

**SIXTIES GIRL**  
aka.  
"Project Nixon"

Screenplay by

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**INQUIRIES**

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ACT I

FADE IN:

EPIGRAPH:

**"Time moves slowly, but passes quickly."**  
*Alice Walker, The Color Purple*

1                    **INT. BOWMAN RESIDENCE (1969) - DAWN**                    1

The bedroom is small, but curated with the vibrant energy of the late Sixties. A few posters - **James Brown, Sly & The Family Stone** - are tacked to the wall next to a **Spelman College pennant**.

The sun cuts through the lace curtains as ELIZABETH "BETH" BOWMAN (19) bolts awake. She's breathing quickly, the remnants of a dream - or a premonition - fading from her eyes. She reaches for her bedside alarm clock: a heavy, chrome **Westclox**.

**7:00 AM**

Beth swings her feet onto the hardwood floor. She catches her reflection in the vanity mirror - sharp, intelligent eyes. A face that hasn't yet learned how to be cynical.

In the reflection of the vanity mirror, Beth affixes her **Spelman pin** to her blouse with a practiced precision.

DISSOLVE TO:

She grabs her bag and heads for the door.

BETH  
Mama, I'm going!

GLORIA (O.S)  
OK, baby, see you tonight!

CUT TO:

2                    **INT. MAJESTIC DINER (1969) - MORNING**                    2

The diner is a haze of grease smoke and the rhythmic *clack-clack* of a jukebox playing "**Everyday People**." Beth moves through the narrow aisles with a pot of coffee in one hand and a tray of grits in the other.

She slides the plate onto a table where TWO MEN in grease-stained coveralls sit. They aren't looking at the food. They're looking at Beth's legs.

CUSTOMER 1

(grinning)

You know, Beth, honey. You're far too pretty to be wasting time in those books. And working at this dump? Girl like you 'oughta be focused on making someone a very happy home...

CUSTOMER 2

(leaning in)

Skirt's a little short for the library, ain't it? Turn around, let me see if it's doin' something for your figure!

The men chuckle, a low, coarse sound. Beth stops. She doesn't blush, and she doesn't look down. She sets the coffee pot on the table with a firm *thud*.

BETH

(coolly)

My education is teaching me how to recognize a criminal mind, Mr. O'Malley. And based on that comment, you seem pretty *guilty* to me.

CUSTOMER 1

(stammers)

Hey now, I was just-

BETH

You were just confusing me with someone who gives a damn. You want more coffee? It's a dollar. You want to talk about clothes? Find a mirror and talk to *yourself*.

Beth turns on her heel, leaving them sputtering over their cold eggs. She walks to the counter and unfastens her apron.

BETH (CONT'D)

(to the cook)

I'm taking my break, Henry! Don't let those dinosaurs follow me.

She glides past the kitchen, out the door.



The shadows on the wall don't match the shelves. They are stretching. **Warping.**

Beth frowns, stepping closer to the bookshelf. The vibration in the floor is a silent roar - a pressure in her ears. She reaches into the space between two books.

Her hand disappears. Not behind the books. **Into** the air.

BETH (CONT'D)

What in the-

She leans forward curiously, her weight shifting. The gravity in the room *pulls*. Not down. **Forward.**

BETH (CONT'D)

(stumbling)

Whoa!

The world turns to a **blur** of golden light and static!

SMASH CUT TO:

5

**INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT (2029) - NIGHT**

5

**BOOM!**

Beth hits a floor that isn't wood. It's sallow, old carpet and concrete.

BETH

(knocked out)

OOF!

The silence is absolute, broken only by soft, electronic chirps and the humming of server racks. The world is cast in a blue hue.

Beth gasps, scrambling to her feet. She's still clutching the 1969 law book. Her other hand floats to the **Spelman pin.**

BETH (CONT'D)

Minnie? Henderson?

She turns around. The wooden shelves are gone. In their place are server racks, quietly humming.

BETH (CONT'D)

Oh, Lord. I'm dreaming. I fell asleep in the stacks.

She walks to the window, past an OLED screen showing the weather in Atlanta. 94 degrees. **Air Quality: Critical.** She looks past the screen at the real city.

Atlanta is a jagged, neon nightmare to her. Drones swarm like hornets between skyscrapers that nearly touch the clouds. A massive billboard across the street shows a Gatorade ad. The woman is forty feet tall and glowing.

BETH (CONT'D)  
What... in God's name??

Beth's knees buckle. She looks at her hands. They're shaking.

