

THE TIME TRAVELER'S WIFE

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BLACK SCREEN

A woman's clear soprano voice, singing softly, motherly, a familiar German Christmas carol:

WOMAN'S VOICE
"Es ist ein Ros entsprungen..."

FADE UP ON:

SNOW, swirling, pelting out of the darkness, as we realize we are DRIVING, a car's headlights, the streetlights revealing:

1 EXT. SUBURBAN CHICAGO - CHRISTMAS EVE 1

A camera P.O.V. on the hood of a moving car, pushing through a slushy downpour of hard, sleety snow. We are on a small shopping street, festooned with Christmas decorations circa 1970; colored strings of lights in big teardrop bulbs, mod fashions in store windows.

WOMAN'S VOICE
"Und hat ein Blümlein bracht..."

A BOY'S VOICE joins in, trying to reach her high notes, cheerfully out of tune.

BOY'S VOICE
"Mitten im kalten Winter..."

We hear the boy laugh, the woman too...

2 INT. CAR - CHRISTMAS EVE - NIGHT 2

HENRY DETAMBLE, 6 years old, sits in the back seat. His mother, ANNETTE, 32, drives.

HENRY
I can't sing.

HENRY'S P.O.V. His mother's eyes look back at him in the rearview mirror, framed there, kind and beautiful.

ANNETTE
That was fine, honey.

HENRY
I can't sing like you.

ANNETTE
Of course not. You're supposed to sing like you.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON ANNETTE, as BEHIND THEM, HEADLIGHTS blare into the rear window, a car tailgating.

HENRY
I love your voice.

ANNETTE
I love yours more. Just listening
to you speak.

She turns on her blinker, switching lanes, getting ready to make a right, as the other car BLARES by, horn honking, kicking slush and mud up onto her windshield.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)
How about Jingle Bells? That you
can sing.

They start singing. The light turns green.

3 EXT. RED BRICK BUILDING SHOPPING STREET - SAME 3 *

We see ANNETTE'S CAR, driving off. An oversized plastic Santa waves automatically at us from the cover of a doorway.

4 INT. CAR - SAME 4

ON HENRY, singing Jingle Bells with his mother, as she drives up the onramp and onto the turnpike, the interstate sign visible for a moment in her headlights.

5 EXT. TURNPIKE - NIGHT 5

The little sedan drives on the slick highway, the asphalt totally white with snow. We can still hear them sing. A huge DE-ICER blasts past them on the other side of a small dividing rail.

6 INT. CAR - SAME 6

Annette and Henry sing "Jingle Bells," picking up the tempo as the car speeds along. Mom and son exchange a warm smile, as something strange and off-kilter appears...LIGHTS, in front of them...A BUS coming at them head-on.

ON ANNETTE, her eyes widening as she brakes. Henry's forehead slams into the hard edge of the front seat.

7 EXT. HIGHWAY 7

The bus is careening across the dividing rail. The two vehicles slide toward each other with deadly grace. The bus HITS the little sedan, sending it spinning in circles.

8 INT. CAR - SAME 8

ON HENRY as he sees out the side window a second ONCOMING VEHICLE, behind them in their part of the highway, as they spin.

HENRY
MOMMY!

HIS HANDS COME UP to touch the gash on his forehead...and then, we see his HANDS are becoming strangely TRANSPARENT. Henry's eyes widen.

ON ANNETTE, looking back to him...

Henry meets her eyes -- his whole body seems to be fading away...

ANNETTE
Henry!

ON ANNETTE, confused as the lights become totally blinding.

HER P.O.V. But Henry is gone. Only his clothes lie crumpled on the seat.

CUT TO:

9 INT. APARTMENT - SUNNY DAY 9

ON LITTLE HENRY'S HAND...we see him, naked now, still looking at the hand, just as he had been in the car. The gash on his forehead is bleeding. He looks up.

HIS P.O.V. In front of him, at some distance, his mother is sitting on the couch. She is reading to a little boy, HIMSELF, tucked beside her. A man is sitting with them; RICHARD, his father.

ON BLEEDING HENRY, confused, his body starts to tremble.

10 EXT. TURNPIKE - MOMENTS LATER 10

TIGHT ON HENRY...he stands, in the exact same posture, at the side of the turnpike.

CONTINUED:

HIS P.O.V. His mother's sedan and the second car come together in a violent, deafening impact and burst into flames.

Henry lurches forward, screaming for his mother, but a hand reaches out, grabs him, and yanks him back. He turns.

HIS P.O.V. A MAN is standing over him. He is wearing a dark overcoat, dark pants that seem too big, sloppy work boots, untied. He has a blanket in his hands, which he drapes over Henry and then pulls him close.

HENRY

Let me go. Mommy. Mommy!!!

MAN

There's nothing you can do, Henry.

HENRY

Let me go!

The man gets on his knees in the snow. Takes Henry by the shoulders, gently.

MAN

I know what just happened to you. You were in the car with Mommy, and it was spinning, and then all of a sudden you were back at home, last summer, watching yourself. Watching Mommy and Daddy read to you.

HENRY

How do you...?

MAN

You traveled back in time, Henry. Just like I did to come here and see you. Feel that cut on your forehead?

The man pulls back his own long hair and reveals a scar in the exact same place. Henry feels a chill right to his bones.

MAN (CONT'D)

I am you, Henry. We're the same person. I know you don't understand but you will. Someday.

The man is HENRY DETAMBLE at age 28.

Henry6 looks over at the accident site. Starts to cry.
Henry28 sees this.

HENRY28

Listen to me. I have to leave now.
But I'll be back. Lots of times.
Everything's going to be alright,
Henry.

He kisses Henry6 on the top of his head and begins to walk away, as cars are braking and GOOD SAMARITANS converge on the scene. Henry6 hears yelling and turns to see people rushing toward him. When he turns back:

HENRY 28 IS GONE...only his clothes and boots are there, his footprints ending abruptly in the snow.

11 INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY RARE STACKS - DAY (WINTER) 11

A similarly vacated pile of clothes is on the stone floor of a dimly-lit, temperature-controlled basement room. We PAN away from it to reveal we are in a chamber full of well-stacked BOOKSHELVES, and then...a groan causes the camera to PAN BACK...

THE 28-YEAR-OLD HENRY WE JUST SAW WALKING AWAY FROM HENRY6 IS NOW STANDING THERE, naked, next to the clothes.

He shivers; sore, cold. Haunted by where he has just been. Seeing himself as a boy, on that night, has shaken him. He runs his hands through his hair.

Henry starts to dress himself. Finds a large book on the floor, which he picks up.

12 INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY - DAY 12

The reading rooms at the library are the welcoming hub of the old stone building; a cathedral of knowledge. Serious researchers work at tables stacked high with books.

Henry appears from the back. He approaches the counter and presents the book to a RESEARCHER, a man in his forties.

RESEARCHER

That took you long enough.

HENRY

You have no idea. This should be what you're looking for. If not, we'll have to pick it up after the holidays.

RESEARCHER

Right. Christmas Eve. Got some nice plans?

HENRY

Yeah, big plans.

13 INT. BAR - NIGHT

13

Henry is knocking back a shot of whiskey. Sets it down on the bar.

HENRY

Another.

The BARTENDER fills the shot glass again.

BARTENDER

If you're going to come here every Christmas, you at least oughta bring me a present.

Henry looks at him. Takes a pencil out of his breast pocket and lays it on the bar.

The Bartender picks it up, examines it.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(drily)

Thanks.

He puts it in his pocket, as INGRID CARMICHAEL, 26, a high-strung, edgy blonde, comes into the bar, dragging a four foot Christmas tree behind her. She walks over to Henry. She's been drinking too.

INGRID

Hey, baby. Look, I got a tree! They were practically giving 'em away.

HENRY

Ingrid, I told you...

INGRID

Blah blah, you want to be alone on Christmas, well, I don't, okay? I mean, are we dating, or not?

14 INT. INGRID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

14

Ingrid comes out of the bathroom in a slinky silk robe. Looks at Henry sitting on the couch next to the sad, undecorated tree with its string of unlit lights.

INGRID

Henry. You're supposed to do the lights! The guy does the lights.

HENRY

Can we...do this without lights?

INGRID

You're such a creep.

She walks over to the tree and plugs in the lights. They brighten until they begin to flash. We can see they are bothering him...

INGRID (CONT'D)

Now. Isn't this nice? Henry...?

He stands, woozy, a pasty look on his face. Ingrid knows this look.

HENRY

I have to go.

INGRID

Not again...

HENRY

(starting to leave)
...I'm sorry...

INGRID

I swear to god, if you leave this time, that's it! Don't ever bother coming back!

We hear the door SLAM.

15 INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

15

Henry is trembling, trying to make it down the stairs.

An OVERHEAD SHOT, as he passes into frame around each corner of the landings until, finally...he FAILS TO APPEAR, and instead his empty shoes fall down the stairs. They come to rest on the landing.

16 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 16

ANGLE ON AN EXIT SIGN, the universal symbol of the lit-up running man. The door opens and Henry steps out of the stairwell and into a corridor lined with stripped hospital beds: the Housekeeping Services area located in the Hospital's bowels.

He ducks into the deserted LINEN'S ROOM. A MERRY CHRISTMAS banner and a garland of tinsel hangs over the folding station. Henry spots a paper pad.

HIS P.O.V. AN INVENTORY FORM FOR THE ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL, dated the 24th OF DECEMBER 1970.

Henry's face clouds.

ANGLE CORRIDOR, as a FEMALE CANDY STRIPER arrives with another bed. She strips the mattress and the pillow and is about to carry the laundry into the linen's room when Henry emerges, now dressed as a candy striper himself. She barely acknowledges him.

17 INT. HOSPITAL/HOUSEKEEPING SERVICES 17

Henry passes Service Workers spraying rows of bed frames with chemical disinfectant. He slows in front of a fire exit diagram, orients himself and moves on. He takes a shortcut, only to find himself in:

18 INT. HOSPITAL/MORGUE 18

Henry stops dead in his tracks as he comes upon a COVERED BODY lying on a slab. It is the only body in the morgue. Henry stares at the wrapped form, clearly distressed, as he's making the connection. He seems about to touch the body but instead glances at a wall mounted clock. He realizes that he's running late and pulls himself away.

19 INT. FIRST FLOOR RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT 19

Henry appears out of an elevator. It is busy and surreally bright inside against the snowy black outside the large windows. He is looking for someone. We see his eyes land; he has found what he seeks:

A MAN standing at the main desk. We saw him before, by the couch with Henry. He is RICHARD DETAMBLE, 30, Henry's father.

RICHARD

No, I know they're here. I got a call. They said my wife and son...

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

RICHARD (CONT'D)
they were in an accident. DeTamble,
Annette and Henry DeTamble, he's
only six..

RECEPTIONIST
(on a house telephone)
I'm checking, sir...

Henry is suddenly standing beside his father.

HENRY
Excuse me, Mr. DeTamble?

Richard stares at the adult Henry. He has no idea who he is.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Your son is fine. They just moved
him to room 204.

RICHARD
He's alright?

Henry leads him toward the elevator and pushes the up button.

HENRY
He's been calling for you. He needs
you.

The elevator doors open and Henry ushers Richard inside.
Henry does not follow. Richard looks out at him.

RICHARD
What about my wife? Why isn't she
with him?

Henry doesn't answer. The doors start to close, wiping Henry
from view...

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Wait!

He stops the doors, leans out.

HIS P.O.V. The dressing gown lies on the floor. A MALE CANDY
STRIPER wheeling a big laundry cart scoops it up and puts it
in his bin as he passes.

Henry, dressed, but barefoot, carrying his shoes, trudges
back up the steps. Knocks on Ingrid's door.

HENRY

Ingrid? It's Henry...open the door.

She whips open the door, scowling at him.

INGRID

Where did you go?

HENRY

...to get some air.

INGRID

Tell me the goddamn truth. For once.

He stares at her, so weary.

HENRY

I'm a time traveler.

(beat)

I travel through time. I can't control it, it just happens...

She slams the door in his face. Henry looks down, all alone in the dark, silent hallway.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas, Henry.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. LINCOLN PARK - DAY (SPRING) 21

HENRY is jogging along Lakeshore Drive. The sun is shining, a breeze ruffling the trees. It is a beautiful day. Joggers are everywhere. Henry seems to run faster and stronger than all of them.

22 INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY - DAY 22

Henry comes into the big wide reading room. He crosses by A GIRL at one of the tables. She doesn't look up.

Henry goes to the check-out desk and lays down his books, looking through them, his back to the girl. They both remain in the frame, not seeing one another and then...

A FEMALE STAFFER passes the girl, who looks up.

GIRL

Excuse me.

CONTINUED:

The staffer turns, Henry doesn't.

GIRL (CONT'D)
I'm looking for the Kelmscott Press
Chaucer, actually I'm interested in
the papermaking at Kelmscott...

WOMAN STAFFER
Perhaps Mr. DeTamble can help you
with that. He's our special
collections librarian.

The staffer gestures toward Henry, who raises his head,
starts to turn...

ON THE GIRL, smiling...

GIRL
Excuse me, I'm looking for...

And then she stops. Her face stunned. Henry stares at her.
Sees the queer look on her face.

HENRY
Can I help you with something?

And now she smiles...her heart is caught in her throat.

GIRL
Henry?

HENRY
Yes...

And just as suddenly, tears spring to her eyes.

GIRL
Henry. It's you.

And now she laughs, pushing back the tears.

GIRL (CONT'D)
I can't believe it. I'm sorry, you
said this would happen and you told
me to be normal when it did and I'm
really not...being very normal...

The woman staffer shoots Henry a cross look. He has a
reputation with the ladies. But this girl seems young...

Henry goes to the girl and pulls her aside.

HENRY

I'm sorry, but I really...I don't know you.

CLARE

My name is Clare, Clare Abshire. I know you don't know me. You're not supposed to. But we need to talk. We really do.

She can see his discomfort. She brings her voice down.

GIRL

Look, I know how odd this must be for you, it's odd for me too. But...would you? Have dinner with me? Let me try to explain?

HENRY

Um...

CLARE

Please. Listen to me. You want to do this. I know you do. We've been planning this dinner for four years.

HENRY

We have?

GIRL

Yes. We'll go to the Beau Thai. It's your favorite restaurant.

HENRY

(reluctant)
How do you know that?

She looks at him. Takes in his rumpled clothes, long, unkempt hair, his unshaven, haunted, slightly paranoid look.

GIRL

You look like you've been having a rough time.

He's taken aback by her gentle recognition.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be okay, Henry.

Beat. He searches her eyes.

CLARE

So is it yes? To dinner?

We hold on Henry. He can't help but laugh. This girl is beautiful.

HENRY

...okay.

CLARE

(big smile)

Wow! Okay. Seven o'clock. Beau Thai. This is going to be great! Trust me. This is the best day of your entire life.

She kisses him tenderly but fully on the mouth and then turns and nearly skips out of the library.

ON HENRY...an amazed expression on his face, and then...TEARS he couldn't begin to explain begin welling in his eyes as he stands there motionless.

