

THE TIME TRAVELER'S WIFE

EPISODE ONE

Written by
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Based on the novel by Audrey Niffenegger

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1

VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE)

1

CLARE ABSHIRE. Red haired, she appears to be in her mid-to-late thirties. She sits, talking directly to the camera. This is obviously home made - like any actor's self-tape. Behind her, indistinct, a suburban home.

CLARE

Why is love intensified by absence?

2

VIDEO FOOTAGE (HENRY)

2

HENRY DETAMBLE. Seems a fair bit older than Clare. A bit ravaged, so it's hard to tell. A sharp, careworn face, thinning gray hair - Henry Fonda in his later years. A man who has been through rather too much. For the purposes of this script we will call him OLDEST HENRY.

Again, he's talking to camera, in some dimly seen domestic setting.

He is frowning in thought, like someone just asked him a difficult question.

After a moment:

OLDEST HENRY

How does it feel? How does it *feel*?

(Considers, shrugs)

Normal. Like nothing. Like your attention wandered for a moment. And the book you were reading is gone, and your coffee's gone, and the room's gone, and you're ankle deep in a ditch -

FLASH - Nighttime: a younger version of Henry (short dark hair) is standing naked in a ditch - clearly he's just splashed into place. He's surrounded by bushes and trees. There's shouting, barking dogs, gunfire. He looks around, wildly.

OLDEST HENRY (CONT'D)

- or in the middle of a highway -

FLASH - Daytime: a highway. Naked Henry (longer dark hair, though we only glimpse him) is hurling himself out of the way of a speeding truck. He rolls to safety on the verge.

OLDEST HENRY (CONT'D)

- or in a field full of cows.

FLASH - Daytime: a field of cows, who are milling round a hapless naked Henry (short, graying hair.)

OLDEST HENRY (CONT'D)
 And of course, you're naked. Back
 in time, and naked.

Now cutting fast round glimpses of Henry in action. Just
 expressionistic glimpses of future episodes.

**FLASH - A church congregation, staring. Naked Henry (short
 dark hair) is at the front of the church, covering himself up
 as best he can.**

**FLASH - A back street at night. Naked Henry (long dark hair)
 dives for cover behind some trash-packed skips - and collides
 with a couple making out.**

**FLASH - A barn in the daytime. Naked Henry (short dark hair)
 tumbles out of a pile of hay. A bunch of startled farmers are
 raising their shotguns at him.**

(NB Throughout these clips, we never get a good look at the
 various versions of Henry - he is a naked blur, leaping out
 of the way. And we can't be coy about how we shoot the nudity
 - there's going to be far too much of it.)

3

VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE)

3

CLARE
 The bed clothes will go slack. Or
 the shower will keep running, or
 the bacon will keep frying, or
 you'll hear a coffee cup smash on
 the floor, and you realise, he's
 gone.

**FLASH: Clare and Henry's house. Clare (early thirties) steps
 into the kitchen. In the foreground, a sink is overflowing -
 quick pan down to a pile of Henry's clothes on the floor.**

CLARE (CONT'D)
 It's happened again, he's gone.

**FLASH: Clare's apartment. Clare (early twenties) sets a glass
 of wine down in front of an empty dining room chair.**

CLARE (CONT'D)
 He's just a pile of clothes.

**FLASH: Clare and Henry's house. Henry's clothes are draped
 over a sofa and a book has fallen - open and face down - on
 the floor. Clare (early thirties) picks up the book, takes an
 envelope from the table and carefully marks Henry's place,
 before the closing the book.**

CLARE (CONT'D)
 And then it starts. The waiting.

FLASH: Clare and Henry's house. Clare sits at the dining table, eating. The chair opposite is conspicuously empty.

4 VIDEO FOOTAGE (HENRY)

4

OLDEST HENRY

Time travel - it's not a superpower. It's a disability. It's what's wrong with me. I can't keep hold of the current moment, I just ... slide off. I fall back in time.

5 VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE)

5

CLARE

When he's gone, I wait and I worry. I wonder where he is, when he is. If he's in danger...

FLASH: Clare's workshop. Clare (early thirties) is in her work clothes, paper making - arms up to her elbows in a huge bowl, filled with a slurry of paper pulp. She works fiercely, frowning, absorbed. Her voice continues over this.

6 VIDEO FOOTAGE (HENRY)

6

OLDEST HENRY

Sometimes you ping straight back where you were, to your book and your coffee, and it's fine. Five minutes, nothing, a nap.

FLASH: We're back in Clare and Henry's house, as Clare (mid-thirties) uses the envelope to mark Henry's place in his book - and startles, as naked Henry (short dark hair) stumbles into shot. She smiles, hands him the book. He hugs her, clinging to her hard.

OLDEST HENRY (CONT'D)

Sometimes it's days, weeks, months. And you have to survive. Three things I got good at - stealing, running, and fighting. You need to be good at those when everywhere you go, you're naked.

Now a quicker series of cuts. These are more visceral, brutal.

FLASH: A back street, nighttime. Naked Henry (longer dark hair) is beating the crap out of some young guy.

FLASH: A clothes shop. Naked Henry (short graying hair) is reaching his arm through a smashed window, grabbing what he can. An alarm is sounding.

FLASH: A kitchen in someone's house. The curtains flap in the breeze from the forced-open window, and naked Henry (short dark hair) is eating hungrily from the fridge. The Home-owner, gun leveled, is nervously approaching him from behind.

FLASH: The same back street as before. Now Henry (longer dark hair) is pulling on some ill fitting clothes, while the guy he was beating up lies naked on the ground.

7 VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE) 7

CLARE, now laughing, at something someone's just said.

8 VIDEO FOOTAGE (HENRY) 8

HENRY, also laughing.

 OLDEST HENRY
 That's a difficult question.

9 VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE) 9

 CLARE
 Seriously? You're asking me that?

10 VIDEO FOOTAGE (HENRY) 10

 OLDEST HENRY
 When did we first meet? *First* meet?
 Define "first"!

Another roar of laughter.

11 VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE) 11

 CLARE
 I married a time traveler. It's ...
 complicated.

She smiles. On her smile, we dissolve to:

12 **OPENING TITLES** 12

As the titles begin, it's like another flashback (which is what it is.) We see:

13 EXT. THE MEADOW - DAY

13

A beautiful, wide meadow under a perfect blue sky. The sun is shining like it only does in your memories.

At one side of meadow, and lovely grand old house. At the other side, the beginning of a wood.

Running between the two, from the house to the trees, is a tiny red-haired figure, charging through the long grass.

The titles begin ...

Closer: a little girl, with flame-red hair. She's six years old and this is very clearly YOUNG CLARE. In her arms she carries a pile of folded men's clothes (folded about as well as you'd expect from an enthusiastic six year old.) On a top of the pile of clothes is a big pair of men's shoes. They jostle as she runs.

14 EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

14

Now she's dashing through the trees, ducking branches, skirting ponds. It's magical; a fairy tale wood; a forest from your childhood.

15 EXT. CLEARING - DAY

15

Now she's stepping into the clearing. It's about ten feet in diameter. There's a big rock in the centre of it, and the land swells and dips, so creating a degree of privacy from the direction of the house.

Young Clare dashes to the "private area" of the clearing, carefully - a little proudly - sets down the pile of clothes.

We hold on the pile of clothes, the pair of men's shoes on top. Now widening to include, next to them, the tiny pair of shoes on Young Clare's feet (this is effectively the cover of the book.)

The image freezes. Pulling out from this image to include what is now the full title card.

THE TIME TRAVELER'S WIFE.

16 EXT. CHICAGO/WASHINGTON SQUARE/NEWBERRY LIBRARY - DAY

16

We're tracking along with a young, red-haired girl. In fact, it's Clare (aged 20.)

To one side of the screen we fade up the words.

Clare is 20

These words stay up (and should appear in the exact font used for the original publication.)

She's heading towards -

We pan ahead of her to:

The Newberry Library - grand and old and sitting at the edge of the square.

Clare is now skipping up the steps...

17

INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/CAGE STAIRCASE - DAY

17

"Back stage" at the Library. A grim stone staircase, wound round a grim, metal, cage like structure. This cage is oddly purposeless - as if an elevator had once been intended, but never installed.

Now skipping down the steps is HENRY. Much younger, much healthier - an almost loutish confidence. He has long, collar length hair. Trouble bristles from him.

Now more words fade up, adding to the ones already there:

Clare is 20, Henry is 28.