DOLLY OUT

It's a terrifying, futuristic cityscape that Beth no longer recognizes, save for **Old Glory**; the proud flag waves idly. This is the "**bad future.**"

TITLE OVER: **SIXTIES GIRL**

6

**EXT. PEACHTREE STREET (2029) - NIGHT**

6

Beth steps out from the shadow of the museum, her vintage heels clicking on the concrete. The air is clean - it lacks the grit and leaded exhaust of 1969 - but it's pierced by a constant, low frequency *hum*, an assault on Beth's ears.

She passes a street dancer; his boombox blares "**Welcome to Atlanta**" by Jermaine Dupri and Ludacris.

Beth stops at the corner, clutching her bag. The street signs are no longer familiar. She's completely lost.

BETH  
(to herself)  
Keep walking, just find the Carnegie.

Suddenly, an even-pitched *whirring* sound from behind. A man in a sharp, grey business suit *zips* past on an **electric scooter.**

Beth stumbles back with a mixture of alarm and bewilderment, nearly tripping over a chrome polished trash can.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Hey!

The man doesn't even turn his head. He has small, white plastic buds in his ears - **AirPods** - isolating him in a world she can't hear.

She looks towards the street, expecting the familiar curves of a Cadillac or Mustang. Instead, a massive, angular shape rounds the corner.

It looks like a jagged shard of stainless steel on wheels - a **Cybertruck**. It's flat, unpainted surfaces catch the multicolored street lights around it, reflecting the towering glass skyscrapers. It moves in silence, devoid of the guttural roar of a combustion engine.

BETH (CONT'D)

(to passersby)

Is that a tank? Are we at war?

No one is listening.

Beth feels a *wave of vertigo*. To her, the city hasn't grown; it has become a soulless machine. Everyone she passes are all looking down, faces illuminated by the pale, ghostly glow of **smartphones** in their palms.

They aren't talking to each other. They're tethered to the glass.

Further down the block, a **delivery drone** descends from the sky, landing on a designated yellow circle on the sidewalk with a mechanical *chirp*. It drops a cardboard box and ascends back into the swarm of humming lights between the buildings.

She spots a small, neon-lit sign at the end of the block: a **convenience store**. It's the only thing that looks even remotely like a shop.

Desperate to get off the alien street with the silent cars and flying machines, she heads for the sliding glass doors.

CUT TO:

7

**INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS**

7

Beth wanders through the automatic sliding doors. They hiss open with a sound, like a pressurized cabin. The LED lights overhead are blinding.

The store is cramped, smelling of stale coffee and floor cleaner. Beth stands by the snack aisle, her stomach twisting with a hunger that feels days old.

She reaches for a small **bag of peanuts**. The price tag on the shelf reads: **\$4.99**

Beth stares at it. She looks at the small bag, then back to the tag. To her, this is robbery for a handful of peanuts.

She walks to the counter. The CASHIER is a man in his late 20s with tired eyes, scrolling through his phone. He doesn't look up as she approaches.

BETH  
(softly)  
Excuse me. I'd like to buy these.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a crisp, **1969 One-Dollar Bill**. She lays it on the counter. George Washington's face is vibrant green, looking out of place against the scratched, gray plastic.

The Cashier looks down. He doesn't touch the bill. He just stares at it, then back at Beth.

CASHIER  
Is this a joke?

BETH  
(confused)  
No, sir. It's... I know it's not enough, but I was hoping... I'm a student at Spelman, and I seem to have lost my way. I haven't eaten since-

CASHIER  
(interrupting)  
It's five bucks, lady. And I don't take play money. What is this, a movie prop? Good stuff, though.

BETH  
(sternly)  
It's a *dollar*. Legal tender.

CASHIER  
It *looks* like it came out of a cereal box. I need *real* money. You got a card? Apple Pay? Anything?

Beth looks at the peanuts, then at the man. She doesn't know what a "card" or "Apple Pay" is. She feels the heat of humiliation rising in her chest.

She picks up the dollar bill and, with a trembling hand, slips it back into the pouch of her Spelman sweatshirt.

She leaves the peanuts on the counter and turns to leave, her head down.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
 (barking)  
 Hey!

Beth stops. She turns around. The Cashier is pointing a finger at her.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
 You think I'm stupid? I saw you put it in your hoodie.

BETH  
 I put the *money* in my pocket.

CASHIER  
 No, you palmed a bag. I saw your hand move. Give it back or I'm calling the cops.

BETH  
 (opening her hands)  
 I don't have them! They're right there on the counter!