LIBRARIAN

Who was that? Why are you crying?

HENRY

I don't know.

23 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

23

THE CAMERA TRACKS through Henry's messy apartment - clothes, dirty cups, books strewn about - a bouquet of roses in cellophane sitting on the table, until it discovers Henry standing in front of a mirror in his bathroom. He's nervous, making an effort. He checks his teeth in the mirror, then opens the cabinet, removes a deodorant stick and opens his shirt, doing a quick run across his pits. He reaches toward the cabinet to put it back, the camera TRACKING with his arm. We see his HAND IS SHAKING.

HENRY (V.O.)

Shit. Not now.

The cabinet door swings closed. There is no one in the mirror.

24 EXT. QUIET CHICAGO RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING (WINTER) 24

This is the same Henry we just saw, only now he is naked and racing down a street. Two POLICEMEN, billy clubs in their hands, race after him.

25 INT. BEAU THAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SPRING) 25

A CLOCK on the wall shows that it is 7:39 p.m.

We PAN DOWN OFF IT to reveal CLARE sitting at a booth. She looks beautiful in a dress, her hair down, curled. A waiter comes up to her:

WAITER
Would you like to order a drink
while you're waiting?

CLARE
Just some wine, please.

The waiter goes off. She looks down, fiddling with something.

CLOSE ON THE OBJECT IN HER HAND, a small girl's diary, blue leather, with a little brass locking flap. Then...

She looks up. HENRY IS THERE, his face covered in perspiration, and bruised. He is breathless as he sees her. He awkwardly hands her the bouquet of flowers.

HENRY
I'm really sorry, I was...uh...
detained.

CLARE
It's okay. I ordered us some Pad
Thai. They're keeping it warm.

She notices his bruises.

CLARE (CONT'D)
You alright?

HENRY
It's...it's okay.

CLARE
Come, sit down.

He sits. They stare at each other a moment. There's a feeling of first date excitement here, though neither really knows how to play it.

Clare admires the flowers.

CLARE (CONT'D)
These are beautiful. You've never
given me flowers before.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

I've never given you anything
before.

She smiles. He doesn't quite know how to read it. The waiter
brings her wine. They wait for him to leave.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Listen, you do understand why it is
that I don't know you?

CLARE

Of course. For you, none of this
has happened yet, but for me...I've
known you since I was six. Since
you appeared in the meadow behind
my parents' house, in Michigan,
where I used to play.

While she's talking, Henry has taken her glass of wine and
downed a big draught. He pushes it back. She frowns.

CLARE (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to drink.

HENRY

Yeah, why's that?

CLARE

You told me Dr. Kendrick said you
should stop drinking, that it sets
off the...fit, the travel.

Henry stares at her for a beat.

HENRY

This is...this is too crazy.

CLARE

I'm sorry. I'm doing this all
wrong. You told me to be easy on
you and I'm doing it all wrong.

She grabs a paper napkin and takes a pen out of her purse.

CLARE (CONT'D)

You did this for me once.

She draws two straight lines. Labels one Henry and one Clare.

CLARE (CONT'D)

This line is my life, and this line
is your life.

She makes a little slash near the middle of his line.

CLARE (CONT'D)

This point is you, now, tonight.

Her finger follows past the point of now, down Henry's
line...

CLARE (CONT'D)

And later on down the line of your
life, in the future, you cross
back...

She draws a connecting line that slants backward, to the
early part of her line...

CLARE (CONT'D)

And I meet you here, at the
beginning of my line.

HENRY

When you were six. In the meadow.

CLARE

And many more times. After a while,
I couldn't wait for you to come
back.

HENRY

Which I gather I did, or will do,
fairly often.

She nods.

CLARE

The last time I saw you I was
eighteen.

(beat)

It seems you go back to the same
places a lot. At least that's what
you told me.

HENRY

It's like gravity. Big events pull
you in.

CLARE

So I was a big event?

HENRY

So it would seem.

Henry squirms a little in his seat. He rubs one of his bruises unconsciously. It hurts.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Clare?

CLARE

Yes?

HENRY

Could we back up? Could we pretend for a moment that this is a normal first date between two normal people?

CLARE

Sure. Of course. I'm so sorry Henry. I keep forgetting. It's just, you know, it's like you're my best friend. I've...I've been in love with you...all my life.

On Henry, taking this in. Clare can see how hard it is for him. She dips a napkin in a glass of ice water. She reaches over and touches his bruises with the napkin. He cannot believe she is doing this. It is intimate, impossibly familiar, but he doesn't stop her.

26 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

26

Sounds of voices, as locks unclick, a door opening...

A P.O.V. through a cloth, images of shadow, sifted through thin fabric, a little light coming through...

CLARE

Is this really necessary?

HENRY

Count to one thousand while I clean up.

On Clare, BLINDFOLDED, as she hears strange sounds, Henry doing things, moving stuff.

CLARE

One, two, four hundred and ten thousand, eight hundred and fifty-
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CLARE (CONT'D)

two thousand, nine hundred and
sixty-seven thousand, a million.

She takes off the blindfold...

HER P.O.V. Henry has put a cloth over a lamp to mute the light. It makes the apartment seem romantic, a reader's garret, piled with books, a couch covered with an Indian print blanket.

He stands there, smiling sort of dumbly at this beautiful girl, standing in his flat, clearly smitten with it, with him.

HENRY

If you want a drink...

CLARE

I don't want a drink.

She steps up to him, looks into his eyes, and starts unbuttoning his shirt. He just stares at her. It's amazing to him that she's so sure, that they don't have to play any games. He could fall in love with this girl.

She parts the fabric of his shirt and runs her hands along his chest, his belly.

CLARE (CONT'D)

God. You're so...young...

She kisses his neck, his mouth; a passionate, familiar kiss. It blows him away, her confidence, the way their mouths fit.

He pulls her in to him, roughly now, he wants her, his hands running up to her breasts. He is young and eager, discovering a new body. She pushes him back. Makes him sit on the couch. Climbs on top of him, straddling him, but he flips her onto her back and in so doing, KICKS HER PURSE over...everything dumps onto the floor. It's more than a little awkward.

HENRY

Sorry...

He quickly picks up the stuff...he has the DIARY. She grabs it away from him, shoves the purse away.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What was that?

CLARE

My diary. My Henry book. I used to
write about you, every time you
(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)
came to visit, because it was a
secret. I couldn't tell anyone...

HENRY
Can I see it?

CLARE
The silly scribblings of a
hopelessly romantic girl? Never...

She starts over, climbing back on top of him, wrapping her
legs around him. This time he lets her lead. She kisses him.
They are getting more passionate, limbs intertwining... She
kisses his neck, his chest, his belly.

HENRY
...Clare...tell me something...
about the meadow. Tell me how we
met.

CLARE
It'll spoil it for you. It won't
happen for you for several years.

HENRY
Spoil me.

We see flashes of hair, of little feet in Mary Janes and knee
socks, we HEAR humming, as young CLARE, eight-years-old,
pushes through the sun-dappled woods and into...

AN OPEN, GRASSY MEADOW. She is in her school uniform, a green
jumper and white blouse. She is carrying a tattered Marshall
Field's shopping bag and a RED BLANKET, which she lays out by
a log that lies like a perfect bench in the clearing. She
continues humming...the theme to "The Dick Van Dyke Show."

Suddenly, from behind some bushes, she sees something move.

CLARE
Who's there?

No answer. She gets up to explore. Suddenly a voice comes
from very close to her, in the foliage...

HENRY (O.S.)
Greetings, Earthling.

CLARE
Mark, you idiot.

She takes off her shoe and throws it into the bushes. She sees the bushes shake, hears a grunt and an "Ow."

HENRY (O.S.)
Clare, I'm not going to hurt you,
please don't throw anything at me.

Little girl Clare frowns, hands on her hips. To hide her fear, she fires out bossy questions.

CLARE
Who are you? How do you know my
name? Why can't you come out?

HENRY (O.S.)
I don't...have any clothes on.

Clare stares into the bushes...

HER P.O.V. She can now see Henry, his face, his eyes, and nothing else.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Can you just...hand me that
blanket? And I'll come out.

CLARE
Maybe I should call my mom.

HENRY
Don't call your Mom. Please. Just
give me the towel and I'll leave.

She hesitates. Then goes back to the log, picks up the blanket, comes back to the bushes and holds it out...

We see Henry's hand emerge from the bushes, grabbing the blanket, then Henry appears with it wrapped around his waist.

Clare sort of laughs.

CLARE
Why don't you have any clothes?

HENRY
Because I'm a time traveler. I come
from the future and when I do, I
don't get to bring my clothes.

CLARE
There's no such thing as time
travelers.

HENRY

Well, there is. That's how I know
your name. You and I are friends,
in the future, when you're a lady.

Long beat.

CLARE

Am I pretty?

HENRY

Yes.

She smiles slightly to herself.

CLARE

Prove you're from the future.

HENRY

Well, your name is Clare Abshire,
born May 24, 1971. Your parents are
Phillip and Lucille Abshire, and
you live with them and your brother
Mark and your sister Alicia in a
big house on the other side of the
woods.

CLARE

So. You know things. That doesn't
mean you're from the future.

HENRY

If you hang around long enough,
you'll see me disappear. And I'll
be back again. Lots of times. In
fact I'll be back next Tuesday, at
4:00. It would be great if when you
come then you could bring me some
clothing, something your dad won't
miss.

A voice calls out from the distance.

VOICE (V.O.)

Clare! Where are you?

She jumps up. Henry looks at her imploringly.

HENRY

It's a secret, okay? I gotta go.
(he reaches out to shake
(MORE)

27 CONTINUED:

27

HENRY (CONT'D)
her hand)
It was nice to meet you.

She shakes his hand with her small one, and as she does, she sees his hand start to become TRANSPARENT...she LOOKS UP. Henry is gone. Only the red blanket lies in the grass. We hold on her stunned little face. She smiles.

CUT TO:

28 INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DAWN

28

Clare and Henry asleep in his bed. Clare is waking up. She looks over at him. Smiles. Can't believe she's with him. She sits up, trying to be quiet.

HER P.O.V. His bedroom is a shambles. Clothes are piled up on the floor. The paint is peeling in the room. Pretty ugly.

She gets out of bed, pulling on one of his shirts, which is a bit smelly, but she does it anyway.

29 INT. LIVING ROOM

29

She pads out into the room. Last night's couch is revealed to be horrible -- tattered, stuffing coming out, stained with water-rings and telltale cigarette burns.

Clare looks around. The gray morning light coming in the windows illuminates his apartment. Beer cans and dirty dishes are dotted around. It is the apartment of a callow young man. Not romantic at all.

30 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

30

Clare comes in. Opens the shower curtain.

HER P.O.V. In the bath tub is a lot of books and papers and dirty clothes. Some styrofoam take-out cartons with half-eaten food. He obviously dumped them in here the night before in an attempt to clean up.

Clare opens the medicine chest and peers inside. Lying on one shelf are tampons, a diaphragm case, lipstick, and a tube of spermicide.

ON HER FACE, fascinated and surprised. She never thought that he might be with someone. She hears Henry:

HENRY (V.O.)
I told you I was...
(appearing in the doorway)
...messy.

CONTINUED:

She turns to him. She's holding the woman's lipstick.

CLARE
You have a girlfriend?

HENRY
Yes, I mean, no, I mean, it was
almost over anyway.

CLARE
(deflated)
I came bulldozing in here. It never
occurred to me that you might be...
with someone.

HENRY
...you're disappointed.

Clare runs both hands down the flank of Henry's body.

CLARE
It feels so odd. I never knew you
at this age. I've only known you as
this mature, worldly person. You
knew...exactly how to talk to me.
You were kind of my perfect guy.

HENRY
My God. I'm competing with myself.

CLARE
No, no, it's hard to explain...

HENRY
The me you know doesn't exist yet.
Stick with me and sooner or later
he's bound to appear. That's the
best I can do.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. CAMPUS BUILDING - NIGHT

31

A PHOTOGRAPH...large, printed on an unusual surface. It is a
life-sized picture of a man, standing in a meadow, but his
features are obscured by the flecks in the paper; in fact,
his entire body seem to be dissolving away. Only his clothes,
with their dark colors, are in sharp focus.

We pull back, as a JANITOR crosses in front of the picture,
mopping the floor.

CONTINUED:

Stencilled on the window of the lobby of a campus building are the words "Graduate Student Exhibit." HENRY'S REFLECTION moves into frame, as he looks in the window.

Henry goes inside, seeking something, and then...HE STOPS. His face registers part shock, part total recognition.

HIS P.O.V. OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

He sees a nameplate above it. CLARE ABSHIRE.

REVERSE ANGLE...on Henry's back, as he looks at the photo, his own body silhouetted against the figure in the image, their shapes matching for a brief moment as he steps back, and we HEAR, off screen.

CLARE (O.S.)
The show's not open yet.

He turns. Clare is there. Henry stands next to the photograph and from Clare's POV it looks like she's facing two of him.

HENRY
I thought I'd try early for a change.

YCLARE
How did you find it, I didn't tell you...

HENRY
I'm a research librarian. If I want to find out about someone, I find out.

She smiles, pleased. A little embarrassed. They look at the photograph, standing side by side, in silence for a moment.

CLARE
Well, what do you think?

HENRY
It's great, it's...terrifying.

CLARE
Terrifying?

HENRY
My life depends on how well I can keep a secret. Seeing it out there like that...feels like I just went public.

CLARE

God, I never even thought of that...

HENRY

Don't worry. I mean, who's gonna connect the dots, right? It just caught me off-guard.

He smiles at her, bringing levity to the moment.

CLARE

I know what it's like to watch you go. But what's it like...to be the one that's going?

HENRY

Sometimes it feels like you've stood up too quickly, your hands and feet are tingling and then they aren't there at all. Sometimes it feels like your attention has wandered for just an instant. Then, with a start you realize that you're standing, naked, up to your ankles in ice water in a ditch. You wait a minute to see if you'll just snap right back. Then, after some swearing and shivering you start walking in any direction, which will eventually yield someplace that offers the option of stealing or explaining. Stealing can get you in trouble but explaining takes more time and involves lying, which might get in trouble anyways, so what the hell.

32 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

32

They are walking together, mid-conversation.

CLARE

Are you ever afraid?

HENRY

Absolutely. I'm afraid of finding myself in the middle of a highway, getting hit by a car. I'm afraid of getting stranded in time and not being able to come back.

CLARE

When I was little, I used to wish that you would get stuck. I imagined I'd move you into the basement and you could live with me all the time, and I'd sneak you food, like when you would come to the meadow.

HENRY

You bring me food in the meadow?

CLARE

Peanut butter and anchovy sandwiches, pate and beets on Ritz crackers. I thought that's the sort of thing an adult would like.

He smiles at her.

HENRY

How did your parents never get wind of this?

CLARE

My parents are very self-absorbed, ambitious people. They like to win, at everything, even if the opponent is their own children. I was much too...dreamy for them. After a while, they just ignored me.

They arrive at her car. He stops, turns to her.

HENRY

I can't believe anyone could ignore you.

