in darkness.

IZA (V.O.)

Relax the top of your head, relax,
down through your face. Relax,
breathe in, and breathe out. Let
this relaxation flow through your
body. Breathe in, breathe out, down
through your body ...

INT. 1994 HOSPITAL - JAKES LAST BREATHS - DAY

Jake is ashen, hooked up to all kinds of tubes and wires, laboring to breathe. Helen is sobbing at his side.

HELEN

I'm scared Jakey.

Jake chooses carefully, barely a whisper.

JAKE

It's OK Sis. It's my time and we
are saying our goodbyes.

Helen shudders.

HELEN

What am I going to do without you?

JAKE

Shhh, your next chapter is just
starting.

HELEN

But why?

JAKE

This is how it works ... I'll see
you on the other side.

Jake dies.

INT. 1982 SMALL OFFICE - DAY

Woman's legs racing down the hall of an old office building.

A younger Helen bursts into the office. It's small, lit by a single window. A younger Abby is sitting at her desk, surrounded by walls of books.

HELEN
So, what did they say?

Abby teases matterfactly, starts making room on her desk.

ABBY
They like your style.

Pulls out a short stack of official looking paperwork.

HELEN
BUT ... they're not going to
publish it?

Abby puts her reading glasses on.

ABBY
They asked if you have anything
else.

HELEN
Well ya, but, it's not ready.

Abby layers the paperwork in front of Helen.

ABB
I need you to sign these.

Abby offers a pen.

HELEN
What's this?

ABBY
Contracts.

HELEN
For what?

ABBY
Your novel.

Her eyes get big, she drops into a chair.

HELEN
What? You're shitting me?

ABBY
Nope!

HELEN
Oh you sneaky little ...

Abby smiles, proud.

ABBY
 Congratulations Helen.

Abby reaches back, grabs an envelope, hands it to Helen. She accepts, respectfully.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 Open it.

Helen slices it open, reads the check.

HELEN
 This can't be right?

ABBY
 It's not?

Abby takes it, examines.

ABBY (CONT'D)
 No, its right ... welcome to the
 big leagues my friend.

INT: 1969 HELEN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

14-year-old Helen closes the front door and hangs her jacket.

HELEN
 MOM?

She kicks off her shoes, walks down the hall.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 MOM?

Helen enters the kitchen. The refrigerator door is open. She closes it.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 JAKE?

A full bowl of soggy cereal sits on the kitchen table, the chair pulled out. Something's wrong.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 MOM?

Helen rushes out the back door, frantically searching for someone, anyone.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 MOM? ... JAKE?

Panicked, she runs back in and up the stairs. The bathroom door is closed. She KNOCKS hard.

HELEN (CONT'D)
MOM? ... MOM?

She rushes into her mother's bedroom. The curtains are drawn, the bed unmade, crumpled clothes on the floor. Several pill bottles strewn the side table, two open and empty, a cap on the floor. She races back to the bathroom door.

HELEN (CONT'D)
MOM?

She tries the knob, unlocked, and swings it open. Her mother is flopped on her side in her favorite dress on the floor, eyes closed. Trails of vomit splatter the linoleum.

HELEN (CONT'D)
MOM!

Helen darts in, rolling her, lifting her head.

HELEN (CONT'D)
MOM, WAKE UP. MOM YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP!

Her Mother is long gone, ashen, her lap soaked in urine. Helen tries to cradle her, tapping her cheeks.

HELEN (CONT'D)
NOOO! Mom, MOM, WAKE UP! Oh Mom no. No no no!

There's a shuffle at the door. 4-YEAR-OLD JAKE is standing in the opening in his pajamas, sucking his thumb. He sees his mother, knows something is wrong and starts crying.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Jakey!

Helen rushes to her little brother, scooping him up into the hall while closing the bath door.

INT. 1968 HELEN'S CHILDHOOD HOME - NIGHT

13-year-old Helen is on her bed, terrified, her journal open, pencil midair. Her parents are arguing in the next room, muffled by the wall.

FATHER (O.S.)
YOU'RE FUCKIN' CRAZY!

MOTHER (O.S.)
Please, don't. I can change.

FATHER (O.S.)
YOU'RE MY FUCKING PROBLEM!

CRASH. A couple of THUMPS.

Muffled crying starts from 3-year-old Jake's room.

They're struggling. Someone falls into the wall.

MOTHER (O.S.)
Don't, please, don't.

FATHER (O.S.)
I'M DONE! FUCK! I CAN'T DO THIS
ANYMORE!

The parents' door swings open, SLAMS SHUT. Helen stares at her door, eyes wide, anticipating the worse.

The hall closet door swings open, a suitcase is pulled, banging the floor. Her parents' door opens.

MOTHER (O.S.)
No, what are you doing?

Drawers fly open.

MOTHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I love you. Don't do this, we can
fix this.

FATHER (O.S.)
FUCK YOU! LET GO OF ME!

Someone HITS the wall. Helen jumps, searches the room, trapped.

Jake is wailing in his room.

The parents' door swings open, suitcase hitting the walls. Parents are in the hall.

MOTHER
Don't go, please. I can't live
without you. I love you!

There's a commotion. Someone TUMBLES down the stairs. The other rushes down the steps. The front door swings open and SLAMS SHUT.

Helen opens her door, peeks, approaches the stairs.

Her mother is twisted at the bottom, holding the top of her bleeding head with both hands. Helen skips down and kneels next to her. Blood is streaming down her face.

HELEN
Mom?

MOTHER
Oh Helen ...

She cradles Helen's face with her bloody hands.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
He loves you, he does. He loves US.
He'll be back.

INT: 1965 ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

10-YEAR-OLD HELEN steps into the school office and up to the SECRETARY.

10-YEAR-OLD HELEN
Mr. Bauer wanted to see me?

SECRETARY
They're waiting for you Helen.

Helen hesitates.

10-YEAR-OLD HELEN
Am I in trouble?

SECRETARY
No, I don't think so.

Helen walks over to a glass door and raps lightly.

MR. BAUER (O.S.)
Yes!

Helen peeps in. MRS. WOLF, her English teacher, is sitting across from PRINCIPAL BAUER.

PRINCIPAL BAUER
Helen! Come in.

Helen enters timidly. Why are they smiling?

PRINCIPAL BAUER (CONT'D)
I just read your short story, about
the girls finding the bottle.

MRS. WOLF

You have such a wonderful way with words Helen.

PRINCIPAL BAUER

The ending is, well, not at all what I expected!

MRS. WOLF

It made me cry.

MR. BAUER

Yes, well, the reason I called you down is that Mrs. Wolf has a wonderful idea.

MRS. WOLF

We'd like to submit your story to Readers Digest, to get it published.

Helen blushes, shrugs it off.

10-YEAR-OLD HELEN

It's just a story.

MR. BAUER

It's much more than a story Helen, It's like I was there.

Mr. Bauer holds up three handwritten pages.

MR. BAUER (CONT'D)

Where did you get the idea for your story?

10-YEAR-OLD HELEN

In a dream.

INT. 1959 HELEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Four-year-old Helen is asleep in her bedroom.

She jolts up and out of bed, whimpering, her blue striped pajamas soaked in sweat.

She semi-sleepwalks to her parents' room, to her mother's side.

4-YEAR-OLD HELEN

What's my number?

Her mother stirs.

4-YEAR-OLD HELEN (CONT'D)
 What's my number?

MOTHER
 What's wrong honey?

4-YEAR-OLD HELEN
 What's my number?

Her father turns towards them, gruff.

FATHER
 Go to bed Helen!

Her mother gets up on an elbow, turns the bed lamp on.

Helen's eyes are glazed. She shows her left forearm, frustrated.

4-YEAR-OLD HELEN
 WHAT'S MY NUMBER!

MOMMY
 Honey, shhh. I don't know what you want?

Helen taps her forearm, whispers.

4-YEAR-OLD HELEN
 What's my number.

EXT. 1944 AUSCHWITZ - FP POV - PRE-SUNRISE

It's pouring, still dark. I'm running with hundreds of women dressed in plain dresses and scarves. They sort of look like storks in a race, slipping in the mud.

GERMAN GUARD #1 (O.S.)
 SCHNELL, SCHNELL!

We're lining up in front of our barrack, five deep. I reach out to the woman in front of me to get the correct spacing. Numbers are tattooed on my wet forearm.