Henry heads to a pair of double doors, leading into the main part of the building.

He hesitates at the door, looks back at grim, gray cage, extending up through the centre of the winding staircase.

A troubled frown. Like it's bad memory. Or perhaps something more complicated than that. He shakes off the feeling, pushes open the doors. (We now lose the words.)

18

INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/THE STACKS - DAY

18

A double height room, crammed with a succession of looming, gray metal book cases. The cases are mounted on rails, and can be slid together or apart. They have iron turn-wheels on the end of each of the book case, used to move the massive units. These are the stacks.

Henry is heading along the narrow canyon between the stacks. He's in a good mood - an almost truculent cheeriness.

As he passes one the of the cases, he runs his hand along the books. He's always at home here. Loves this place.

Now stepping from between the stacks, MATT.

Matt is about Henry's age, also works here. He's phlegmatic to Henry's cheeriness - and at the moment, has an armful of clothes. They face each other for a moment.

MATT
Are these yours? I found them in
the stacks.

*

HENRY 28
Yeah. Thanks.

*

*

Henry bustles on past him, clearly anxious to be through with this conversation.

MATT
Henry ... I've been meaning to ask
... why do you sometimes take off
your clothes and run around naked
in here?

*

*

*

HENRY 28
... it's complicated.

*

MATT
Okay, I'm listening.

*

HENRY 28
It's a *long* story.

*

*

MATT
Time isn't a problem for me.

*

HENRY 28
Lucky you!

*

Henry flashes him a cheeky smile and heads on.

19

INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/THE SPECIAL COLLECTION - DAY

19

HENRY emerges through a side door, into:

"Front of house" at the library. Wide and tall and marble and gleaming. The grand corridor is lined on one side with book-crammed reading rooms, visible through interior windows. At the midpoint of the corridor, it widens into an oval where there is a reception desk. Stone staircases sweep up and down from this point. This - according to the sign above the desk - is the "Special Collections" department.

Henry: the jaunty, coin-jingling walk of someone absolutely at home.

He glances into one reading room as he passes. A number of people sit round a table, while a MAN stands at the far end, giving a presentation.

The next room: almost empty. A BLONDE WOMAN sits with her back to us. Henry glances, passes on -

- stops. That cascade of blonde hair. Promising.

He backs up, knocks on the reading room door, opens it.

HENRY 28
Ah, excuse me -

*

The blonde turns from the books she has spread on the table. She is much older than Henry was expecting. He smiles.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)
No.

*

He withdraws, closing the door.

Now he reaches the stairs, turns to head down them. As he does he hears a voice - clearly pitched to attract his attention.

ISABELLE
(From off)
Perhaps *Mr DeTamble* can help you.

Henry turns on the stairs.

ISABELLE - a squat, sardonic woman, obviously the RECEPTIONIST - is eyeing him from behind the desk. She is mid-conversation with a red-haired woman. As the red-haired woman turns, following Isabelle's look we see that it is CLARE. (We don't focus on Clare for the moment, but the moment she sees Henry, she just stares.)

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Unless he's been called to urgent business elsewhere?

Henry comes back up the stairs, with a resigned smile.

HENRY 28
You mean unless he's trying to slink off home early?

*

*

ISABELLE
You read my mind.

HENRY 28
It's written all over your face.

*

ISABELLE
Kelmscott Press *Chaucer*.

HENRY 28
Who wants to know?

*

Isabelle nods her head to the woman standing next to him at the counter, moves away. *

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *
Hi. Can I help you? *

It's Clare. And she is staring at him - like she's in a state of revelation. Stricken at the very sight of him, silenced by him. *

Henry: blinks, not sure what to make of that. Tries his best friendly smile. *

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *
So. The Kelsmcott Chaucer, yeah? *

More staring. Henry, unnerved by the eyes now searching his face. *

CLARE *
... Henry? *

HENRY 28 *
Oh. Hello. *
(She's just staring) *
Sorry, I don't, um - *

CLARE *
Clare. Abshire. Clare Abshire. *

The way she says her name - like she's expecting it to mean something. But there's nothing. Just a pleasant struggling to make sense of this conversation as politely as he can. *

HENRY 28 *
Well. Hello Clare. Good to meet *
you. *

CLARE *
Meet me? *

Henry blinks - surprise, confusion. What?? *

HENRY 28 *
- um - okay - *

CLARE *
Well, yes, *meet me*, of course. *
Sorry. Didn't think this would be *
so ... head-fucky. *

HENRY 28 *
So what? *

CLARE *
Wasn't expecting this. Not today. *

HENRY 28
Expecting what?

CLARE
You. You.
(An involuntary giggle,
slightly hysterical -
claps a hand to her
mouth.)
Look at you!

Henry: starting to think he's dealing with a crazy. Looking around, embarrassed.

CLARE (CONT'D)
No, it's okay, I'm fine, don't worry.
(Another yelp of
realisation)
Jesus! DeTamble? She said Mr. DeTamble. That's your name, Henry DeTamble.

HENRY 28
Yes.

CLARE
That's going to take a bit of getting used to.

HENRY 28
... okay. So the Kelmscott -

CLARE
It's all right, I'm not mad. Gimme a moment, I've got this. I've been practising.

HENRY 28
To come to a library?

CLARE
(Almost like a prepared speech)
You have a birthmark. Like a strawberry. Like you stood on a strawberry and squished it. On your left foot.

She reaches over and with the toe of her shoe, prods the inside of his left foot. It's strangely - and deliberately - intimate.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Also, you have a scar just below your hairline. Can't see it right now, your hair's too long.
(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

(Momentarily distracted by
the hair)
Actually it's *really* long. Is it
supposed to be that long?
(Abruptly back on subject)
You've never told me how you got
the scar. I've asked you but I
don't think you like talking about
it.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Henry: she has his full attention now. Studying her face,
starting to get it.

*
*

HENRY 28

We've met then?

*
*

CLARE

Yes. Well, no. I've met *you*.
(Hesitates; a beat - and
drops the big one)
I saw that birthmark fourteen years
ago.

*
*
*
*
*

On Henry as this impacts. Oh. *Oh!* Now he's processing that.

CLARE (CONT'D)

And now you're standing there
looking like you've never seen me
before -

*
*
*
*

HENRY 28

I haven't.

*
*

CLARE

I know.

*
*

He looks hard at her, studying her face. Is it possible, does
she really know? He looks around, checking no one is over-
hearing. Lowers his voice.

*
*

HENRY 28

Do you understand why I don't
recognise you?

*

CLARE

Yes.

*
*

HENRY 28

So. I take it know about my ...
problem?

*
*
*

CLARE

Yes.

*
*

HENRY 28

Who told you?

*

CLARE
You told me.

*

Henry thinks about that: *okay...*

HENRY 28
We can't talk here. We should get a
coffee.

*

CLARE
Or a drink.

HENRY 28
Okay, a drink.

*

CLARE
Dinner.

HENRY 28
That escalated quickly.

*

CLARE
Fourteen years.

20

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE/NEWBERRY LIBRARY - DAY

20

*

Henry is showing Clare out.

They stand together outside the glass doors. Exquisitely
awkward in a very precise new way.

HENRY 28
So. Tonight.

*

CLARE
Yeah. Tonight.

They stare at one another for a moment, in such different
places.

Clare: guarded, teasing, fizzing with knowledge she can't
share - but studying his face, as if she isn't quite sure
she's got the right guy. Her eyes keep going to his long
hair.

Henry: scared, thrilled, ravenous to know more, apprehensive.

HENRY 28
Sorry, I'm not quite sure - um -

*

CLARE
No. Me neither.

HENRY 28
I'm usually good at reading women.

*

CLARE

Women?

HENRY 28

People. Both.

She frowns at his crassness. Then just laughs.

CLARE

Later!

She eyes him for a moment - a slightly quizzical look, hard for Henry to read - and starts down the steps.

He stares after her fascinated, already. And then he winces, remembering how he played it.

HENRY 28

(Cringing)

Both!

Closer on Clare as she walks. She starts to smile, amused. And then happy. And then grinning.

She can't resist it - she looks back.

Clare's POV. Henry on the steps. He's got his head in hands, clearly embarrassed. Thumping his damn fool skull with one fist.

Clare laughs, heads on out of frame

Closer on Henry. He pulls himself together. Turns to go back inside. As he does, he glances over at Clare - and watches.