But the cashier isn't looking at the counter anymore. He's looking past her, out the front window. A POLICE OFFICER is walking by, a coffee cup in one hand and a radio on his shoulder.

The Cashier leans over the counter and yells through the open door.

CASHIER  
 Officer! Hey, Officer!

The cop stops and turns. He looks through the glass, his eyes locking on Beth - the girl in the vintage sweatshirt, looking panicked and out of place.

CASHIER (CONT'D)  
 She's trying to lift stuff! And she's passing counterfeits!

The Officer sets his coffee on a trash can and starts toward the door, his hand resting instinctively on his belt.

BETH  
 What?  
 (to the officer)  
 No. Sir, please, he's mistaken-

OFFICER  
 (stepping inside)  
 Alright, Miss, settle down. Keep  
 your hands where I can see them and  
 step over here.

The Officer places Beth under arrest.

CUT TO:

8

**INT. ATLANTA POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT**

8

The booking room is a fluorescent-lit nightmare of peeling grey paint and the constant, rhythmic *thunk-whirr* of a digital fingerprint scanner.

Beth stands at the high wooden counter. She looks small, her Spelman sweatshirt dusty and frayed among the crisp uniforms.

A BOOKING OFFICER (50s) stares at a computer screen, his brow furrowed.

Next to him, a portable radio quietly plays "**My Home Is a Prison**" by Slim Harpo.

The Booking Officer blinks at a grainy, black-and-white photo on his monitor, then at Beth, then back to the monitor.

BOOKING OFFICER  
 OK, kid, I don't know what kind of  
 prank this is. You're telling me  
 your name is 'Elizabeth Bowman'?

BETH  
 (voice cracking)  
 Yes, sir. I'm a student. I live on  
 Ashby Street.

She glances to her right: another young girl sits, crying in handcuffs on the bench, awaiting booking. Her mascara is a mess. For a second, they lock eyes. Beth smiles at her.

BOOKING OFFICER  
 Ashby Street hasn't been called  
 that in over twenty years. And  
 'Bowman' is a file in the cold case  
 drawer. She went missing in '69.  
 You telling me you're a ghost?

BETH  
 I don't know what you're talking  
 about, I just wanted some peanuts!

The Booking Officer sighs and HITS a buzzer, an intercom. A heavy steel door GROANS open.

BOOKING OFFICER  
Callahan! Get in here. Your "pro-bono" for the night just broke my system.

CUT TO:

9

**INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - LATER**

9

Beth sits in the sterile, minimalist room, staring at the digital clock with a mix of awe and horror:

**SATURDAY OCTOBER 13TH 2029 04:04**

Her clothes have changed; she wears a "property of APD" sweatshirt. No doubt she was made to change at intake.

DANIEL CALLAHAN (30s) walks in. He's young yet, but he looks like a man who hasn't slept in years. His suit is in wrinkles, his tie is loosened, and he's carrying a legal pad overflowing with yellowed sticky notes. He drops the thick file onto the metal table. He's exhausted.

He stops when he sees Beth.

He doesn't see a criminal. He sees a girl who looks like she stepped out of a time capsule.

DAN  
Elizabeth Bowman?

She's not ready to answer.

DAN (CONT'D)  
I'm Dan Callahan. I'm the guy they send when the State wants to lock you up.

He shakes her hand. He's holding onto the punchline.

DAN (CONT'D)  
(grinning)  
But you can't afford the lock.

BETH  
(unamused)  
Funny.

He sits across from her at the scratched metal table. He slides the evidence bag across the table to her. Inside is Beth's **dollar bill**.

DAN

Yeah, speaking of "funny," cashier says you tried to give him some 'funny money' and lift a bag of Planters?

BETH

I tried to *buy* them.

Dan sighs. He's been a public defender for ten years; he knows every scam, every "sovereign citizen" trick. But this?

DAN

Ma'am-

BETH

(immediately)

*Miss.*

DAN

Miss, that bill is sixty years old. It's *mint condition*. You don't see a problem there? Cops said you got no ID, no Social Security number, credit card, no digital footprint, not even regular prints! I gotta say Liz, in this country, not having a trail is a bigger crime than the peanuts.

BETH

(correcting)

Beth.

DAN

Excuse me?

BETH

My name's Beth. Not that you asked.

DAN

(wryly)

I did, though.

BETH

And I walk on my feet, Mr. Callahan. I don't know what a "digital footprint" is.

DAN  
 (amused)  
 Well, then. Beth...