CLARE

You never did. You were wonderful.

HENRY

You mean the perfect me?

She smiles. He touches her slender neck. Bends his head down and kisses her, ever so softly on the lips. It's like a first kiss in many ways. They both feel it.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - ANOTHER NIGHT (SUMMER) 33

A small table set for four. Clare is introducing Henry to her roommate, CHARISSE, and her roommate's boyfriend, GOMEZ.

CLARE

This is Charisse, my roommate, my best friend, and our excellent cook for tonight, because I cannot cook.

GOMEZ

You should know that going in. Lovely girl. Can't cook toast.

Charisse, a pretty Filipino girl, shakes Henry's hand.

CHARISSE

Please ignore Gomez. I just keep him around to lift heavy objects.

GOMEZ

And sex. Don't forget sex.

Henry shakes hands with Gomez, who is tall and blonde.

HENRY

Gomez? I was expecting someone more Hispanic.

GOMEZ

Short for Golomonski, Polish.

CHARISSE

Wine, Henry?

HENRY

No, thanks.

He catches Clare's eyes, she's smiling.

34 INT. KITCHEN - LATER 34

Charisse and Clare are washing the dishes, whispering...

CHARISSE

He's so cute, you didn't tell me how cute he was.

Gomez comes in with more dishes.

CONTINUED:

GOMEZ

He's not that cute. And he doesn't
have a car. He says he's not
allowed to drive.

Charisse throws a sponge at him.

35 INT. APARTMENT - SAME 35

Henry is walking down the hall. He looks into a room...

HIS P.O.V. He sees Clare's camera and bag on the bed, another
of her PHOTOS on the wall, this one of a little girl's legs,
in knee socks and Mary Janes, standing next to an empty pair
of man's shoes.

He looks behind him, then slips INTO HER ROOM.

36 INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 36

Henry is looking through her desk drawers. He does this
quickly, a man on a mission. He finds what he wants:

HER LITTLE BLUE DIARY. He sits down. Takes a piece of paper
and a pen and starts flipping through it, quickly scribbling
down a list of something, we don't know what, until...A
THROAT CLEARS, startling him.

GOMEZ stands in the doorway.

GOMEZ

What are you doing?

Henry quickly covers the diary with a large book.

HENRY

...uh, I brought these books for
Clare, on paper-making. I just
wanted to...leave them for her.

But Gomez can see the corner of the little blue notebook.

GOMEZ

She's looking for you.

Henry goes out, past Gomez. Charisse appears.

CHARISSE

I like him. Don't you?

GOMEZ

Not sure yet.

Hold on Gomez's doubting face.

37 EXT. FRONT/ALLEY BEHIND THE VIC - NIGHT 37

Noise from the concert venue pounds out the front door. There are people milling around, smoking, a happening place.

Gomez steps out of the place and walks toward the back alley. We can HEAR a song by the Buzzcocks, "What Do I Get?", blasting from inside the Vic, a famous Chicago music venue.

Gomez lights up a cigarette when he sees:

A BRAWL in progress at the end of the alley, near the trash cans; someone is getting beat up.

GOMEZ

Hey. Hey!

He runs down and tries to break up the fight...

A BIG SUBURBAN GUY is having the crap beat out of him by a skinny dude in pink short shorts and a small skintight pink T-shirt. Gomez grabs the pink dude and pulls him away...

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Hey, man, knock it off...

He sees the pink dude's angry face...IT IS HENRY, age 41.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Henry!?

HENRY

Gomez!

GOMEZ

What the hell? What are you doing?

HENRY

This guy likes to beat up fags.

The Suburban guy gets up and scrambles away. Gomez doesn't even care, because he is staring at Henry. Something is very wrong here. Henry's got short hair. With gray in it. He looks kind of ravaged and different.

GOMEZ

What's with your hair? And what the hell are you wearing?

CONTINUED:

37

HENRY
What's the date today?

GOMEZ
I don't know. September 12th.

HENRY
What year?

GOMEZ
What year? We just had dinner,
couple of hours ago.

HENRY
Right. Look, I gotta go. I gotta
get some clothes.

GOMEZ
Yeah. Pink isn't working for you.

HENRY
Catch you later.

GOMEZ
No way. Not in your condition. I'm
coming with you.

CUT TO:

38 A SAFETY PIN JIGGLING IN A DOOR LOCK.

38

GOMEZ
What the hell are you doing?

HENRY
Breaking and entering.

The door opens. He hurries inside an Army Surplus store.
Gomez, frightened, curious, follows.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Don't touch anything.

Henry begins selecting clothes off the rack and trading them
for his pink shirt and shorts.

GOMEZ
What the hell is going on here?
Your hair is gray, man. You're a
decade older than a week ago.

Henry stares at him. Weary.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

You know what? I'm going to tell you, cause you and I are going to be friends for a long time, as it turns out, so you might as well know now.

GOMEZ

Know what?

HENRY

The reason I look older is because I am older. I've come back to this night from the future. I'm a time traveler.

Gomez stares. And then laughs.

GOMEZ

Good. Good one.

HENRY

Gomez, listen. I know how smart you are and I think you can get your head around this. I have...fits, like epileptic fits, sometimes they're brought on by alcohol, or light, sometimes even snow on the TV, but mostly they come when I'm stressed, or upset, and I disappear, and I travel backward, or forward in time. I just came from the year 2005. What year is this?

GOMEZ

1992. I don't like this.

HENRY

When I travel, I get there, and I'm naked and I need something to wear, so I jumped this gay hooker, and I stole his clothes.

Beat.

GOMEZ

Dude. If you're gay, you should just tell Clare and let her meet a new guy.

HENRY

Gomez, I'm telling you the truth. I get dislocated in time. I never know when it's going to happen or where I'll end up. So in order to cope, I pick locks, shoplift, mug people, panhandle, break and enter, you name it, I've done it.

GOMEZ

There's something wrong with you.

HENRY

Yes. There is.

GOMEZ

(pissed)

What's it like? In 2005? Do Charisse and I get married?

HENRY

Gomez...

GOMEZ

Do I get fat? Does she get fat?

HENRY

I'm not going to tell you about your life. Knowing stuff in advance, it makes you crazy. Look at me. It complicates things and you can't change it anyway.

GOMEZ

You're full of shit, you know that?

Henry is starting to look ill. His hand is starting to shake.

HENRY

You won't think that in a minute.

GOMEZ

Oh yeah? Why's that?

HENRY

You'll see.

GOMEZ

Come on, asshole, you come from the future, give me some baseball scores, some stock tips...

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Okay, asshole, I'll give you one word, "Internet". Just remember that. Buy anything with a dot com at the end of it.

GOMEZ

Dot com? What the hell does that mean?

(beat)

Henry?

Henry is no longer there. Gomez spins around and begins hyperventilating as he sees the pile of clothes on the ground. Gasping, he scrambles to find a pen.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Dot com. Jesus. Dot com.

He writes it on his arm. In the distance, a police siren.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Shit.

He races from the store.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Clare answers the door. GOMEZ IS THERE.

CLARE

Gomez? Hey. Charisse is out.

GOMEZ

Is Henry here?

Clare sees he means business. She opens the door and lets him in.

CLARE

No. He's at the library.

GOMEZ

Clare, I spent last night with him.

CLARE

You did?

GOMEZ

(nods)

First he beat up a guy in an alley. Then we burglarized the Army-Navy

(MORE)

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
store. And then he told me about
time traveling.

CLARE
(surprised)
Did you believe him?

GOMEZ
Believe him? He looked ten years
older and disappeared right in
front of me!

CLARE
I hate when he does that.

GOMEZ
You're telling me you know about
this?

CLARE
Yes. I've known for a long time.
Since I was a child.

Gomez sits with a sigh.

GOMEZ
Don't marry him, Clare.

CLARE
What?

GOMEZ
Don't marry Henry.

CLARE
He hasn't asked me yet.

GOMEZ
You know what I mean.

CLARE
Gomez, I love him.

GOMEZ
I caught him the other night,
reading your diary.

CLARE
--What?

GOMEZ
This guy... You have to be careful.
He's a freak of nature...

CLARE

He's my husband. He always was and will be...

GOMEZ

That's a silly romantic girl talking. You're smarter than that.

CLARE

I know him. I know what he'll be like in ten years. And I'll like him even better then. He never tried to take advantage, he never even told me his last name, so I couldn't try to find him. I had no way of knowing if I would ever see him again. But out of the blue...we meet. If that isn't destiny, I don't know what is.

GOMEZ

Clare, whatever's happened in the past, you have a choice. You always do.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO ELEVATED TRAIN - DAY (WINTER)

The door to the el train opens and Henry jumps on. He is 29 and wearing a gym suit several sizes too big for him and looks a bit foolish. He stands there nervously and seems happy when the doors close.

IN THE BG, as the train leaves, we see a man in underwear rushing toward the train yelling, shaking his fist.

Henry grabs a seat and looks around. The advertisements are from 1967. Suddenly he freezes.

HIS P.O.V. Across from him, just a few seats down is his mother. She is reading an opera score.

He swallows. Watches her, and then:

HENRY

Excuse me, are you...Annette DeTamble?

ANNETTE

Yes.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

I love you...your work, your singing. You have a great voice.

ANNETTE

Thank you. I appreciate that. People don't usually recognize me. Not on the subway anyway.

HENRY

My name's Henry.

ANNETTE

How funny. I have a son named Henry. He's just three.

Henry is moved to hear her talking about him. He is looking at her, intently, his mother, and he says...

HENRY

I'm going to get married.

ANNETTE

Oh, really?

HENRY

I've...I've met this amazing girl. I don't know why I told you that. Maybe I...wish you could sing at my wedding.

ANNETTE

Well...I don't know...

HENRY

No, no. I'm not asking...I'm just glad I...met you.

ANNETTE

I'm glad I met you too. I hope you have a wonderful wedding.

HENRY

Thank you. That really...means so much to me.

Henry's hand starts to shake, time's running out.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Your son must love you very much.

She's strangely touched by this. The train pulls into a station.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I have to run. Goodbye.

ANNETTE
(smiling)
Goodbye...Henry.

The doors open and he hurries onto the platform.

HIS P.O.V. He looks at his mother, in the lit train. She waves to him, as the train pulls away.

Shyly, almost awkwardly, he waves back.

41 EXT - RICHARD'S BROWNSTONE - DAY 41

A small twenties-era red brick building surrounded by modern high rises. Henry bounds up the back stairs. He is the same Henry we just left at the el train.

42 INT. RICHARD'S BROWNSTONE - DAY 42

A house frozen in the seventies, mod furniture, cottage cheese ceilings with sparkles, shag carpet flattened and bald in places from years of wear. The drapes are closed, the Formica table littered with newspapers still bundled, unread.

Someone is knocking on the back door, and after no answer, the door is unlocked and opened, and HENRY comes in.

He looks around. Fingers the unread papers, stacks of unopened mail, wondering what's going on, and then...

HE HEARS THE TOILET FLUSH from the bowels of the house. RICHARD DETAMBLE shuffles out into the room. He is decades older than the first time we saw him at the hospital. He is a wasted version of himself.

HENRY
Hi Dad.

RICHARD
What are you doing here?

HENRY
I was worried. I've called you four times.

RICHARD
I've been sick.

HENRY
Yeah, I called the orchestra. When I didn't hear from you, I thought maybe you were on a tour...they told me you've been on sick leave since April.

RICHARD
March.

Richard raises his hands. They are shaking.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Makes it hard to play a violin.

HENRY
Jesus. Have you seen a doctor?

RICHARD
What for? The nerves are shot and they aren't coming back.

Richard goes into the kitchen. Takes a big jug of Jim Beam down from the cupboard and pours himself a glass.

HENRY
That doesn't help.

RICHARD
Sure it does. You want one?

HENRY
I don't drink anymore.

Richard looks at his son.

RICHARD
That's too bad. Drinking was one of the only things we did together.

HENRY
Okay, Dad...

Henry goes over and opens the curtains.

HENRY (CONT'D)
First thing we need to do is get someone in here to clean, make you some meals. Do you even eat?

His father looks even worse in the light.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Would you like me to come around
more? I could take you to the
doctor, help you with your bills...

RICHARD
No.

HENRY
No to what? Everything or just
some of it?

Henry picks up the bills. Richard grabs them back, angrily.

RICHARD
I don't need your help. Get your
own life together before you start
telling me how to live mine.

HENRY
I'm getting married, Dad.

Long beat.

RICHARD
Who would marry you?

Henry shakes his head, emits a rye cough of a laugh.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Does she know about...your...?

HENRY
She knows all about me. Her name
is Clare Abshire. She's an artist.
(beat)
I want to give her Mom's wedding
and engagement rings.

Henry sees his father physically deflate.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I think Mom would have liked that.

RICHARD
How do you know what your mother
would have liked? You barely knew
her.

HENRY

I knew her Dad. I still know her. I
travel to her all the time. I've
just seen her on the subway.

Richard starts to walk away, but Henry won't relent.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I see her singing at the Met,
having coffee with Mara and Uncle
Ish. Pushing me in the stroller. I
see her with you, too. This thing I
have isn't always a curse.

HIS P.O.V. Through a half-open door he sees his father just
standing there in his bedroom, staring. After a moment,
Richard opens a drawer and take a small velvet box out of it.

Richard comes back in.

RICHARD

We were happy. Your mother and I.

HENRY

I know, dad.

Richard puts the ring box in Henry's hands.

INT. THE VIC - NIGHT

The Violent Femmes are playing. They start their song, "Add
It Up." Henry and Clare are making their way to a balcony
overlooking the stage.

CLARE

What's wrong with you? You seem
nervous. Are you nervous?

HENRY

I'm gonna get us something to
drink.

Hold on Clare as she watches him leave...

INT. THE VIC - LATER

The band is now playing a new number. Clare glances at her
watch. Henry's still gone. After a moment she starts making
her way downstairs toward the bar...

HER P.O.V. In the distance she sees Henry pressed up close to
a sexy blonde (Ingrid, the woman with the Christmas tree). The

intimacy of their pose takes her breath away. As she gets closer she realizes they are fighting. Suddenly Henry breaks away from her angrily, screaming something we can't hear, and storms away. Ingrid calls out.

INGRID
You son-of-a-bitch!!!

Clare watches Ingrid push past the crowd toward the bathrooms. Henry sees Clare standing there and grabs her arm.

HENRY
I never made it to the bar.

CLARE
You want to leave?

HENRY
I want to dance. Come on.

CLARE
(disturbed)
In a minute.

She turns to go toward the bathroom.

Henry watches her disappear into the crowd.

45 INT. LADIES ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

45

Clare enters the ladies room.

HER P.O.V. Ingrid is there, splashing water on her face, trying to recover from a bout of tears.

She sees Clare in the mirror behind her.

INGRID
What are you doing here?

CLARE
I'm sorry...I didn't know he was dating someone else when we...