Henry's POV: Clare is walking away through the park, and now she starts to run. Now she's jumping and whooping and hollering for a joy. A moment ago she was a composed and mysterious woman - and now she's exploding with happiness, like a little girl in a play park.

On Henry: a slow smile, spreading. Something amazing is about to start.

21

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

21

A tiny studio apartment - living room/bedroom/kitchen with a tiny bathroom off it. It is apocalyptically untidy. No television - and everywhere, books. Stacked, shelved, lying opened the floor. It's a cave of books and scuzziness. The door is just banging shut behind Henry, who has just arrived. He looks round in despair.

HENRY 28

Okay ... !

Fast cutting round:

Henry vacuuming the living room -

- Henry washing dishes -

- Henry sniffing the bedsheets, assessing their romantic viability -

- Henry pulling off the bedsheets -

- stuffing the bedsheets in the laundry basket -

- searching a largely empty airing cupboard -

- pulling the bedsheets out of the laundry basket -

- putting the bedsheets back on the bed -

- spraying a deodorant from a can over the bedsheets

- now he's in the bathroom -

- and he notices -

- *two toothbrushes in the cup above the sink!*

He quickly snatches the pink one -

- swipes a lipstick off the shelf -

- a little make up mirror is also snatched up -

- a compact, a diaphragm case, box of tampons, more make-up accessories -

His hands full of the incriminating items, he stands in the middle of the bathroom - *where to put them??*

Close on a little drawer, as he yanks it open.

Inside it: more of the same - old lipsticks, etc.

Grimly, he contemplates the evidence that he's done all this before -

- and then tips the fresh batch of evidence in, and slams the drawer.

He stands, turning to go -

- and stops.

Shock moment! In the middle of the floor, a huge crimson explosion of blood. It has sloshed over the walls too.

September 23rd, 1992. He flicks a page. More dates. *Bloody hell!*

HENRY 28

152.

Henry's eye running down the page. All the years. 1993. 1998. 2005.

Tries to get his head round this. Fails.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)

(Indicates flowers)

What should I do with these?

CLARE

I think you put them in water so they die slower.

HENRY 28

Sometimes can you just dump them on a table?

CLARE

Yeah, I think so.

He discards the bunch of flowers on the table. Sits. He picks up the book again.

Henry is studying the book now, the childish handwriting. As Clare watches him handle the book - barked knuckles. Clare, now noticing -

- Henry's clothes are little disheveled. Looks like he's had to dust himself off.

CLARE (CONT'D)

You been in a fight?

HENRY 28

Sure, how do you think I got the flowers? You made this list?

CLARE

Actually, you dictated it to me. So I'd know when you'd be showing up. You told me a few years ago that you memorized it from the list I'm giving you now. Which you dictated to me in the first place. So I don't really know how the information even exists, it's like a Moebius list -

HENRY 28

(Hand to his head)

No, stop, slow down.

CLARE *
 Yeah, it's confusing. I've had *
 longer to think about it. Has this *
 never happened before? Meeting *
 someone in the wrong order? *

HENRY 28 *
 No. *

CLARE *
 Didn't he warn you about this kind *
 of thing? *

HENRY 28 *
 (Looks at her sharply) *
 Didn't who warn me? *

CLARE *
 The guy who trained you. *

Henry: surprised at this question, wary of it. *

CLARE (CONT'D) *
 I know there was a guy who taught *
 you about the time travel stuff - *
 all the rules. When you were a kid. *
 Another time traveler. *

HENRY 28 *
 Did I tell you who it was? *

CLARE *
 You haven't so far. Maybe today's *
 the day. *

Clare is properly curious on this point - hoping she's *
 finally getting this piece of the puzzle. Trying to tease and *
 flirt it out of him. *

Henry just looks at her, then back at the book. *

HENRY 28 *
 (Reading one of the dates - *
 slight alarm) *
 September the 11th, 2001? *

CLARE *
 Yeah. That was a day. *

HENRY 28 *
 Looking forward to that one all *
 over again. So. Getting this *
 straight. In the future - *my* future *
 - I'm going to start showing up in *
 your past. *

CLARE *
Yeah. *

HENRY 28 *
For fourteen years. *

CLARE *
152 times. *

HENRY 28 *
What age am I? Back then? Was I? *
Will I be? *

CLARE *
Yeah, tenses are fucked, don't go *
there. Oldest I've seen you, forty *
something. Youngest, maybe about *
thirty. All jumbled up, though, I *
never knew what age you'd be. *
You're gonna suit gray though. Last *
time I saw was two years ago. *

HENRY 28 *
What's that smile? *

CLARE *
It's a remembering smile. *

HENRY 28 *
Remembering what? *

CLARE *
How old are you now? *

HENRY 28 *
28. *

CLARE *
You look like a baby. *

HENRY 28 *
Why you? Why specifically you, so *
many times? *

CLARE *
Well, not a baby. But it's like *
you've been all ... you know ... *
tightened. You've gone all bouncy *
and shiny. You've been *renovated*. *

HENRY 28 *
I suppose that must seem a little *
...

Weird. HENRY Hot. CLARE *

HENRY 28 *
Hot? *

CLARE *
Hot, yeah. Somebody pimped my date. *

HENRY 28 *
Is that what we're doing here, are *
we on date? *

CLARE *
Yes. *

HENRY 28 *
I mean a *date* date. *

CLARE *
Yes. *

HENRY 28 *
How am I doing? *

CLARE *
Astonishingly well. *

HENRY 28 *
Oh. Good. *

CLARE *
About as well as it is possible for *
a human being to do, in fact. *

HENRY 28 *
Great. *

He's momentarily dumbfounded. Game on, and he's now *
struggling to focus. *

CLARE *
No more questions? *

HENRY 28 *
All of a sudden I'm distracted. *

CLARE *
Concentrate - ask me something. *

HENRY 28 *
Any ... um ... hobbies? Favourite *
books? Any unusual sexual *
proclivities I should know about? *

CLARE *
One. *

HENRY 28 *
What? *

CLARE
I'm going to marry you.

On Henry. This information lands on him like a grand piano.
He can't find words.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Oh. I was gonna build up to that.
But, oops, there it is. I'm your
future wife.

He can't stop swallowing. She just smiles complacently at
him.

HENRY 28
Who says?

CLARE
You do. You told me. You explained
you were visiting me from our
marriage in the future. Sorry to
spring it on you, but in the
future, we're a married couple.

Henry: still not finding words. His eyes dart round the
restaurant. Suddenly it seems to be full of old married
couples.

Finally.

HENRY 28
... congratulations.

Clare explodes with laughter.

CLARE
Seriously. Congratulations??

HENRY 28
What am I *supposed* to say?

CLARE
Don't think much of yourself, do
you?

HENRY 28
I don't know - ... I can't - ...

CLARE
Congratulations??

HENRY 28
There is literally *no precedent for
this conversation.*

CLARE
That's for sure.

HENRY 28
Sorry. It's a lot to ... process.

CLARE
Ooh, hold my hand when you say
process.

HENRY 28
Married??

CLARE
Yep.

HENRY 28
You're my - ...

CLARE
Yes I am.

HENRY 28
My *wife*?

CLARE
Your future wife, yes.

HENRY 28
... I met you four hours ago. We
haven't even ordered yet.

She roars with laughter again. Henry glances nervously
around. People are glancing towards them - the nervous young
man and the joyously laughing young woman.

Now Clare has reached across the table, taken his hand. She's
warmer now, kinder.

CLARE
I know. I get it. Fourteen years
for me. Earlier today for you. It's
weird. So ask me question.

He stares at her, searching her face. This is so much. *Too*
much.

HENRY 28
If we're going to get married - and
remember, I've only got your word
for that -

CLARE
Well, technically, I've only got
your word for that. But then, if
you think about it, what does any
couple ever have?
(A tight little smile)
Please don't do that.

HENRY 28 *
Do what? *

CLARE *
Swallow when I say 'couple'.

HENRY 28 *
Did I swallow? *

CLARE *
Audibly. The next table looked
round. *

HENRY 28 *
If we're going to be married - if
we, basically, just got ...
engaged ... it seems reasonable to
ask ... how did we meet? *

Clare glances down at the list in the still opened blue book.
She smiles, amused. *

CLARE *
You mean, how was it for me? *

23 EXT. MEADOW - DAY 23

Almost identical to the opening shot of the title sequence.

The heartbreaking blue sky, the meadow, the house at one
side, the wood at the other.