To my left are rows upon rows of women, same to the right, peppered with German guards and angry dogs. Elena is next to me.

The rain is coming down in sheets, Elena and I embrace to stay warm.

The guards are having a smoke in their rain gear, joking around. We're just standing, waiting.

The WOMAN in front of me is very weak, slipping down. Her SISTER is struggling to keep her up, but can't. I look at Elena, we want to help but know it's dangerous. She finally flops to the ground.

The SHORT GERMAN GUARD is coming with his German Shepherd. He's angry, red-faced. The dog is barking, close to her face now, snapping. I'm scared!

SHORT GERMAN GUARD
Nein! Nein! Nein! GET UP!

She's tries but can't, too weak.

A BIG GERMAN GUARD is here. Her sister is reaching down, trying to help. OH! The Big Guard hit her with his baton and she's screaming. I think he broke her arm. It's flopping. Oh, he hit her in the face. She's next to her sister now, on the ground, not screaming anymore.

SHORT GERMAN GUARD (CONT'D)
GET UP!

INT. 1994 IZA OFFICE REGRESSION - DAY

Helen is under the blanket, eyes closed.

HELEN
He's pointing his pistol.

Helen JUMPS in the chair, flashes her eyes wide open and quickly sits up.

HELEN (CONT'D)
FUCK!

Iza moves in, assures.

IZA
I'm right here. You're safe. You're OK.

HELEN
I could smell the fuckin' gunpowder!

Helen leaps from the recliner and starts gathering her things.

IZA
Wait. I can walk you through this.

HELEN
I can't do this!

Helen fumbles her purse.

HELEN (CONT'D)
FUCK!

She grabs her purse and races down the hall, squealing.

Lisa looks up, startled.

Helen blasts through the front door and rushes down the steps to the sidewalk, panicked, eyes welling.

INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Drawn curtains dim the living room. Family Feud is on the TV, volume turned low.

Dirty dishes overflow the kitchen sink.

Mail is piled below the slot.

A half-full pizza box lies open on the coffee table, guarded by an empty wine bottle and glass. A worn notepad full of writing and a short pencil lies neatly next to the mess.

Helen is deep asleep, curled up on the couch in her pajamas.

Her eyes are fluttering from REM. She starts moaning.

The Elder Man FLASHES in and grabs her shoulder.

ELDER MAN (O.S.)
WAKE UP!

Startled awake. She searches the room for the man, only to find herself alone.

She looks at the digital clock on the messy desk, just as it flips to 11:11.

The phone rings.

Helen's eyes light up.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

ERIC
Are you OK?

Eric is on the phone at his living room window.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Iza said you were really upset.

Eric listens for a beat, sits on the couch.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Wow.

Eric looks puzzled.

ERIC (CONT'D)
And you've been writing this whole
time?

Eric looks towards the light table.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Of course, I need to finish an
edit.

Looks at his watch.

ERIC (CONT'D)
How about three?

Eric relaxes. He ambles over to a large light table full of
35mm slides.

ERIC (CONT'D)
OK, sounds good.

Eric hangs up and bends over a light table. He quickly loops
a dozen images, goes back a couple, picks one and slides it
into a transparent sheet.

He checks some more; a street scene from Montreal, then the
next one; with the Elder Man slightly blurred, passing in
front of the Cafe Onze patio, tipping his hat and smiling at
the camera.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Eric and Helen are sitting across from each in the shade on
the patio. Two mugs straddle an empty plate.

Eric leans in.

ERIC
And he smiles at you?

HELEN
And tips his hat.

Helen reflects.

HELEN (CONT'D)
He sort of reminds me of my
grandpa.

ERIC
And he's in your dreams as well?

HELEN
Yes.

ERIC
I wonder.

Helen cocks her brow, curls her hair.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What's happening, I mean, what's
going on when you see him?

Helen sits back quizzically, recalling.

HELEN
Usually right before something bad
happens, but sometimes ... nothing.

ERIC
You sure?

Helen goes back into her memory, shrugs.

Eric looks down at the mugs.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Would you like another?

Helen smiles.

HELEN
No thank you.

Eric leans back, ponders for a beat.

ERIC
Tell me about your regression?

Helen tenses.

HELEN

Lots of childhood memories, some good, some bad, then we popped back into my previous life and everything went to shit, and that's when I recognized the girl.

ERIC

What girl?

HELEN

The girl in my nightmares.

Eric is confused. Helen fidgets in her seat.

HELEN (CONT'D)

My nightmares are memories.

ERIC

OK.

HELEN

From my past life.

INT. IZA REGRESSION ROOM - DAY

Helen is under a blanket on the recliner. Iza turns the video camera on.

IZA

We're going to observe your past life like a movie, starting at your birth.

Helen is having a hard time settling, anxious.

IZA (CONT'D)

You're safe Helen. They're memories, not real anymore. Comfortable?

Helen nods, closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

INT: 1930 - NORTHEAST HUNGARY - HANNAH'S BIRTH

IRENE is screaming in pain, giving birth in a dimly lit bedroom while a younger Joseph midwives.

The baby starts crying with her first breath.

Joseph cradles her gently, wrapping her in a clean sheet. He coos his daughter lovingly.

JOSEPH
Welcome to the world!

He turns to Irene with a proud smile, showing their daughter, but something's wrong, she's not moving.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Irene?

She doesn't respond. He lays the baby down gently and rushes to his wife, already gone.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
IRENE! ... no no no no, IRENE!
Noooo!

INT: DEC 1939 - NORTHEAST HUNGARY - NIGHT

10-year-old Hannah is with her father Joseph inside a richly decorated living room, warmed by the brightly burning fireplace.

Hannah smiles, goes to the Menorah and lights the last candle with the Shamash.

INT. MAY 1944 - NORTHEAST HUNGARY - DAY

A teenage girl's long brown hair falls over the back of the chair. Joseph is facing her at the kitchen table. They're eating lunch. The camera slowly dollies to her profile and around to her face.

HANNAH is fourteen, lean, prim and pretty. She curls her hair behind her ear, takes a sip of her soup.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Wait here.

Joseph skips quietly to the living room window and peeks out.

It's sunny, birds are chirping. An SS OFFICER with a clipboard is waiting at the front door with a guard.

Joseph purses his lips, hides against the wall, watching through the edge of the curtain. More KNOCKS, louder this time. Joseph looks towards the kitchen.

Hannah is barely in view, at the edge of her seat, watching him anxiously.

The door knob jiggles, but it's locked. A rustle, a rolled paper being inserted between the knob and jam.

The officer and guard return to the military truck.

Hannah peeks out from the kitchen doorway.

Joseph waits until they drive off, goes to the front door and retrieves the rolled paper and reads.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
They'll be back tonight.

HANNAH
For what?

Joseph heads to the kitchen.

JOSEPH
To take us to the ghetto. Get your things.

HANNAH
Why?

JOSEPH
We have to leave!

Hannah follows him to a closet. He snatches two small suitcases, brings them to the kitchen and drops them next to the table. He spins to his bedroom.

HANNAH
But I don't want to go! Let's hide in the cellar.

Joseph stops, grabs Hannah's shoulders.

JOSEPH
They'll find us Hannah. We have a better chance if we run!

Hannah follows Joseph as he strides to his bedside and lifts the mattress, uncovering a small ornate box. He selects some rings, reverently, and a tiny sachet of jewels.

HANNAH
You're scaring me.

JOSEPH
Good, that will keep you alive.

HANNAH

Why are we rushing, they won't be
back for hours

He returns the box to its nest.

JOSEPH

We need a head start. Get your
things. And change your shoes,
something comfortable for a long
trip.

HANNAH

When will we be back?

Joseph stops, processes.

JOSEPH

I don't know.

Joseph heads back to the kitchen, Hannah follows. He places
the sachet on the table, tosses the lunch dishes into the
sink, throws the suitcases up and opens them.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

GO!

Hannah goes to her room and rifles through her drawers,
grabbing clothes. She searches the room, grabs a small photo
of her mother.

Back to the kitchen. Joseph is tying his boots.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Hannah packs quickly, starts changing her shoes.

Joseph closes the suitcases, skips to the front to look out,
and back to the side door window, searching the perimeter.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

It's clear.

Hannah is almost finished.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Hurry.

They grab their suitcases. Joseph peeks out the side door,
they exit and head to the back.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Quickly!

They run through the backyard and disappear into the woods.