INGRID
(erratic and bitter)
Don't try to be nice. Please.
That's what he does. "Oh, I'm a poor tortured soul." You know what? Fuck him. You seem like a nice girl. And I'm telling you right now, you should run for the hills. That man will only bring you pain.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

45 CONTINUED:

45

INGRID (CONT'D)

When you really need him, he will disappear. He's shit and don't say nobody ever told you.

Ingrid goes out. Clare is really disturbed by this encounter. She looks at herself in the mirror.

46 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

46

Clare comes out of the bathroom and into the thumping, loud club. She searches for Henry but he is nowhere. Suddenly someone grabs her arm and spins her around. It is Henry, only it is Henry with short hair, a decade older. He smiles. She stares at him for a moment and then dissolves into his arms.

CLARE

Henry, Henry. Oh God. I've missed you.

HENRY

Missed me? You've been with me for months.

CLARE

I know, but not you, yet. I mean, you're different.

HENRY

Hey, I didn't know you existed. I was miserable dating Ingrid. I guess we were both pretty miserable. Clare, few people meet their soulmates at age six. I had to pass the time somehow. When I met you I was wrecked. I was pulling myself together. It's a long way from the me you're dealing with in 1993, to the me talking to you right now. You have to work with me. I can't get there alone.

(beat)

Uh-oh. That poor idiot you came in with is looking for you.

HER P.O.V. Long-haired Henry has a drink and is looking for her.

She is suddenly filled with affection for him.

CLARE

He's not an idiot.

CONTINUED:

HENRY
(grins)
See you in a few years.

He kisses her and melds into the crowd. A moment later long-haired Henry arrives, all tension and concern.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Hey, you okay? I thought I lost you.

CLARE
No, I'm here.

HENRY
Who was that guy you were talking to?

CLARE
A friend. You'd like him.

The Femmes start in on "Blister in the Sun..." Henry is jazzed.

HENRY
Come on! I love this song!

He sets the drink down on a ledge. He grabs her by the hand and leads her back into the club, his feet already hopping. She laughs.

CUT TO:

47 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

47

Clare is sitting at the dining table, in her robe and nightgown, as Henry enters from the kitchen with an amazing cake, a candle stuck in the middle...he is singing "Happy Birthday" way off-key. He sets it down in front of her.

CLARE
Did you make this?

HENRY
(nods)
My mother's recipe. Now, make a wish.

She closes her eyes, blows out the candle.

HENRY (CONT'D)
What'd you wish?

CONTINUED:

CLARE

I'm not telling.

HENRY

You're such a tease.

CLARE

True. When I was sixteen, I was waiting for you late one night. It was about eleven o'clock, and there was a new moon.

(taking a bite)

Oh my god, this is amazing. Anyway, I was kind of annoyed with you, because you were resolutely treating me like - a child, or a pal, or whatever - and I was just crazy to touch you and...be touched by you, and then I got this idea that I would hide your clothes.

HENRY

Oh, no.

CLARE

Yes. So I moved the clothes to a different spot. And you appeared, and I basically teased you until you couldn't take it.

HENRY

And?

CLARE

You jumped me and pinned me, and for about thirty seconds we both thought 'This is it.' But you got this look on your face, and you said 'No,' and you got up and walked away. You walked right through the Meadow into the trees and I didn't see you again for three weeks.

HENRY

That's a better man than I.

She smiles at him, slyly.

CLARE

You do bad things.

HENRY

I have done one or two of those.

CLARE

Like read my private diary.

This shifts the dynamic between them.

HENRY

Did Gomez tell you that?

CLARE

Don't be mad at him. He meant well.

HENRY

I didn't read it. I just wanted to write down the dates. The dates I go to see you, and memorize them. So I can tell the little girl, in the meadow. I don't want that girl to be hurt. If I'm so important to her, I want to be able to tell her when I'm coming, so she won't wait, and hope, and waste away like I did, as a kid, you know, wishing...

CLARE

Wishing what?

HENRY

That someone I love would come back.

She looks at him, moved, unsure what to say in this moment.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Stay here.

He goes into the bedroom and comes back holding a tiny jewelry box. Clare knows what's coming. She's not sure if she's ready.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Clare. I love you. And it's not just because you're beautiful and brilliant and smart. It's because...for the first time in my life, someone knows...who I really am. You're all I want...will ever want.

47

He gets down on one knee. It's all kind of goofy, and they are both aware of it, Henry smiling, Clare too, but her eyes filling with tears, as he opens the box.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Will you marry me?

She stares at him. The mirth has faded away. She feels so much weight in this decision.

CLARE
....no.

Henry looks at her, crushed. And then she suddenly grabs him.

CLARE (CONT'D)
I don't mean that. I just...I had to try it, try saying it, just try to assert some sense of my own free will, but...my free will wants you.
(her intensity is fierce)
I don't care what anyone says. I want you, Henry DeTamble.

HENRY
So does that mean...

CLARE
Yes. It means yes, a hundred times yes. This is the best birthday wish come true ever!

They embrace. Kiss.

48 EXT. CLARE'S PARENTAL HOME IN MICHIGAN - DAY 48

A big wide shot of the whole compound, the stately old white, wood-frame house, the large, parklike property surrounding it, not a neighbor in sight.

An S.U.V. has pulled into the driveway and Clare and her older brother, MARK, and younger sister, ALICIA, are piling out. Henry, 30, too. Clare is carrying her WEDDING DRESS, wrapped in plastic, like another body floating ahead of the group, all stuffed with paper. The four of them are laughing.

49 INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER 49

The bustle of arrivals, Clare hoisting the dress through the door, her mother, LUCILLE, a super coiffed 54, grabbing it.

CONTINUED:

LUCILLE

Don't drag it, oh my God, I told you to have it shipped...the florist has already called three times, and we have to go over the table assignments.

ALICIA

(taking the dress)
Mother, give her a minute to breathe.

We hear SHOTS being fired. In the garden, behind the house, we see Clare's FATHER, PHILLIP, shooting clay pigeons, which are being mechanically released. Lucille calls outside:

LUCILLE

Phillip, they're here!

ON HENRY, we can tell by his face that the wedding stress worries him. Clare pulls him toward her...

INT. PHILIP'S STUDY - LATER

The walls are LINED with hunting trophies, heads of deer and moose and bears. A gun cabinet. Philip, a taciturn man, is there. Henry shakes his hand, nods.

PHILLIP

You ready for this? It's a real circus.

HENRY

I'm ready sir.

Clare's father winks at him. Henry smiles, tries to be game.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clare's mother is in overdrive, handing out schedules.

LUCILLE

...the rehearsal is at the church tomorrow at five, we have vans to bus people to the rehearsal dinner. Here's the seating arrangement, you both have a look at that...

ON CLARE AND HENRY, sitting on the couch, watching her. Clare sees that Henry is very uncomfortable. She takes his hand.

52 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 52

Clare's mother is still talking, standing now.

LUCILLE

...the best man, what's his name,
Gomez? Do I have to call him that?
He'll function as our master of
ceremonies, I hope he's prepared,
and the band has your playlist,
which frankly, I think is too heavy
on the contemporary artists...

53 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 53

Clare's mother still talking, now on the phone...

LUCILLE

...we did not ask for vibernum, we
asked for hydrangeas...then find
the hydrangeas...

HER P.O.V. THE COUCH -- now empty. Henry and Clare are gone.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Clare...?

54 EXT. BANK OF TREES - DAY 54

Clare pulls Henry through the woods, sunlight dappling
through on them...

They break through the trees and we see they are in:

55 EXT. CLARE'S MEADOW - DAY 55

Henry looks around. It's pretty; the sun shining, yellow...
but Henry has no context.

HENRY

This is it?

CLARE

This is the meadow! Don't you love
it?

He pulls her to him, starts to kiss her neck.

HENRY

Would it be sacrilegious to do it
in the Meadow?

CONTINUED:

CLARE

We already did. When I was
eighteen. I lost my virginity to
you.

HENRY

I'll look forward to that visit.

CLARE

Do you really have to stay in the
hotel?

HENRY

Honestly, I'm afraid if I'm around
your mother another second, I'll
disappear.

She can see that he is totally serious.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Clare! Mom wants you!

Clare kisses Henry goodbye and runs off.

Henry stands in the meadow, alone. A breeze passes through
and blows some leaves around him. There's a magical feeling
here, some feeling of destiny that's not entirely comforting.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

We see an array of barber tools laid out on a clean white
cloth. AN OLD BARBER stares at Henry, waiting, and motions
for him to get in the chair.

HENRY

Cut it off.

BARBER

All of it?

HENRY

I'm getting married tomorrow and my
wife, she likes the short hair.

Henry smiles and the barber gets to work. Huge handfuls of
hair are cut away. Henry stares at himself in the mirror.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(acknowledging his image)
That guy looks familiar, like
someone I knew when I was a kid.

The barber smiles.

57 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 57

Henry comes into the small-town hotel from his haircut, when he spots...

HIS FATHER standing at the front desk.

HENRY

Dad.
(Richard turns)
You came...

RICHARD

I wanted to be here for you.

Henry is genuinely touched. They embrace.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I guess I'll have to...meet her parents.

HENRY

Yes. Her father is a Republican.
And a hunter.

RICHARD

Oh dear.

58 EXT. CHURCH - DAY 58

Wide shot P.O.V. of an old stone Episcopal church through a big old leaded glass window, we see tons of guests arriving, and pull back to reveal we are...

59 INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY 59

Gomez is helping Henry into his tux. Henry is nervous.

GOMEZ

Valium? Is that a good idea?

HENRY

I don't want anything to happen.

GOMEZ

Like what?

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Standing in front of two hundred people and God and Clare's parents and disappear to 1978!

GOMEZ

Isn't there something you can do, some mind control, some act that helps you...stick around?

HENRY

Two things. One is jogging.

GOMEZ

Okay, what's the other?

HENRY

Sex.

GOMEZ

...go take the valium.

Henry goes into the rest room to get a glass of water. Now Gomez looks anxious enough for the two of them.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

You having problems? Henry, you okay?

He walks into the rest room. Henry's tux is laying crumpled on the floor.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

INT. CLARE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Clare is standing there in her dress as her mother looks on with a critical eye. She pushes at her hair.

LUCILLE

Oh God, this hair. It's always been difficult.

CLARE

Mom, stop already. It's fine.

ALICIA

You look amazing. When Henry sees you coming down the aisle, he is going to pass out on the spot.

Clare tenses.

CLARE

Alicia, can you go check on the
boys?

61 INT. CHURCH DRESSING ROOM - DAY 61

Gomez is in a frenzy, holding the tux, nearly
hyperventilating. The church organ can be heard playing. A
voice calls out from the dressing room door.

ALICIA (O.S.)

Nearly ready, guys?

GOMEZ

Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod.
(calling out, high
pitched)
Fine! We're fine!

Suddenly Gomez hears a knock at the window behind him and
spins around. Henry is back, naked outside the building. Only
it isn't the Henry who just left. It is OLDER HENRY,
unshaven, some gray in his hair.

Gomez opens the window and helps him climb in.

HENRY

Don't worry. It all works out.

62 INT. CHURCH - DAY 62

Clare is poised at the back of the sanctuary, hanging on her
father's arm.

AT THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH, Henry, in full tux but disheveled
and unshaven, slips in the side entrance to take his place
before the PRIEST. Gomez slinks in behind him, looking around
as if he's a criminal.

Clare notices Gomez's strange look, but she can't really see
Henry. The Wedding March begins; she starts down the aisle.

HER P.O.V. Henry finally looks up...it is "her Henry."

Clare smiles, almost weak with love. She arrives at his side,
whispers.

CLARE

Henry, what the hell?

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Don't swear. We're getting married.

GUESTS look at one another, not sure why Henry looks so strange. Clare's father and mother exchange curious glances. As they look over to Henry's father, he tries to put a good face on it. He smiles weakly and gives them a thumbs up.

PRIEST

We are gathered here today...

THE CAMERA DOLLIES INTO A TIGHT TWO SHOT OF HENRY AND CLARE. They are gazing lovingly at one another. The priest's voice drones on, but we are with Clare and Henry.

63 INT. CHURCH MEN'S ROOM - DAY 63

The door to the men's room flies open with a bang and gray-haired Henry hurries in. He looks around expectantly as a naked arm grabs him. He spins around and sees his 30-year old naked self staring back at him. They smile at one another and hug.

YOUNGER HENRY

Thank you.

CUT TO:

64 INT. BALLROOM - DAY 64

Clare is sitting at the head table alone. The band is finishing a song. Then the BAND LEADER approaches the microphone.

BAND LEADER

And now let's invite our lovely new couple to the dance floor.

Everyone is looking at Clare, who rises...looking around...

HER P.O.V. No Henry in sight, and then...

She sees him, slipping back into the ballroom, the 30-year old Henry, adjusting his tux, smoothing his newly shorn hair.

ON CLARE, as she smiles, and walks toward him.

He sees her...his first time taking in her beauty in the wedding dress. He follows her onto the dance floor and they begin to dance, everyone watching. But their conversation is very private.

CONTINUED:

64

CLARE
Howdy, stranger.

HENRY
Sorry I missed the ceremony.

CLARE
Well, not exactly.

HENRY
Do you...do you wish I was him?

CLARE
But you are...

She smiles at him. He is the happiest man alive right now.
They dance off...we hear their murmured dialogue.

CLARE (CONT'D)
I wonder if I'm a bigamist.

HENRY
I think you're allowed to marry the
same person as many times as you
want.

Sounds of their laughter, as the music sweeps them away.

65 INT. HOTEL HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT 65

We hear giggling, the door is pushed open, Henry carries
Clare over the threshold, flicking on a light.

THEIR P.O.V. A truly gorgeous room; a giant, inviting bed.

Henry puts Clare down on her feet. They look at each other.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HONEYMOON SUITE - LATER 66

ANGLE ON THE TWO OF THEM bouncing up and down on the bed
laughing and giggling like two little kids. After a moment,
Clare throws herself down on the mattress with her arms wide
open. Henry looks down at her with a huge greedy smile on his
face. He looks poised to leap on her. She closes her eyes,
all excited and waits. He never arrives.

CLARE
Henry?

She sits up.

CONTINUED:

CLARE (CONT'D)
Not on our wedding night.

67 EXT. MEADOW - DAY 67

NAKED HENRY finds himself in a thicket of bushes, he is turning, trying to figure out where he is, when he sees...

A PAIR OF MEN'S SHOES sitting on a rock near him. A neatly folded set of clothes.

He realizes where he must be. He smiles. He starts to dress.

68 EXT. MEADOW - MOMENTS LATER 68

Henry emerges into the clearing, dressed in Clare's father's old clothes, a button-down shirt, argyle sweater.

HIS P.O.V. CLARE, age 12, is sitting on that red blanket in the meadow, a chess game laid out. She stands, waves to him.

HENRY
Hello, Clare.

CLARE
Hello Henry.

She is obviously so pleased to see him, though they don't embrace.

CLARE (CONT'D)
You promised you'd play chess with me again, teach me those moves so I can kick my brother's butt.

HENRY
...okay.

He sits down across from her on the blanket. She makes a move. They begin to play.

CLARE
Henry? Are you really a person?

HENRY
Yes. What else would I be?