Again, there is the little red-haired figure racing through
the long grass.

Closer on her: YOUNG CLARE dashing through the meadow. This
time, though, she isn't carrying clothes. In one hand she
grips a little, plastic horse.

We now fade up the words -

Clare is 6

- at one side of the screen. They remain there for now.

24 EXT. WOODS - DAY 24

Now Clare is dashing through the trees in the wood. Ducking
under branches, skirting round the pond.

25 EXT. CLEARING - DAY 25

Now she's arrived at the clearing. The boulder in the middle,
the swell and dip of the land.

She scurries down into her private little area. She plops herself down on the ground, examines her horse. Squints at it, critically.

She pulls a little comb from her pocket, combs its sparse few hairs.

Now a coughing. A retching. Like someone being sick.

Clare freezes in alarm - no one ever comes, *no one* - and now looks towards the trees, where the noise seems to be coming from.

Clare's POV. We close in on the surrounding darkness of the trees. The retching, the spluttering ...

Now more words are added, so the screen reads:

Clare is 6, Henry is 36.

YOUNG CLARE
Mark? Mark, is that you?

The retching stops, as if reaction.

YOUNG CLARE (CONT'D)
This is my place. You're not supposed to come here.

She reaches down, pulls off one of her shoes and hurls it towards the retching noise.

HENRY 36 *
(From off)
Ow!

Silence. Then, from among the trees, a familiar voice -

HENRY 36 (CONT'D) *
(from off)
Hello, Clare.

YOUNG CLARE
Who are you?

HENRY 36 *
(from off)
It's Henry.

YOUNG CLARE
... Henry?

HENRY 36 *
(from off) *
I'm just being sick. Traveling *
makes her sick some times, you know *
that. *

YOUNG CLARE
Who are you?
(from off)

*
*

HENRY 36
Haven't we met yet, Clare? Don't
you know me?

*
*
*

Clare, now terrified. Just a little shake of her head.

YOUNG CLARE
No.

HENRY 36
(From off)
That's okay, that's fine, don't be
scared. I'm a friend. I promise
you, I'm a friend. My name's Henry.

*

YOUNG CLARE
I don't have any friends called
Henry.

HENRY 36
You do now. Clare ... could you be
very kind? Could you go and get me
some clothes?

*
*

Young Clare frowns, considering.

26 EXT. MEADOW - DAY

26

Again the shot of the meadow - the sky, the house, the woods. This time the little red-haired figure is charging along in the other direction, towards the house.

Cutting closer on the rear of the house. YOUNG CLARE racing towards the back door.

27 INT. MEADOWLARK HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

27

YOUNG CLARE comes crashing into the kitchen. A fabulous riot of a country kitchen - brass and glass and streaming sunshine. In young Clare's world, everything is huge and fascinating and rich - the world through the eyes of an excited child; as thrilling and detailed as illustrations in a storybook. A succession of golden memories.

At the counter is NELL, the housekeeper, chopping vegetables.

*

NELL
What's all this running about
indoors?

It's not a scolding, it's a tease. These are good friends.

YOUNG CLARE *
Nell, you know what an imaginary
friend is.

NELL
Sure.

YOUNG CLARE *
I found one in the wood.

NELL
Well that's very clever of you.

YOUNG CLARE *
And I'm gonna dress him up cos he's
naked.

She tears off. Nell, bemused for a moment - then laughs it
off.

28 INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM/STAIRS - DAY

28

She races past a doorway - then darts back for another look.

YOUNG CLARE'S POV. A large, rambling living room. Three
people there.

ALICIA ABSHIRE - a four year old girl. She's skipping around
in the centre of the floor, lost in a game of her own.

LUCILLE ABSHIRE - Clare's mother. She stands at the window,
staring out, abstractedly - ignoring her playing daughter.
She adjusts her hair, as if she's looking at her reflection
in the window more than the view through it. She seems sad,
remote.

Alicia glances round, notices Clare at the door. Smiles,
thrilled to see her. *

Clare gives her a little wave and dashes off. *

Now she's climbing the staircase. Huge stairs, tiny legs.

29 INT. MEADOWLARK HOUSE/UPSTAIRS LANDING/MARK'S BEDROOM - DAY 29

YOUNG CLARE dashes along.

She hesitates by another open door. Peeks through.

Her older brother Mark's bedroom.

MARK ABSHIRE - eight years old. He's doing his homework at
his desk and taking it very seriously. He's working at a
brand new Intel Pentium PC. *
*

There's a games console in the corner (Nintendo SNES) or a poster of Michael Jordan on the wall.

*
*

PHILIP ABSHIRE - Clare's Dad. He's leaning over Mark's shoulder, frowning seriously at his son's work.

A clock-ticking, studious silence.

Young Clare - clearly bored and unimpressed. She slips away from the doorway.

With a slightly nervous backward glance at her father, Young Clare tiptoes across the hall to another door, pushes it carefully and quietly open...

30

INT. PHILIP AND LUCILLE'S BEDROOM - DAY

30

Clare eases herself into ...

... her parents bedroom.

The double bed, and it's gleaming brass bedknobs looms huge -

- but even huger is -

- the wardrobe!

She approaches it. The wardrobe towers over her - a dark creaking monument.

She swallows hard. Probably she has nightmares about this wardrobe.

She reaches a hand, starts to open it. Oh, *stop creaking, stop creaking!*

And there they are, revealed - Dad's shirts, like a line of headless ghosts in the shadowed interior.

She reaches randomly for one shirt - hesitates. Changes her mind, reaches for another.

Now she's squinting critically along the array. Which one would be the *perfect* shirt for her new friend?

31

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

31

The shot from the Opening Titles. YOUNG CLARE racing through the long grass, clutching the pile of clothes. The big leather shoes jostle on top.

HENRY 36
Why should you?

*
*

Henry sits on the ground, starts to pull one of the shoes.

*

YOUNG CLARE
(Pointing)
What's that mark?

HENRY 36
It's a birthmark. It's okay, it
doesn't hurt.

*

YOUNG CLARE
It looks like you stood on a
strawberry and squished it.

HENRY 36
(Smiling)
Yeah, someone else said that.
(Frown, remembering)
Oh!

*

YOUNG CLARE
What's wrong?

Henry looks at her, a little incredulous. Smiles at the
madness of it all.

HENRY 36
It wasn't someone else.

*

35 EXT. CLEARING - DAY

35 *

A little time later.

OLDER HENRY and YOUNG CLARE. Sitting with their backs leaning
against the rock. Old friends already, chatting. Young Clare
is brushing her horse's hair.

YOUNG CLARE
Have you seen dinosaurs?

HENRY 36
I tickled a dinosaur's tummy once.
Actually twice. But it was in a
Natural History museum.

*

YOUNG CLARE
Real ones.

HENRY 36
I travel in time, but not that far
back - I tend to stay in the time
since I was born.

*
*

YOUNG CLARE
Is that not dinosaurs?

HENRY 36 *
(Gives her a look)
No, Clare, that's not dinosaurs.

YOUNG CLARE
Do you have kids in the future?

HENRY 36 *
No, I'm afraid not.

YOUNG CLARE
Do you have a wife?

HENRY 36 *
Yes.

YOUNG CLARE
Is she pretty?

HENRY 36 *
Yes, she's very pretty.

YOUNG CLARE
What's her name?

HENRY 36 *
Well. Funnily enough, her name is
Clare.

YOUNG CLARE
Like me.

HENRY 36 *
(Suppresses a smile)
Yes. Like you.

YOUNG CLARE
Was it love at first sight?

HENRY 36 *
(Looks at her, uneasily)
God, I hope not.

YOUNG CLARE
Do you kiss her?

HENRY 36 *
Well - yes -

YOUNG CLARE
Why?

HENRY 36 *
 Because it's ... nice. Because I
 love her.

YOUNG CLARE *
 Why do you like kissing people?

HENRY 36 *
 (Flailing, trying to get
 out of this conversation)
 Why do you brush your horse's hair?

YOUNG CLARE
 It's not brushing. I'm *grooming*
 her.

A world of discomfort as he stares. Oh, Jesus, any word but
 that one.

HENRY 36 *
 Okay. Moving on. Clare ... in a
 little while, I'm going to
 disappear. *

YOUNG CLARE
 Can I watch?

HENRY 36 *
 Yes, you can. And when I go, I'd
 like you to do me a favor. I'm
 gonna leave these clothes behind.
 Could you put them somewhere for
 me, maybe under this rock. If you
 could put them in a box, then
 they'd be nice and dry for me.

