

May 10, 2004

THE TIME TRAVELER'S WIFE

A Screenplay By Jeremy Leven

Based on the Novel by Audrey Niffenegger

EXT. TOWN SQUARE. PRAGUE. -- NIGHT

The great astronomical clock fills the screen with its glittering gold hands, filigreed wheels, and symbols of the zodiac, telling the course of the heavens, the sun and moon.

THE BELL TOLLS, doors in the clock flap open, and miniature mechanical apostles, skeletons and sinners appear, turning in a ritual dance of destiny -- as the leering figure of Death rings the great bell.

CAMERA TILTS DOWN TO:

THE FIGURES OF A MAN AND WOMAN, 30's, holding the hands of a CHILD between them, bundled against the cold in the lightly falling snow, hurrying on their way. The woman wears a hooded cloak, and the man carries a violin case under his arm.

CREDITS.

EXT. ESTABLISHING. NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE. PRAGUE. -- NIGHT

Through the falling snow, the brightly lit ornate opera house reflects off the River. THE SOUNDS OF LA TRAVIATA DRIFT INTO THE NIGHT OVER TRAMS CLATTERING ACROSS THE LEGIL BRIDGE.

INT. NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE. PRAGUE. -- NIGHT

ANNETTE LYNN ROBINSON, a woman in her late thirties, attractive, slim, her bosom pronounced in the tightly corseted costume, plays Violetta. She SINGS of love to ALFREDO.

HENRY DETAMBLE, age 5, sits in the front row, listening with wide eyes. He leans over the brass rail of the orchestra pit to look at his father, RICHARD DETAMBLE, who plays the violin in the orchestra.

Richard catches a glimpse of his son, winks, and continues to play. Henry attempts to wink back, but hasn't quite got it yet. Content, he leans back in his seat and continues to look at his mother, sashaying about the stage in her elaborate dress. Her voice has the clarity of fine crystal.

Something causes Henry to turn and look behind him. He catches sight of a MAN IN AN OVERCOAT, standing in the back. This man also winks at Henry, who, surprised, turns back to watch his mother. Henry turns once more to see the Man in the overcoat in the back, but he's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE. PRAGUE. -- NIGHT

On the stage, Violetta, with her last breath, SINGS VALIANTLY to Alfredo. Henry watches, his wide eyes filled with distress. He's not sure what's happening, but he knows his dear mother is dying. And then she falls to the floor at the feet of her beloved, dead, and the curtain closes.

The AUDIENCE JUMPS TO ITS FEET, CHEERING "BRAVO!", APPLAUDING. The curtain rises, Annette and the CAST appear, and, amidst cascades of roses being thrown on to the stage, they bow.

Henry, spectators beside him, sighs in relief. He crosses his arms, a chill going through him, shivers, and then, unseen by those around him, their attention riveted to the stage --

Henry vanishes, leaving only a rumpled pile of clothes behind.

CREDITS END.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET. -- NIGHT

A police patrol car parked at the curb, windows open, on a hot summer night.

INT. PATROL CAR. -- NIGHT

NORM and LARRY, two cops in their forties, sit in the car drinking soda pop, their shirts soaked with perspiration.

NORM -

I think it's hotter now that the sun's gone down. Is that possible?

LARRY

It's possible. It's not only --

Larry stops short, his attention drawn to something outside.

COPS POV. Just turning a corner, his back now to the police car, is Henry, buck naked.

NORM

What the --? Jesus....

Norm starts the car and pulls a short distance ahead of Henry. They stop the car and get out. Henry sees them and stops. He thinks of running, but decides not to.

LARRY

Where're your clothes, son?

HENRY5

Back at the opera.

NORM

You were at the opera?

HENRY5

Yes. My mother sings and my father plays the violin in the opera.

LARRY

Which opera is that, son?

HENRY5
In Prague. It's winter.
(looks around)
Where am I?

NORM
You're in Chicago. And it's summer.

HENRY5
Which summer?

LARRY
Which summer?

HENRY5
Is it last summer, or next summer,
or some other summer?

LARRY
(thrown)
It's 1966. Does that help you?

HENRY5
I think that's last summer.

Larry and Norm are totally thrown.

NORM
What's your name, son?

HENRY5
Henry.

NORM
Where do you live?

HENRY5
Chicago. I think that's why I'm
here. It's too cold in Prague. I
wanted to go home.

NORM
What's your last name, Henry?

HENRY5
De--
(stops)
Are you going to put me in jail?

NORM
No, we're going to take you home.

INT. PATROL CAR. -- NIGHT

Henry sits in the back of the patrol car, a blanket across
his lap, as the patrol car moves down the street.

HENRY5
Can I open the window?

LARRY

Sorry. No window cranks, no door handles. We like people to stay right where we put them, Henry.

HENRY5

It doesn't really matter. I don't think I'll be here much longer.

Before Larry can respond, the radio crackles with a voice.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Joe says we've got no missing kid reports yet. What's his description?

NORM

About five. Brown hair. Eyes are --

Norm turns to check out Henry's eyes, but the only thing in the back seat is the rumpled blanket.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET. --- NIGHT

The patrol car comes to a SCREECHING STOP. Norm and Larry jump from the car, and throw open the back doors, revealing an empty back seat. Then they look around in desperation, totally lost, turning in little circles, peering under the car, then dashing back and forth across the street, looking for the boy they had locked in their car a few seconds ago.

INT. ANNETTE'S DRESSING ROOM. -- NIGHT

ADORING FANS fill the room after the performance. Annette stands before a mirror, removing her make-up, trying to be gracious, but a worried look on her face. She looks up when Richard hurries into the room, Henry's clothing in his arms.

RICHARD

I've looked everywhere.

ANNETTE

Why does he do this? Well, it's too cold for him to go outside without any clothes on. Henry has got to be in this building somewhere.

A voice speaks softly from behind Annette.

HENRY5

I'm here.

All eyes turn. Henry stands in the corner of the room, naked. Annette whirls, grabs her blouse off the chair, rushes over to Henry, and covers him.

ANNETTE

This has got to stop, Henry.

HENRY5
I want to stop, but I don't know
how.

SOUND SEGUE: A YOUNG GIRL SINGING..

CLARE6 (V.O.)
(singing)
Inky, dinky spider, went up the water
spout....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLARE'S FIELD -- DAY

CLARE ABSHIRE, 6, sits on a large beach towel on which she has spread crayons, colored pencils, magic markers, and a stack of paper. She is drawing as she sings.

CLARE6
(singing)
-- down came the rain and washed the
spider out... up came the sun --

There is the LOUD THUMP OF SOMEONE HITTING THE GROUND.

HENRY37 (O.S.)

Ow!

Clare6 stops singing abruptly. She looks toward a clump of bushes where the noise came from.

CLARE6
Who's there?

HENRY37 (O.S.)
Greetings, Earthling.

CLARE6
Mark, you nimrod!

Clare takes off her shoe and throws it toward the bushes, where it hits its mark.

HENRY37 (O.S.)
Ouch! Please don't do that.

CLARE6
(frightened)
Who is it? Really?

HENRY37 (O.S.)
It's Henry, Clare. I won't hurt
you, and I wish you wouldn't throw
anything else at me. I've come to
keep you company.

CLARE6

I don't know you. Give me back my shoe.

HENRY37

One shoe, on its way.

A shoe sails back to Clare from behind the bushes where Henry remains hidden. She reaches for it and begins to put it on.

CLARE6

Why are you hiding?

HENRY37 (O.S.)

I'm hiding because I lost my clothes and I'm embarrassed. I came a long way and I don't know anybody and now I'm bleeding, Clare.

CLARE6

Where did you come from? How do you know my name?

HENRY37 (O.S.)

I can't tell you that, but I came from the future.

~~Clare has to think about this.~~

CLARE6

Come out. I want to see your face.

HENRY37

Loan me your beach towel. Throw it over here.

Clare carefully removes her drawing implements from the towel, then tosses the towel toward the bushes. A hand darts out, catches the towel, and then Henry appears, the towel around his waist, his hands behind his back.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

I have a present for you.

Henry37 brings his hands from behind his back and holds out a small bird's nest for Clare:

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

It's a robin's nest. I thought it might interest you. There're some trees over there that have lots of nests in them.

Clare takes the nest tentatively, then looks Henry37 over.

CLARE6

You're bleeding.

HENRY37

Well -- you threw a shoe at me.

Clare and Henry stare at each other in silence.

CLARE6

Nobody comes from the future. You're lying.

HENRY37

Gees, Louise, you're a tough customer.

CLARE6

And I'm not Louise.

The two stare again in silence. Then Clare starts to pack up her drawing articles into a paper bag.

HENRY37

If you hang around a little longer, you can watch me disappear.

CLARE6

My mother says I shouldn't talk to strangers.

HENRY37

That's good advice.

CLARE6

When are you going to disappear?

HENRY37

When I'm good and ready. Are you bored with me already?

Clare stops. More silence.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

Can I see what you've been drawing?

Clare holds some papers out toward Henry, not wanting to get too close. Henry takes them. Lots of birds in flight.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

These are lovely. You should keep drawing.

CLARE6

(pleased)

I can make one for you, if you like.

HENRY37

I'd like that a lot, but I'm not allowed to take anything with me when I travel. That's why I don't have any clothes. What's in the past stays in the past.

(MORE)

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

Otherwise everything would get all mixed up. I'm wondering whether your dad might have some clothes he doesn't need, an old shirt, a pair of pants...?

CLARE6

I don't know....

HENRY37

That's okay. You don't need to get them right now. But, if you could bring some for the next time I come, maybe just leave them in a box over there behind the bushes...?

CLARE6

Next time? How do you know there'll be a next time?

HENRY37

Well, it's a little complicated, but where I come from, I was 37 -- and making dinner -- and I know all the times before I was 37 when we met.

CLARE6

When is next time?

HENRY37

In three months -- September 27, 1977, after dinner.

Henry reaches over and writes the date on a sheet of paper.

CLARE6

Why do you time travel to me?

HENRY37

I can't tell you that, except I know that you could use a friend.

Clare absorbs this, studies Henry's eyes.

CLARE6

I like to be by myself a lot, to draw, or just to think about things. Nobody really understands that.

HENRY37

I do.

Clare continues to study Henry's eyes.

CLARE6

You have a secret you're not telling.

HENRY37

Yes. But it's nothing to worry about.

Clare's mother calls from the house.

LUCILLE (O.S.)

Clare? It's dinner time, Clare!

HENRY37

I have to go now. Nice meeting you.

Henry extends his hand. Clare bravely takes it, and, as they start to shake, Henry disappears, leaving only the towel.

CLARE6

(jumping back, startled)

Ah!

LUCILLE

Clare! Come in this instant!

CLARE6

(calling back)

Yes, Mother.

Clare looks down at her hand, then at the empty space where Henry stood an instant ago, and a smile spreads across her face. She snatches up the towel and skips happily away.

INT: ALDER PLANETARIUM -- NIGHT

Cases filled with meteorites. CAMERA PULLS BACK to discover a naked five year old sliding across the floor on his belly, as though being pitched from a moving car. It is Henry5.