CLARE
Maybe you're an alien.

HENRY
I'm a person. Who time travels.

CLARE
And you know me, as a grown-up?

HENRY
Yes.

CLARE
...am I married?

HENRY
I can't tell you that.

CLARE
Why not? You never tell me
anything.
(they play)
Do you know when you die?

HENRY
Clare...

CLARE
It's not fair that you know
everything about me but I never get
to know anything about you.

HENRY
What do you want to know?

They play. She tries to be nonchalant.

CLARE
Are you married?

HENRY
Yes.

CLARE
...is your wife a time traveler?

HENRY
No. Thank God. She's a very
beautiful, talented, smart, normal
woman.

CLARE
Does she worry about you?

HENRY
Yes, she does.

CLARE
Do you love her?

HENRY
Very much.

He makes a move. But he hears a muffled sniffing and realizes that Clare is crying.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Clare...what's wrong?

CLARE
Nothing.

HENRY
What?

CLARE
It's just that...I was hoping maybe
you were married to me.

He frowns, wishing he could tell her, knowing he shouldn't.

INT. HOTEL HONEYMOON SUITE - NIGHT

Clare, in the honeymoon suite, is lying in bed asleep with the T.V. on when Henry returns. He turns it off and Clare wakes up.

CLARE
I was hoping you'd come back.

Not speaking, he climbs into bed, holds her.

HENRY
I was there. With you, in the
meadow.

She turns toward him. Their eyes meet.

CLARE
Are we going to be able to do this?

HENRY
Yes. Yes, baby.

They kiss, begin to make love.

CUT TO:

70 EXT. CHICAGO STREET (FALL) 70

Clare and Henry are moving his horrible tattered couch out onto the sidewalk. The leaves on the trees around them have turned brown.

71 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 71

The camera pans across Henry's apartment. Clare is spackling the bedroom wall. The shower is running and steam is pouring out of the bathroom.

She goes into the bathroom. Henry is nowhere to be seen. She turns the water off, shakes her head.

72 INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 72

Henry and Clare are setting the table, preparing for dinner, moving in between the kitchen and the front room. At one point they cross in the doorway and Henry grabs Clare. He spins her in an unexpected two step, executes a lovely twirl, plants a quick kiss on her forehead, and then continues into the kitchen all in one unbroken stride. Clare loves this.

Clare lays out the cutlery when she hears A PILE OF DINNER PLATES shattering on the floor. She knows immediately what has happened.

IN THE KITCHEN, she sweeps up the broken plates from around Henry's vacated clothes.

73 INT. THE DINING ROOM - EVENING 73

She sits down to eat dinner alone.

74 EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT_(WINTER) 74 *

Henry's face emerges from the dark. We realize, he is standing in the middle of a snow covered street. Headlights hit him and Henry quickly moves out of the way of an oncoming TRUCK. *

75 EXT. CHICAGO STREET/BUILDING - SAME 75 *

Henry, still naked, drifts from an alley. He glances around, shivering. Cases the buildings around him. VOICES grow louder. Henry ducks into a doorway across the street. *

TWO PUNKS pass by the doorway, as Henry appears on the fire escape above them, checking the windows to a darkened apartment, finally breaking one. He disappears inside as the el train's stuttering light rushes past. *

76 INT. HENRY AND CLARE'S APARTMENT - DAY (SPRING) 76

Clare is showing her photographs to a GALLERY OWNER who seems very enthusiastic about her work. On a shelf we see a twig with cherry blossoms stuck in a glass of water.

77 EXT. EXTREME WIDE SHOT - CHICAGO - (SUMMER) 77

The hi-rises come right to the edge of the beach on the lake, populated with sunbathers and bike riders. A very small figure, HENRY, now 32, is jogging along the boardwalk, sweating, keeping fit.

78 EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING (FALL) 78

The leaves are a riot of color in this idyllic neighborhood. Henry, in an ill-fitting mechanic's jump suit, is running, a dog is chasing after him and he is hopping a fence to get away. Then we see two men running after him carrying a hoe and a shovel. Henry runs into a shed and the men come in after him. Henry raises his hands to defend himself. The men raise their hoe and shovel.

79 INT. HENRY AND CLARE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 79

Come in on a digital clock next to Clare who is asleep. We hear a strange thump and then someone moaning. Clare jumps up and follows the sound into the dark living room and finds Henry on all fours, bloody, shivering. He opens his eyes, sees her, tries to reach out to her. Clare flips on the light and spins around, looking for him. The room is empty. She stands there, helpless, sick with worry.

80 INT. APARTMENT - CHRISTMAS - NIGHT (WINTER) 80

A beautifully decorated Christmas tree. Snow outside the windows. We PAN away from the tree and see Clare alone, unwrapping her gifts.

81 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 81

TWO CARS SMASHING TOGETHER, igniting. It is Annette's accident, replayed.

82 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT 82

We see Henry, 28, putting a blanket over his six year old self. AS THE CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM A FOREGROUND FENCE, we see still another HENRY, 33, making a call from an emergency phone.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

You need to page Richard DeTamble.
He's arriving on flight 207 from
Pittsburg. His family was in a car
accident and has been taken to St.
Joseph's hospital in Evanston.

Henry hangs up the phone. As he walks away we see a third
Henry, 37, watching the first Henry helping his younger self.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE AND HENRY'S APARTMENT - WINTER DAY

The Christmas tree bare now, brown, waiting to be tossed out.

HENRY, 34, is looking at it. He is shirtless, in jeans. In
his hands is a sweatshirt which he pulls on.

CLARE comes out from the bedroom. She is fully dressed and
purposeful. Seeing him, she comes to a complete stop. They
stare at each other.

CLARE

Oh my God. You're back.

HENRY

Did I miss christmas?

CLARE

You've been gone for two weeks.
Are you...are you alright?

HENRY

I couldn't get back. I got drunk,
trying to trigger it. I wanted to
get back to you...

CLARE

This is really hard. You're gone
all the time.

HENRY

No more than usual.

CLARE

It feels like it though.

He nods and shrugs his shoulders. This is the nature of their
life. He doesn't know what to say.

CONTINUED:

There is some discomfort, some anger there, from her. As he tries to figure out what to say...there is a knock at the door. They exchange a look, who could that be? She goes to open it.

ANOTHER HENRY IS STANDING THERE. He is older, about thirty-five. He is drenched in sweat, bleeding, and wearing a big Northwestern sweatshirt.

HENRY

Hi baby. Thank God, I couldn't remember if we'd already moved out of here yet. I need some water and something for this cut.

Clare, stunned, lets him in the door. She turns.

HER P.O.V. Two Henry's are now standing in the room with her.

HENRY 34

What happened to you?

HENRY 36

I was chased through a plate glass window, but it's not as bad as it looks.

CLARE

There's two of you.

They both look at her.

CLARE (CONT'D)

How can this...?

HENRY 34

It happens all the time. One time when I was fifteen three of us went to a Cubs game.

HENRY 36

Do you have any hydrogen peroxide?

CLARE

This is wrong. This defies the laws of physics.

(going off to get some first aid equipment, but still talking)

Matter is matter. I don't understand how two of you can be in the same room.

She re-enters, shoving a wet washcloth and a tube of Neosporin at Henry 36.

HENRY 36

We don't understand either, Clare.
If we did we'd win the Nobel prize.

Clare shakes her head, starts to gather her things.

HENRY 34

Where are you going?

CLARE

I can't deal with this. I have a show in two weeks. Jeremy gave me a space to work in, and I have to go. My life doesn't just stop while you're gone, you know.

HENRY 34

Jeremy, the gallery guy? Spending a lot of time with him?

CLARE

Oh, God, don't even...

HENRY 36

Don't worry, he's not a threat.

CLARE

(spinning)
How do you know?
(off his shrug)
And stay out of it! This is totally unfair. I can't win an argument with two of you!

HENRY 34

Are we arguing?

CLARE

I just...have to go to work.

HENRY 34

...if you need a space to work, we'll get someplace else to live, with a studio for you...

CLARE

How, how are we going to do that? You're always gone! And even if you're here...we never talk about
(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)
normal things that other couples
talk about!

HENRY 34
Like what?

CLARE
Like buying a house, having kids?
What is a child going to think of
seeing two fathers? Why didn't you
tell me this could happen?

HENRY 34
(re: older Henry)
Why didn't he tell you? I assumed
he told you back in the meadow.

HENRY 36
You should have told her. You've
been screwing it up with her from
the beginning.

CLARE
You know what? I'm not doing this.
I can't live like this!

HENRY 34
Clare...

She leaves them alone in the apartment. After a beat:

HENRY 34 (CONT'D)
She is coming back, isn't she?

He turns to Henry 36, but he is gone.

84 EXT. GALLERY - SAME NIGHT

84

Clare is leaving the gallery space. Jeremy locks up after
her. (He is the same guy who came to Henry's and Clare's
apartment to check out her photographs.)

Henry is standing across the street. She comes over to him.

CLARE
I'm sorry about this morning.

HENRY
No, you were right.
(looks at his watch)
Damn, we'll never make it home in
time.

CONTINUED:

CLARE
Home in time? For what?

85 INT. TELEVISION STORE - NIGHT 85

About twenty televisions are showing various programs.

CLARE
Henry, you have to get out of here,
it'll set you off.

HENRY
No. We need to watch something.

He turns his back toward the screens and hands her something...an ILLINOIS LOTTERY TICKET.

CLARE
Henry...

He addresses a salesman.

HENRY
Excuse me, can you put one of these
on the local news?

The guy nods and changes all the TV's to the local news.

CLARE
Henry, what did you do?

ON THE TELEVISION, the local anchors are talking.

LOCAL ANCHOR
And now for tonight's winning Lotto
numbers...

HENRY
You were right. We need a future.
You need an art studio. We have to
do something for us.

The numbers begin to appear on the screen. Clare stares at the lottery ticket. She has all of them.

CLARE
Oh my God...

HENRY
You have just won five million
dollars.

CONTINUED:

85

Clare pulls him aside, talking in an urgent whisper.

CLARE

But you can't do that. It's unethical. It's cheating.

HENRY

Okay, then, rip it up.
(she doesn't)
Next week they'll have one for twenty million.

Clare just stands there.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Clare, there are a lot of downsides to my condition but this is not one of them. I pay a big price for what I go through, and so do you. This is the universe's way of compensating us. I just want to buy you some happiness, some comfort, for the times I'm not around. Let me do that. Please.

On CLARE'S FACE...thinking...

86

INT. NEW HOUSE - DAY

86

Henry and Clare are looking at a new house with a REALTOR.

CLARE

But I like it, Henry.

Henry is looking out the window to the back yard.

HENRY

This isn't it. You'll like another one better. You're going to be very happy in it. I know.

87

INT. ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY

87

Clare and the realtor explore the house. Henry walks right to a window facing the backyard and shakes his head. He returns to the others.

HENRY

Nope. Not the one.

The realtor eyes him oddly.

88 INT. ANOTHER HOUSE - DAY 88

Henry, Clare, and the realtor don't even look at the house. They all walk right to the window facing the back. Henry grins. Clare grins. The realtor grins.

HENRY

We're home. See the garage out there? That's your studio.

Clare shrieks and grabs her husband. We see a timelapse shot of the garden, as winter turns to spring:

89 INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S NEW KITCHEN - NIGHT (SPRING) 89

Henry is cooking in the new kitchen. Clare, Gomez and Charisse are there too, working as surprisingly efficient sous chefs. As Charisse turns to grab a new cutting board, we see that she is pregnant. Clare is putting wine bottles on the counter and grabbing glasses from an overhead rack.

CLARE

Who wants red, who wants white?

GOMEZ

Red.

CHARISSE

None for me.

(she grabs her belly)

He's awake. Come here, Clare, feel.

He's kicking.

Clare feels her belly. Smiles at Charisse. Suddenly there is a huge crashing sound coming from the den. Everyone turns.

90 INT. DEN - NIGHT 90

Henry runs into the den. The others follow and freeze. Henry kneels to the floor holding a second Henry who is naked and bleeding. Both Henry's look at one another piteously. The others look on, horrified. Henry's bloody hands are pressing into his stomach. He can barely talk.

HENRY (#2)

This is all wrong.

CLARE

Where are you coming from?

Henry begins convulsing on the floor as if being electrified. His head is shaking violently. He yells.

CONTINUED:

HENRY (#2)

Clare!

There is a noise like a bed sheet being snapped, only much louder, and we see him disappear from their midst. Only his bloody finger prints remain, smeared on the floor.

Everyone stares at each other. Except Henry, who is very slow and deliberate. He picks up a box of tissues and begins to wipe up the blood from the hard wood floor.

No one says a word.

91 EXT. OUTDOOR PATIO - SUNSET

91

Henry and Clare are sitting on their patio overlooking a beautiful back yard. Clare is still shaken.

CLARE

You were shot, Henry. In the future you're shot.

HENRY

For all we know, it was a flesh wound, a minor thing.

CLARE

It didn't look minor to me.

HENRY

Clare, there are no guarantees. You know that. We're all going to die.

CLARE

Goddamn it, Henry. Stop acting like nothing happened, like it doesn't matter. You were young there. You were still young...

They sit a moment in silence.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Do you know when you're going to die?

HENRY

No, of course not. And even if I did, I wouldn't tell you.

CLARE

Why haven't I ever seen you older?
You're never more than 40
something.

HENRY

Now you're just looking for
something to be upset about.

CLARE

Maybe you stop traveling. Maybe
someone finds a cure.

HENRY

What do you mean, a cure?

CLARE

(flustered)

I don't know. Maybe there's a drug
you can take. If it functions like
epilepsy, they take drugs. We need
to find someone, something. You
need to stop this...

HENRY

Stop what, being who I am?

CLARE

No. Yes. Fix it. Because I want you
to be around. I want you to see our
baby grow up.

HENRY

Our what?

CLARE

Our baby.

She smiles at him, shyly.

HENRY

Clare...what? Really?

She nods. He comes to her, touches her belly.

CLARE

Please, Henry. Please go and see
Dr. Kendrick.

HENRY

I don't know who Dr. Kendrick is.

CLARE
Maybe it's time you find out.

CUT TO:

92 INT. DR. KENDRICK'S OFFICE - DAY

92

Henry is sitting opposite DR. DAVID KENDRICK, a hippie-ish sort with a beard and a pierced ear. He's younger than we would expect. He and Henry seem to be at a strange face off; Kendrick twirling his pencil, Henry waiting for him to speak.

DR. KENDRICK
...how did you say you found me?

HENRY
When I'm older, I travel back in time to see my wife, when she's a little girl. And she says I mentioned a Dr. Kendrick. I found three in the Chicago area, and one was a PhD and one was a proctologist. So you're it.

DR. KENDRICK
I'm a geneticist.

HENRY
And I have a genetic anomaly. It's called chrono-impairment. It's a term you came up with, apparently. That's what Clare says, but of course, now I've mentioned it to you, you will call it that, and it'll be difficult to tell which came first, the chicken or the...egg. That's the thing about time travel. It's sort of a mobius strip.