YOUNG CLARE
 Are you coming back?

HENRY 36 *
 I'll be back lots of times. Some of
 those times have already happened
 for me. You'll see me looking
 younger, maybe older -

YOUNG CLARE
 Can't you bring your own clothes?

HENRY 36 *
 I can't bring anything. Those are
 the rules.

YOUNG CLARE
 Why are there rules?

HENRY 36 *
 I don't know.

YOUNG CLARE
Who told you the rules?

HENRY 36 *
You ask a lot of questions, don't
you.

YOUNG CLARE
You said I could.

HENRY 36 *
There was ... the very first time
it happened to me, there was a man.

YOUNG CLARE
Who?

HENRY 36 *
Another ... well, another time
traveler.

YOUNG CLARE
Are there lots of time travelers?

HENRY 36 *
He explained it all to me.

YOUNG CLARE
Who was he?

HENRY 36 *
It's a very long story, Clare.

But Clare has put down her plastic horse. Settled in to hear
the whole thing.

YOUNG CLARE
Good. I like stories.

Henry looks down at Clare. Her face tilted up at him,
expectant.

There's no way he's getting out of this. He looks down at her
in mild consternation.

On YOUNG CLARE's sweet little smile, which becomes -

36

INT. THE STONE AGE - DAY

36

- *the fangs of a crocodile, its mouth stretched wide open.*

Now on a little boy. He wears modern (1985) clothes, and he's
looking at this with a very similar look of mild
consternation. This is YOUNG HENRY.

Now a woman, also modern (1985) dress is taking his hand. This elegant, glamorous woman is ANNETTE DETAMBLE - Henry's mother.

ANNETTE
Come on, Henry - it's closing in a
a minute.

She leads by the hand, and as they leave the display, we realise we are in a museum and the crocodile is a part of display of large reptiles ...

37 INT. FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY 37

YOUNG HENRY is walking the wide corridor between his parents RICHARD and ANNETTE, holding their hands. He's happy, excited - this has been a thrilling visit!

RICHARD
What did you think, Henry? Your
first museum!

ANNETTE
You loved it. Didn't you, Henry?

On little Henry. A pleased, happy smile starting to glow.

38 INT. LITTLE HENRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 38

Henry being tucked up in bed by ANNETTE. Now the words fade up and remain on screen:

Henry is 7

YOUNG HENRY
Can we go back?

ANNETTE
Of course we can.

A cheeky smile from YOUNG HENRY.

YOUNG HENRY
Tonight?

ANNETTE
Soon. Sleep tight.

She kisses him on the forehead and goes. We stay on Henry as the light goes out.

Henry lies in the semi-dark - eyes bright and alive in the semi-dark.

He smiles - and closes his eyes.

Closer shot on eyes, as they snap open again - now alarmed!

Young Henry's POV: *a glowering caveman, pointing a spear right at him!*

Panning to - a fierce cavewoman!

Panning to the fangs of a wolf!

Rolling focus from the wolf fangs to ...

... a red glowing EXIT sign.

Wider: and we realise we are back in:

39 INT. THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY/STONE AGE AREA - 39
NIGHT

YOUNG HENRY, naked, back in the museum, only now it's dark, and only lit by the redness of the EXIT sign. He's in front of the stone age exhibit.

Where is he?? What's happened?? How did he get here??

A fierce whisper from somewhere in the dark.

 FIERCE WHISPER
 Hey! Kid! *Henry!*

YOUNG HENRY looking around, wildly. And a teeshirt (clearly promotional merchandise for the museum) lands on his head, thrown from the shadows.

 FIERCE WHISPER (CONT'D)
 Put it on.

YOUNG HENRY pulls the teeshirt over his head.

 FIERCE WHISPER (CONT'D)
 You've time traveled. You've gone back in time about three hours, and you're back in the museum. There's a trash can by the door which I mention because you're going to be sick in a moment.

Young Henry frowns at this news. And then his eyes widen - yep he's going to be sick.

He bolts to the trash can, starts throwing up.

Now on his mysterious advisor - a shadow among shadows, stepping closer.

Young Henry, looks up from the trashcan, now finished vomiting.

YOUNG HENRY
How did you know I'd be sick?

WHISPERED VOICE
I'm a time traveller too.

Now stepping from the shadows -

- Henry! It's the long haired version of Henry, similar to the one who met Clare in the library. He smiles at his younger self.

HENRY 28 *
I've had a lot of practice.

Now words are added on screen, so it reads:

Henry is 7 and 28

40

INT. FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT

40

In a grand hall, HENRY and YOUNG HENRY wandering among dinosaurs. Huge replica dinosaurs, lit by EXIT signs, loom over them, incongruous among stone staircases and arched windows.

Young Henry is just noticing that Henry is wearing the uniform of a museum guide.

YOUNG HENRY
(Whispering)
Do you work here?

HENRY 28 *
(Normal voice)
You know, I don't think we have to
whisper, we're good. No, I stole
these clothes. Like I stole you *
that teeshirt. You see, I time
traveled too. You came back about
three hours, I came back - remind
me, what year is it?

YOUNG HENRY
1985.

HENRY 28 *
21 years.

YOUNG HENRY
Are there lots of time travelers?

Henry - not keen to answer that one - has ducked under one of the velvet ropes, and approached a large model of a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

HENRY 28

Hey, big guy. How are you doing up there?

He reaches up, tickles the dinosaur's tummy.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)

He's not very ticklish, is he? You want to try?

Young Henry approaches. Henry picks him up, holds him up to the dinosaur. Young Henry reaches up, tickles the dinosaur tummy.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)

No sense of humor. No wonder they all died out.

YOUNG HENRY

When do I meet the other ones. The other time travelers?

HENRY 28

You're hungry now, right? Time travel always makes you hungry.

41

INT. FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY/CAFETERIA - NIGHT

41

A cafeteria in darkness, deserted except for the two Henrys. YOUNG HENRY sits at one of the tables, his legs dangling from the high stool.

HENRY is in the act of breaking into one of the food cabinets, grabbing armfuls of packets of chips. Now deposits them

HENRY 28

(Deposits the chips in front of his younger self)

Eat up. In a few minutes you're gonna feel a little sick again. Then you'll snap right back where you were. That's how it works.

YOUNG HENRY

Okay.

He starts ripping open the packets. Henry contemplates his younger self for a moment.

HENRY 28

So today's the day I start teaching you. I must be feeling grown up.

YOUNG HENRY
How do I get home?

*
*

HENRY
It'll just happen. Sometimes you don't go straight back. You go to some other time first. Once I went three different times in a row. But mainly you ping right back home.

*
*

YOUNG HENRY
Can I go to the future too?

HENRY 28
Yeah, sometimes. Not so often, but it happens.

*

YOUNG HENRY
... What do we do?

HENRY 28
What do you mean, what do we do?

*

YOUNG HENRY
We're time travelers. Do we solve crimes?

HENRY 28
No. Sorry, Henry, no - we don't solve crimes, we commit them.

*

Young Henry stares at him, frowns.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)
We steal, we fight, we run. Wherever we show up in time, we're naked and sick. We don't have a choice.

*

YOUNG HENRY
Are we the bad guys?

HENRY 28
Survivors are always the bad guys. And it's my job to teach you how to be the baddest guy out there.

*
*

YOUNG HENRY
So I'm gonna see you again?

HENRY 28
Lots of times.

*

YOUNG HENRY
Do you promise?

HENRY 28

I promise. When I was your age - exactly your age - there was a guy who came back in time and trained me. And now I'm gonna train you.

YOUNG HENRY

So there's lots of us?

Henry looks at his younger self - infinitely sad. And tells him the terrible lie.

HENRY 28

Yeah. There's lots of us time travelers.

YOUNG HENRY

Good.

HENRY 28

How does that all sound, Henry? Me training you?

YOUNG HENRY

Scary.

HENRY 28

The world's a scary place. So you know what you gotta be? Scarier.

Young Henry frowns at him. Doesn't like this - is disturbed by it.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)

There's only one measurement in this life that matters. The total amount of shit you do not give.

(Frowns, considers)

Suddenly I'm not sure I think that any more. I'm having a very grown up day! What's that about?

Now Young Henry blinks, seems to choke a little, to splutter.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)

It's okay. You're going home.

(Winks at him)

Next time.