EXT. MAY 1944 - AUSCHWITZ - DAY

It's sunny, warm. Hannah, Elena, and Maria are carrying their dinner soup and bread, walking back against the food line.

A thin woman holding a metal bowl protectively stares at them as they walk by.

They turn at the next barrack to find a place to eat.

A woman is sprawled at the end of the far barrack wall, legs spread flat, head dropped, dead. The back fence has warning signs, stenciled skull and cross-bones on every post. A German SS Officer steps out from behind the barrack, glances down at the corpse, and lights a cigarette. He sees the three women.

MARIA

This way.

Hannah turns and runs into an SS Officer and falls, spilling her soup bowl.

Helen looks up. It's the same Officer that took her father when they arrived. He grabs her wrist and helps her up, smiling, revealing a gap in his teeth.

OFFICER

Are you OK?

Hannah nods, remembers to lower her eyes.

The officer continues his stroll, starts whistling, hands clasped behind him.

Hannah looks at Maria in front of the barrack entrance; scared stiff, bowl in one hand, the other on her tummy.

INT. 1944 BARRACK - DAY

An SS FEMALE GUARD enters the dark barrack, leading Hannah, Elena, Maria, and a FEMALE PRISONER. The guard points with her baton.

SS FEMALE GUARD

One up there, and one at the end.

The prisoners look at each other with grim faces.

SS FEMALE GUARD (CONT'D)

SCHNELL!

Maria nudges the two girls and points them towards the end. She climbs up after the other prisoner into an upper bunk.

The guard waits near the door, stoic, bored.

The girls search the crude wooden beds for the inevitable, reaching the dark end. A crumpled mass lies near the back wall, like a long twisted bag of potatoes.

HANNAH

I think its Mrs. Konev.

The girls look back at the guard, annoyed with their hesitation and STOMPS, ushering with her baton to "MOVE!"

The girls jump in and crawl to the gruesome task. Elena reaches out wearily, searching for the corpse's shoulder. She starts to roll her and the stiff body clunks over like a mannequin, frozen from rigor. The girls gasp, Hannah almost vomits. They grapple with the clothes and drag the dead woman to the edge and jump out.

One hard pull flops the oversized doll onto the dirt floor.

ELENA

Grab her feet.

Hannah grabs the ankles and pulls while Elena straddles the corpse's scarf-covered head and lifts by the wrists. They shuffle an awkward dance towards the exit.

The guard sees something outside. Irritated, she stomps out.

SS FEMALE GUARD (O.S.)

Nein! Nein! Nein!

Maria leans down and whispers.

MARIA

Help us.

The girls lay the spindly body down and climb up to the bunk.

Maria and the female prisoner are on either side of another deceased woman. The prisoner gages the dead woman's clothes and points to Maria's rounding tummy.

FEMALE PRISONER (WHISPERS)

You should switch dresses. This one is bigger, to hide your bump.

Maria glances at the girls, and back at the woman.

MARIA (WHISPERS)
Please, no one can know!

FEMALE PRISONER
Your secret is safe with me, we
have to look out for each other ...
quickly now.

The woman enlists the girls.

FEMALE PRISONER (CONT'D)
Help me! ... Watch for the guard.

Hannah crawls to the edge. The guard is still outside.

Elena and the prisoner quickly strip the corpse while Maria removes her dress. Hannah continues her watch, apprehensive, and checks the others struggling, panicking. And ... done!

FEMALE PRISONER (CONT'D)
Grab her feet.

The girls grab an ankle each and pull while the other two clutch and lift the now taut clothes. They carefully lower the corpse from the upper roost.

The female prisoner is the last to jump down, and in one-motion sits on the lower bunk, like she planned it. Unfortunately, just as the guard returns.

SS FEMALE GUARD
Nein nein nein, GET UP!

The angry guard grabs the female prisoner's ear, forcing her to stand and follow. Wincing from the pinch, the prisoner trips on a dead body, dropping to her knees. The guard grabs the scruff of her dress and yanks.

SS FEMALE GUARD (CONT'D)
MOVE!

The prisoner rises and stumbles ahead. The guard pushes her to the door, flexing her baton. Hannah is frozen in fear as they watch the woman being taken away into the unknown.

INT. 1944 BARRACK ROOST - NIGHT

Hannah is writing on the back of a soup label with a very short pencil in their upper roost, lit by a slice of moonlight. Maria and Elena are seated across from her on the straw, cross-legged, relaxed.

She writes for a few moments and looks at Maria.

HANNAH

Number?

Maria shows her left forearm, Hannah moves it into the moonlight to see, writes. She looks at Elena.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Number?

Elena shows the tattooed number on her left arm, Hannah copies it. Maria touches her tummy, smiles, and reaches for the List and pencil to scribble another name.

Elena moves in to see what she wrote, looks at her.

ELENA

You know it's a girl?

Maria nods, smiles. Elena looks back at the List.

ELENA (CONT'D)

I like that name.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. 1994 TORONTO - ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric is on the phone.

ERIC

Iza? I know, she's wonderful isn't she. So, what happened?

Eric listens intently, slowly scrunching his brow.

ERIC (CONT'D)

OK, let's do this.

INT: CARMEN'S DELI - OVERCAST DAY

SAUL ladles Matzo ball soup into two bowls and carries them through the bustling restaurant to Eric and Helen's booth.

ERIC

Thank you sir. Saul, this is Helen.

SAUL

Nice to meet you Helen.

HELEN

Hi.

The waitress places an order at the kitchen.

WAITRESS (O.S. DISTANT VOICE)
ORDER UP!

Saul looks towards the kitchen, back at the two and smiles.

SAUL

Enjoy.

Saul returns to the kitchen.

HELEN

This smells amazing.

She starts eating.

ERIC

So in all of your ... scenes, you
didn't see your father after you
got to the camp?

Helen ponders, finishing a mouthful.

HELEN

No, now that you mention it ...
only the mother and daughter.

CARMEN, a top-heavy seventy-year-old woman approaches them.

CARMEN

Eric my friend.

ERIC

Carmen!

CARMEN

You didn't come see me?

Eric gets up to give Carmen a warm loving hug.

ERIC

You were busy.

Carmen shifts to Helen.

CARMEN

And who is this beautiful lady?

ERIC

Helen, I'd like you to meet Carmen.

Helen stands to honor her.

HELEN
Pleased to meet you Carmen.

Carmen surprises her by pulling her in for a big warm hug.

CARMEN
Nice to meet you too Helen ...
Please, sit, I don't want your soup
getting cold.

Helen and Eric return to their seats. Eric slides over.

ERIC
Join us.

CARMEN
No, I don't want to intrude.

Eric offers the seat again with a raised brow.

ERIC
Please! We're family.

Carmen checks in with her son Saul, he returns a smile from the kitchen.

CARMEN
I'll get my coffee.

Carmen waddles back to her table.

ERIC
Carmen is why I chose to meet here.
She survived Auschwitz as young
woman.

Helen scrunches, curls her hair behind her ear.

HELEN
Auschwitz?

Carmen returns and sits next to Eric.

CARMEN
So, how did you meet?

The three search each other, where to start?

ERIC
It's a long story.

CARMEN
I like stories.

ERIC
Well, I'm pretty sure you haven't
heard one like this.

Eric looks at Helen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
May I?

Helen looks at Carmen's warm smiling face as it turns more serious, and nods approval.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I've shared my path with you, my
journey.

CARMEN
The visions?

Eric nods.

ERIC
Helen is having experiences too. It
started with dreams a few months
ago ... and the other day she got
hypnotized to her past life.

HELEN
In Auschwitz.

Carmen looks at Helen, stunned.

CARMEN
In Auschwitz? A past life ... in
Auschwitz?

Helen nods. Carmen sits back, reflecting on the paradox, and places her hand over her heart.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
I was in Auschwitz, Birkenau.

HELEN
Eric just told me.

CARMEN
You're right Eric, I've never heard
a story like this before.

Carmen focuses on Helen.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

So how does this past life thing work?

HELEN

I'm hypnotized and regressed back to my previous life.

CARMEN

I see, and what did you ... see?

HELEN

I was a teenage girl. I arrived with my father, but we were split up by the soldiers. I joined up with another teenage girl and her mother.

CARMEN

I see ... what was your name?

HELEN

It starts with an "H", that's all I know ... and the last number of the mothers ID, Nine.