He comes to a stop, lies still for a moment, and then slowly rises to his knees, where he vomits on to the floor. He raises his head up when a voice calls his name.

HENRY24 (O.S.)

Henry?

Henry5 looks around, frightened.

HENRY24 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

It's okay, Henry. It's just me.

Into the frame comes HENRY24, his back to CAMERA, wearing only an extra-extra-large tee-shirt with the name of the planetarium on it. The shirt hangs almost to his knees. Henry24 sees Henry5 kneeling on the floor in the corner and walks over. Henry5, frightened, looks up at him.

HENRY5

Who are you?

HENRY24

My name is Henry, too. Isn't that funny?

HENRY5

Not really.

Henry24 nods in agreement. Henry5 looks up at Henry24.

HENRY5 (CONT'D)

How do you know my name?

HENRY24

Because I'm you, Henry. Nineteen years from now when you're 24.

And Henry24 reaches his hand out to Henry5.

INT. PLANETARIUM GIFT SHOP -- NIGHT

Henry24 and Henry5 enter the gift shop. Henry24 grabs a letter-opener off the counter as he walks over to a rack of tee-shirts and holds one up for Henry5's approval. On the front of the tee-shirt is a flaming asteroid.

HENRY24

What do you think?

INT. ALDER PLANETARIUM/ HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Henry5 and Henry24 are walking side by side down the long corridor. Henry5's tee-shirt hangs to his ankles.

HENRY5

How did I get here?

HENRY24

If I tell you, will you promise not to tell anyone but Mom and Dad, at least until you're a lot older, and, even then, you have to be very careful who you tell?

HENRY5

Why?

HENRY24

First, because nobody will believe you. And second because, if you tell them, people will want to do all sorts of things to you that you won't like, whether they believe you or not. Okay?

HENRY5

Okay...

Henry24 stops and kneels to talk to Henry5.

HENRY24

Okay, here's how it is, Henry. You're a time-traveler.

(MORE)

HENRY24 (CONT'D)

Inside us we have things called genes that make us what we are, and one of these genes gives us a sense of time -- what was yesterday, and what was a long time ago, or a short time ago, and what four hours from now would be like, or four years. Only humans have this time gene, and yours is kind of broken, so sometimes you can't hold on to today, and you travel, like now. The older you get, the more it will happen. Do you understand?

Henry5 shakes his head "no".

HENRY24 (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, neither do I.

Henry24 stands up, takes Henry5's hand, and they resume walking down the corridor.

HENRY5

I told Mom and Dad what happens to me, but they don't believe me.

HENRY24

They will. In a few months Dad will get a friend to look in the police log for summer 1966, when you told him you traveled to Chicago, and he will find where they wrote about finding a naked five year old boy named Henry who says he came from an opera house in Prague. And he will run home to Mom and tell her, and they will call you down from your room, and you will walk into the kitchen, and see them crying, and get so upset that you will disappear right in front of them -- and then they will believe you.

INT. ALDER PLANETARIUM/THEATER -- NIGHT

The dome is filled with billions of pinpoint stars. CAMERA TILTS DOWN to Henry24 and Henry5, lying on the floor beside each other, watching the stars rotate above them.

HENRY5

Is that really true, that you're me?

HENRY24

Yes. I came back here from 1988, when you'll be 24.

HENRY5

But how can I be 24 and come back to visit me when I'm 6, if I haven't been 24, yet?

HENRY24

Because for us, time isn't a straight line. It's curved. It's as though the first day you were born, your entire life existed. You can go ahead and see yourself when you're ten or twenty or thirty, and when you're ten or twenty or thirty, you can go back to see yourself at six, before you were ten or twenty or thirty. For us, Henry, time is a circle.

Henry5, looks over at Henry24, trying to assimilate it all, then back at the ceiling of stars, turning and turning.

HENRY5

I still don't understand how there can be more than one of me at the same time.

HENRY24

Well, Henry, since time kind of loops for us, there can be a you from yesterday, and last week, and last month -- and a you from tomorrow, and next week, and next month -- all traveling here -- at the same time.

Henry24 pushes a button on the control device he holds, and the stars start to speed up.

HENRY5

(impressed)

What's the most of me there's ever been all at one time?

HENRY24

You'll just have to wait and find out.

The stars are now whizzing by overhead at breakneck speeds.

HENRY5

(laughing)

Faster, Henry. Make them go faster. Faster and faster and faster.

The stars blur across the ceiling, leaving trails, streaking by, as Henry5's LAUGHTER echoes in the huge empty theater.

EXT. PLANETARIUM ROAD -- NIGHT

Henry24 has Henry5 perched on his shoulders, like a silhouette of a circus stilt-walker, walking down the dark road toward the giant Field Museum of Natural History in the distance.

HENRY5

Can my bad gene be fixed?

HENRY24

Apparently not. Mom and Dad will take you to lots of doctors, and they will do many tests, but they won't have a clue what is wrong with you. The doctors will never believe you are a time traveler.

HENRY5

Maybe if I disappeared right in front of them.

HENRY24

Maybe, but you never do. I don't know why.

HENRY5

I wish I could stop it.

HENRY24

I know, but the best you can do is delay it a few minutes while you go somewhere private. You'll learn to do this so you can go to school. Dad will give you a note saying that you have to pee a lot so you need a permanent lav pass. Some of your classmates will call you "Henry The Pisser", but you should just smile at them because they will end up with lives where they are pissed on day and night.

Henry5 has a big grin on his face as they stop at the door to the Field Museum. Henry24 takes the letter-opener he lifted from the planetarium store and picks the lock.

HENRY24 (CONT'D)

Good thing they haven't put in alarm systems, yet.

The door pops open. Henry5 looks up at Henry24, impressed.

HENRY24 (CONT'D)

I'll be teaching you how to do this. You'll need to know it so you can get clothes when you travel.

INT. FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY -- NIGHT

The giant skeleton of a tyrannosaurus looms over Henry24 and Henry5. They sit together on a bench.

HENRY5

Can I go back to when there were
-dinosaurs?

HENRY24

No. You can only go back to when
you were born with the problem gene.

HENRY5

Can I go a hundred million billion
years ahead?

HENRY24

No, you can only go into the future
that you'll live in. At least I
haven't so far.

HENRY5

If you find out how to fix my gene,
will you come back and tell me?

HENRY24

Maybe. It depends.

HENRY5

On what?

HENRY24

I'm not sure. Generally I try not
to tell people the future, even
myself, but sometimes I do. I make
up the rules as I go along.

Henry5 yawns and rubs his eyes.

HENRY5

Can I change the future if I want?

HENRY24

No. You can't. Real life, the one
being lived by people on the straight
line, is like a movie, Henry. Even
if you could see it again and again,
it would never change. If you wound
ahead, it would be just like it always
was, and the same if you wound it
back. And if you could walk into
what's happening in the movie, you'd
be walking into it just the way it
always was and will be.

Henry5 thinks this over, as he yawns again. Henry24 picks
the tired boy up in his arms.

HENRY24 (CONT'D)

It's not as hard as it seems, Henry.
All it means is that this night in
your life at five years old has always
included me coming here and picking
you up in my arms like this.

Henry5, his head on Henry24's shoulder, looks at Henry24's
face -- his face nineteen years in the future.

HENRY5

What's it like when I'm older?

HENRY24

You'll just have to wait and see.

HENRY5

(suddenly concerned)
Does something bad happen?

Henry24 looks at Henry5, but, before he can respond, a look
of distress comes over Henry5's face.

HENRY5 (CONT'D)

Henry.... Henry, I'm...

Henry24 pulls Henry5 to him -- but finds himself holding
only an empty warm tee-shirt. He looks at it clutched in
his arms, then starts to walk away, folding the tee-shirt as
he goes, and then he, too, disappears.

EXT. CLARE'S FIELD -- DAY

Henry38 sits on the ground in front of a chess board, Clare16
on the other side of it. She has grown into a woman, with a
developing woman's waistline and breasts. Clare16 eats from
a bag of Doritos, as she studies her next move. On the ground
beside her are two bird's nests, more gifts from Henry38.
Finally, Clare16 makes a move.

HENRY38

I don't think you want to do that.

Clare16 pulls back the move.

CLARE16

You should just let me get into
trouble, and then let me try to get
out of it. I'm sixteen, you know.
I'm not a child.

Clare16 pulls her arms back so that her shirt stretches
tightly across her chest, displaying her breasts.

HENRY38

(his eyes on board)
Very nice. You like 'em?

CLARE16

They're okay.

Clare16 goes back to studying the chess board.

CLARE16 (CONT'D)

You want to touch them?

HENRY38

No thanks. Your move.

Clare16 pouts and moves her rook. Henry smiles.

HENRY38 (CONT'D)

Nice move.... Very nice move....

Clare16 takes a deep breath, then, softly.

CLARE16

You were gone over a year this last time, Henry. Did you miss me?

Henry38 starts to move his queen.

CLARE16 (CONT'D)

(tit for tat)

I don't think you want to do that.

Henry38 studies the board, then makes the same move with his queen again. Clare16 moves her bishop.

CLARE16 (CONT'D)

Check, and queen check. You're forked. Bye-bye queen. You want to take it over?

HENRY38

No, live by the sword, die by the sword.

(moving his king)

Take her.

Clare16 takes Henry38's queen. Henry38 wrinkles his brow and contemplates his predicament on the board.

CLARE16

Henry?

HENRY38

What?

Clare16 stares at Henry38, gathering up her courage.

CLARE16

There's something I've been kind of rolling over in my mind while you've been gone. I want you to make love to me. Today. Now.

HENRY38

Hold that beautiful thought, Clare,
because you don't have sex until
your 18th birthday.

CLARE16

I don't?

Henry38 nods affirmatively, then studies the chess board.

CLARE16 (CONT'D)

Oh, God, Henry -- I can't wait for
another year and a half.

HENRY38

But you do.

CLARE16

You never tell me what's going to
happen in my future, Henry. Never.
How do I know you're not lying?

HENRY38

I'm not lying. I make exceptions to
generally not revealing the future
when virginity's involved. What
about boys your own age?

CLARE16

There are no boys my own age. I've
been having a relationship with a
grown man for ten years. I'm a middle-
aged sixteen year old. If the boys
in school have a relationship with a
girl that lasts ten weeks, it's front
page news in The Squirrel. Our school
paper. Our teams are The Squirrels.
We play Lions, and Bears, and Sharks.
We're the Squirrels. It's humiliating.

Henry38 looks over at Clare16 with some delight.

HENRY38

I do adore you.

Clare16 studies Henry38, pleased but confused.

CLARE16

You're married, aren't you?

Henry38 looks up at Clare16, uncomfortable.

HENRY38

Yes. I am.

CLARE16

To who?

HENRY38

A woman I met at the library where I work.

Clare16's face falls, as she moves her queen.

CLARE16

Well, that's nice. Mate.

Clare16 drops on her back to the grass and stares up at the sky. Henry38 studies his defeat on the board, then shrugs and leans back on the grass beside her.

CLARE16 (CONT'D).

- Is your wife a time-traveler, too?

HENRY38

No, thank God.