Dan leans back, studying her. From his briefcase, he produces a bag of peanuts and slides them across the table. Beth melts.

BETH  
 Thank you.

DAN  
 They're my favorite, too.

Next, Dan pulls a thick, weathered folder from his briefcase. He flips to a page with a reprint of a newspaper clipping. *The Atlanta Daily World*:

**SPELMAN JUNIOR VANISHES IN CARNEGIE STACKS**

DAN (CONT'D)  
 (quietly)  
 That's all I could find searching your name. That girl in the photo. She's wearing your sweatshirt. She has that Spelman pin...

BETH  
 That's me. That's my pin.  
 (taps her pin)  
 My mother gave this to me when I got my acceptance letter.

DAN  
 Okay... Beth, identity theft is a crime. Pretty sure it was in the Sixties, too.

BETH  
 I'm *not* making this up!

DAN  
 Then if you are who you say you are, you're *really* this girl - you aren't a shoplifter. You're either a miracle or a dangerous mistake.

He leans in, his voice dropping to a whisper, glancing at the security camera in the corner.

DAN (CONT'D)  
D.A. is already talking about  
"Processing." They think you're  
either a high-tech squatter, or a  
spy.

BETH  
(laughs)  
A spy... For the Soviets?

Dan pauses. She didn't call it Russia.

DAN  
Sure.

He pats a second, sealed evidence bag. Inside are Beth's  
1960s clothes.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Now look. Usually, I tell my  
clients to just keep their mouths  
shut. But in your case, I need you  
to tell me exactly where you got  
this outfit and why you're  
pretending it's 1969.

BETH  
(heated whisper)  
I told you: I'm not pretending! I  
was in the library stacks at  
Carnegie. I went to the Annex to  
get something from the archive. The  
air... started to shimmer. And then  
I fell down - I was *pulled* down -  
and I was here.

DAN  
And 'here,' where is here?

BETH  
Downtown. At the Carnegie Library.

DAN  
(sighs)  
What you're talking about doesn't  
exist! The Carnegie was torn down  
in...  
(taps smartphone)  
1977.

BETH  
(insistent)  
What? No.

(MORE)

BETH (CONT'D)

I was there all afternoon. *This* afternoon. October - 1969!

Dan stares at her. He should call the psych ward. He should fill out Form 10-B and move on to his next case. His eyes are drawn again to her Spelman pin. **Class of '71.**

DAN

Pretty high-end replica you got.

BETH

(looking down)

This is not a replica! My roommate, Minnie, has the same one! We were supposed to go to a sit-in at Marietta street this afternoon.

DAN

Marietta Street? There's no lunch counters, Beth, there's barely even any lunch. It's all museums and data centers now.

He stops. He's looking for the "tell," the twitch of a liar. He sees nothing but genuine, 100-watt fear.

DAN (CONT'D)

OK. Here's what I'm gonna do. If I can prove you're the Bowman girl... then you aren't under their jurisdiction; you're a ward of the State. We can argue it's a "century that no longer exists," I guess. Claim asylum.

BETH

I just want to go home. My mother's expecting me! If I'm not there, she'll call the police... she'll think something happened to me.

DAN

Beth, the home you're talking about is gone. And if you're telling me the truth, you're in a lot more trouble than a shoplifting charge. The future doesn't like things it can't track.

Beth looks again to the digital clock on the wall. The numbers are sleek and emotionless.

BETH

Is it really 2029? Please. Tell me we won. Tell me this isn't it, and the world is better.

Dan looks at her - really looks at her - and sees the vibrant, hopeful Spirit of '69 staring at his own cynical, exhausted reflection: the Fatigue of '29.

He feels a spark of something he hasn't felt in years. Actual duty.

DAN

I'm not sure about "better."

He grabs the evidence bags and slides them back in his briefcase.

DAN (CONT'D)

First rule of being my client: Don't say anything about the "stacks" or "shimmers." You're just a confused girl from out of town, OK? Let me handle the time travel.

BETH

(nods)

OK.

DAN

Let's go, Sixties girl.

BETH

I'm coming with you??

DAN

Did you want to stay here?

She scowls. Dan stands, a small smile on his face. There's something about him.

Beth stands, following him to the door.

RETURN TO:

10

**INT. ATLANTA POLICE DEPARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

10

The station is a hive of cold light and digital pings. Dan walks with a practiced, hurried stride, his briefcase tucked under one arm while he swipes at his tablet. Beth follows close behind, trying to mimic his "too busy" energy.