We hear a *whumpf!* - not a sci-fi noise, more like a sucking inrush of colliding air - and when we cut back to Young Henry -

- he's gone. The teeshirt he was wearing flops on to the chair.

Henry looks at the vacant chair. Reflects, sighs. The bad old days. He grabs a chip, munches on it ...

... and coughs for a moment, realises the moment is coming. Settles back in his chair, so used to this ...

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *

Okay ...

And suddenly the chair and the table are gone, and he's rolling naked in the dirt -

42

EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT

42

... he's somewhere in a city, at night.

A cacophonous thunder and clatter. Instinctively he ducks, looks up.

A train is roaring over his head.

Wider: he's just below the elevated railway - and he's too exposed here!! He scrambles to his feet now. With the ease of long practice, he throws himself to the nearest cover - *

- behind a pair of skips, where he collides with a couple, making out (this is the scene we saw a glimpse of at the beginning.)

HENRY 28 *

Oh, shit! Carry on, don't mind me.

He stumbles back from them. The young man rounds on him, furious. He's brutish and enraged - this is HARVEY. Beyond him, a young woman, shocked and embarrassed, pulling down her skirt - DONNA. *

HARVEY

What the fuck are you doing, what the fuck ... ??

HENRY 28 *

Yeah, gimme a moment.

Henry drops to his knees, starts vomiting.

HARVEY

What the fuck - ...

HENRY 28 *

Could you give me the date and time please.

HARVEY

What are you saying?

HENRY 28 *
 Just the date and time, all I need.
 Could you tell me that?

He splutters up some more vomit.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *
 Oh, this is a big one.

HARVEY
 You want the *date*?

DONNA
 June the 26th.

HENRY 28 *
 Thank you.

DONNA
 8.15.

HARVEY
 (Screaming at her)
 Shut up talking to him. He's *naked!*

HENRY 28 *
 2006?

Donna nods.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *
 Okay. Okay, so I've been gone two
 hours. My clothes won't still be
 here ...

HARVEY
 Your clothes ...

Henry looks up at Harvey, looming over him.

HENRY 28 *
 So I'm gonna need yours.

Harvey laughs, incredulous. He hunkers down to look kneeling
 Henry in the eye.

HARVEY
 You're gonna need *what*?

HENRY 28 *
 This is gonna hurt.
 (Smiles, pleasantly)
 You, not me.

He has dipped his fingers in the puddle of vomit in front of
 him -

- and now flicks it right into Harvey's eyes.

The acid stings, Harvey screams, Henry lunges.

On Donna, also screaming, horrified -

- and it's a swift and brutal take down. Henry slams Harvey to the concrete, starts punching. It's so fast and efficient it's almost perfunctory. Business as usual.

The scariest thing of all: Henry's face - no ferocity, no anger. Just a mild frown of concentration, like he's mending the sink. He has done this to hundreds of Harveys over the years.

DONNA

Oh my God, oh my God, *oh my God!*

Still utterly business-like, he looks up at Donna.

HENRY 28

What's your name? *

DONNA

... Donna.

HENRY 28

Well, Donna - *

Almost absently, he slams Harvey's head on the ground, putting him out. Harvey lolls slackly

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *

- what's gonna happen now, I'm gonna take your boyfriend's clothes and just go. Then, if you want, you can put him in the recovery position and call the cops. Give them my description, by all means, but I'm naked, you'll find details surprisingly difficult to remember.

(Starting to strip Harvey)
I like his tie. Were you going somewhere nice?

DONNA

Don't hurt me.

HENRY 28

Okay. Those your flowers - did he give them to you? *

Donna momentarily baffled -

- then looks to the bunch of flowers laid down next to her. *

DONNA

Yeah.

HENRY 28

That's nice, he doesn't look the type. But seeing as he's kind of an asshole, and this is now a shitty date anyway, do you mind if I take them?

(His most charming smile)
I'm late for someone.

*

43

INT. BEAU THAI RESTAURANT - EVENING

43

CLARE, sitting waiting in a booth in the restaurant - she's date-ready, in a velvet wine-coloured dress and pearls. (This is exactly what we saw before, though starting a few seconds earlier. She looks round -

- and beams as a brightly coloured bunch of flowers is proffered to her.

Wider: Henry has arrived, now wearing Harvey's jacket and tie. He's proffering the flowers.

CLARE

You've never brought me flowers before!

(Teasing)
Do you think that's gonna work?

44

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

44

Henry and Clare, several hours later. They're ambling along, arm in arm - little bit tipsy, very romantic.

HENRY 28

I just think your apartment might be nicer.

*

CLARE

What's wrong with yours?

HENRY 28

I live in it. I live *really badly* in it, it's like a farm for one human.

*

*

*

CLARE

You know, it's funny - I've known you almost all my life and you're not what I was expecting.

*

*

*

HENRY 28

Am I a disappointment?

*

CLARE
No, no. Just ... different.

HENRY 28 *
Different good or bad.

CLARE *
Different ..

45 INT. STAIRS TO HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 45

HENRY and CLARE have climbed the stairs to Henry's apartment. Clare is waiting, giggling, while Henry has cracked open the door and is peering inside.

HENRY 28 *
Oh, no, it's got a lot worse.
(Looks back at Clare)
I tidied up earlier but I think
it's grown back.

He's pulling his tie off.

CLARE
What are you *doing*?

But too late, he's already blindfolding her with his tie.

HENRY 28 *
You're going to have to count to a
million.

46 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 46

A giggling CLARE, blindfolded by Henry's tie.

CLARE
... 87, 88, 89, 90 ...

As she continues to count, HENRY races in and out of shot, hurriedly tidying the apartment. He's also lighting candles in various, fairly random places.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Hurry up!

HENRY 28 *
Keep counting.

CLARE
Jesus! *Fourteen years!*

HENRY 28 *
Count!

CLARE
... 91, 92, 93 ...

As she carries on, Henry is frantically straightening.

He stops, seeing something. Now picks up a small item off the carpet.

Close on this: it's a tooth. Looks like small child's baby tooth.

He almost smiles. Like this is a memory. He pops the tooth in a glass, and puts the glass on the coffee table.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Are you still there?

HENRY 28
One more minute. Count, *count!*

*

He darts into the bathroom -

47 INT. HENRY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

47

- for one last check: is the room safe? Has he cleared everything incriminating?

He looks to the bottom drawer of the cabinet, with its guilty secrets. A thought!

He grabs a few more random items, opens the drawer, and tips them in - the guilty secrets are now covered up! Better! Slams the drawer shut.

A satisfied nod. The room is detoxed! He now walks confidently out of the bathroom, closing the door behind him -

- revealing what is clearly a woman's dressing gown hanging on the back, and a bra and panties on the towel rail previously concealed by the open door.

48 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

48

HENRY is untying the tie-blindfold from around CLARE's eyes. She looks around.

CLARE
This is not the apartment of a grown up.

*

*

HENRY 28
That's not fair. This is the most grown up I've ever been.

*

*

*

She takes him by the hand, leads him to the sofa, sits them both down. *

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *
It's always been me who makes that move.

CLARE
It never will be again. Is that what I think it is?

She's noticed the glass on the coffee table - with the baby tooth in it.

HENRY 28 *
One of my baby teeth.

CLARE
You kept your baby teeth??

She picks up the glass, looks at the tooth inside it.

HENRY 28 *
No. It just appeared. It'll go in a minute - back under my pillow, when I was a kid.

She looks blankly at him, not getting it.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *
All of me time travels. Even my nail clippings.

CLARE
That's gross.

She sets the glass back down.

HENRY 28 *
You know what's grosser? The haircut that follows you home.

CLARE
Is that why you keep it long?

HENRY 28 *
I like it long.

CLARE
What if I wanted you to cut it?

HENRY 28 *
And sometimes - I should probably warn you about this - sometimes there's blood.