CLARE16

Why "thank God"? I think that would be fun. You could go places together.

HENRY38

It's very dangerous, Clare.

CLARE16

Does she worry about you?

HENRY38

(quietly)

Yes. It's very hard on her.

CLARE16

Do you love her?

HENRY38

Very much.

Clare16 and Henry38 lie beside each other in silence for a moment. Tears form in Clare16's eyes. Henry looks over.

HENRY38 (CONT'D)

What?

Clare16 just shakes her head back and forth in silence and presses her lips together.

HENRY38 (CONT'D)

What's wrong, Clare?

CLARE16

(tears on her cheeks)

I thought that maybe you were married to me.

INT. THEATER STAGE -- NIGHT

Henry41, draped in the ermine robe of a king, is going through a rack of costumes which sit in the wings of a vast empty stage. Henry7, naked, watches.

HENRY7

I was supposed to have a party today.
Dad hired a clown and a pony.

HENRY41

I know. They'll come back on Saturday
and you'll have the party then.

Henry41 nods, holds up a pair of lederhosen in Henry7's size.

HENRY7

No way. It's your birthday, too?

HENRY41

Yes. I was out to dinner with my
wife. I ran to the men's room when
I felt it coming.

HENRY7

Will she be angry that you left?

HENRY41

No. We seem to travel on our birthday
a lot, Henry.

HENRY7

How come?

HENRY41

Strong emotions. They build over
time and when they reach a certain
level, they overflow, and we're swept
away. Birthdays are especially
emotional for us. And this has been
a tough year for you, Henry.

HENRY24 AND HENRY31

(buoyantly, loudly)

Happy birthday, Henry.

Henry7 turns around and finds Henry24 and Henry31. A smile
begins to grow on Henry7's face.

HENRY7

Happy birthday, Henry and Henry.

INT. MORTON'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Henry41, Henry31, Henry28, Henry25, Henry24 and Henry7, all
wearing Elizabethan costumes, enter the restaurant. The MAITRE
D', an officious man, 50's, looks up from behind his desk.

MAITRE D'
Can I help you?

HENRY41
Yes. You can. We are the All's
Well That Ends Well Players.

The Maitre D' scans the faces of the identical Henrys. He is not pleased to have this group of Elizabethan revelers in his sedate restaurant.

MAITRE D'
Do you have a reservation?

HENRY28
Indeed, we do, my liege. Mark ho.
We just called. Party of six. The
name is Bolingbrook.

The Maitre D' looks up at Henry28, who smiles sweetly.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
I'm Henry the Fourth.

INT. MORTON'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A WAITER approaches and looks, somewhat thrown, at the
five nearly identical Elizabethan Henrys and Henry7.

WAITER
Can I get you gentlemen something to
drink?

ALL HENRYs
(simultaneously)
Root beer.

The Henry's are sitting around a table at a banquetette, hidden in a corner of the restaurant. The Waiter studies this strange group in silence, then nods and leaves, looking back over his shoulder as he walks away.

INT. MORTON'S RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

A birthday cake, seven candles around and one in the center, is being set by the waiter in front of Henry7, as the Henry's SING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY". When they're done, Henry24 puts his arm around Henry7.

HENRY24
Make a wish, Henry.

HENRY7
It's all your birthdays, too.

The Henry's huddle over the cake.

ALL HENRYs
One, two, three -- blow!

The Henrys blow out the candles. They all CHEER, and then, strangely, there is silence. Henry7 looks over at Henry41. Tears are in the corner of his eyes.

HENRY7

I miss Mommy.

HENRY38

I know. We all do.

Henry29 picks up Henry under the arms and starts to sing.

HENRY28

For we're a jolly good fellow ---

ALL HENRYS

-- for we're a jolly good fellow --

The Henrys toss Henry7 from one to the other around the table as they sing. Henry7 wiggles in their arms and grins.

ALL HENRYS (CONT'D)

-- for we're a jolly good
felloooooo...

And, as Henry31 holds Henry7 aloft, Henry7 disappears. The song never continues. The Henrys just sit in silence, staring at the table, then looking at each other, past and future, remembering how they were, wondering what's to come. A sadness and poignancy hangs in the silence.

HENRY41

We ought to go.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET -- NIGHT

The five remaining Henrys are walking down the street, side by side, backs to CAMERA, singing.

ALL HENRYS

(singing)

Show me the way to go home.... I'm
tired and I want to go to bed...
Had a little drink about an hour
ago, and it went to my head....

As they walk down the street, singing, one by one, they begin to disappear, until only Henry41 and Henry24 are left. They continue on, arms around each other's shoulder.

HENRY41 AND HENRY24

(singing)

Wherever I may roam... on land or
sea or foam... you will always hear
me singing this song....

Henry24 disappears, leaving only Henry41 with an armful of air. He drops his arm and continues on.

HENRY41

(a weary singing voice)

...show me the way to go home...

Henry41 stops and turns. He looks down the sidewalk at the small piles of Shakespearean costumes strewn here and there for the last couple blocks, and then turns back and continues, until, in a moment, he, too, disappears.

INT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Snow is falling. A car drives on a highway. In front of it is a large flatbed truck, carrying a pile of sheet metal.

CLOSE ON: The sheet metal, bouncing up and down, then PAN DOWN TO: The loosening chains holding down the metal.

INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT

The DRIVER strains to see out his window through the snow.

INT. ANNETTE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Annette drives, peering with difficulty through the wiper blades which whisk off the snow, but not fast enough. The truck with the sheet metal is in front of her. Sitting in the passenger seat is HENRY6.

HENRY6

How much longer?

ANNETTE

I don't know, Henry.

HENRY6

When does Daddy's plane land?

ANNETTE

At seven-thirty. But he'll wait for us. He wouldn't miss your birthday.

HENRY6

What time is it now?

Annette looks down at her watch.

ANNETTE

It's almost --

INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT

The red brake lights of the car in front suddenly come on. The Driver stomps on his brake.

INT. ANNETTE'S CAR -- NIGHT

ANNETTE

-- a quarter to --

EXT. CLARE'S FIELD -- DAY

Clare18, wearing a lovely low-cut white summer dress, kneels on the ground, setting out a picnic on a table cloth. Henry32 steps out from behind the bushes. He is dressed in a tuxedo.

HENRY41

Okay. Here I am. So, what's up?
Where're my usual clothes? And why
are you dressed like it's your first
communion, and I'm Fred Astaire.

CLARE18

(big nervous smile)
Today is May 24th. I'm eighteen.
Big day for me. For us.

HENRY32

Ah, yes. Happy birthday, Clare.

Henry32 walks over to Clare18 and kisses her on her forehead.

HENRY32 (CONT'D)

(teasing)
You sure I'm the right guy? Maybe a
friend from school is going to show
up tonight and surprise you.

CLARE18

(quietly, nervous)
I'm sure your the right guy.
(a beat)
Henry, I know we're cheating on your
wife, Henry, but it's just this once,
and you won't ever tell her, right?

HENRY32

I won't. But she'll know.

CLARE18

She will? How?

HENRY32

Because you're my wife, Clare. You
always have been.

Clare18 is overwhelmed.

CLARE18

I am? I have been?

Henry32 nods.

HENRY32

That's why I keep coming back to
you.

CLARE18

I thought you can't control where you travel.

HENRY32

I can't. But I think that's why I'm always drawn back here -- I've wanted to give you -- something more.

Clare18 bites her bottom lip, tears starting in her eyes.

HENRY32 (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be happy.

CLARE18

I am. I am so happy, Henry. You can't possibly know.

Clare18 throws her arms around Henry32 and they kiss.

EXT. CLARE'S FIELD -- DAY

Henry32, dressed only in his tuxedo pants and suspenders, sits beside Clare18, who wears only Henry32's tuxedo jacket. They are finishing the picnic. Clare looks at an exquisite bird's nest on the ground beside her. Sitting in the midst of it is a wild rose.

CLARE18

Do you know what kind of nest it is?

HENRY32

A golden-winged warbler. There won't be many left around here in a few years. The blue-winged warblers will have driven them out.

Clare18 runs her fingers along the edge of the nest, then looks over at Henry32, takes in his eyes.

CLARE18

I won't see you again for a long time, will I?

HENRY32

Four years. And a few months.

CLARE18

Oh, God. I knew it.

HENRY32

I'm sorry. Believe me, I'd rather be with you than breaking into some building for clothes before I freeze to death.

CLARE18

How old are you when we meet again?

HENRY32

28. Which means I won't know you because I didn't start traveling back to you until I was 30. You'll have known me most of your life, but you'll be a total stranger to me. So go easy on me, okay?

Clare18 isn't quite clear.

HENRY32 (CONT'D)

(explaining)

It's like this, Clare. When we meet again in my life, the one I came here from today, the one you show up in, I'm 28. So, I still won't have met you, traveled back to you, yet.

Clare18 nods her head, finally understanding.

CLARE18

This is very weird, Henry. Very. You know what I think?

HENRY32

(starting to tremble)

What?

CLARE18

(big schoolgirl smile)

I think we should practice for our life together --- like this.

Clare18 straddles Henry32, who begins to shake.

HENRY32

I'd really like to, Clare, but --

CLARE18

No, Henry. Don't go now.

HENRY32

We have the rest of our lives, Clare. I've seen it.

CLARE18

Come on, Henry. Just a little longer.

HENRY32

(shaking)

See you in four years. I love you, Clare. Be good.

And Henry32 disappears, leaving Clare astride a pair of empty pants. She looks down at them, then rolls over to her side.

CLARE18

See you, Henry.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. GOMEZ'S APARTMENT -- DAY

INSERT: A DIGITAL CLOCK CLICKS FROM 7:25 TO 7:26.

Asleep in the bed beside the clock is Clare, now 22. Sleeping beside her is GOMEZ, 26, good-looking, blond, a light stubble on his face. He has a rumpled carefree quality to him.

Clare22 opens her eyes, stares blankly ahead, closes them, and then suddenly they jolt open, as she takes in Gomez's apartment -- law books, papers, clothing, dirty dishes, overfilled ashtrays. Total disarray.

She sits up in bed and looks beside her at Gomez in shock.

CLARE22

Oh, my God!

Clare22 jumps out of bed, realizes she's naked, jerks the blanket off the bed to cover herself, and stumbles to the bathroom, slamming the door shut, waking up Gomez.

INT. GOMEZ'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Clare22 stands there, looking at the bathroom -- dank, filled with shaving gear and damp towels on the floor.

INT. GOMEZ'S APARTMENT -- DAY

CLARE22 (O.S.)

Oh, my God!

Gomez smiles. He calls to the closed bathroom door.

GOMEZ

Good morning.

There is no answer, just the FLUSHING OF THE TOILET, RUNNING WATER IN THE SINK, and then the door opens, revealing Clare22.

CLARE22

(all business)

Okay, Gomez, how did this happen?

GOMEZ

(sweet smile)

Good morning, Clare.

CLARE22

Yeah, I heard. Answer my question, please. How did this happen?

GOMEZ

Are you upset because of Charisse, because you know she's as ambivalent about me as I am about her, right?