CARMEN

Nine?

Helen nods.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

You don't know the full number? Usually five or six numbers?

Helen shakes no. Carmen rolls her left sleeve up to expose her forearm.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

It would have looked like this.

Helen examines the 6-digit tattoo, alarmed by the reality.

HELEN

Only the nine. I wish I knew, the rest wasn't clear.

CARMEN

Nine ... What else?

HELEN

I remember standing outside, waiting in lines.

CARMEN
Appell, roll call.

HELEN
And the mother was pregnant.

Carmen grimaces.

CARMEN
That's bad. They killed the
pregnant ones when they arrived.

Helen covers her mouth.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Only a handful survived at the end.
Most of the prisoners left on the
death march, but some of us stayed,
including some pregnant ones. They
were easy to hide, the Nazis were
too busy destroying evidence.

Eric and Helen glance at each other and back to Carmen. She indicates her ample bosom.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
I was asked to help ... you see ...

Carmen looks at her son Saul and continues sadly.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
I was pregnant too, only ...

Helen reaches for Carmen's hand.

HELEN
I'm so sorry Carmen.

CARMEN
I wanted to help. The others made
sure we had food, so we could feed
the babies.

HELEN
Do you remember their names?

CARMEN
It was so long ago. But I remember
their faces. They became the camp
treasure.

Carmen's eyes glaze, remembering.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I remember one little girl, like she was mine. I still wonder sometimes, what happened to her?

HELEN

So it's possible? That the mother and her baby survived?

CARMEN

Yes ... unlikely, but possible.

Saul comes to the table.

SAUL

Mrs. Kravitz is here.

CARMEN

I'm sorry I don't have more for you. I have to go. Mrs. Kravitz is, particular, she won't allow anyone else to serve her.

HELEN

Thank you Carmen.

Carmen heads over to 80-year-old Mrs. Kravitz who gives her a stern "where have you been?" look.

Helen is frustrated, more questions than answers.

HELEN (CONT'D)

The deeper I go ... It's so, surreal ... and honestly, I know so little about the Holocaust.

INT. 1994 TORONTO LIBRARY - NIGHT

Eric searches the wall of books, across and down. There it is! He skims the pages, closes it, walks towards the center of the library.

Helen is leaning forward on the edge of her seat, reading a book titled "Auschwitz". Several other books are stacked on the table, including ones with a "Holocaust" title.

Eric arrives, flashing the next discovery.

ERIC

Here's another one.

Helen reaches out to accept, still reading.

HELEN
This is awful.

ERIC
What?

HELEN
What they did to them. It's making
me sick.

Helen continues reading, focused. Eric sits, waits patiently.

Helen stops, sits back, scans the books.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I'm wondering.

ERIC
What?

HELEN
Maybe I should go there?

ERIC
Where?

HELEN
Auschwitz.

ERIC
No shit?

HELEN
I'll finish the first draft with my
regressions and what I learn here.

Indicating the books.

HELEN (CONT'D)
This is just the tip. Maybe I'll
find something there, something
important.

ERIC
I'll go.

HELEN
Really? To Auschwitz?

ERIC
I've always been interested in the
war, since I was a kid. I'll go,
that is, if you want me to?

HELEN

That would be wonderful! ... But I can't miss the deadline. We'd have to go soon.

ERIC

OK, when do you want to go?

Helen smiles, calculates in her head.

HELEN

August, September at the latest.

ERIC

Done!

Helen glows, smiles, gets back to reading.

Eric rises, checks the books on the table, selects one, sits. He skims, stops, and starts reading. (Beat)

Reads aloud.

ERIC (CONT'D)

One point one to one point three million.

Helen looks up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

That's approximately how many died there, in Auschwitz.

He calculates.

So that's ... almost four years ... twelve hundred ... one point ...

He looks at Helen, eyes getting wider.

ERIC (CONT'D)

A thousand a day.

Helen isn't sure what he means.

ERIC (CONT'D)

That's how many they were gassing each day.

HELEN

A thousand ... people?

ERIC

Per day. And according to this, in nineteen forty-four, approximately FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND Hungarian Jews went to the gas chamber.

Looks at Helen.

ERIC (CONT'D)

That's almost half. They would have been killing two to three thousand a day then.

HELEN

In Auschwitz?

ERIC

In Auschwitz!

Helen stunned, sits back for a beat.

HELEN

Did they keep records?

ERIC

Not for the ones they killed.

Helen turns solemn, almost to herself.

HELEN

And that's why they never found them.

Both reflect silently. Back to reading.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

ERIC

What?

She searches back to the beginning.

HELEN

He would select prisoners that matched the criteria needed for his experiments. Twins, usually children, were his first choice, so he could experiment on one and compare results. Dwarfs were also chosen, to decipher human growth. Another interest was people with DIFFERENT COLORED EYES!

She puts the book down, looks at Eric.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I think that's what happened to my father.

ERIC

Your father?

HELEN

My father in Auschwitz, he had different colored eyes!

Helen scans to the bottom, turns the page, takes a second look, covers her mouth.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

She opens the book to Eric, showing a full page portrait of the Nazi Officer with a gap in his smile. She points.

HELEN (CONT'D)

That's him!

EXT. 1994 - TORONTO STREET - NIGHT

It's dusk, warm. Helen and Eric are strolling a quiet downtown street, a backpack full of books over his shoulder.

ERIC

Are you sure you want to go down this road?

HELEN

You were the one who told me I shouldn't run?

They hear something in the next alley.

Helen's curious, but Eric tugs her back.

ERIC

(whispers)

Don't, this is bad.

A BAD GUY is yelling in the alley, just out of sight.

BAD GUY (O.S.)

WHERE'S THE REST OF IT?

ALLEY

The bad guy is pointing a handgun at RUDI, a middle-aged businessman in a suit, his tie is loose.

BAD GUY
ALL OF IT! EVERYTHING!

Rudi fumbles into his pocket and pulls out a thick clip of cash, surrendering the small fortune. In his other hand is a baggie of drugs.

Gun pointed, the bad guy grabs the cash and sticks it in his jean pocket. And snatches the drugs!

RUDI
NO, NO, I NEED THAT!

Rudi reaches, but the bad guy snaps the baggie out of reach, teasing.

BAD GUY
They're gonna kill you anyway.

Rudi reaches again.

SIDEWALK

A LOUD gunshot lights up the alley. Helen and Eric flinch.

ERIC
(whispers)
Shit!

BAD GUY (O.S.)
FUCK, WHY'D YOU DO THAT, FUCK!

The bad guy races out, CRASHING into Helen, knocking her HARD to the ground. The gun skip-rattles away as the bad guy trips over his feet, recovering on all fours.

Eric drops to protect Helen.

The bad guy grabs the gun and spins, points the weapon at them, antsy to run.

Everyone LOOKS at each other, adrenaline PUMPING. (beat)

BAD GUY (CONT'D)
FUCK!

He races off down the street and around the corner, gone.

ERIC
Are you OK?

HELEN
I think so.

Eric helps her up.

They peek into the alley, shaking, hyper-alert, and step in.

ALLEY

Rudi is lying in front of a garbage bin forty feet away, clutching his abdomen, still alive.

Eric rushes to his side.

ERIC
Let me see.

Rudi moves his shaking hands. Eric opens his jacket. The bullet pierced his belly, his shirt turning a wet crimson.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What's your name?

RUDI
Ru ... Rudi

ERIC
OK Rudi. We're going to get you some help. HELEN, WE NEED AN AMBULANCE, AND POLICE.

Helen hasn't moved, paralyzed in a trance.

Flashback 1944: Forty feet away, on the other side of the barbed-wire fence is a German officer that looks just like Rudi, his Lugar smoking.

ERIC (V.O.)
HELEN!

He's just shot three prisoners with one bullet, two crumpled in the mud, the third twisted on his knees, grasping at his bloody neck.

END FLASHBACK

Helen is staring, trancelike.

ERIC (O.S.)
HELEN!

She snaps back, acknowledges with a wave and runs to the street, searching the direction of the bad guy first, nothing, and the other way.

A taxi speeds up with its upper light out. She jumps from the curb frantically waving her arms, it swerves to miss her, doesn't even slow down.

Another car. Helen jumps into the middle this time, forcing it to stop. It's a police car.

She rushes to the driver's side as POLICEMAN #1 rolls down the window.

HELEN
A man has been shot!