Clare: silent as if hit by a memory. *

HENRY 28 (CONT'D) *
 Just, like, a pool of blood. Which *
 means somewhere out there, in some *
 other time, I've been hurt. *

CLARE *
 (Quietly) *
 I know. *

HENRY 28 *
 Or, you know, maybe I've got a *
 nosebleed. *
 (Registers what she just *
 said) *
 ... you know? How? *

CLARE *
 I ... one time, I - *

HENRY 28 *
 If it's something I'm not supposed *
 to know yet, it's best I don't. *

CLARE *
 That's what you said the last time. *

HENRY 28 *
 Good old me. *

CLARE *
 (Studies his face for a *
 moment) *
 Why aren't you permanently *
 terrified? *

HENRY 28 *
 There are always gonna be days that *
 you bleed - that's true for *
 everyone, not just me. All you can *
 do is be happy it's not today. *

CLARE *
 Henry ... *
 (Kisses him) *
 It's not today. *

She kisses him, passionately. *

HENRY 28 *
 Oh, she's forceful, isn't she? *

CLARE *
 I decided we need a change of mood. *

HENRY 28 *
 Do you always get what you want? *

They draw together, kiss again. She's hungry, overwhelming him, pushing him down on the sofa. As they make out - *

CLARE
Oh, always, I'm horrible. It's okay, you're horrible too.

HENRY 28
How was I horrible? *

CLARE
Well, how about you've been a perfect gentlemen for fourteen years. *

HENRY 28
Are you sure that was me? *

CLARE
Homework, board games, heart to hearts. French verbs and chequers - you've been unbearable company throughout a very horny adolescence. Reap the whirlwind.

HENRY 28
Well, you were a kid. *

She sits up, now straddling him. She pulls her dress over her head. She looks down at him. He's suitably agog.

CLARE
Haven't I grown? *

She shifts where she sitting slightly, aware of movement below.

CLARE (CONT'D)
And I'm not the only one.

HENRY 28
You think? *

CLARE
I'd say, tall enough to do the scary rides at Disney without a parent.

She reaches down, starts ripping his shirt open.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Don't be shy. I've seen you naked before.

HENRY 28
In fairness, Clare, a lot of people have seen me naked. *

CLARE
 (Appraising his chest)
 Oh, *Henry!* You're so young!

*

She squeezes his nipples, hard.

As he yells out, we do a fast roll-focus to the glass on the coffee table. The baby tooth has gone.

49

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

49

HENRY and CLARE, in the bed now, postcoital, asleep and wrapped around each other.

Clare stirs, wakes. She looks around, remembering where she is, what's happened.

She shakes him gently awake.

CLARE
 Hey.

HENRY 28
 You all right?

*

CLARE
 I'm going to the bathroom.

HENRY 28
 (Blearily points)
 S'over there.

*

CLARE
 I fully understand if you put the lights on.

HENRY 28
 Why?

*

CLARE
 I'm naked.

HENRY 28
 Oh, yeah! Good tip, thanks.

*

*

She slips through the darkness, to the bathroom -

- and just as she reaches the door, the lights blaze on.

She looks back. An unrepentant Henry is looking back at her, appreciatively.

She gives him an arch look, slips into the bathroom, closes the door.

Henry grins, happy. It's been a good night. The best.

He chuckles to himself - he's had a funny idea. He leans over and clicks one of the bedside reading lamps, angles it at the bathroom door. Leans over the other side, and does the same with the other reading lamp. Spotlights for her re-emergence.

Leans back, puts his hands behind his head, waits for the show.

Sooner than he expected, the bathroom door is opening again.

Henry's face falls.

Clare is now wearing the robe we saw hanging on the back of the door, and a very stony expression.

On Henry, thoughts clicking slowly through his head. Oh. Oh.

She brings one hand out from behind her back - holding the bra she just found.

On Henry. *Fuck.*

CLARE

For the record, Henry - for future reference - the bottom drawer was the very first one I looked in.

50

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

50

CLARE is dressing fast. If you can put on a dress crossly, Clare is doing it.

HENRY, wearing a robe, is watching. He's a little grim, but characteristically unrepentant.

CLARE

I'm not going to ask her name, I don't need to know.

HENRY 28

Okay.

*

CLARE

Your business.

HENRY 28

It's not like you asked if I was seeing anyone.

*

CLARE

But you are allowed to *mention the fact.*

*
*

HENRY 28

Well I didn't want to do that, for one very obvious reason

*

CLARE
Which was?

HENRY 28 *
I really wanted to have sex with
you.

CLARE *
What, are we joking now? Are you
trying to be funny? *

HENRY 28 *
Bit funny, bit flattering.

CLARE
Flattering? Jesus!

HENRY 28 *
Ingrid.

CLARE
Sorry, what?

HENRY 28 *
Her name is Ingrid. And she's my
girlfriend.

CLARE
Well bad luck, Ingrid, cos I'm here
now.

HENRY 28 *
Christ, do you know how you sound?

CLARE
How *I* sound? How *I* sound??

HENRY 28 *
Never seen you before in my life,
and you're telling me you're my
wife. Does that sound a tiny bit
scary mad to you? *

CLARE *
If I'm a mad person, why did you
have sex with me? *

HENRY 28 *
To be honest I never need that good
of a reason! *

CLARE *
Oh, so you're happy to fuck crazy
women? *

HENRY 28

Well it would seriously limit my options if I wasn't.

*

She spins on her heel, yanks open the door.

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)

None of which means I don't want to see you again.

*

She stares at him in disgust and slams the door in his face.

On a shot of the slammed door -

YOUNG CLARE

(Prelap)

When will I see you again?

51 EXT. CLEARING - DAY

51

We're back in the clearing with the older HENRY and the six year old YOUNG CLARE.

Henry is coughing in the way that suggest he's about to travel.

HENRY 36

Soon. Six days, September 29th.
Bring a notebook next time, I'll give you a list of d -

*

*

Whumpf! Henry's clothes collapse like a tent.

YOUNG CLARE: wide-eyed. Wow! That was *awesome!*

52 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

52

A park, at night.

There is a soft *bang* sound - like air being suddenly pushed aside - and OLDER HENRY hits the sidewalk, rolling, naked.

Where the hell is he?? He crouches, looks round - where the hell is he? Deserted street, not home yet -

- and *clonk!* A shoe lands on his head! He looks in astonishment at the shoe lying on the concrete in front of him. It's a woman's shoe - one he's seen before. He looks up.

An apartment building - one he also recognises - and from an open window a few floors above, familiar voices, raised in anger -

CLARE
 (From off)
 So you're happy to fuck crazy
 women?

*

HENRY 28
 (From off)
 Well it would seriously limit my
 options if I wasn't!

*

53 INT. HALLWAY/STAIRS - NIGHT

53

- on Henry's front door, as it is yanked open revealing an irate CLARE trying to stride out with dignity while wearing only one shoe. We can see the younger HENRY just beyond her.

HENRY 28
 None of which means I don't want to
 see you again.

*

She slams the door in his face. Starts hobbling down the stairs.

54 EXT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

54

Clare slams out the apartment building, starts hobbling angrily along the street. She heads to the spot where her shoe should be - and stops in confusion. It's gone! She looks up to the open window - this is the right place so where is it?

On OLDER HENRY: he's watching from the cover of a doorway. (There are now a couple of other people in the street, forcing him to conceal himself.) He now realises he's still clutching Clare's shoe. He goes to call to her -

- but is interrupted by his own voice.

HENRY 28
 (From off)
 Clare!

*

He peers round. There's his younger self on the steps to the building, calling after Clare.

Clare swings round on him.

CLARE
 Asshole!

And she strides off, angrily, in one shoe.

Older Henry looks to younger Henry - who makes no moves to follow Clare.

HENRY 36

*

Asshole.

Closer on the younger Henry on the steps. He turns and starts to stride back into his apartment building -

- and comes face to face with his own reflection in the glass of the door.

He looks with disgust at himself.

HENRY 28

*

Asshole!

55

INT. BAR - NIGHT

55

A loud, noisy place, crammed with people. Somewhere you might go to lose yourself.

We start on a whisky being poured -

- and as we widen we see that it is being poured for Clare. She's a little grim, a little confused.

*

She takes her whiskey, looks around -

- there's a table by the window, just being vacated by a couple. She makes a determined beeline for it - still that one-shoe walk - and no one is getting in her way.

A guy leers at her as she passes.

MAN

Hey -

CLARE

(Cutting him dead)

No.

She sits at the table by the window, takes a drink, stares into it.

A presence hovering at her shoulder.

CLARE (CONT'D)

No.

HENRY

*

I didn't mean any of the things I said.

She tenses, recognizing the voice - but, determinedly, she doesn't look up.

CLARE

Yeah, you did.

HENRY

So I ran all the way here to tell
you that.

He's seating himself opposite her. *

HENRY (CONT'D)

But then, being stupid, I stood
outside and just watched you
sitting at this window for about
ten minutes. *

CLARE *

(Frowns) *

Ten minutes - I only just sat down - *

The words die on her tongue. Because sitting on the table in
front of her is her missing shoe. *

She looks up at the man sitting opposite.