Clare22 looks at Gomez and says nothing.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Just blink your eyes once if that's what it is. Twice, if you're having a stroke and think you're on a bus to Miami.

Clare22 almost starts to smile, then jerks back from Gomez.

CLARE22

How did this happen, Gomez? How?

GOMEZ

I'm not sure. We were both several sheets to the wind, I can never remember whether it's three or four, but I guess one thing led to another.

CLARE22

And you put up a big fight, right?

GOMEZ

Why would I do that? I've been wanting this ever since Charisse first introduced us.

CLARE22

Please don't say her name again, Gomez. She's my very best friend in the whole world.

Gomez gestures immediate compliance.

GOMEZ

Clare I... look, Clare...

CLARE22

Don't say it.

GOMEZ

Really, I --

CLARE22

I don't want to know.
(suddenly sympathetic)
Okay...?

GOMEZ

Okay. I was just going to say that we didn't do anything. Well, I mean we did something, but not everything. You passed out long before we got to the good stuff.

CLARE22

(relieved)
I did?

Gomez nods.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Whew.

GOMEZ
(not as happy)
Whew.

Clare22 starts to gets dressed.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

Well, at least now you know what a
Stinger is. And a Boiler-maker.
And an Alabama Slammer.

CLARE22

I feel creepy having you watch me
get dressed, Gomez.

GOMEZ

Okay, I won't watch. So, Clare,
who's Henry?

Clare22 freezes.

CLARE22

Henry?

GOMEZ

You kept calling me "Henry".

There is no way out. Clare22 lets out a sigh and then resumes
getting dressed, trying to act nonchalant.

CLARE22

Henry is my lover, Gomez.

GOMEZ

No, he's not. You don't have a lover,
Clare. Charisse and I have seen you
almost every day for the last two
years, and you never date anyone.

CLARE22

He's been gone for a while, over
four years now actually, but he'll
be back soon.

GOMEZ

Are you in love with him?

CLARE22

I am. He's all I think about day
and night. I've been going nuts
waiting for him. It seems like he's
been gone forever.

GOMEZ

And he's in love with you?

Clare sits on the bed and starts putting on her heels.

CLARE22

Absolutely. Well, I mean, he will be. Right now he doesn't know who I am because the youngest he's been when he's seen me has been thirty, and he's only twenty-eight now, in his real life, so he hasn't really met me yet, although, of course, I've know him since I was six, but when he does, we'll --

Clare22 realizes what she said, stands up, smiles sweetly at Gomez and blinks her eyes twice.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Well. Guess it's time to hop on that bus to Miami. Bye-bye.

And out the door she goes.

EXT. CLARE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

~~Clare22 is walking down the street, carrying a cardboard~~
carrier with two coffees and a paper bag stuck in it. She sticks the key in the front door and enters her building.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT BUILDING/ HALL -- DAY

The elevator doors open and Clare22 emerges, the coffee carrier in hand. She goes down the hall to her door, sticks in the key, while juggling the carrier, and enters.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

REVERSE ANGLE. Clare22 shuts the door behind her, then turns to see CHARISSE, 24, long and slender, dark features, glasses, sitting on the sofa, reading the morning paper.

CLARE22

I brought you a latte and a pastry.

CHARISSE

What kind of pastry?

CLARE22

Cheese Danish.

CHARISSE

(acid disappointment)

Gees. I thought that for fucking my boyfriend, you'd at least get me one of those Napoleons, you know, with the powdered sugar on top.

Clare22 freezes.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)

He called to ask my forgiveness and inquire about the details of his penance. He wanted to tell me before you did.

CLARE22

Is that what he said? That I fucked him? Because I didn't, Charisse. I only slept with him. Not like slept slept, like asleep slept.

CHARISSE

Only because, as I understand it, you passed out before you had a chance to have slept slept with him, which is, at best, a technicality, and, if I may cut through our little semantic interchange here, still leaves a question which, even with all the sleeps and slept, doesn't seem to go away -- what the fuck were you doing in bed with my boyfriend?

Clare22 sighs, then starts walking toward Charisse.

CLARE22

I am so sorry, Charisse.

CHARISSE

Don't come near me.

Clare22 freezes again.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)

Just hold out the coffee and the Danish.

Clare22 extracts the coffee and hands Charisse the cup and the bag. Charisse takes them, opens the bag, peers in.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)

I'm taking your biscotti. You can have the cheese Danish.

CLARE22

I don't like cheese Danish.

Charisse looks up over her glasses at Clare22.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Okay, take the biscotti.

Charisse pulls out the biscotti and chomps into it. Then she takes the lid off the coffee.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

I had too much to drink, Charisse.
And I was lonely for Henry. And I
don't know how I got into bed with
your boyfriend. I really don't.
But I am truly truly sorry, and it
will never ever happen again, I swear.

Charisse studies the sincerity in Clare22's eyes. Clare22
gestures toward the sofa.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

May I?

Charisse shrugs. Clare22 sits on the other end of the sofa
and opens her coffee. Then Clare22 starts to smile.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

I kept calling him Henry.

CHARISSE

Your spaceman? You thought he was
Henry, the spaceman?

CLARE22

Apparently. And I keep telling you,
Henry is not a spaceman, he just --
travels a lot -- back and forth --
in time.

Charisse looks at Clare22, shakes her head, smiles.

CHARISSE

You are so crazy, Clare. But I love
the idea of you calling Gomez the
name of an alien when you're in bed
not sleeping sleeping with him. If
that doesn't bring him down a couple
notches, nothing will.

CLARE22

Charisse, I am really sorry.

CHARISSE

I know, baby. I know you are.

CLARE22

So, do you think I could just have,
like, one bite of the biscotti?

CHARISSE

Absolutely not.

Charisse takes a big emphatic bite of the biscotti to spite
Clare22, who leaps at her, grabbing for the biscotti, trying
to wrench it out of Charisse's hand, as she stuffs it in her
mouth, crumbling it, and Charisse is laughing, crumbs all
over her mouth, and then they are both laughing.

EXT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/WASHINGTON PARK -- DAY

A sparkling May day in Washington Park, across from the huge granite Newberry Library. CHILDREN play at the fountain. COUPLES stroll or sit on benches. Across the street, PEOPLE exit and enter the library through its three giant arches.

INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/ STACKS -- DAY

Henry28 -- BEARD, LONG HAIR, WIRE-RIMMED GLASSES -- is getting a tour through the stacks with BEN, late 20's, thin, pale.

BEN

Not a lot of people want to work down here in the stacks. They tried to get me to do it, but if I don't have sunlight, I wither and die.

HENRY28

I think that's why I got the job. I prefer the solitude.

BEN

Good thing. Okay. History and theory of music are here. French Revolution over there. Don't ask me the logic, because there isn't any. Collections began, and they put them wherever there was space. Is this a new direction for you or you just take time deciding because we usually get them a little younger around here?

HENRY28

No, I always knew I'd be doing something with books. I spend a lot of time reading. It just took longer than I expected. I was dealing with some personal things.

BEN

Yeah. Me, too. Unfortunately, the guy I worked them out with was HIV positive. He was going to tell me, but it slipped his mind.

Strangely, there is something of a rapport developing between Henry28 and Ben.

HENRY28

I'm sorry. How're you doing?

BEN

Better than he is. He died last month. Love did him in, if that's what it was.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Be sure to stop me when I get to the part where I'm inappropriately pouring my heart out to a total stranger. So, what was your poison, if I might ask?

HENRY28

Drugs and alcohol. Change your life through self-medication.

BEN

Well, if there's one thing I know about, it's medication. How'd you do? Is your life changed?

HENRY28

Nope. But I'm learning to adjust.

BIEN

Let me know how it goes. I might try it myself some day. I should show you the map collection.

INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/ MAIN CIRCULATION -- DAY

Clare22 talks to a somewhat officious librarian, AGNES, late 50's, who stands behind the desk, a large number 2 pencil through her hair, rhinestone-beaded glasses on a silver lace.

CLARE22

I know the library only holds private collections, but I also know that one of the collections is on printing. So there's got to be a book on paper-making.

AGNES

Might I ask why exactly there's got to be?

CLARE22

(tit for tat)

Because, prior to mylar balloons and tee-shirts, printing was pretty much done on paper. And since there was no Staples outlet in Germany yet, Herr Gutenberg, the printer, probably had to make his own -- paper.

AGNES

Actually, Herr Gutenberg printed his Bible on vellum, a parchment made from animals, I'd prefer not to say which part. But let us not quibble. Let me get someone else to help you.

Agnes calls to someone passing by, hidden by the large stack of books in his arms.

AGNES (CONT'D)

Mr. DeTamble? Henry?

Clare22 turns slowly around, and there he is. Henry.

CLARE22

(almost in tears)

Oh, my God. Henry.

AGNES

(to Henry)

Mr. DeTamble, I wonder whether you might be able to help Miss --

CLARE22

Clare. I'm Clare.

Clare22 wants to wrap her arms around Henry28 and hug him. But she manages to control herself. She sticks out her hand.

Henry28 is struck by Clare. He stares at her face, then down at her extended hand and shifts sideways so that Clare22 can shake his right hand on the stack of books he holds.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Thank God, Henry. I don't think I could've waited another minute --

(sees Agnes's attention)

-- to find a book on paper-making.

HENRY28

(to Agnes)

Do we have a book on paper-making?

AGNES

Not that I know, but I've only been working here thirty-two years.

Henry28 looks at Clare22, whose eyes are riveted on him.

HENRY28

(drawn to Clare22)

Let me put these back on the cart, and I'll try to help you. We've got a large French collection, and maybe there's something on papier-mâché.

CLARE22

I'll go with you.

Clare22 walks lock-step with Henry28 her shoulder almost against his. Henry28 looks over at Clare22.

HENRY28

(scanning her face)

We've met before, right?

CLARE22

Right.

Henry28 stops by the library cart with Clare22.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Look, can we have coffee or dinner
or something? Tonight?

Henry28 turns and puts his books on the cart. Clare22 waits nervously. Then Henry28 turns and looks into Clare22's eyes for a long moment, finally smiling.

HENRY28

Yes, I'd like that.

Clare22 lets out a huge sigh of relief.

CLARE22

Whew. Okay. How about Thai? Bangkok
Garden. Eight o'clock. Okay?

HENRY28

That's my favorite restaurant.

CLARE22

(sweet smile)
Really?

Clare22 turns to go, then turns back to Henry28.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Henry, but I really have
to do this.

Clare22 throws her arms around Henry28 and gives him a passionate kiss. Then she turns and heads off. Henry28 watches her go out the door, an expression of delight and bewilderment on his face. Then he starts to run after her.

EXT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY -- DAY

Henry28 comes running out the door. Clare22 is walking off a short distance away.

HENRY28

(calling)

What about your book on paper-making?

Clare22 spins around, still walking away.

CLARE22

You don't have any. Ask Agnes.

And Clare22 turns and runs off, through Washington Square, jumping and whooping, as Henry28 looks on.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- DAY

CAMERA TRACKS through a studio apartment in disarray --
clothes, dirty cups, books strewn about -- and a bouquet of

roses in cellophane sitting on the table -- until it discovers Henry28, standing in front of the mirror in his bathroom.