Kendrick smiles now.

DR. KENDRICK
...did my students put you up to this? Cause you're good.

Henry stands.

HENRY
I told Clare this was stupid. Maybe she remembered the name wrong.

CONTINUED:

DR. KENDRICK
Wait a minute.

Henry turns. Kendrick is writing something down.

DR. KENDRICK (CONT'D)
This is a doctor, an excellent man,
give him a call.

HENRY
What kind of doctor? A
psychiatrist?

Kendrick doesn't answer. Henry takes the number and throws it
in the trash.

93 INT. BEAU THAI RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SUMMER) 93

Clare is sitting at the same table where she and Henry first
ate. She is alone, eating Pad Thai, when her chop sticks,
fall from her hand. She grabs her stomach and sits there a
moment, a curious expression on her face. Then her hands rush
back to her belly, a look of concern in her eyes.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, she doubles over in pain. As she does
so, she reaches down between her legs. A strange look on her
face. She raises her hands. They are covered in blood.

CUT TO:

94 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 94

The door to a dimly-lit room opens and HENRY enters. Closes
the door softly behind him.

Clare is lying in a hospital bed, half asleep. She hears him.
Looks up.

CLARE
It's gone.

HENRY
I'm so sorry.

He sits at her bedside.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Do the doctors know why?

CLARE

They asked me if I was...being too active. They said that the fetus had detached from the placenta.

She starts to cry. He holds her...we see on his face, he is thinking.

EXT. UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT

Dr. Kendrick is walking to the parking lot, when HENRY approaches him. There's something off with Henry, he's angry, he's desperate, the Henry we knew from the beginning of the story...

HENRY

Kendrick.

Kendrick looks around, a little scared of Henry.

DR. KENDRICK

Mr. DeTamble, I can't help you.

HENRY

You don't want to help me.

DR. KENDRICK

Yes. I don't want to help you.

HENRY

My wife had a miscarriage.

DR. KENDRICK

I'm very sorry about that but I don't know how...

HENRY

Don't you see? The baby is a traveler, like me, with the same genetic anomaly, and it traveled out of the womb...

DR. KENDRICK

Do you realize how insane you sound?

HENRY

Do you realize how insane it IS? To live like this?! How can I prove it to you? What do you want to know?! You want to know about the future?! I can tell you, cause I've been

(MORE)

95 CONTINUED:

95

HENRY (CONT'D)
there. You want to know how many
children you have, you want to know
what you die of?

His hand is shaking...

DR. KENDRICK
Mr. DeTamble, let me take you
somewhere? There's a hospital on
campus here, and I...

THE CAMERA has been holding on Kendrick's face when suddenly
he stops talking. His eyes freeze. All of the blood drains
from his forehead, his cheeks. He cannot move. We do not even
have to reverse angle to know that Henry is no longer
standing ten feet away from him.

CUT TO:

96 INT. HENRY'S CHILDHOOD KITCHEN - DAY

96

It is raining outside. Henry is sitting with his eight year
old self in a kitchen. They are both eating Oreos and dunking
them in their milk.

YOUNGER HENRY
What's going on?

OLDER HENRY
I was with a doctor. I want him to
help us.

YOUNGER HENRY
Does he believe you?

OLDER HENRY
He's about to, I think.

97 INT. MRI LAB - DAY

97

Henry is lying on a tray ready to slide into an MRI machine.
Dr. Kendrick is there with some LAB ASSISTANTS. They are
positioning a mirror inside the MRI machine and adjusting it
to reflect a T.V. monitor in the control room.

DR. KENDRICK
Okay, everybody, let's do this.
Ready Henry? For science.

HENRY
For Clare.

CONTINUED:

97

Henry is shoved into the long metal tube as everyone leaves the room. The machine is turned on. A sudden knocking and banging as the magnetic resonators capture pictures of Henry's brain.

CUT TO:

98

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM - DAY

98

One of the assistants is watching the monitor, a very static image of Henry lying motionless inside the tube. Suddenly Henry disappears. The assistant jumps up panicked and confused and stares into the MRI room. The MRI chamber is empty.

ASSISTANT

Dr. Kendrick! Dr. Kendrick! He's gone. He's just gone.

Dr. Kendrick doesn't even look up from a notebook he is jotting on.

DR. KENDRICK

Wonderful.

The assistant looks at him like one of them is out of their mind.

99

INT. KENDRICK'S OFFICE - DAY (FALL)

99

Autumn outside. Henry and Clare are sitting with Kendrick who is showing them a sheaf full of test results.

KENDRICK

Alright. The results are back.

Clare and Henry look at each other and smile, nervous about what they will hear.

KENDRICK (CONT'D)

Based on the tests we ran, we can affirm, as you suspected, that your brain emits a blast of electromagnetic energy akin to an epileptic's just at the moment that you...travel. You can see it here.

He shows them the images.

KENDRICK (CONT'D)

But that's not going to help you now, with another baby on the way.

CONTINUED:

Clare and Henry glance at each other. Clare puts her hand on her belly.

KENDRICK (CONT'D)

These types of drugs are much too strong for a fetus...

CLARE

We're eight weeks in. It seems to be going pretty well. Maybe the last miscarriage was just a fluke.

KENDRICK

We're going to find out. We're going to look at Henry's genes. A disease that is as...disruptive as Henry's often appears as a kind of stutter. A bit of code, repeated too many times that says, in essence Bad News. Huntington's Disease, for instance, is just a bunch of extra CAG triplets on Chromosome 4.

CLARE

But how do you know which...?

KENDRICK

Educated guessing. Like any scientific endeavor. We're going to look at what we call the clock genes. They govern circadian rhythms, keep you in sync with the sun, and they exist in many different types of cells all over the body...

As Kendrick goes on, Clare and Henry take hands.

Henry and Clare are sound asleep. Henry stirs. Something's wrong. He pulls his hand up to his face. It is bright red. He jumps up, turns on the light, and sees Clare still asleep in a pool of her own blood. For a moment he just sits there. Then gently, he tries to wake her.

HENRY

Clare. Honey...

CLARE
(smiling)
I was dreaming.

HENRY
Clare, wake up. You're bleeding.

Her eyes flash open, consciousness returns. Then the full weight of what is happening slams into her. She grabs for her husband and pulls herself up.

CLARE
It's gone?!

Henry grabs hold of her and holds her as tightly as he can.

CLARE (CONT'D)
(crying now)
I was dreaming of the baby and
us...in the meadow.

CUT TO:

101 INT. CHARISSE'S AND GOMEZ'S APARTMENT - DAY (WINTER) 101

Clare and Henry arrive at the door. A hastily scrawled sign says DO NOT RING THE DOORBELL. They knock. Gomez appears.

GOMEZ
Hey, hey you guys! It's been too
long, come on in. The baby's
napping.

102 INT. KIDS ROOM - LATER 102

It is littered with toys everywhere. Like a colorful tornado blew through. A little boy, a TODDLER, is sitting playing with a big plastic hammer...

CLARE
Hi Max.

Charisse enters. Greets Clare.

CLARE (CONT'D)
You look great.

Ever the pragmatist, Charisse doesn't let the elephant in the room go unnoticed.

CONTINUED:

CHARISSE

Are you sure you guys are up for this? I mean, you could come over another time, we wouldn't be offended.

CLARE

We're fine. Aren't we Henry?

He tries to nod, sure, but the truth is, neither of them are fine.

HENRY

The new baby's six weeks old and we've never even met her.

Suddenly we hear a baby crying. There is an awkward pause. Everyone looks uncomfortable.

CHARISSE

Okay, I'll bring her out.

Gomez and the childless couple wait for a moment. Gomez for once is completely at a loss.

GOMEZ

Kid's a big cryer.

Charisse emerges with a crying, fat baby girl.

CHARISSE

C'mon, Rosa, come on, baby...

Clare comes over to look at him.

CLARE

Hi there, Hi Rosa...

Charisse hands the baby over to Clare, who holds him.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Ohhhh, she's so beautiful.

Clare lights up as she takes her in her arms. She is a natural. Her face glows.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Hold her, Henry.

He shakes his head.

102

HENRY

Excuse me. I just gotta get some...

He leaves the room. Charisse motions for Gomez to go with him.

103

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

103

Gomez finds Henry staring out at the street. It is snowing.

GOMEZ

You okay?

HENRY

Don't mind me.

Gomez puts his hand on Henry's shoulder.

GOMEZ

Clare still upset about the miscarriage?

HENRY

Miscarriages. Plural.

GOMEZ

You know there's...other ways to go.

HENRY

Clare wants to keep trying.

GOMEZ

And you don't.

HENRY

I think it's killing us.

104

EXT. RED BRICK BUILDING SHOPPING STREET - SUNSET

104

*

Clare and Henry walk home in silence. They pass a LITTLE GIRL (ALBA), sitting on a stoop, watching them. Clare smiles at her as they pass. Henry notices this. After a moment, he decides to dive right in.

HENRY

I think we should adopt.

CLARE

No.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

Why Clare? Why is it so all
important that it be our baby?

CLARE

That's not what it's about.

HENRY

Then what is it?

CLARE

Henry...I want some part of you, a
part of us, that will stay with me,
that I can actually hold on to...

HENRY

Clare...

CLARE

What is wrong with my wanting one
normal thing in my life? One normal
everyday occurrence, to be a
mother, to bear a child, the child
of the man I love. Why can't I have
that?

HENRY

I've traveled to the future, many
times, and I've never seen us with
a baby, never...

CLARE

I don't want to hear this.

She starts to walk ahead of him.

HENRY

We can't go through another loss!

She covers her ears and continues walking.

We hold on Henry's face.

105 INT. DR. OSMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

105

Henry is lying on a special contraption in a urologist's
office. He looks far away. DR. OSMAN hovers over him for a
moment.

CONTINUED:

105

105

DR. OSMAN

Okay, Henry. Just to be official about this, I need to ask you one last time, if you're sure...

HENRY

I signed the papers.

DR. OSMAN

Yes, I know. But ...a vasectomy is rarely a one-party decision.

HENRY

Well this time...it is.

End of discussion.

106

INT. DR. OSMAN'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

106

Henry walks through the waiting room with some difficulty.

NURSE

Are you all right? Would you like us to call someone, a cab?

Henry waves her off and heads into the corridor. He's made it about ten steps and we can tell he looks woozy. He hurries toward the men's room.

107

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

107

The trees are bare and it is cold. Henry stands, wrapping an old sweater around him, as Clare, now 18, runs down into the meadow toward him.

CLARE

Henry!
(she sneezes, wiping her nose on her sleeve)
I have a cold.

HENRY

Sorry about that.

He winces a bit, in pain from the operation. Shifts his weight.

CLARE

Are you okay?

CONTINUED:

HENRY

I just...don't feel like being here
right now.

CLARE

Is it me? Did I do something...?

HENRY

Do something? God, the universe is
perverse sometimes. I did something
for you. It was hard and you won't
like it, that's all I can say.

CLARE

What was it?

HENRY

I can't tell you. I wasn't even
going to tell you in the present.

CLARE

Then why did you do it?

HENRY

To stop us from fighting.

CLARE

We're fighting? Why?

HENRY

That's none of your business.

CLARE

Just once. One time, will you tell
me the answer to something I am
asking you?

HENRY

You're a kid...

Without apparent premeditation, Clare slaps Henry, hard. He
steps back.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Hit me again.

She is confused and shakes her head.

CLARE

What is wrong with you!

HENRY

Do it. I want you to hurt me.

Clare, really angry, grabs Henry's hand and bites it hard. In retaliation, he reaches out and kisses her, very roughly. She pulls back.

CLARE

That's wasn't very nice.

HENRY

I'm sorry. Clare...

She starts to cry.

CLARE

You never kissed me before.

Now Henry really hates himself.

HENRY

Oh Clare. Just forget that. Just erase it. Come here. Please.

She tentatively steps forward. He kisses her again. It is a moment this young girl has been waiting a long time for. Clearly, this time he does it right.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE'S STUDIO - DAY

Clare is in her studio, making paper. She is spreading out the slab of pulp with her hands, smoothing it, shaping it with a trowel.

Henry comes in. Sits. Sneezes.

CLARE

You sick?

HENRY

I was with you. In the meadow. You had a cold.

CLARE

(smiles)

That was the first time we kissed.

A long beat. We feel for the first time the long history between them, all the things they don't have to say.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

I did something. I did something I
felt I had to do.

Clare looks down.

CLARE

Don't tell me...

HENRY

What?

CLARE

Don't tell me something that's
going to make me hate you.

HENRY

I had a vasectomy.

She doesn't respond.

HENRY (CONT'D)

If you want a baby I will be happy
to adopt one, or we can get a sperm
donor, but I am not creating
another child with my...genetic
makeup, who will die.

CLARE

(barely audible)
How dare you?

HENRY

What?

CLARE

How dare you?! After everything
I've given you?! Everybody warned
me...

HENRY

Clare...

CLARE

You tricked me! You tricked me into
loving you! You came to the meadow
and inserted yourself into the
heart and mind of a young girl. You
think I wanted this life? A husband
who disappears without any
warning?! Who would want that? Only
me, a little child who loved you.

(MORE)

CLARE (CONT'D)

Who believed in you! I never had a choice!

HENRY

(stunned)

If what you want so desperately is to have a baby, your own baby, you do have a choice. You can do it if I step out of the way.

CLARE

Get out. Get out of here!

Her eyes starts to well up.

Henry turns and walks away.

Clare is alone for a moment. After a time she KICKS OVER her paper bin. Goop spills out over the floor, then, she HEARS SOMETHING:

A car starting. She runs outside.

Henry is in the car, pulling out of the driveway.

CLARE

Henry, you can't drive. What are you doing? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!!!

Clare rushes out into the street. She is running after Henry, who is driving down the street, wildly.

HER P.O.V. It is clear he has not driven before. He misses a stop sign and a car shoots out in front of him. He brakes fast to avoid it and swerves up onto a curb. He slams on the brakes and puts the car in park.

CLARE runs, arriving at window, breathless, afraid to find the car empty. Neighbors are coming out of their houses. As she approaches she is grateful to find him inside. He looks devastated.

She opens the door.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Move over.

110 INT. CAR 110

Henry slides to the passenger seat as Clare takes command of the car and backs it into the street. Neighbors watch curiously as she drives back toward their house.

Clare pulls into their driveway and parks.

CLARE

What the hell were you doing? You could have killed someone. You could have killed yourself.

Henry doesn't answer. Clare stares at him. Suddenly it dawns on her that that may be exactly what he was doing.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Oh God, Henry. I didn't mean it. I didn't mean what I said before.

He holds her. Shushing her, petting her hair. She cries.

111 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT 111

It is the middle of the night and Henry and Clare are sound asleep. Suddenly, a slightly younger Henry appears nude in the moonlight looking down at the bed. He is shivering. Clare glances up and sees him. Confused she looks over and sees an older Henry laying asleep beside her.

CLARE

Henry, what are you doing...?

YOUNGER HENRY

(whispering)

Shhh. I'm freezing, just for a minute...

He peels down the sheets and climbs on top of her. Clare groans.