It isn't the long-haired Henry she just slept with - it's the
short-haired version she knows from her childhood (the one we
just saw materialise in the street.)

He now wears slightly ill-fitting clothes, and a fairly
appalling jacket.

She stares and stares. He smiles.

HENRY 36 *

How are those French verbs coming?

She looks outside -

- and there's the other younger HENRY, just arrived, starting
to pace up and down.

OLDER HENRY pushes his seat back slightly, moving himself out
of his younger self's line of sight.

Clare, staring at him again.

CLARE

I've missed you. Oh Christ, I've
missed you.

HENRY 36 *

You just slept with me.

CLARE

No, I didn't.

And she's grabbed his hands and now leans across the table to
kiss him. Henry gently deflects her. *

HENRY 36

Hey! You just got yourself a new young man. What kind of guy do you think I am?

*

She looks to the pacing version outside.

CLARE

As it turns out, an asshole. That was the big secret you were keeping from me all those years? You're a secret asshole?

*

*

HENRY 36

That's kind of every man's secret.

*

Her eyes have gone to the mark on his forehead. She frowns.

CLARE

Was that me?

HENRY 36

The other time you threw a shoe at me.

*

CLARE

... oh!

*

*

She stares at the mark, remembering. Reaches a hand, touches it, remembering.

*

CLARE (CONT'D)

I'm still not saying I'm sorry.

*

*

HENRY 36

I'll wait.

*

*

CLARE

I grew up waiting for you. Longing for you.

HENRY 36

I know.

*

CLARE

You don't understand. I ... I formed myself around you. The *idea* of you.

(Looks out the window)
And you're an asshole.

HENRY 36

Yeah, well here's the thing. The man you formed yourself around ... shock twist ... formed himself around you.

*

Clare, now looking between the two versions of Henry - these two very different men.

CLARE
That's fucked up.

HENRY 36 *
It's so fucked up it has a name.
Marriage. Two people trying to be
the person the other one already
thinks they are. Love, basically.

CLARE *
You didn't hear what he just said. *

HENRY 36 *
Clare, I *said* what he just said. *
Want to know why I said it? Time *
travel is awful. It's shit scary. *
It's waiting for the next storm to *
hit and wondering if this time it *
will kill you. That boy down there - *
time travel has never done one nice *
thing for him. Till today. Today he *
gets the winning lottery ticket. *

CLARE *
So why's he being - *

HENRY 36 *
And it's even worse. Because you *
know what's worse than being *
terrified all the time. A future. A *
future is the scariest thing in the *
world. Because suddenly you're all *
in, no choice. Anyone can stand any *
kind of torture - except hope. *

CLARE *
... why didn't he say all that. *

HENRY 36 *
He did. It just took me a while. *

CLARE *
... That's a shit jacket.

HENRY 36 *
Muggers can't be choosers. *

He blinks, like he's having a giddy spell. Clare recognises the signs.

CLARE
And now you're off home.

HENRY 36 *
In a minute, I think, yeah

CLARE
To older me?

HENRY 36 *
To my wife.

CLARE
... Bitch.

HENRY 36 *
I'm sorry?

CLARE
Older me gets you. And I get
younger you, who's an asshole. It's
not fair.

HENRY 36 *
Yes it is.

CLARE
How??

HENRY 36 *
My wife put the work in. Look on *
the bright side. He's way hotter *
than me. *

CLARE *
(The tiniest flicker of *
guilt) *
No, he's not. *

HENRY 36 *
Sure he is. *

He's leaned forward in his seat now, looking out at his *
younger self.

The younger Henry looks indignantly back at him - spreads his
hands as if to say *what the fuck??*

Older Henry gives him a cheery little wave.

Younger Henry gives him the middle finger.

HENRY 36 (CONT'D) *
It's okay, I don't mind. I agree *
with you. I've fucked him too. *

She blinks. What???

Outside, Younger Henry is now striding towards the
restaurant.

Older Henry rises from the table, nods to his approaching younger self.

HENRY 36 (CONT'D) *
I'll have a whiskey and soda.

Before Clare can find anything to say, he's heading away. She sits there, trying to process what she just heard.

56 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

56

The younger HENRY is waiting when OLDER HENRY steps out. The confront each other. You feel like this is always an awkward encounter.

HENRY 36 *
(As a greeting)
Henry.

HENRY 28 *
Henry.

HENRY 36 *
How's Ingrid?

HENRY 28 *
She's good. Might go and see her tonight, since this one isn't working out.

HENRY 36 *
I thought it had worked out pretty well already.

HENRY 28 *
Mind your own business.

He goes to push past his older self, who stops him.

HENRY 36 *
Not that I'd ever offer advice ...

HENRY 28 *
God forbid.

HENRY 36 *
You don't have time to waste. You've seen it - you've seen the blood. Something's gonna happen.

HENRY 28 *
Yeah. But not today.

He coughs, clearly about to go. *

HENRY 28 (CONT'D)
Oh! Time for you to fuck off then!

*
*
*

HENRY 36
Get a haircut.

Whumpf! Older Henry disappears - his clothes flop to the ground.

57 INT. HENRY AND CLARE'S HOUSE - DAY 57

With a soft *bang!* OLDER HENRY appears in a living room (this spacious, pleasant house we will come to know as Henry and Clare's marital home.)

Henry looks around, pleased to be home. Dawn is glowing at the windows.

He heads to the stairs pads up them.

58 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 58

A large bedroom, a large double bed. Someone is sleeping there already - there's a coil of red hair on the pillow.

HENRY slips into the bed, trying not to wake the other occupant.

But there's a sleepy voice from the other pillow.

CLARE
When were you?

For answer she reaches over and puts his hand to the cut on his forehead.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Oh!

She cuddles up to him.

CLARE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I threw my shoe at you.

HENRY 36
It's about time.

*

We hold on the two of them lying there. Words fade up:

Henry is 36, Clare is 28.

59 INT. BAR - NIGHT 59

Clare sitting with her drink, morose, thoughtful ...

Clare is 20

60 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR/SIDE STREET - NIGHT 60

HENRY is looking at older Henry's pile of clothes. Words added:

Clare is 20, Henry is 28.

Henry turns to head into the bar.

Bang!

He frowns. That was the soft bang of a time traveler's arrival - air being pushed aside. He looks to the side street running next to the bar. That was where it came from.

He moves into the narrow side street. Dark, narrow. Darting cats, over-flowing trash cans. (The words fade away.)

HENRY 28

Hello? Henry?

He takes a few steps into the side street. He looks round - *

- and something he sees on the ground makes him stare. His eyes widening in horror. *

61 INT. BAR - NIGHT 61

Back with Clare, still staring into her drink.

CLARE

(Prelap)

Long ago, men went to sea and women waited for them -

62 VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE) 62

As at the beginning, mid-thirties Clare talking to camera.

CLARE

- standing on the edge of the water, scanning the horizon for the tiny ship. Now I wait for Henry.

- 63 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR/SIDE STREET - NIGHT 63
- Henry now hunkered down, looking at something on the ground, that we can't see. It looks like he's fighting tears.
- HENRY 28 *
- (Under his breath; like
prayer)
Not today. Not today.
- 64 VIDEO FOOTAGE (HENRY) 64
- The old Henry we saw at the beginning, talking. He's sipping at a coffee mug.
- OLDEST HENRY
- I hate to be where she is not. And
yet I'm always going and she can't
follow.
- 65 VIDEO FOOTAGE (CLARE) 65
- CLARE
- Why does he always go where I
cannot follow?
- 66 VIDEO FOOTAGE (HENRY) 66
- This time, no Henry. An empty chair.
- The coffee cup we saw him sipping from a moment ago is rolling to a halt on the table top.
- 67 INT. BAR - NIGHT 67
- CLARE, sipping her drink, waiting for the future, with a single shoe still sitting in front of her.
- 68 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR/SIDE STREET - NIGHT 68
- On HENRY, still staring.
- Then he straightens up, walks away, towards the bar and his future. We pan down from him, angling round to see what he was looking at ...
- ... slowly revealed ...
- a pair of dead white, severed human feet. Just standing there. They are cleanly cut off - as if surgically removed. *

We slowly crane move down on them, zeroing in on the strawberry shaped birthmark on the side of the left one...

With a Whumpf! we cut to:

END CREDITS