Henry28 wears jeans, a white dress shirt, and looks good. He checks his teeth in the mirror, then opens the cabinet, removes a bottle of cologne, and splashes some on his face. As he replaces the bottle, his face begins to tense, and when the mirror is closed, it reveals Henry in distress.

HENRY28

Shit! Not now!

And Henry28 is gone, leaving the jeans and white shirt in a clump on the floor.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET -- NIGHT

Henry28, naked, is racing down a dark street. Two policemen, billy clubs in their hands, race after him.

INT. BANGKOK GARDEN RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Clare22 sits by herself at a table, when Henry28 walks in the door, holding the roses. His face is covered with perspiration and bruised. He goes over to the table and hands Clare22 the flowers.

HENRY28

I'm really sorry. I, uh, got detained.

CLARE22

That's okay. I understand. I ordered you moo shu chicken. They're keeping it warm. Here.

Clare22 dips her napkin in her water glass.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Sit down, Henry.

Henry28 sits. Clare22 gets up and cleans his forehead with her wet napkin.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

That's some bump you got. When did you go to?

Henry28 looks up at Clare22, surprised she knows. He's told only those closest to him.

HENRY28

I don't know. I wasn't there long enough to find out. Some cop hit me with his club and I was gone.

Henry28 looks up at Clare22 cleaning him with her napkin.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

You ordered me moo shu chicken? How long have you and I...?

CLARE22

Sixteen years. Since I was six.

HENRY28

How old was I?

CLARE22

The youngest you've been is thirty. Since you're twenty-eight now, you won't be going back to meet me for two more years. Something to look forward to.

HENRY28

How'd you know I was twenty-eight?

CLARE22

You told me that's how old you'd be when we met again.

Clare22 smiles and returns to her chair.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Thanks for the flowers. You've never done that before. And by the way, I've never really thanked you for -- well, everything, I guess -- especially all that help with my French. I never would have passed Miss Labrue without it.

HENRY28

Clare?

CLARE22

Oui?

HENRY28

This is all going a little fast for me. Could we pretend this is a normal first date between two normal people?

CLARE22

Sure. What should we do?

HENRY28

I don't know -- why don't you tell me about yourself? Hobbies? Pets? Unusual sexual interests?

CLARE22

No pets. No hobbies. No time for them with my art.

(MORE)

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

I just finished at the School of the Art Institute -- sculpture. Lately I've been interested in paper-making, as you know. I got a grant, not much, but it pays the bills. As for my sexual interests, you'll have to find out for yourself. You want your moo shu?

EXT. CHICAGO STREET -- NIGHT

Clare22 and Henry28 are walking, side by side, down the lamp-lit street in silence. There is something easy and comfortable about how they are together without needing to talk. Henry28 looks over at Clare22, who smiles at him and takes his arm.

CLARE22

So, where do you live, Henry?

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT HOUSE/HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Henry28 stands at the door, opening multiple locks, Clare22 beside him.

HENRY28

You sure you don't want to go to your place?

CLARE22

Roommate. She teaches yoga, so she can bend around corners and slither under furniture. She sees everything.

HENRY28

Okay, but then you have to close your eyes and count to ten thousand, slowly, while I pick up a few things.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Reverse angle. The door opens and Henry28 enters, then Clare22, who sees the disarray.

CLARE22

Jesus, Henry. You should, like, live in the dumpster outside and just have them empty your apartment on Tuesday mornings.

HENRY28

You're supposed to be counting with your eyes closed.

CLARE22

(eyes closed)

One, two, three...

Henry28 runs around, picking up armfuls of articles and dumping them into corners, counters and sinks.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-one....

HENRY28

You didn't skip any numbers did you?

CLARE22

Absolutely not.

HENRY28

Okay, then you can open your eyes.

Clare22 opens her eyes and finds Henry28 standing in front of her, looking into her eyes.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

Wine, candles, soft music?

CLARE22

Yes, please.

As Henry28 lights candles, puts on a CD, opens a bottle of wine, as Clare22 leans back on the sofa, listens to the music.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

I'm not sure Nirvana is what I'd call "soft" music.

HENRY28

Years from now, and I'm talking from experience, 1991 will be considered one of those golden years -- Nirvana, Guns and Roses, Metallica, Temple of the Dog, Red Hot Chili Peppers, U2, Soundgarden, The Rollins Band, Smashing Pumpkins. They'll never be another year like it.

CLARE22

Still, I never pictured you as going for this kind of music.

HENRY28

I'm just full of surprises. Would you prefer some Schubert *Lieder*?

CLARE22

No thanks.

Clare22 looks around at the walls filled with books.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

And I never knew you read so much.

HENRY28

I have to do something. I read and I listen to music. Being out with people can get tricky.

CLARE22

Henry, how often do you...? I mean, you've never told me. Do you travel, like, once a day, or a couple times a week, or what?

HENRY28

There's no pattern. It seems to happen in bunches. I can go for months without traveling, and then several times in a week. The older I get, the more I seem to travel. A few years ago it was driving me crazy. I did everything I could to control it -- alcohol, uppers, downers, anti-seizures, anything I could get, but it only made things worse.

Henry28 walks over with the bottle of wine and two glasses, which he sets on the coffee table by the sofa. He pours.

CLARE22

And now?

HENRY28

Tonight was the first time in a few months. When I get really anxious, I tend to travel. I also travel when I'm happy, sad, confused, eating, waking up, going to sleep, brushing my teeth, and for no reason at all.

Henry28 hands Clare22 her glass of wine, takes his own, then lifts them in a toast and clinks in silence.

CLARE22

This is a toast, Henry. You're supposed to say something. To that Motel 6 in Fort Lauderdale, may our lives together always be Spring Break.

Henry28 holds up his wine glass again.

HENRY28

*Touch us gently, Time! Let us glide
adown thy stream, Gently, as we
sometimes glide Through a quiet dream.*

Clare22's eyes mist as Henry28 clinks her wine glass.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

Barry Cornwall. Real name, Bryan Proctor. Nineteenth century. The poem's called "A Petition To Time."

Clare22 puts her glass down on the coffee table. Takes Henry28's glass from him and sets it beside hers -- then leaps on top of him, smothering him with kisses.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
(muffled under kisses)
Clare? Clare? Clare?

Clare22 lifts her head up for air.

CLARE22
Um hm?

HENRY28
I need to go just a little slower here. I'm not complaining, mind you, but if you could just take a minute to tell me who you are.

CLARE22
Sure. I'm Clare.

HENRY28
Last name, please?

CLARE22
Abshire. Clare Abshire.

Clare22 goes back to work on Henry28's lips.

HENRY28
Clare?. Clare?

Clare22 lifts her face off Henry28's again.

CLARE22
Darn, Henry, what?

HENRY28
I'd be interested in hearing where you grew up, what your parents do, whether you have brothers or sisters, if you're a Democrat or a Republican.

CLARE22
(a long sigh)
Okay, but this is it. If this doesn't do it for you, you just have to imagine I'm some chick you picked up at Delaney's and, after tonight, you'll never see me again, okay?

HENRY28
Okay, but something tells me that's not what happens with us, is it?

CLARE22

No -- that's not what you told me happens with us.

(a beat)

Sit up, I have a crick in my neck.

Henry28 sits up and Clare22 straddles him. As she talks to Henry28, she rocks slowly back and forth in his lap.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Okay, I grew up in Oak Park. I have one brother, Mark, pre-law at Harvard. We're not so close, largely because he likes to win, he'll talk you down until you submit, like my father, who is also a lawyer, when he's not taking care of my mother, who is bipolar, and has a way of forgetting to take her meds. She'll die of ovarian cancer. When I'm thirty-two.

HENRY28

I told you that?

CLARE22

I was living in dread that she would kill herself and leave me alone with only my father and Mark to talk to.

Clare22 rotates in Henry28's lap, making it somewhat difficult for him to pay complete attention to her words.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Basically, Henry, you and my sketch pad were what I had to live for, for many many years. I didn't intend to tell you this right off, because the last time I saw you, you asked me to go easy when we met again, since you wouldn't know me.

Clare22 places her hands under Henry28's legs and pulls him closer to her.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

And, seeing as how you are, right now, in the midst of my attacking you, primarily concerned with my voting affiliation -- I'm an independent, although I tend to vote Democratic -- this was a very good call on your part. So, how well do you feel you know me now in terms of, say, having sexual intercourse?

Clare22 moves back and forth across Henry28's lap.

HENRY28

You get your way a lot, don't you?

CLARE22

Always. I'm horrible.

Clare22 reaches her hands inside Henry28's shirt and takes his nipples between her fingers.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

God, you're so.... young. The last time we did this, which was also the first time, for me, anyway, you were in your thirties.

HENRY28

So, this isn't the first...

CLARE22

Nope. And, the good news, Henry, is that it won't be the last, either.

And they make love.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The sofa has become a bed. Clare22 wakes up, slowly opening her eyes, surveying the room in which she finds herself. Then she looks over at Henry28, curled into a ball, and a smile forms on her lips. Carefully, she gets out of bed, walks across the room, and disappears into the bathroom.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM -- DAY

Clare22 stands at the sink washing her face, the final GURGLING SOUND of the toilet filling behind her. As she lifts her head from the sink, she notices two toothbrushes in the holder. She opens the medicine cabinet.

CLARE22'S POV. Razors, shaving cream, after-shave on the top shelf. On the bottom shelf -- hand lotion, tampons, woman's deodorant, and several lipsticks.

Clare22 opens one of the lipsticks. Bright red. She shrugs. Not her taste. Then she puts the lipstick back.

As she turns to leave, she sees a terry robe on a hook on the back of the door. She takes it off and puts it on, discovering a sheer woman's robe underneath.

CLARE22

Sorry, dear. Try not to take it too hard. Time marches on.

And Clare22 exits the bathroom, leaving the door open, tip-toeing past a still-sleeping Henry28.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN -- DAY

Mister Coffee is steaming on the counter beside the sink. Clare22 stands beside it, looking through books which cover every inch of the counter: Kant, Barthes, Blake, Heidigger.

Hypothermia, Frostbite and Other Cold Injuries. The Duino Elegies. Clare22 picks up the Rilke, turns and leans her back against the counter, opens the book.

HENRY28 (O.S.)

Who, though I cry aloud, would hear
me in the angel orders?

Clare22 looks up from the book, over at the bed, where Henry28 lies, staring blissfully at Clare22.

CLARE22

I made coffee.

HENRY28

I can smell it. But first come and
say good-morning.

Clare22, pleased, puts down the book and walks over to the sofa-bed. She sits on the edge and runs her hand through Henry28's rumpled hair. Henry28 runs his hand down the edge of the terry robe, then looks over at the open bathroom door, and realizes what Clare22 must have discovered there.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

I was going to break up with her
this week. It's just bad timing.
Or good timing. Do you want to know?

CLARE22

No.

HENRY28

Thank you.

CLARE22

Except, maybe, her name.

HENRY28

Ingrid. I'm sorry, Clare. I didn't
know you were coming, or I'd have
cleaned things up a little more. My
life, I mean, not the apartment.