POLICEMAN #1
Where?

HELEN
In that alley, hurry.

POLICEMAN #2 turns the emergency lights on and jumps out with Policeman #1, drawing their weapons.

They enter cautiously, discovering Eric's back with their flashlights. They point their guns.

POLICEMAN #2
YOU, SHOW YOUR HANDS, TURN AROUND!

Eric doesn't turn, hands busy with Rudi's wound.

ERIC
I CAN'T!

Helen leaps between them.

HELEN
NO! HE'S WITH ME! HE DIDN'T DO IT!

The officers lower their weapons and move cautiously towards them, surveying with tier flashlights. Eric is trying to slow Rudi's bleeding with his dress shirt, his tee splattered in blood.

ERIC
We need a doctor!

POLICEMAN #2
Call it in.

Policeman #1 runs back to the squad car.

POLICEMAN #2 (CONT'D)
What happened?

HELEN
A bald man shot him and ran that way. He was skinny, jeans, and wearing a blue and white t-shirt.

They move closer. Eric is still applying pressure.

ERIC
Stay with me Rudi.

Rudi looks up at the three with apologetic eyes.

RUDI
I'm so, so sorry. Please forgive me?

ERIC
It's OK Rudi, everything is going to be OK.

RUDI
Please, I need you forgive me?

Everyone looks at each other.

RUDI (CONT'D)
PLEASE, you have to forgive me!

HELEN
OK, we forgive you.

Rudi's face relaxes, almost smiles.

RUDI
It doesn't hurt anymore.

Rudi's eyes go blank, he dies.

INT. 1994 IZA REGRESSION ROOM

Helen is reclined. Iza lays a blanket over her.

IZA
And he asked to forgive him?

HELEN
It was weird. He insisted.

Iza ponders.

IZA
Maybe it had to do with another
lifetime?

Helen rewinds.

HELEN
I wonder if that's what I saw?

IZA
The flash?

Helen nods, collect her thoughts, sits back.

FADE

Helen is recalling, eyes closed. Iza is sitting nearby, the camera recording.

IZA (CONT'D)
What year is it?

HELEN
Nineteen-forty-four.

IZA
Do you know where you are?

HELEN
Auschwitz ... Birkenau.

IZA
Do you know your name?

HELEN
... Hannah

IZA
Hannah, do you know your last name?

Helen focuses.

HELEN
... It starts with a "W".

IZA
Can you see the rest?

HELEN
... No, just the "W".

IZA
Can you look at your left forearm
for us?

1944 AUSCHWITZ: FP POV. Hannah's arm looks fragmented, unclear, with a crude tattoo on her forearm.

HELEN (V.O.)

Yes ... Oh, numbers. The first is a nine, I think, and the fourth is a six. It's not clear, fuzzy.

IZA (V.O.)

How many digits do you see?

1994 REGRESSION:

HELEN

... Six. Some of them are weird. Two sort of look like "h's", but there's a six, and a nine. And a funny looking one at the end, a "V" with a line through it.

Iza is about to ask another question.

HELEN (CONT'D)

I'm with the other girl ... I'm not sure what we're doing? ... I think we're hiding something.

1944 AUSCHWITZ - DAY:

The barrack door opens, Hannah and Elena slip out into the sun, scanning for guards. Prisoners mill about.

IZA (V.O.)

Can you see what you're hiding?

They shuffle towards the side, bulges under their smocks.

HELEN (V.O.)

No, but we have to be quick, we can't be caught or we'll be shot.

They slip around the barrack corner and stop.

IZA (V.O.)

Keep going, you're safe.

The girls scan again, and drop from view.

HELEN (V.O.)

It's a secret.

1994 REGRESSION:

IZA
What's a secret?

HELEN
What we're hiding, we can't tell anyone.

IZA
We're observers, you're safe.

HELEN
No.

IZA
It's OK, you can reveal what you're hiding.

HELEN
No, I can't ... It's a secret.

Beat.

IZA
Let's go to your death.

1944 AUSCHWITZ - DAY:

Looking straight down, Hannah is on her back in the dirt. Her head is crooked, face spattered in blood, eyes half-open, empty. Slowly we rise, like a drone going up.

HELEN (V.O.)
... I'm lying on the ground. A soldier is standing over me.

Pointing his gun.

IZA (V.O.)
What else do you see?

HELEN (V.O.)
The other girl ... she's dead.

A tall hooked fence comes into view, strung with barbed-wire.

IZA (V.O.)
Do you know why he shot you?

HELEN (V.O.)
He was following orders.

Three corpses lie splattered in mud on the other side of the fence. One looks like the Bad Guy.

IZA (V.O.)
Whose orders?

HELEN (V.O.)
The Officer. He's so angry.

A German Officer is waving his Lugar furiously, barking at a second guard.

IZA (V.O.)
Do you recognize him?

HELEN (V.O.)
(smiles)
Yes, the man in the alley ... Rudi.

Barn-sized barracks checkerboard the periphery, as far as the eye can see.

IZA (V.O.)
What was the purpose of meeting
again in this life.

HELEN (V.O.)
... It was a role reversal, to
balance the karma.

INT: 1994 HELEN'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

The doorbell rings. Helen skips to the front door, opens.

HELEN
Good morning.

ERIC
Morning.

Eric steps in and offers a box of donuts. Helen shuts the door, takes the sweets.

He scans. House plants litter the windows, the colors are earthy, large modern paintings dress the walls.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Very nice, warm.

HELEN
Coffee?

ERIC
Please.

HELEN
Double, double?

ERIC
Yes please.

Helen heads to the kitchen.

HELEN
Make yourself at home.

Eric wanders to a photo collage on a wall, taking his time to study each image.

ERIC
Is this Jake?

Helen returns, offers his mug. He takes a sip.

HELEN
Yes, before he got sick.

He points.

ERIC
Your parents?

Her smile fades.

HELEN
Yes.

Helen heads back to the kitchen.

Eric takes another sip, scans the living room.

Books and Holocaust photos blanket a worktable next to the desk. He steps over.

ERIC
You've been busy!

She returns with her mug and a plate of donuts.

HELEN
Pretty much non-stop.

ERIC
How far are you?

She puts the plate down.

HELEN
Almost done.

She sips.

ERIC
What! I thought you said another
month?

HELEN
Pff. I could barely keep up. Oh,
check this out.

Helen picks up an old Auschwitz photo, shows Eric.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Here.

ERIC
Is this ...

HELEN
Yes.

He takes the image of the two teenage girls being escorted by
a german guard in the fog.

They examine it closely, shoulder to shoulder.

ERIC
I wonder what happened to them?

HELEN
Kinda draws you in, doesn't it?

ERIC
So this is the cover?

Helen smiles, nods.

ERIC (CONT'D)
How about a title?

HELEN
Beyond Time.

ERIC
Oooh, I like that.

HELEN
I want my readers to wonder who
THEY were in a past life! And how
THAT life affects them in THIS
life!

ERIC
Wow! You found your purpose.

HELEN
Yes ... I guess I have.

Eric scans the stacks of paper.

ERIC
So when do I get to read it?

HELEN
Soon. You'll be the first, I
promise.

They take a sip of coffee at the same time.

ERIC
You've come a long way in the last
few months.

HELEN
No shit, it usually takes me a
year.

Eric touches her shoulder lightly.

ERIC
I wasn't talking about the book. I
was talking about you, your
journey.

INT. 1994 ABBY OFFICE - DAY

Abby is pissed. Helen is seated at the edge of her seat,
ready to defend. The manuscript is centered on the desk.

ABBY
What the FUCK Helen!

Abby slaps it.

ABBY (CONT'D)
This isn't a romance. I got you an
extension and you ...

HELEN
You don't get it. This is real!
Romances are fantasies, fake!

ABBY
So you've been faking it! No one
knows the fucking difference! They
love your books!

Helen taps the manuscript.

HELEN
This is different.

ABBY
Fuck ya it is!

HELEN
This is my purpose.

Abby glares at her.

ABBY
Jesus Helen! You wrote this in
three months, why didn't you write
the romance first? Romances pay the
bills!

HELEN
It's not about the money. This is
my work, my truth, my life.

Abby sits back, surrenders.

ABBY
You'll have to return the advance.

HELEN
Fine.

ABBY
And we'll have to find an editor.

HELEN
Fine.

ABBY
And another publisher.

HELEN
Fine ... This is my journey, my
life's work.