His fingers lightly cover her mouth. He moves in and replaces them with his lips. Looking once more at the handsome youth above her, she closes her eyes and accepts the moment. The younger Henry, his eyes aglow, enters her and presses close. The older Henry barely stirs.

112 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (SPRING) 112

Henry comes in with groceries. After a moment, Clare joins him. They silently unload the groceries, doing that familiar domestic dance, moving around each other to put things away.

CONTINUED:

Henry stops and watches her.

HENRY
What's up with you?

CLARE
What?

HENRY
You're weird. You've been weird for weeks.

CLARE
(long beat)
I'm pregnant, Henry.

Henry stops with the groceries.

CLARE (CONT'D)
One night, I woke up, and...you were in bed with me, but it wasn't you, I mean it was, but you were younger, by about five years.

They look at each other. Not embracing or hugging, just knowing what they are in for.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Are you happy?

HENRY
...if we lose it again...

CLARE
From this moment on, we are not fighting. We are not getting excited. If stress is what causes the traveling, we are going to make sure that this baby has the most serene gestation on the planet.

Henry nods in assent, but we see the conflict in his eyes.

113 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (SUMMER)

113

Henry and Clare are looking at an ultrasound of their baby on a monitor above the exam table where DR. OMA MONTAGUE is watching the screen.

DR. MONTAGUE
Eighteen weeks and perfectly healthy.
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

113 CONTINUED:

113

DR. MONTAGUE (CONT'D)
(smiling)
Oh, I can see the sex. It's a girl.

CLARE
A girl?!

Clare is excited, but she tries to mellow it down. Keep serene. They look at the image, the little heart beating on the monitor.

ON HENRY, his face still registers a modicum of doubt.

114 INT. BEDROOM - DAY (FALL)

114

Clare is very pregnant now, lying on the bed, looking at a book of baby names.

CLARE
What about Mia? That's a pretty name. Or Caroline?

115 INT. BATHROOM

115

Henry is shaving. He doesn't like this.

HENRY
Where did you get that book?

CLARE (O.S.)
Charisse gave it to me.

HENRY
I'm not sure I'm ready to...pick a name.

He rinses his face. Sees his hands are shaking. He starts to...FALL BACKWARD...the razor clatters to the ground.

CLARE (O.S.)
(sounds very distant)
I just want some ideas...

116 INT. FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

116

Henry completes his fall in a dinosaur diorama in the Field Museum. He is hiding behind a woolly mammoth that is being stalked by a group of plaster NEANDERTHALS. A group of school children are looking at the display and he freezes. He looks strangely appropriate to the setting. As soon as the children move on he searches for a door in the diorama and finds it just as a new group of students arrives.

CUT TO:

117

INT. FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - EXIT - DAY

117

Henry is in a janitor's outfit exiting a door saying "Maintenance". He sees another group of children looking at a diorama with their teacher. They are all about 10 years old. And then, to his amazement, one of the girls turns and looks directly at him. She has an amazed look in her eyes. Suddenly she calls out.

ALBA

Daddy?

Henry freezes.

ALBA (CONT'D)

Daddy!

She breaks from the group and runs over to him, hugging him with all her might. Everyone is staring at them. The TEACHER hurries over.

TEACHER

Alba, who is this?

ALBA

He's my daddy.

TEACHER

(disbelieving)

Alba, your father's dead.

Henry is speechless. Alba is looking at him. He finds his voice.

HENRY

I'm her uncle. It's alright.

Alba turns to the teacher, picking right up on his ruse. She's very good at it.

ALBA

He's my uncle, but I call him Daddy sometimes.

TEACHER

(doubtful)

Alba, you need to stay with the group.

(beat)

If your uncle would like to join us...

CONTINUED:

Alba takes Henry's hand. They follow the group, but lag behind...

118 INT. FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - MAIN HALL - DAY 118

And as a DOCENT talks to the kids, Alba whispers to Henry.

HENRY

Alba. This is the first time I've ever met you.

ALBA

(smiling)
How do you do?

HENRY

How old are you?

ALBA

Ten.

HENRY

How old were you...when I died?

ALBA

Five.

HENRY

(crushed)
...five?

ALBA

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you.

HENRY

It's okay. It's okay.
(beat)
I've never traveled past my own life.

ALBA

You told me it started after you saw me for the very first time, when I was still in Mommy's belly.

HENRY

How is your mother?

ALBA

She's okay. Sad.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

(keeping it together)
And what about you? Tell me about
you. How is school? What are you
learning?

ALBA

Not much at school. But I read all
the time. I'm reading about Egypt
and Mom and I are reading "Lord of
the Rings" and Gramps is teaching
me the violin.

HENRY

(in disbelief)
You mean...my dad?

ALBA

Uh huh. He says I'm really good. It
runs in the family. And I heard
Grandma sing. It was beautiful. At
the opera, in Chicago. Aida.

Henry is stunned.

HENRY

You went...? You time traveled
there?

ALBA 9

Mom says you and I are exactly
alike. Except Dr. Kendrick says I
am a prodigy because mostly I can
go exactly where I like.

HENRY

You can control it? When you leave
and when you come back?

She nods.

ALBA

I saw you and Mommy walking on the
street. You walked right by me. I
smiled.

HENRY

You did?

ALBA

You were arguing.

HENRY

I'll bet.

(beat)

Oh God, Alba, I am so happy to meet
you. So happy.

ALBA

Me too Daddy. Me too.

They hug.

ON THE TEACHER who looks back to Alba...

HER P.O.V. Alba is now standing alone.

TEACHER

Alba, where's your uncle?

ALBA

He had to go.

119 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

119

Clare is still in the bed, looking at the baby book, when
Henry comes in from the bathroom.

CLARE

That was a long shave.

HENRY

Clare. I met Alba.

CLARE

Alba...?

HENRY

Our daughter. We named her Alba.

CLARE

You met her?

HENRY

In the future. She was 10. She was
so smart...so beautiful. You're
going to love her so much.

CLARE

Oh my God. We have a daughter,
Henry. Alba.

They smile at each other, like kids.

119

CLARE (CONT'D)

It's all going to be alright.

This reminds Henry of Alba's comment. That he would be dead by the time she is five. But he is not going to spoil this moment. It's just a brief shadow, passing across his face.

HENRY

Yes. It's all going to be fine.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. CLARE AND HENRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT (WINTER) 120

Henry, carrying an overnight bag, is escorting Clare to a waiting car, where GOMEZ is driving.

121 INT. GOMEZ'S CAR - NIGHT 121

Clare and Henry pile in. Gomez, groggy, turns around.

GOMEZ

Don't even think of drenching my car in amniotic fluid.

HENRY

Just drive!

CLARE

(gripping Henry)
Don't leave me.

HENRY

I won't.

122 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT 122

A NURSE is pushing Clare in a wheelchair to a birthing room. Henry is hurrying just behind them.

CLARE

Henry!!!

HENRY

Right here.

CLARE

Stay where I can see you!!!

He scurries to her side and takes her hand.

123 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY 123

Clare is in the hospital delivery room surrounded by her DOCTOR, NURSES, and Henry. She is panting. She whispers to him.

CLARE
Henry...look...

Henry looks back over his shoulder...

HIS P.O.V. of FOUR OTHER HENRYS, all older than the present Henry, dressed in doctor's coats and wearing surgical masks.

Henry smiles, as Clare screams out, she is PUSHING...

DOCTOR
Okay push. She's coming. She's almost here.

Clare pushes and yells. Alba comes crying into the world.

CUT TO:

124 INT. BABY'S ROOM - DAY (SPRING) 124

We hear a VIOLIN PLAYING, as the CAMERA PANS off the window to reveal RICHARD serenading his granddaughter who is lying in a bassinet. Gomez and Charisse are there, and Clare's parents, as we pan out of the room to...

125 INT. CLARE'S BEDROOM - DAY (SUMMER) 125

Alba is a toddler now, taking her first steps.

Clare and Henry are on the floor, clapping and encouraging her to come. The camera PANS onward, passing into...

126 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (FALL) 126

The same piece is being played by two violins, as we come across Richard, sitting in a chair, playing, and the movement of the camera reveals...ALBA, now four, playing a small violin, meeting her Grandpa's eyes. She makes a mistake and laughs. The camera PANS ON TO...

127 INT. KITCHEN - DAY (WINTER) 127

Where Clare is taking a BIRTHDAY CAKE out of a bakery box. She sets a candle in the shape of a FIVE on the center of the cake...the camera pans beyond the number five to...

CONTINUED:

HENRY, looking at it. Knowing what it signifies to him. He takes a deep breath. Smiles at Clare.

CUT TO:

Henry and Clare are hanging streamers and setting up for Alba's birthday party. Clare steps down from a small ladder, catching a glimpse out the window.

HER P.O.V. Alba, five, is playing with another little girl. About ten. They are making a snowman.

CLARE

Henry, are the guests already arriving?

HENRY

No.

CLARE

Who is that, playing with Alba?

Henry looks over.

HENRY

That's Alba.

CLARE

Yes, but who's with her?

HENRY

Clare, it's your daughter. They're both your daughter. She's time traveling.

Clare gasps. Takes Henry's hand. They watch the girls from a distance. After a moment, both Albas look up and see their parents. They wave.

Clare and Henry look at each other.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Is it too weird?

CLARE

No. I think it's kind of...magical.

They kiss. The sound of the door opening causes them to turn. Little Alba is coming in. She seems a little disturbed, quiet.

CONTINUED:

CLARE (CONT'D)
Where's Alba?

ALBA
She's gone.

HENRY
You want to talk about it?

ALBA
No.

Little Alba walks by them and into her room. Henry and Clare exchange glances.

129 INT. HOUSE - LATER

129

Family and friends are gathered around, among them Charisse and Gomez and their children. Alba listens as they all sing Happy Birthday to her. She blows out the candle.

ON CLARE, smiling, clapping, her smile turning to a slight frown as she sees...

HER P.O.V. Alba is still upset. On the verge of tears. She goes over to Henry and hugs him tightly. He gets on his knees. Whispers something in Alba's ear. It seems to cheer her. She runs off to play with her friends.

Clare comes over to Henry.

CLARE
What was that?

HENRY
(rising)
What was what?

CLARE
Why is she upset?

HENRY
She's fine. She just felt sad for a minute. She's a very unusual girl.

Clare gives him a look.

CLARE
What does she know, Henry?

HENRY

Clare. Don't create something out of nothing, she's fine.

Clare glares at him.

CLARE

Tell me or I'll imagine the worse.

HENRY

Go ahead then. Imagine. You're going to do it anyway.

He goes off, leaving Clare there, pensive, watching her daughter.

INT. ALBA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clare is dressing Alba in her jammies, combing out her hair from a bath.

CLARE

Did you have a nice birthday?

ALBA

Yes, mommy.

CLARE

I saw you hug Daddy. I thought maybe you were crying.

Alba gets silent.

CLARE (CONT'D)

Honey, if something's bothering you, you can always tell Mommy.

ALBA

No I can't.

CLARE

Why not?

ALBA

Because Daddy told me not to.

Clare sits back on her heels a little.

CLARE

And you love Daddy.

Alba is starting to get teary again. She nods.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Well, I love Daddy too.
(beat)
But sometimes...he can be wrong.
And keep secrets that he shouldn't
keep.

Alba is looking at her.

CLARE (CONT'D)
Do you want to tell Mommy what it
is?

Alba nods.

CLARE (CONT'D)
It's alright if you do. I won't
tell Daddy that you told me.

ALBA
You promise?

CLARE
I promise.

ALBA
Daddy's going to die.

Clare goes white.

CLARE
How do you know this?

ALBA
Alba told me.

CLARE
Uh-huh.

ALBA
She told me that Daddy would die
when I was five years old.

This hits Clare hard, but she masks it. Clare suddenly hugs
her daughter hard to her.

131 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

131

Henry is sitting at a desk, working at his computer. Clare
enters. Sits down on a chair, facing him.

CLARE

How does it happen, Henry?

HENRY

How does what happen?

CLARE

Alba told me. You die when she's five years old.

HENRY

Clare...we don't know for sure...

CLARE

Don't do that. You have to tell me what you know.

HENRY

I don't know any more than you know. It hasn't happened yet.

CLARE

The day you fell into our den, you were shot.

HENRY

That could be anything...

Tears come into Clare's eyes.

CLARE

But that's it, isn't it? You get shot?

HENRY

Honestly, I don't know. I wish I could help you...

CLARE

You can. You can do something. Do something to change it.

HENRY

I'm not like Alba, I can't control it like her. I can't will myself back in time...

CLARE

Maybe she can teach you.

HENRY

She's five years old!

CLARE

Please, Henry!

HENRY

Alright, what if, what if I find myself in this place where I'm going to be shot and I...I change it. What will happen? What if I get shot...somewhere in the past? And I change that? It might undo everything. I might never meet you. Alba might never be born.

They are staring at each other.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Cause listen to me. I would not change one single moment of the life I've led. Not even my mother's death. Because I've come to realize, despite all the pain and the loss and the...times of unhappiness...I love my life. I love you. I love my daughter. And given the chance, I would change... nothing.

Clare hears this. It sinks in. She takes his hands.

CLARE

Just promise me. Promise, that when you get there, and you realize this is the moment...that you will try to stop it. Try to save yourself. Will you do that?

HENRY

Yes. I promise.

ON THE BEDSIDE CLOCK, PAN OVER to see Henry and Clare are sleeping. The phone rings. Both of them look at one another.

HENRY

Hello?
(he listens, alarmed)
Okay. Stay there. We'll leave right now.

CLARE

Who was that?

HENRY

It was me. I'm down in the Monroe Street Parking Garage, no clothes, fifteen degrees below zero. God, I hope the car starts.

133 EXT. SNOWY CHICAGO STREETS - NIGHT 133

It's winter. Clare's car is driving furiously through deserted Chicago streets. It is frigid and there is snow everywhere. Alba is tucked into her car seat, fascinated by their adventure.

134 INT. CAR - NIGHT 134

The car is pulling into the Monroe Street Garage. It is nearly empty. They see a pay phone near the ticket booth. The phone is hanging off the hook. Clare takes a ticket and begins driving in circles, searching for Henry.

CLARE

I don't see him.

Henry gets out of the car...

HENRY

Keep driving, I'll meet you at the next level.

135 EXT. PARKING GARAGE - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT 135

The car arrives. The skyline of Chicago is lit up, Henry framed against it as he comes back to the car.

HENRY

It's empty. There's no one around.

ALBA

Maybe you went back.

HENRY

I hope so.

136 EXT. - GARDEN/HENRY AND CLARE'S HOUSE - EVENING (SPRING) 136

Alba and Clare are working in the garden. Wild spring flowers dot the grass.

ALBA

Where's Daddy?

CONTINUED:

136

CLARE

He disappeared this morning.

ALBA

Do you think he went to the meadow?

CLARE

Don't think about it, honey. He'll
be back soon, I'm sure.

They hear a SCREAM from inside.

137

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE

137

Clare runs inside and finds Henry lying in the hallway,
shivering, his body white and cold. He can barely speak.