CLARE22

If you're really into cleaning up, I
wouldn't exclude anything.

Henry28 smiles.

HENRY28

I'm feeling a chill. Come under the
covers.

Clare22 smiles, drops her robe, and climbs under the covers.
She props herself up on her elbow to look at Henry28.

CLARE22

Henry, once when I was fifteen, I was in my bedroom, and I heard shots and then you calling my name. I ran outside and my father and Mark were there, hunting, and they shouted at me to go away. I was sure they'd shot you. But then I saw you walking over on the hill, and you were fine, and you waved and smiled to me, and then you were gone.

Henry28 is listening intently.

HENRY28

Can't help you. It was after my time. Haven't been there. Haven't done that. Yet.

Clare22 smiles at the distorted metaphor. She reaches up and runs her hand along the stubble on Henry28's cheek.

CLARE22

I'm always so worried about you.

HENRY28

(kindly)

You know, Clare, if it gets too hard for you, you can leave.

CLARE22

No, I can't. And I don't.

HENRY28

You don't?

CLARE22

I don't. However, I do expect to be courted, Henry. I have a severe allergic reaction to being taken for granted. Just because you know you've already won me before you've started, don't expect to get away without working your ass off to catch me.

HENRY28

(rolling it over)

You don't ever leave me.

CLARE22

Well, we still seem to be together when you're 43, which is the oldest I've ever seen you. It seems that we're stuck with each other, Henry. Accordingly, the next time you invite me over, which I hope will be within 72 hours, I expect that Ingrid's see-through robe and bunny slippers will

(MORE)

CLARE22 (CONT'D)
 be gone, along with Ingrid and her
 garish red lips. Questions?

HENRY28
 None.

CLARE22
 Good.

And they commence making love.

EXT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Pouring rain. PEOPLE with umbrellas. Clare22 comes hurrying
 down the street, a newspaper held over her head. She arrives
 at the door to Henry28's apartment house, rings the intercom.

HENRY28 (O.S.)
 (on the intercom)
 Hello?

CLARE22
 Hi, it's me.

HENRY28 (O.S.)
 You're early.

CLARE22
 I finished sooner than I thought.
 (looks at watch, ironic)
 You want me to go away and come back
 in another twelve minutes?

Before Henry28 can answer, A MOTHER AND HER SMALL CHILD come
 out the door and Clare22 ducks into the building.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT HOUSE/HALLWAY -- DAY

The doors to the elevator open and Clare22 gets out. She
 heads for the door to Henry28's apartment. Just as she
 reaches it, it opens revealing INGRID, thin, straight blond
 hair, bright red lipstick, her arms piled with belongings.

CLARE22
 Ooops.

Ingrid freezes, looks Clare22 up and down, is not impressed.

INGRID
 (acidly)
 Excuse me. Changing of the guard.

Clare22 steps back. Ingrid walks out the door. Stops.
 Smiles at Clare22.

INGRID (CONT'D)
 Boy, are you in for a surprise, honey.

Then Ingrid walks briskly down the hall, arms laden, and pounds with her elbow on the elevator button several times.

CLARE22

Nice to meet you, Ingrid.

INGRID

Fuck you.

Ingrid steps on the elevator and disappears. Clare22 looks up and finds a very uncomfortable Henry28 in the doorway.

CLARE22

So, how'd she take it?

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The rain continues, streaking the windows. Henry28 lies prostrate on the bed, exhausted from their love-making, as Clare22, naked, leaning on one elbow, makes designs on his bare chest with her fingers.

HENRY28

You sure are making up for lost time.

CLARE22

Poor Henry. All pooped out. Serves you right. Popping my cherry and then saying, "See you in four years."

HENRY28

.. Not my choice.

Clare22 looks over at a digital clock. It reads 23:43.

CLARE22

You set your clocks on international time. Do you time-travel all over the world?

HENRY28

Not so far. But one never knows.

Clare22 continues to run her hand across Henry28's chest.

CLARE22

What's the worst thing that's ever happened to you when you traveled?

HENRY28

I was trapped inside the back of a Sears trailer-truck for two days. I had gone inside to look for something to wear. The driver showed up and locked the door. It was a hundred degrees outside. I managed to poke a hole in the floor for air, but I didn't have any water.

(MORE)

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

Just when I was sure I was going to die, I traveled back to Lakeshore Drive, where I'd been jogging when I left. I was in the hospital for two weeks.

CLARE22

That's horrible. What's the best thing that's ever happened to you when you traveled?

HENRY28

I found myself in a magnificent garden behind a house somewhere, I'm not sure where. It was summer. At the end of the garden was a brick caretaker's cottage, with a weathervane of Icarus falling, his wings on fire. The cottage had huge green-house windows, and hanging inside were scores of paper birds, moving back and forth in the breeze, and then a woman appeared in the midst of them. She was so radiant that I couldn't move. She looked out the window and saw me standing there, and she smiled at me, as though she knew me, and then I was gone. I didn't know who she was until she walked into the Newberry Library last Friday, looking for a book on paper-making.

A big smile spreads across Clare22's face, and then she kisses Henry28, her hand sliding down his leg.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

I knew I shouldn't have told you this.

And back at it they go.

EXT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The sun comes in the window and hits Clare22's face, waking her up. She gets her bearings, and a smile comes over her face. Then she turns over toward Henry28, but he's not there.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Henry28, naked, has his back to a door on which is written DOMINICK'S SPORTING GOODS. He picks the lock and enters.

INT. DOMINICK'S SPORTING GOODS/BASEMENT -- DAY

Henry, now wearing a Chicago Cubs warmup suit and tee shirt, sits on the floor, putting on sneakers. As he stands up, he reaches for a shelf to support him. The shelf tilts and boxes TOPPLE LOUDLY to the floor.

Suddenly, a light comes on in the basement, and a door above the stairs opens.

MANAGER (O.S.)

Who's down there?

Henry28 runs up the back stairs and out the door to the alley.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

Henry28 exits, then freezes. Two very large men, TONY and SAL, stand there tapping baseball bats in their palms.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Clare22 is brushing her teeth, when there is the SOUND OF SOMETHING HEAVY HITTING THE FLOOR in the kitchen.

CLARE22

Henry?

(silence)

Henry?

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT/ KITCHEN -- DAY

Henry28 lies on the floor in a ball, naked. He looks up at Clare22 as she runs into the kitchen and he smiles sheepishly. There is a gash with dried blood on his forehead.

HENRY28

Morning.

CLARE22

(seeing the gash)

What happened to you?

HENRY28

A couple guys named Tony and Sal used my head for batting practice.

Clare22 shakes her head, goes to the sink, wets a paper towel and begins to clean his forehead.

CLARE22

Is that what's going to happen each time you go, you're going to get into some kind of a fight -- until one day you get killed?

HENRY28

Not if I can help it.

Clare22 studies Henry28's eyes, then leans forward and gives him a kiss, followed by another, and another, growing in passion. Henry28 struggles to free himself.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

No, please, mercy!

(MORE)

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

I can't do this again. My spermatozoa cry out, "Help! Save us! Once we were millions and now there are only two of us left! We're tapping into emergency reserves of seminal fluid! Rest!", they cry out. "Implore her to give us rest!"

Clare22 laughs, then lifts herself on one elbow, and runs her fingers slowly over the gash on Henry28's forehead.

CLARE22

Henry... It's probably better if you don't tell me what happens when you travel, okay?

HENRY28

Okay. But no need to worry. You've seen me at 43, and I seem to be doing fine, right?

CLARE22

Yes, but I've never seen you older than 43. Have you, Henry?

HENRY28

(false nonchalance)

Nope. Haven't. But I'm sure I will. You want to go for a run?

CLARE22

A run? Now? What am I supposed to wear? What you're wearing?

EXT. WALKWAY ALONG LAKE MICHIGAN -- DAY

Clare28 wears a giant Chicago Bulls sweatshirt of Henry28's that goes nearly down to her knees, her sneakers, and that's all as she jogs next to Henry28. All around them, PEOPLE jog beside the sailboat-dotted lake -- singly or in couples, some pushing jogging strollers, WIDE-EYED TOTS looking out from their seats as they roll by. Zipping past THE JOGGERS are BICYCLERS of assorted shapes and sizes.

CLARE22

(breathing hard)

You want to come over for dinner next Saturday? I'd like you to meet some friends of mine.

HENRY28

I don't know. It could be chancy. How're you going to explain my evaporating?

Clare22 stops jogging to catch her breath and talk to Henry2

CLARE22
 (breathing hard)
 I won't have to. They already know.
 (off Henry28's look)
 I know, I know, it's a big secret,
 but these are my best friends, Henry.

HENRY28
 They know.

CLARE22
 Well, they don't exactly know in
 terms of actually believing me --
 when you tell people your boyfriend
 is a time-traveler who you first met
 when you were six and he was thirty,
 there's a sort of initial skepticism,
 you know --like Charisse thinks you're
 an alien spaceman.

HENRY28
 There's actually something comforting
 about that.

CLARE22
 There is?

Henry28 sticks out his index finger and holds it against
Clare22's forehead.

HENRY28
 (sad creaky E.T. voice)
 Henry go home.

There is a moment between them, poignant -- an awareness
 that Henry has no hope of escaping what he is.

CLARE22
 You are home, Henry.

Clare22 stands on her tiptoes and kisses the bruise on
 Henry28's forehead.

Across the street, standing by a food cart, drinking coffee
 from a cardboard cup, is Henry37, NO BEARD, SHORT HAIR,
 wearing a green sanitation worker's jumpsuit. He watches
 Clare22 and Henry28 kiss, then resume jogging side by side.

Henry37 takes a long drink of his coffee, then heads off
 toward Grant Park. He has gone a few steps, when he
 disappears, leaving only the jumpsuit and a cardboard cup of
 coffee, spilling on the grass. No one notices.

INT. HENRY AND CLARE'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM -- DAY

Early morning. Clare31 is asleep in bed when Henry37 crashes
 into the room, waking her up.

Slowly she lifts herself up to see Henry37 lying on the floor by the bed, naked -- short hair, no beard -- the same older Henry who just disappeared from Grant Park.

HENRY37

Hi there. Missed me?

CLARE31

Come to bed, Henry.

HENRY37

Good idea.

Henry37 gets up off the floor and climbs into bed. They lie in bed in silence for a moment.

CLARE31

I'm pregnant again, Henry.

Henry37 turns over to look at Clare31, not happy.

HENRY37

You said you were back on the pill.

CLARE31

I was, but I stopped.

HENRY37

Why, Clare? You've had five miscarriages in --

CLARE31

I know how many miscarriages I've had, Henry, thank you.

HENRY37

Then why are you doing this?

CLARE31

Because I want a child, Henry.

Clare31 and Henry37 lie there in silence, until, finally, Henry37 closes his eyes.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

The flashing red lights of Police Cars and Ambulances through the falling snow. Henry37, wrapped in a blanket, stands on a hill watching a policeman, Dave, carry a sobbing, shivering, blanket-wrapped Henry6 to the police car. In front of the car, two EMTs are carrying a stretcher with a covered body on it. The cover is raised where the feet are, but there is no similar rise for a head. This is carried by a third EMT, wrapped in foil. Henry37 watches, then disappears.