INT. 1994 TORONTO TAXI - DAWN

The driver is loading a suitcase into the trunk. Eric jumps in. Helen is already in the back.

HELEN
Morning.

ERIC
Good morning.

The driver gets in, turns the meter, starts driving.

HELEN
Passport?

Eric taps his breast.

ERIC
So, how'd the meeting go?

Helen grins.

HELEN
They weren't happy.

ERIC
What, really? Why?

She shrugs.

HELEN
It's not what they wanted.

ERIC
So now what?

HELEN
Abby found another publisher.

ERIC
And they liked it?

Helen nods.

HELEN
But I told them to wait until we're
back. There might be more to this
story.

ERIC
That's true.

She smiles.

HELEN
I'm glad you're coming with me.

EXT. 1994 AUSCHWITZ - SUNNY DAY

Helen and Eric enter the *Arbeit Macht Frei* gate into Auschwitz I. Helen smiles awkwardly, tipping between horror and elation.

They explore the busy complex.

Eric works his gift, shooting Helen's experiences, framed by old brick buildings and historical atrocities.

Helen struggles with her emotions; anger, frustration, sadness for the most part. Eric supports her journey, and reaches out to hold her hand, the camera in the other.

They leave the busy Auschwitz I compound and march three miles to Birkenau. It's a hot walk, just the two of them.

They discover the train tracks that run through the single tunnel of a wide symmetrical two-story building. A Guide is addressing a dozen visitors near the arched gap.

They continue through on the tracks for another hundred meters, stopping at a single cattle car. It's THE RAMP, where the fates of thousands were unceremoniously decreed.

They search the horizon; it's huge, much bigger than they expected. Only a few buildings remain, most of the compound lay in ruins, remnants of an attempt to erase all evidence.

They continue towards the back, to a section with three still standing barracks.

They enter the *INFIRMARY* and browse several rooms, until Helen unknowingly enters the *EXPERIMENT* room. Her eyes glaze, trancelike.

JAKE (V.O.)

I'm sitting on a stool in a room.

1944 FLASHBACK: Joseph is sitting on a wood stool in the middle of a room, with thick white walls and a small window.

JAKE (V.O.)

A nurse is placing a tray of syringes on a table.

The door swings open.

JAKE (V.O.)

A doctor enters the room; he looks like the devil and scares me.

(MORE)

JAKE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He picks up a syringe and walks
 over to give me a shot. (beat) Once
 a lab rat ...

1994 FLASHBACK: Jake on his hospital bed, with Helen and the Doctor.

JAKE
 ... always a lab rat.

1944 FLASHBACK: Joseph is kneeling in the dirt; a blood soaked patch over one eye. He's grasping at his neck, blood squirting between his fingers.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
 It's spreading to the lymph glands
 in his neck.

1994 CLOSE UP: Helen's eyes glazed.

1944 FLASHBACK: Hannah is being shoved by a guard after being selected for the work group. Joseph turns mid-stride.

JOSEPH
 I'LL SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE!

1994 FLASHBACK: Helen sobs next to Jake on his deathbed.

JAKE
 ... This is how it works. I'll see
 you on the other side.

END FLASHBACKS

INT. 1994 AUSCHWITZ EXPERIMENT ROOM

Helen is shocked! What the fuck! She dashes from the room, searching frantically for the way out, with Eric hot on her heels.

She bursts from the building and stops, taking several stress-releasing breaths, hands on her knees. Eric waits, concerned.

She shares her epiphany in quick breaths.

HELEN
 Jake was my father!

ERIC
 Your Father?

HELEN

I just had a whole bunch of flashes
in there. Holy shit, Jake was my
father, here!

She reflects, adds the pieces together.

HELEN (CONT'D)

It makes sense now.

Eric looks past Helen towards the large fenced-in grassy field, with its low-lying rubble and rhythmic chimneys.

1944 FLASHBACK: into a sea of wooden barracks.

END FLASHBACK

Eric's eyes widen. He reaches for Helen's hand.

ERIC

This way!

They sprint along the imposing fence to a dirt road and turn, covering another hundred yards.

HELEN

Where are we going?

Two teenage girls are strolling on the other side of the fence, holding hands, looking like the PHOTO. Helen focuses on them, slows while passing, and stops.

1944 FLASHBACK: Two teenage girls walking hand-in-hand through low-lying fog between the barracks and the fence, followed by a german guard.

END FLASHBACK

Eric rushes back.

ERIC

COME ON!

They continue. Helen glances back at the girls one more time.

Eric stops at the next crossroad, scans the fields of chimneys and chooses the left gateway.

They rush past several grassy foundations and chimneys.

Eric stutters for a few steps and stops, facing a long-gone barrack with a single chimney. He searches right, then left, focused, before stepping into the ruin. Helen follows.

Eric hunts like a forensic psychic, "pulled" to the center. He sits on a long concrete pad in the middle.

1944 FLASHBACK: Sparse bulbs light the interior of the dark barrack. The air thick with despair. Emaciated female prisoners are wearing plain cotton smocks and headscarves; lying face forward in the bunks, while a handful stand.

ERIC (V.O.)

There's all these people waiting,
we're in a building, it's dark.

IZA (V.O.)

What else do you see?

1994 FLASHBACK: Eric in his trance at the Montreal Conference, eyes closed, Iza bent over him.

ERIC

Everyone is wearing ... some kind
of uniform.

END FLASHBACKS

EXT. 1994 AUSCHWITZ BARRACK RUIN

Eric looks at Helen, stands, it's his turn.

ERIC

I was here too!

HELEN

Here? ... in Auschwitz?

Eric nods, points to the ground.

ERIC

In this building! Right here!

Helen scans the phantom building, remembering. Wait a minute!

She rushes out of the entrance and turns around, searching.

HELEN

I was here too!

She tip toes forward to the foundation, scanning the grass, cross-stepping to the left.

1944 FLASHBACK - DAY: We turn the barrack corner. Hannah and Elena are kneeling on the muddy earth, facing the wall.

Elena is digging frantically with a short narrow board with Hannah next to her, scanning, making sure no one sees them.

1994: Helen is staring at the exact same spot. She kneels, starts searching the grass with her hands, eyes glazed.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Here ... we buried it here!

Helen rips the sod back and starts digging with her hands.

Eric drops next to her, watching. He grabs his tripod and uses it like a shovel, exhuming several inches.

"Clink". Helen moves in, digging like a dog, and pulls the wine bottle from its fifty-year home.

1944 FLASHBACK: The teenage girls drop the bottle into the freshly dug hole. They look at each other.

CLOSE UP: of Elena looking directly into the camera. Her face morphs into Eric.

CLOSE UP: of Helen's shocked face, and morphs into Hannah.

Eric falls back.

ERIC

Shit!

Helen stands, bottle in her hand and searches the back fence.

1944 FLASHBACK: The girls are on their feet, smudging the mud off their hands and knees. One last look, clear.

ELENA

This way.

They skip to the back of the barrack and around the corner.

On the other side of the electrified fence are three male prisoners, heads dropped, on their knees, with a guard behind them. To their side is an SS OFFICER, waving his Luger, intent on killing them with a single shot.

SS OFFICER

THEY'RE GONNA KILL YOU ANYWAY!

The last prisoner looks up at the girls with one eye, a blood soaked patch over the other. He sees his daughter.

Hannah gasps, recognizes her father.

SS GUARD (O.S.)
What are you doing?

The girls spin around. An SS GUARD is pointing his gun at them a few feet away. He looks at their dirty hands and knees.

BANG! They FLINCH and look back at the three men.

Hannah's face turns to horror.

The first two prisoners flop dead. Joseph grasps his neck, blood gushing, falls face forward.

JAKE (V.O.)
Sis and I are separated by a big fence. Something is wrong with my neck. I try to call out to her, but I can't speak.

Joseph squirms in the mud for one last look at his daughter.

SS GUARD
WHAT WERE YOU DOING?

The guard waves his gun at the girls. Elena raises her blackened hands, trying to disarm the situation.

ELENA
Please. Please.

Hannah's eyes dart for an escape, looks back at her father.

The angry SS Officer stomps towards them, stopping shy of the electrified fence.

SS OFFICER
WHAT DID THEY DO?

SS GUARD
I don't know. They're dirty.

Beat.

SS OFFICER
SHOOT THEM!

The girls panic, scramble!