HENRY

Help...me.

Clare takes one look at him and runs for the phone.

138

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

138

Henry is lying in a hospital emergency room covered in
blankets that are flapping with his shivering. A RESIDENT is
examining him. It is clear that he is confused.

RESIDENT

I've never seen anything like this.
How on earth did you get
hypothermia in April?

Henry is chattering too powerfully to speak.

CLARE

Will he be all right?

RESIDENT

We need to warm him up, raise his
core temperature. Then we'll see.

They bring in a bucket of warm water. The resident motions
for Clare to leave the room. The camera tracks with her into
the hallway. From inside the room, she hears Henry scream.

139

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - DAY

139

Clare is sitting with Gomez and Charisse. Dr. Kendrick comes
in and joins them at the table.

CONTINUED:

DR. KENDRICK

I just spoke with the attending physician. It's going to be okay, Clare. He saved the foot.

CLARE

Oh, thank God. Thank God.

He puts his arm around her.

DR. KENDRICK

But he won't be able to use it for a while. He'll be in a wheelchair for a few months.

CLARE

No way. That's no good. He has to be able to walk, to run. If he can't run...that's how he survives.

Clare and Gomez share a look. Then Clare looks away.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S BEDROOM - DAY (SUMMER)

Henry lies in bed curled up. The door opens and Alba comes in, holding her teddy bear. She walks past a wheelchair over to her father who smiles weakly as he sees her. She climbs into bed with him. He reaches out to stroke her hair.

ALBA

Daddy?

HENRY

Hmm?

ALBA

Are you dying?

HENRY

No.

ALBA

Are you going to have to be in this chair from now on?

HENRY

I'm not sure.

He pulls her close.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Things are happening fast now,
sweetheart. I'm traveling a lot, it
might be the drugs they're giving
me for the pain. I don't understand
everything I see.

ALBA

That happens to me too.

He hugs her tight.

ALBA (CONT'D)

Try to stay, Daddy.

HENRY

How do you do it?

ALBA

When I feel like I'm going. I sing.
I sing to myself.

HENRY

Let's sing then...

ALBA AND HENRY

"The wheels on the bus go round and
round, round and round, round and
round, the wheels on the bus go
round and round..."

But Henry's voice cuts out. Alba sits up. His pajamas are
empty in the bed covers.

Henry has materialized in the bushes. He can hear people in
the neighborhood banging pots and shouting, "Happy New Year!"
Some firecrackers go off. A burst of RED FIREWORKS explodes
in the distant sky.

HIS P.O.V. He sees Clare sitting alone on the porch. She
looks sad. Then, someone calls her, with urgency..."Clare!"
She runs in.

Henry pulls himself up with the help of some hedges, unable
to move his legs. He looks through the window:

HIS P.O.V. He sees himself lying naked on the living room
floor. His stomach is blown open. Blood is everywhere. Clare
kneels at his side. People in New Year's Eve party hats are
gathering around him, looking down in shock.

141

CONTINUED:

141

Henry's hands presses against the window, and then...HIS HAND IS GONE, leaving only the imprint there.

142

INT. HENRY AND CLARE'S BEDROOM - DAY

142

Alba is staring at the camera.

ALBA

Where'd you go?

Reverse angle to Henry. He has just returned. He is subdued by the vision of his own death.

HENRY

It was New Year's Eve. I guess it was about...five months from now. We were...we were having a party.

ALBA

Goodie. I like parties.

143

EXT. HENRY AND CLARE'S HOUSE (FALL)

143

The leaves are changing.

144

INT. HOUSE - SAME

144

Henry is wheeling himself in his chair over to Alba, who is kneeling at a DOOR and working on how to pick a lock.

HENRY

No, you need to feel it. It will tell you when to twist.

She works at it some more and then suddenly we hear the tumblers move. The door unlocks.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

CUT TO:

145

THE KITCHEN - ANOTHER DAY

145

Henry holds up an onion and looks at his wife.

HENRY

Okay. This...is an onion.

CLARE

Yes. I've read about them.

CONTINUED:

Henry wheels himself to the counter and pulls out a knife.

HENRY

Very good. Onion adds flavor to almost every dish, soup broths, rice. Now, to peel an onion, you take a very sharp knife, lay the aforementioned onion sideways on a cutting board and remove each end, like so.

146 INT. KITCHEN - ANOTHER DAY 146

Henry talks Clare through the preparation of a chicken.

147 INT. KITCHEN - ANOTHER DAY 147

Clare and Alba and Henry are roasting a chicken.

148 INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT 148

Clare brings out a finished meal to her husband and daughter. She puts it in front of them and serves some to each plate. Cautiously, Henry takes his first bite. Clare looks at him expectantly. He smiles.

HENRY

This is good. This is really good. It's terrific, Clare.

CLARE

It was nothing. It only took thirteen years.

HENRY

But it was worth waiting for.

She kisses him. Suddenly Alba jumps from the table and looks out the window. She exclaims excitedly.

ALBA

Look everyone, it's snowing!

CLARE

Maybe we'll have a white Christmas after all. It's been a long time.

ON HENRY, pensive -- the end of the year bringing the vision of his death at New Year's closer.

149 INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING (WINTER) 149

Clare and Alba are decorating the top of a lovely Christmas tree. Henry, in his wheelchair is working on the bottom.

ALBA

Can we open the presents tonight?

CLARE

What presents? Santa doesn't come until after you're asleep.

ALBA

I already looked in the closet.

CLARE

What closet? Alba, it was locked.

She grins.

HENRY

Christmas is in the morning. That's the rule. No presents on Christmas Eve.

ALBA

Well, what are we going to do then?

CUT TO:

150 INT. LIVINGROOM - EVENING - LATER 150

The whole family is gathered around the fireplace listening to Henry's mother sing. The song "Es ist ein Ros Entsprungen." We recognize it as the song she was singing to Henry when they were driving in the car, that Christmas, so long ago.

Henry watches his family work on the tree, listens to the music. A BOY'S CHOIR is now joining in with his mother, singing another verse of the song.

Henry wipes tears from his eyes, even as he smiles.

151 INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT 151

The boy's choir continues on the soundtrack, as we observe a PARTY, IN FULL SWING, but SILENT, only the choir singing.

It is New Year's Eve. The house is full of guests all wearing New Year's Eve party hats. Dr. Kendrick is there, Charisse

CONTINUED:

and Gomez, Richard, others. Alba is running around tooting a horn and making lots of noise.

ON HENRY, as he wheels into the living room. He pauses.

HIS P.O.V. He sees the room laid out before him. It reminds of something...the image he had of himself, dying; the only thing missing is his own body, lying bleeding on the floor.

He wheels over to the bar, where Gomez is getting a drink.

HENRY

Hey, Gomez. Let's go outside.

GOMEZ

It's cold out there.

HENRY

You're getting soft in your old age. Just for a minute.

Gomez shrugs and wheels him outside.

It is cold.

GOMEZ

What's up, boss?

HENRY

Just...thanks for everything. You've been the best.

GOMEZ

What the hell are you saying?

HENRY

Something...might happen tonight. And I wanted to tell you...I know I've been a pain in the ass every now and then but it's been great. It's been really great.

Gomez looks at him, unable to speak.

GOMEZ

Henry...

Suddenly Clare appears at the door with a blanket.

CLARE

Are you guys crazy? Henry, put this on.

HENRY

Gomez, can you give us a second?

Gomez, tears welling in his eyes, leans over and kisses Henry. He leaves.

CLARE

What was that about?

HENRY

Clare...it's time.

CLARE

What?

HENRY

This is the night. I saw it. I traveled here, a few months ago.

CLARE

Henry, no.

HENRY

Here, sit in my lap.

She sits, covering them both with a blanket.

CLARE

Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me invite all these people?

HENRY

I didn't want you to be alone.

CLARE

Henry. You're going to stop it. Right? You're going to...do whatever you can do...

HENRY

I will.

Clare looks in his eyes.

CLARE

I'm scared.

He kisses her. They hear people shouting. Henry looks up.

CONTINUED:

152 CONTINUED:

152

HIS P.O.V. A red burst of fireworks goes off in the sky.

PEOPLE (V.O.)

It's time. It's time. Come on
everybody. Ten, nine, eight...
where are Henry and Clare...?

ON HENRY...his hand is shaking...and we are...

153 EXT. CLARE'S MEADOW - MORNING

153

Henry, naked and disoriented, is in the meadow. It is cold and there is snow on the ground. He does not have the use of his legs. He is looking for the clothes Clare usually leaves for him, instead he sees...

HIS P.O.V. A DEER, staring at him. It is majestic and beautiful.

He HEARS Clare's father and brother, approaching...

MARK

It was over here.

And then, he sees something else, his eyes go wide...

CLARE, at six years old, is walking toward the deer. She does not see Henry. She's holding some of her father's clothes, folded up. She smiles, reaching out to the deer.

MARK (CONT'D)

I can't see it...

PHILLIP

Wait for a sound.

Henry sees the deer starting to move...

HIS P.O.V. He can see the bulky silhouette of Phillip, through the grass, sees him raise his rifle...

HENRY

No, no, Clare...

Henry moves in the grass, trying to reach her...

Phillip TURNS SUDDENLY, seeing Henry's movement and FIRES HIS RIFLE.

Henry's body is blown out of the frame. THE CAMERA HOLDS on the gently swaying grasses still moving behind him.

CONTINUED:

153

CONTINUED:

153

The deer RUNS OFF. Clare, alarmed, runs toward the meadow, dropping the clothes.

From overhead we see Mark and Phillip at the edge of the meadow, looking in through the grass, trying to find their kill. There is nothing there but a mass of blood on the white trampled snow. Clare arrives through the trees. Phillip is shocked to see her. He grabs her up, holding her.

154

INT. HENRY AND CLARE'S DEN - NIGHT

154

We have seen this scene before, earlier in the film, but this time it is from the wounded Henry's point of view, as he lies on the floor, looking up at them, mortally wounded. Henry, Clare, Charisse and Gomez are hovering over him.

He can barely talk.

OLDER HENRY

This is all wrong.

CLARE

Where are you coming from?

He disappears.

155

EXT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

155

Clare sitting on the porch. She hears...A LOUD SCREAM. She gets up, runs into...

156

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

156

Henry's naked wounded body is on the FLOOR. People are aghast. His stomach is blown open. Blood is everywhere. People in New Year's Eve party hats are gathering around him, looking down in shock. Fireworks are exploding in the distance.

HENRY

Clare.

Clare kneels down beside her husband. He can barely speak.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I tried...

CLARE

Henry, don't talk.

Dr. Kendrick pulls that red blanket off the couch and comes rushing over to cover Henry's wound.

CONTINUED:

HENRY

I love you...

CLARE

Henry...

He looks up and sees his daughter staring at him.

HENRY

Alba, my sweetheart...Alba.

She crouches beside her dad, stroking his forehead.

Henry looks back at Alba and Clare. Outside we hear firecrackers and the sounds of horns blaring and people cheering. His eyes follow the sounds to...

HIS P.O.V. The window...the frosted handprint of the other Henry evaporating there.

GOMEZ (O.S.)

I think we better call the police.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The shades are drawn and Clare is in her room. Alba comes in and lies beside her mother.

ALBA

It's okay, Mommy. He'll be back someday.

Clare hugs her daughter.

CLARE

I miss him, Alba. I miss him so much.

EXT. CLARE'S MEADOW - DAY

Alba, about 8 years old, is playing with two friends in the meadow. They are hitting a whiffle ball with a bat, running around, playing baseball.

THE BALL rolls into bushes. Alba runs to get it, and...then...she stops...

HENRY stands at the other end of the meadow.

ALBA

Daddy?

Henry, 40, hears the name and his head swivels in her direction. Their eyes meet. For a moment they don't move. And then Alba, her face exploding in a huge smile, runs toward him.

ALBA (CONT'D)
Daddy!! I knew I'd see you again. I knew it.

HENRY
Alba. When is this? How old are you?

ALBA
I'm eight.

HENRY
Your mother still leaves clothes here.

ALBA
She says you never know.

Alba is looking at him.

ALBA (CONT'D)
Oh Daddy. You're so handsome.
(the other kids come over)
You remember Max and Rosa don't you? Gomez's kids?

HENRY
Yeah. You're so grown up.

They are staring at Henry like he is a ghost.

ALBA
Run back to the house, you guys.
Tell my mom he's here. Tell her to come.

Henry and Alba sit on the log. Where he and Clare had sat so many times before.

ALBA (CONT'D)
Tell me the story. Of how you and Mama met.

HENRY
Doesn't she tell you?

ALBA

She does, but not as good as you
do.

*

HENRY

Well, it was right here. In this
meadow. And one fine day your
mother, who is only a tiny thing
whose hair is bigger than she is,
goes out to the clearing and there
is a man there -

ALBA

With no clothes.

HENRY

With not a stitch on him. And after
your mother gives him a blanket she
happens to be carrying, he explains
to her that he is a time traveler,
and for some reason I'll never
understand, she believes him.

ALBA

Because it's true.

They HEAR Clare calling, breathless, at a distance...

CLARE (V.O.)

Henry?! Henry?!

Henry rises.

HENRY

(feeling strange)
I think I'm going...

ALBA

No, Daddy, sing...

HENRY

I can't sing...

He begins to murmur, not really singing...

HENRY (CONT'D)

"The Wheels on the bus go round and
round..."

159 EXT. YARD 159

Clare, now in her mid thirties, is pushing through the trees, trying to get there...

CLARE

Henry!

160 EXT. MEADOW 160

ON HENRY, SINGING, OUT OF TUNE...

HENRY

"...the wheels on the bus go round
and round, all through the town..."

WIDE SHOT as Clare arrives in the meadow.

HER P.O.V. Henry, at a distance, turns to look at her. Their eyes meet...and then...he disappears.

CLARE

Henry...wait...

Clare hangs her head. She breathes hard. Alba comes to her.

She puts her arm around her mother's waist. Clare stands.

She holds her stomach, with one hand, the other, wipes away a tear. She wanted to see him, to touch him...so much. She shakes her head, looks up, as the shot WIDENS OUT to include the whole meadow.

The picture seems to shift, transform to black and white...

161 INT. CLARE'S STUDIO - LATE AFTERNOON 161

A LARGE art piece is laid out on the floor; a huge photograph of the meadow printed on canvas. It has elements of painting and drawing. An older woman's hand is working on the canvas, reaching across it, as we pan up the arm to reveal...

CLARE HERSELF, sitting on the floor, working. She is clearly older, in her eighties. Her hair is gray but her manner is youthful. She is humming, happily. And then, suddenly she stops working. Her ears perk up, listening. She turns toward the door...she hears a sound...a door opening? She looks up. Stands.

CLARE'S P.O.V. At the end of the long hallway, the door is ajar...and there is a figure, in the shadows, or is there?

CONTINUED:

ON CLARE'S FACE...as we hear footsteps, yes, definitely, footsteps. And on her face, a smile of utter contentment blooms, as tears start to fill her eyes.

CLARE

Hello Henry.

Hold on her face.

THE END