INT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/ STACKS -- DAY

Ben, looking much thinner and paler, carrying a pile of books, comes around a stack to find Henry37 pulling on his pants.

BEN

You know, one of these days it's not going to be me, and you're going to have a hell of a lot of explaining to do. Do you have any idea how crazy this is? I don't understand why you weren't locked up a long time ago as a total nut case.

HENRY37

Because I've got friends like you who cover my ass again and again.

Ben is pleased by Henry37's appreciation.

BEN

So, when did you go to?

HENRY37

The accident.

BEN

Sorry. You go back there a lot?

Ben drops the books on Henry37's desk.

HENRY37

Too much.

Ben sits on the edge of the desk as Henry37 puts on his shoes.

BEN

Do you ever see anything different, something you never noticed before?

HENRY37

Nope. It's always the same.

BEN

I can't imagine going back and watching my mother die again and again. How do you keep your sanity?

HENRY37

I don't know. How many times have you seen Allen die?

BEN

A thousand maybe. I lost count. Every morning when I get up, every night when I go to sleep -- sometimes, out of nowhere, when I'm opening a door or talking on the phone. I'd like to go back to then, just once.

HENRY37

No, you wouldn't.

BEN

Yes, I would.

HENRY37

What would you do?

BEN

I'd kill the fucker.

HENRY37

But you can't, because you didn't. You can't change anything. He will die, and you will get sick, and so on and so on. That's what it's like -- traveling. Sometimes it's good -- last week I saw when Clare and I first met -- or it can be interesting, like knowing who wins the World Series five years from now -- but mostly it's just running for your life and trying to keep warm.

Ben starts to leave, then stops and turns to Henry37.

BEN

I didn't know you went to the future. You were five years from now?

HENRY37

I can't tell you who won the series, Ben. I have a policy against that.

BEN

Yeah. I was just wondering whether... you know... whether I was still alive.

Ben holds his breath. Henry37 considers his response.

HENRY37

Yes. You're fine. You loaned me some clothes, then we went out to Jimmy's and played some pool. You've got the hots for some guy named Seth. March 16, 2003.

Ben lets out a long deep breath. Tears well in his eyes.

BEN

Thank you.

HENRY37

No problem.

Ben turns and leaves. Henry37 watches him go. The look in Henry37's eyes makes it unclear whether he told the truth.

EXT. CLARE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Henry28, bearded, long hair, a bottle of wine in his hand, walks down the street, looking at the numbers of apartment houses, finally coming to Clare's. He stands at the front door, running his finger down names on the intercom, until he comes to: ABSHIRE/BONAVANT. He pushes the button.

CLARE22 (O.S.)

(on the intercom)

All the way up!

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT BUILDING/ HALL -- NIGHT

Henry28 climbs the last stairs of the sixth floor walk-up, then walks down the hall until he comes to the door to Clare's apartment. He rings the BELL. Nobody comes. He RINGS it a second time. In a moment the door opens. Gomez stands there.

GOMEZ

Henry?

HENRY28

Hi.

GOMEZ

Don't we know each other?

HENRY28

I don't think so.

GOMEZ

Maybe not. The guy I was thinking of was much older. You got an older brother?

HENRY28

Nope. Can I still come in?

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Reverse angle. Henry28 enters, as Gomez closes the door behind him, and they start toward the kitchen.

As they walk, Henry28 passes by the door to Clare's studio where scores of brightly colored delicate paper rings hang from the ceiling, twirling about in the air. When he sees them, he stops, enraptured by them, then continues walking.

GOMEZ

Sorry about the delay in answering the door. We were all in the kitchen trying to salvage dinner. Clare's cooking -- well, she's putting things in pots and setting them over lit burners, which kind of resembles cooking -- from a distance. I'm Gomez.

Henry28 looks over at Gomez's blond hair and Slavic features.

HENRY28

Gomez?

GOMEZ

I know. Jan Gomolinski, actually. I was doing legal aid in Humboldt Park a few years back. Once they could say, "Chinga tu madre, Gomez!" -- instead of Gomolinski -- we reached a new level of comfort. You have to take people where they're at, Henry.

Henry28 takes an instant liking to Gomez.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

We're now at the door to the kitchen. If you feel you're ready for this, I can open it.

Henry28 nods and Gomez swings open the door.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT/ KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The kitchen looks like a hurricane has blown through it -- pots boiling over on the stove, chopped vegetables scattered on counters everywhere, a floor covered with onion skins. Clare22 looks up at Henry28 as he enters.

CLARE22

(sadly)

I can't cook, Henry. Not at all.

HENRY28

(facetious)

Really?

CHARISSE

Really. I'm Charisse. And you're Henry. You actually exist.

HENRY28

Indeed, I do.

Henry28 looks over at Clare22. In her confusion and distress, she is adorable.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

(smiling to Clare22)

So. I can cook.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT/DINING AREA -- NIGHT

Clare22, Henry28, Gomez and Charisse are sitting around the small table, eating the food Henry28 has prepared.

CHARISSE

This is actually pretty good, Henry.

HENRY28

I wouldn't want to send the recipe
in to Julia Child, but thanks.

CHARISSE

Okay, guys. The big moment has come.
I have an announcement to make.
Gomez and I are getting married.

HENRY28

Congratulations.

CLARE22

(thrown)

Right. Congratulations. I guess
that means you guys -- worked
everything out, huh?

GOMEZ

(obliquely)

I convinced Charisse that she
shouldn't hold one dumb mistake
against me.

Clare22 isn't crazy about the characterization.

CLARE22

~~Well, that's a really mature way of~~
looking at things. And I can't think
of a better way to atone for such an
imbecilic act of folly than a lifetime
of wedlock. Can we talk, Charisse? ..

CHARISSE

Now? .

CLARE22

Now.

CHARISSE

Can't this wait?

CLARE22

Actually, it can't.

Charisse studies Clare22, decides that the best way to get
rid of her is to indulge her.

CHARISSE

(to Gomez and Henry28)

We'll be right back.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM -- DAY

Clare22 closes the door, then turns on the spigots and flushes
the toilet to cover their talking from Gomez.

CHARISSE

This better be that Gomez has the clap.

CLARE22

This is stupid, Charisse. Screw him until you ring like the Liberty Bell, but you can't marry him.

CHARISSE

Actually, I can, and I will. And the Liberty Bell doesn't ring, Clare. It's cracked.

CLARE22

Exactly.

Charisse reaches for the doorknob.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

You guys don't love each other.

Charisse turns from the door.

CHARISSE

Yeah, but what if we make each other happy? Really happy? What if we ~~think that this is the best we can~~ do, and we're tired of living alone?

CLARE22

You can't marry somebody you don't love, Charisse.

CHARISSE

Like you love Henry the spaceman?

CLARE22

That's right.

CHARISSE

And you're going to marry him?

CLARE22

We already are. Well, we will be. He told me the day we first -- slept -- slept -- together. I was eighteen. He was thirty-two. We were already married -- in his present.

CHARISSE

(incredulous)

Were you also married in your present?

CLARE22

Well, not then, but we're going to be together for the rest of our lives.

CHARISSE

Really. Happily? Your alien lover did say that you were happily married, didn't he? Because, you know, it's just as possible to be happy with someone you're not madly in love with, as it is to be madly in love with someone who makes you totally miserable. Think about that, sweetie.

There is a KNOCK on the door. Charisse opens it to find Gomez there.

GOMEZ

I need to talk to Clare about Henry.

Charisse and Gomez exchange looks, then places.

INT. CLARE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Charisse sits at the table, drinking her wine, smiling across at Henry28, as the INDISTINGUISHABLE MUFFLED SOUNDS OF CLARE22 AND GOMEZ ARGUING come out of the bathroom.

CHARISSE

(big smile)

So -- Clare tells me that you're a
~~time-traveler~~

HENRY28

Oh, well, you know Clare. Quelle imagination. I think what I said was that, with all the work I have to do at the library, I'm sorry I don't have more time to travel.

Henry28 flashes a big smile at Charisse.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

And you teach yoga?

EXT. CHICAGO STREET. -- NIGHT

Late night. Henry28 is walking with Clare22 in silence down the deserted street. A taxi passes by. They walk on.

HENRY28

What happened in the bathroom with Charisse and Gomez? You returned looking like you'd been hit by a runaway melodrama.

CLARE22

I was trying to tell Charisse not to marry Gomez because she doesn't love him, and he doesn't love her, but it looks like she's doing it anyway.

(MORE)

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Then Gomez showed up to tell me that he remembered where he saw you -- you were in an alley beating the crap out of a friend of his. He had a little trouble placing you at first because you were wearing a woman's negligee with a pink feather collar.

HENRY28

When was this?

CLARE22

Three or four years ago, but he says you looked a lot older, so you probably haven't done it, yet.

HENRY28

Well, I can't say much about what I haven't done yet, although if he says I did it, I guess I will. Question is what did the guy do to me first, because, as a rule, I don't start things. And, even more to the point, I do not act like this now that you're around, my dear. You have tamed the savage beast in me.

Clare22 stops, frustrated.

CLARE22

What does that mean, Henry? Really. What does that mean? You were a wild animal, but now that I'm around, everything's okay? Three or four years from now, you're not really brutalizing Gomez's friend -- you two are playing hopscotch in the alley when he trips on his shoelace and slams into the concrete, breaking every bone in his body.

Clare22 stares coldly at Henry28, then walks off. Henry28 catches up with her. He stops her, holding her shoulders.

HENRY28

(tersely)

First thing I do is hide. Second thing I do is run, as fast as I can. And the last thing I do is fight back. Mostly I fight back to save my life, but sometimes I fight back so the word gets out that if you see some naked guy on the street, or some guy dressed kind of funny, steer clear, because, if you don't, you could find yourself in a lot of pain for a very long time.

Clare22, looks up at Henry28, torn apart.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

And sometimes I can't run fast enough,
and I get the living shit beaten out
of me.

Clare22 looks intently at Henry28.

CLARE22

I'm really lost here, Henry.

HENRY28

I know.

CLARE22

The happiest day in my entire life
was when you told me that I was your
wife. But how do you do this when
you already know that you're married?
It doesn't have any meaning anymore.

Clare22 walks away. Henry28 catches up with her.

HENRY28

The boat sinks.

CLARE22

What?

HENRY28

Something my father told me once, in
one of his rare lucid moments. There
have been more books written about
the Titanic than any other single
event in history, and everyone who
picks one up knows how it ends. The
boat sinks. Knowing the end isn't
what makes it interesting. We all
know the end. At the end, we're gone.

Clare22 stops and turns to Henry28.

CLARE22

Well, that's a cheery thought. You've
picked my spirits right up. Thanks.

Henry28 reaches over, places his hand on Clare's cheek.
Clare22 lets out a long sigh.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

I don't know if I can do this.

HENRY28

But you do, don't you?

CLARE22

Do I? How?