HANNAH AND ELENA
NO NO NO NO!

Close up of Joseph's face on the ground, his remaining eye watching. BANG! BANG!

His face scrunches into horror, morphing into sobs, gurgling his last breaths. His eye goes blank.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. 1994 AUSCHWITZ

Helen cries out, drops to her knees, still holding the bottle. Both sob independently for a beat at the fence. Eric helps her up and they embrace for long loving moment. She remembers the bottle and raises it to examine its contents, shakes it, looks again.

HELEN

There's something inside.

She uncorks the bottle and slaps the bottom. Out drops a wine stained *List*. Eric takes the bottle. Helen unfolds it, reads.

HELEN (CONT'D)

This is the List. I wrote this with the mother and ... You. These are our names and camp numbers.

Eric points.

ERIC

So that's me? Elena.

HELEN

And that's me ... and this must be Jake, Joseph?

ERIC

This is proof Helen! Proof we were here!

Helen reads to the bottom, covers her mouth.

HELEN

Oh my god.

INT. 1994 KRAKOW - HOTEL ROOM

Eric is on the phone, Helen beside him on the bed.

ERIC

Hi Iza, it's Eric.

He smiles at Helen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Good. So, we had quite the
experience today.

Helen leans in closer to listen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Birkenau.

The phone squawks.

HELEN
Visions, past life memories, both
of us.

Garbled response.

ERIC
Well ... I was here too!

Silence for a moment, then Iza cackles excitedly.

ERIC (CONT'D)
And get this. I'm the other girl!

Iza stutters.

ERIC (CONT'D)
We know!

Surprised response, Iza suggests something.

HELEN
I'm already on it! I'll Fedex the
revisions to Abby before we leave.

Muffled question.

ERIC
Four more days, then we're in New
York for week.

Helen is looking at the stained *List*.

HELEN
Look, our names start with the same
letters.

Eric looks.

ERIC
Oh yea, last names too.

Iza gaggles excitedly. What are they looking at?

HELEN

It's the List, we buried it in a bottle.

ERIC

Helen found it.

Iza inquires.

1944 FLASHBACK: Hannah is writing the List in the upper bunk with Maria and Elena, who's showing her tattoo.

HELEN (V.O.)

Yes, with the pregnant mother and ... Eric.

END FLASHBACK

Helen realizes the history she's holding.

HELEN

... I wrote this. I WROTE THIS!

Helen looks at Eric, then the receiver.

HELEN (CONT'D)

And we discovered the secret.

Iza says something about a regression.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Yes, that secret.

INT. KRAKOW HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Eric is on his side sound asleep.

Helen crawls out behind him, listens to his breathing, kisses him gently on the cheek. She slips out naked into a robe, and tip-toes to the desk.

She turns the lamp on, tilts it down and sits to an open notepad. She grabs an envelope and pulls the *List*, studies it for a moment, puts it down. She grabs a pencil, reads the last lines on the notepad, starts writing.

MONTAGE: Sunrise scenes in Krakow.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SUNRISE

The sun blazes through a gap in the curtains. Eric is still under the sheets. Helen is slumped over the desk in her robe.

The phone RINGS. Eric reaches out, grapples the phone.

ERIC

Hello.

Eric sits up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Shit! Can you give us ten minutes?

... OK.

Hangs up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Helen.

He swivels to the edge of bed, slips into his underwear.

ERIC (CONT'D)

HELEN!

She stirs, turns to Eric, curls her hair behind her ear.

ERIC (CONT'D)

We're late! Taxi's here!

She looks at the clock. 5:55

HELEN

SHIT!

Helen jumps, collects her clothes and into the bathroom.

Eric throws his clothes on, stuffs his suitcase, swings it towards the door and brushes the stack of papers off the desk.

ERIC

Shit!

He picks everything up and organizes, looks at the notepad and stuffs it into a Fedex envelope.

INT. 1994 AIRPLANE - LATE DAY

The full flight is boarding.

Eric is stowing their carryon in the overhead. A couple of passengers try to squeeze by, knocking him off balance.

ERIC

Oops.

Helen giggles. Eric smiles, plops into his seat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
That used to bug me.

HELEN
What?

ERIC
Being bumped like that.

He ponders.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Something's changed.

Helen smiles.

HELEN
We've changed.

Montage: Eric and Helen holding hands. The plane climbs through the dense clouds, reaching the clear sky.

INT. 1994 AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Helen is emptying her carryon, frantic, searching.

HELEN
I can't find it!

ERIC
What?

HELEN
The List!

Helen searches her memory, the bag in her lap.

HELEN (CONT'D)
It was on the desk.

Eric remembers.

ERIC
Shit! I knocked your papers off the desk when you were in bathroom.

Helen covers her mouth, and shows an empty envelope.

HELEN
It was in this envelope.

Eric takes the envelope, reads the front.

ERIC
I remember this, fuck!

HELEN
Oh my god! Where is it?

Still searching the bag.

ERIC
I'm sure I picked everything up.
Maybe it's in the checked bags?

HELEN
That's our lottery ticket, proof we
were in Auschwitz! Shit, I knew I
should have checked!

A woman in front of them turns around.

WOMAN (NY ACCENT)
Excuse me, sorry, I couldn't help
overhearing, you were in Auschwitz?

ERIC
Yes.

Helen is still searching.

WOMAN
Part of a group?

ERIC
No, well ...

WOMAN
A bunch of us here on the plane
went too, and you know, it felt ...

The woman's plump expression morphs into her thin 1944
Auschwitz face.

AUSCHWITZ WOMAN
... like I'd been there before.

Close up of Eric's shocked face.

He glances at the gentleman across the aisle, who reciprocates
with a smile, and morphs into a German guard.

Eric jumps from his seat, scanning the passengers.

The flight attendant looks up, morphs into a German officer.

A four-year-old boy is smiling at him, and morphs into Maria.
Everyone switches to their 1944 Auschwitz faces.

ERIC

SHIT!

Eric looks back at a startled Helen, who morphs into Hannah.

One of the engines POPS, like something hit it, and EXPLODES
violently into flames, pitching the plane HARD to the left.

Eric falls into his seat and wrestles to buckle in.

The plane drops into a steep dive, engines SCREAMING.

Eric twists back, everyone's panicked, frightened for their
lives. They morph into their 1944 bodies; looking calm, some
even smiling.

Helen tries to see what Eric is looking at and leans forward.

An ELDER MAN mirrors her from the opposing window seat,
smiling directly at her.

HELEN SUCCESIVE FLASHBACKS (SAME ACTOR)

The elder man smiling in the 1944 line at Auschwitz.

The elder man on the Toronto subway smiling at her.

The elder man at Café Onze smiling up at her.

The elder man passing her when she ran from Eric.

The elder man telling her to "wake up"!

END FLASHBACKS

1994 AIRPLANE: Here he is again, smiling.

The plane is shaking violently, jet engines screaming.

Eric grabs Helen's hand. They look into each other's eyes.

ERIC

REMEMBER, I'M ALWAYS IN YOUR HEART,
WHEREVER WE GO. LOVE GOES BEYOND
TIME. WE WILL BE TOGETHER AGAIN!

EXT: 1994 NIGHT - OPEN OCEAN

Stars sparkle on the glassy ocean water. There's a distant roar, a FLASH on the horizon, followed by a big BOOM.

Back to quiet.

A couple hundred animated balls of light rise in the distance, floating for a sec before zipping off into space.

One of the balls brightens and expands quickly into a FLASH.

HELEN LIFE REVIEW - HYPER-QUICK SERIES OF SCENES

Helen being born.

Helen as a baby.

Helen as a child.

Helen discovering her mother in the tub.

Helen as a young woman, writing.

Helen celebrating with Abby.

Helen at the Holocaust Museum.

Helen receiving the award.

Helen seeing Eric at the bookstore for the first time.

Helen and Eric meeting at Café Onze.

Helen and Eric reconnecting at Iza's office.

Helen and Eric coffee shop.

Helen and Eric at the Library.

Helen and Eric during the alley shooting.

Helen showing Eric the Auschwitz photo.

Helen and Eric unearthing the bottle in Auschwitz.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. 2018 AIRPORT - DAY

A mid-twenty's man leaps from a taxi at the airport. He throws a carry-on frantically over his shoulder, pops his rolling suitcase and sprints inside.

Last to check in, he presents his ticket at the flight counter. The agent takes his suitcase and points the way.

He restarts the marathon until he stops at security, proceeding anxiously.

He races to the terminal and looks up at the departure screen for his flight to PARIS, just as it flips from "On-time" to "Delayed". The date is Sept 11, 2018.

A group of FLIGHT ATTENDANTS stride quickly past him.

HOPE, a pretty twenty-five year-old, sees a bookshop.

HOPE

Oh, I need something to read on our layover.

SENIOR FLIGHT ATTENDANT

We don't have time Hope, you'll have to wait until we get there.

The crew continues their swift march.

Hope skips to the display window to view a poster, "*Beyond Time - by Helen White*", featuring a black and white cover photo of the two teenage girls holding hands in 1944 Auschwitz. She curls her hair behind her ear.

The young man has caught his breath, rechecks his ticket with the flight board, "Paris - flight 1111 Delayed".

He glances at Hope as she rejoins the other flight attendants. He sees the bookstore and ambles over to inspect the same poster.

He steps over to the display table and grabs the last copy of Helen White's book. He checks the cover, fumbles, but catches it. He flips a few pages and stops to read a line.

We finally see ELI's face, close-up with his eyes narrowing.

With a slower pace, Eli approaches the almost full gate. Passengers are glued to their laptops and iPad's.

He finds a seat next to MICHAEL, a four-year-old boy waiting with his GRANDMOTHER. Eli drops his bag, sits.

Michael turns.

MICHAEL

Hi.

ELI

Hi back, what's your name?

MICHAEL

Michael, what's yours?

Eli offers to shake hands.

ELI

Eli.

They shake.

MICHAEL

Nice to meet you Eli.

Michael switches back to his grandmother.

Eli pulls the book out of the bag.

GRANDMOTHER (O.S.)

And ... how do you know this?

Michael states matter-of-factly.

MICHAEL

Every soul know's this. Love is the
greatest power of all.

Surprising Eli.

ELI

Excuse me.

Michael twists back.

ELI (CONT'D)

How old are you?

MICHAEL

In earth years?

ELI

Yes, wait, what do you mean earth
...

MICHAEL

In earth years I'm four ... in soul years, I'm thirty-one thousand two hundred and sixty-three years old.

Eli is stunned.

Michael's Grandmother smiles, shrugs.

GRANDMOTHER

Welcome to my world.

GATE KEEPER (O.S. ON PA)

Thank you for your patience everyone. Flight eleven-eleven for Paris is now boarding. All passengers that need assistance and those with young children can now board.

GRANDMOTHER

That's us Michael.

They gather their belongings and step towards the gate.

MICHAEL

Bye!

Eric is still blown away by what he said.

Michael and his grandmother show their tickets and enter.

GATE KEEPER (V.O. ON PA)

Flight eleven-eleven now boarding rows one through nine.

Eli checks his ticket and returns the book into his bag.

Down the ramp, he catches up with the short line entering the aircraft.

INT. 2018 AIRPLANE - DAY

The senior flight attendant checks Eli's ticket. Hope is chatting with a pilot behind her.

SENIOR FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Far aisle, on your left.

Eli takes a few steps and waits calmly for a couple passengers to stow their bags. Someone bumps him from behind. He looks back, smiles "no worries".

He rechecks his seat assignment at the fourth row.

Iza is sitting at the window in her seventies, hair completely white.

ELI

Hi.

Eli pulls the book and places it on his seat.

Passengers continue to board.

Eli finishes stowing his carryon, picks up the book and sits. He offers his hand.

ELI (CONT'D)

Eli.

Iza shakes his hand.

IZA

Izabella, but everyone calls me Iza.

ELI

Nice to meet you Iza.

IZA

So you're interested in past lives?

ELI

Sorry?

IZA

The book.

Eli rechecks the cover.

ELI

Isn't this about Auschwitz.

IZA

Its more than that, its about past lives in Auschwitz. I know the book well. The author was a dear friend of mine.

He looks at the cover.

ELI

Really, Helen White?

IZA

We shared a common bond. She died twenty-five years ago, along with her partner Eric.

ELI

Oh. I'm confused, didn't this just come out?

IZA

It did, yes.

Eli has a blank look.

IZA (CONT'D)

It's complicated. Her agent contacted me about a year ago with the last piece of the puzzle, so we could finish it.

ELI

We?

Iza points to her name at the bottom of the cover.

ELI (CONT'D)

Doctor Izabella Stein.

MONTAGE: The plane pulls from the gate, taxis, and takes off.

INT. PLANE SECOND CLASS

Hope is serving passengers with JOHN, a male flight attendant.

Hope serves an ELDER MAN his drink.

HOPE

Here you go.

He smiles thanks and tips his fedora hat. She does a double take. Why does he look familiar?

John looks pale, holding his throat.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Are you OK John?

JOHN

I ... I'm going to be sick.

HOPE
Go! GO! I'll take care of Business
class.

INT. PLANE BUSINESS CLASS

Iza hands the withered and torn photograph of Hannah's mother to Eli.

IZA
That's me.

ELI
In your previous life?

IZA
Yes.

Eli compares the photo to Iza.

IZA (CONT'D)
I know, but that's me.

ELI
And that's why you're going to
Paris?

Iza nods.

IZA
And then I'm going to Hungary,
where I died giving birth to
Hannah.

ELI
Hannah, who's Hannah?

She points at the book.

IZA
Helen, in her past life, her name
was Hannah. Maybe I should stop,
let you read it first.

Young Michael, a few seats back, claps his hands excitedly.

Eli turns around and accidentally swipes items off his tray,
and the book flops into the aisle.

Happy Michael returns his look with a big smile.

Eli ducks down to grab his things.

Hope picks the book up, checks the cover, curls her hair.

HOPE
I wanted to get this at the
bookstore.

He's still bent over.

ELI
In the terminal?

HOPE
Yes, but I didn't have time.

ELI
That was the last one. So I guess
it had ...

Eli comes up, seeing Hope for the first time.

ELI (CONT'D)
... Your name on ... it.

He takes the book.

ELI (CONT'D)
Thank you!

Their eyes remain locked for several heartbeats.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2 interrupts, touching Hope on the arm.

FLIGHT ATTENDENT #2
The lady in 2 is having another
attack.

#2 looks at Eli and Iza.

FLIGHT ATTENDENT #2 (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

And back to Hope.

FLIGHT ATTENDENT #2 (CONT'D)
You're so good at these things.

HOPE
Excuse me.

Hope walks forward to the galley.

Eli stays glued to her every move.

She retrieves a notepad and pen and walks back to 2B.

SEAT 2B

Hope approaches a middle-aged hyperventilating MRS. ZUKOR, while her husband tries to console her.

Eli hasn't blinked, still focused on Hope.

Hope bends down, touches her lightly on the arm.

HOPE
Everything is fine Mrs. Zukor.

MRS.ZUKOR
I'm ... sorry.

HOPE
It's OK. Let's try this.

Hope places the notepad on the tray and offers the pen.

HOPE (CONT'D)
I need you to write your name ten times. Are you right or left handed?

MRS.ZUKOR (GASPING)
... Right.

HOPE
OK, write with your left hand.

Mrs. Zukor's eyes ask if she is crazy?

HOPE (CONT'D)
I know, it's weird, but it works.

ROW FOUR

Eric switches back to Iza.

IZA
And then I met Carmen. She helped me survive in Auschwitz. I'm glad I was able to thank her.

ELI
Wait, you were in Auschwitz too?

She points to the book.

IZA
It's in there, 176 I think.

Eli leafs through to the *LIST*, and a photo of a Iza on 177.

IZA (CONT'D)

They remembered where they buried a bottle in their previous life. It contained this list.

She points to her name at the bottom of the list.

IZA (CONT'D)

That's me, I was born in Auschwitz.

CLOSEUP OF THE LIST

Ocktober 6, 1944

Azononositas	Kor	Nev
(Identification)	(Age)	(Name)
#A-19446	15	Hannah Weiss
#A-19 ?	36	Joseph Weiss
#A-19479	38	Maria Stein
#A-19473	16	Elena Stein

Izabella Stein

ELI

Wait, you knew them?

Iza nods.

IZA

They were killed before I was born.

She places her hands over heart.

IZA (CONT'D)

They were my sisters.

Hope returns, curls her hair, smiles.

HOPE

OK I'm back. Where were we?

FADE OUT