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM -- DAY

Water sprays from a showerhead. Henry28 stands underneath it, soaking up the steaming water. He is singing "La ci darem la mano" from Don Giovanni, horribly off-key. As he sings, eyes closed, he fumbles with his hands for the soap.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT/KITCHEN -- DAY

Clare22, her back leaning against the kitchen counter, drink a cup of coffee, as she listens to Henry28's singing. She shakes her head and lets out a long sigh, looking around her at Henry28's life -- books everywhere, a giant jar of protei powder, a calendar of French cuisine on the wall. Is this the man she's going to marry?

HENRY28 (O.S.)

Clare! Clare!

CLARE22

What, Henry?

HENRY28 (O.S.)

I'm out of soap. There's some in the cabinet by the sink.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Clare22, a bar of soap in her hand, comes to the bathroom and opens the door. The shower is running, but there is no one in it. Henry28 has traveled. Before she can react, there is the sound of the INTERCOM BUZZER. Clare22 spins, goes to the intercom, pushes the button.

HENRY37 (O.S.)

Hey, let me in.

Clare22 pushes the button to open the door.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Clare22 opens the door to find Henry37, unshaven, bleary-eyed, wearing the orange coveralls of streetsweeper. She knows instantly this is not the Henry from the shower.

HENRY37

Hi, babe.. How goes it?

Henry37 gives Clare22 a peck on the lips, then hands her the morning paper, glancing at the headline, and walks into the room, shutting the door.

CLARE22

(stunned)

When are you from?

HENRY37

July 16, 1999.

(MORE)

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

I was just getting some shut-eye.
So, if you will excuse me, I'm going
to bed now, or you will be sincerely
sorry in nine years.

Henry37 walks over to the bed, climbs under the covers, and
buries his head under the pillow. Clare22 stares at the
figure in the bed, then looks over at the bathroom where the
empty shower is still running.

CLARE22

(to herself)

This is crazy. I can't do this.

Suddenly, there is a crash in the bathroom, waking up Henry37.

HENRY37

It's awfully noisy in here.

Henry28 appears at the bathroom door, wrapping a towel around
his waist. He has another towel around his foot, spotted
with blood. He heads toward Clare22, sliding his foot.

HENRY28

I was chased through some glass, but
it's not as bad as it looks.

CLARE22

Don't come near me. Just hold it.
Both of you. I need to think. How
come there're two of you here?

Henry28 looks over at Henry37, then back at Clare22.

HENRY28

He never mentioned that to you?

CLARE22

(to Henry28)

No, he did not. And I can not believe
you've done this to me. I just can't
believe it. This is so unfair, Henry.
So unfair.

HENRY28

What'd I do?

CLARE22

You never told me that it was going
to be like this. Never. All these
years and you never said a word.

HENRY28

I've only known you three weeks.

HENRY37

All these years would have been me.

Clare22 turns in frustration to face Henry37.

CLARE22

How could you have done this to me, Henry? How? What did you think would happen when I saw what it was really going to be like? How can I have children if they might have to go through all this?

HENRY37

I never said we should have children.

CLARE22

That's just it. You never said anything about children, and, God knows, you certainly had every opportunity to bring it up, the way we've been going at it the last three weeks.

HENRY37

I've had the flu for the last three weeks. I've been sick as a dog.

HENRY28

The way we've been going at it the last three weeks was me.

Clare22 spins to Henry28. Then she spins back to Henry37, then back again to Henry28.

CLARE22

You know something? Fuck you both. Fuck all of you, however many of you there are. I am not doing this. I'm not. You're no better than a scam artist -- I mean it -- the way you tricked me into falling in love with you over all these years.

HENRY28

Once again, I have to point out that I only met you three --

CLARE22

Okay, he's no better than a scam artist.

(turning to Henry37)

Did you really think that I'd be so blinded by love that I'd just throw myself at you without even thinking about the reality of what I was getting myself into? Did you?

Henry28 looks at Henry37, then back at Clare22.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Okay, so I threw myself at you without ever thinking about the reality, but no more, Henry. I can not do this. I really can't. I'm sorry. This may all be fated for you, but it's not for me. I have two legs, and I can walk out of here any time I want, like now. Which is what I'm doing. Right now.

Clare22 turns to go, then turns back.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

And if you have any feelings at all, I would be very grateful if you would just stay the hell away from me from now on. Okay? And that means all Henry's from all times, so spread the word. Good-bye, Henry. Henry.

And out the door Clare22 goes, as Henry28 and Henry37 look on, the door slamming emphatically behind her.

HENRY28

(to Henry37)

She does come back, right?

When there is no answer, Henry28 turns to Henry37, but the bed is empty.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S APARTMENT/STUDIO -- NIGHT

A room filled with paper marionettes, hanging from the ceiling, hinged arms and legs held together with brads --- men, women, children, families, dancing in the air, expressions on their faces of a simple joy and innocence. Clare31 stands over by a large table, making paper in a vat, when Henry37 appears at the doorway.

HENRY37

I thought I'd lost you.

Clare31 looks up from her work.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

That afternoon you walked out of my apartment -- I didn't know when I'd ever see you again.

CLARE31

But you knew you would eventually.

HENRY37

Eventually could have been years.

Clare31 walks toward Henry37, wiping her hands on her apron.

CLARE31

Well, it would have served you right. Months and not a word from you -- no calls, or letters, or flowers, or skywriting -- "Come back to me, Clare! Let me love you as only I can!"

HENRY37

I thought I might make things worse.

CLARE31

You're just very lucky that I decided that I couldn't live without you.

HENRY37

Yes, I am.

Clare31 reaches Henry37, gives him a little kiss.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

So, exactly how long were you waiting for me out there in the rain?

CLARE31

God. Hours. I thought you'd be home right after work. I didn't know you worked late on Wednesdays.

Henry37 gives Clare31 a little kiss back.

EXT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

A downpour. Clare22 sits on the front steps of Henry's apartment, absolutely drenched. Henry28 appears down the street, sees Clare22 sitting on the steps, hair matted, dress soaked through, water running down her face. He walks up to her, and she looks up at him, tears mixing with the rain.

Henry28 holds out his arms and she comes into them, burying herself against his chest.

HENRY28

You didn't have to wait out here in the rain, you know. You could have called me. I'd have come right over.

CLARE22

No, no, the rain is very important, Henry. You had to see how totally miserable I am. I've been waiting weeks for a downpour like this. I needed you to take me in like your abandoned cat, overcome with remorse and pity.

Henry28 looks at Clare22, soaked to the bone, and smiles.

HENRY28

Well, the effect is artistically perfect.

Clare smiles contentedly.

CLARE22

Meow.

Henry28 picks up Clare22 and carries her up the steps.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT/BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Henry28 sits naked in the bathtub, his arms around Clare22, naked, who has her back leaning against Henry28's front. Beside the tub, a box of tissues sits on a small table.

CLARE22

All our times together when I was growing up were so short and dramatic. You just came and went and I never knew when I'd see you again.

Clare22 reaches for a tissue, blows her nose, then tosses the tissue over by a trash can which is surrounded by scores of other tissues which have similarly missed their mark.

----- CLARE22 (CONT'D) -----

You know what I decided the absolutely best thing about you right now is?

HENRY28

I think I can guess, but please...

CLARE22

I know where to find you. When I wanted us to make up, you had an address. It was like a miracle.

HENRY28

That would not have been my guess.

CLARE22

And I don't have to hide you anymore. From anybody. Like, for example, my family.

Clare22 tilts her head back and smiles at Henry28, who gets it real quick.

HENRY28

You want to introduce me to your family? Wow, once you make up your mind, you don't fuck around, do you?
(off Clare22's grin)
Bad choice of words.

CLARE22

I just had to accept the inevitably of my loving you. And maybe even grow up a tiny bit and not be the little girl with the crush on you. I've decided to become a woman, Henry. You think you can deal with it?

Henry28 kisses Clare22 on the back of her neck.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

My parents are going to love you.

HENRY28

Clare, we haven't been back together for two hours, yet. I may need some time before we actually start meeting --

CLARE22

I agree completely. No need to rush things. We need time to reconnect. That's why I told my mother that I really couldn't promise we could be there until Christmas eve.

Clare22 reaches for another tissue and blows her nose.

EXT. CLARE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A huge brick mansion at the end of a long circular driveway. All the lights are on. Henry stares at its immensity.

INT. CLARE'S HOUSE/CONSERVATORY -- NIGHT

A huge glass-walled room, filled with giant plants and wicker furniture. While the snow continues to fall in the winter outside, it is summer in here. Sitting at a table playing Parcheesi is Mark and Phillip, ALICIA, 23, attractive and well-bred, and DEREK, 20, thin, blond, with wire-rimmed glasses. Over on the sofa, Lucille sits doing needlepoint. Clare22, all bubbly and nervous, enters with Henry28.

CLARE22

Hi, everybody. This is Henry.

A CHORUS OF HELLOS ensues, as everybody turns to look at Clare22 and Henry28.

PHILLIP

Please excuse me for not getting up, Henry, but we're in the midst of a fierce competition here, and the truth is, I can't trust any of them.

HENRY28

That's okay. I understand. Parcheesi is a killer game.

CLARE22

The cast of characters over there is my father, Phillip, my brother, Mark, his girlfriend, Alicia, and ---

DEREK

Derek. Mark and I are roommates at Law School.

Henry28 walks over and shakes everyone's hands.

CLARE22

And this is my mother.

Clare22 leads Henry28 to the sofa where Lucille is sitting. She starts to take her needlepoint off her lap to get up.

HENRY28

Please don't. My mother did needlepoint, and I know it's hard to stop and start.

(extending his hand)

It's nice to meet you, Mrs. Abshire.

LUCILLE

(shaking his hand)

Oh, but you must call me, Lucille.

~~Everybody does -- even, in his more~~
forgiving moments, my husband.

Henry28 laughs, but, from Clare22's reaction, it's not clear it's a joke.

CLARE22

Well, if you all will excuse us, I'll show Henry his room.

LUCILLE

Dinner's in twenty minutes, dear. Try not to be late this time.

CLARE22

(teeth gritted)

Absolutely, Mother.

And Clare22 leaves with Henry28, all eyes following them.

INT. CLARE'S HOUSE/ SECOND FLOOR HALL, -- NIGHT

Clare22 and Henry28 are walking down the hall. They come to the doorway to a room.

CLARE22

This is your room.

Henry28 looks in.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Mine is there.

Clare22 starts toward her room, Henry28 following.

INT. CLARE'S HOUSE/ CLARE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Clare22 and Henry28 enter the room. Henry28 stands in the middle of the rug, looking around -- high school photos, art posters on the walls, drawing and painting materials on a large table in the corner -- and, on the dresser, a collection of bird's nests. Henry28 picks one up.

HENRY28

Nice.

CLARE22

Thanks. It was a gift. They were all gifts.

Henry28 gets it, looks up at Clare22, who is distraught.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)

Oh, God, Henry, this was such a bad idea. Let's go back. I'm sixteen all over again, no I'm twelve, eight --

HENRY28

Clare?

CLARE22

Um?

HENRY28

Does that door lock?

INT. CLARE'S HOUSE/ DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Everyone is at the table, waiting, when Clare22 and Henry28 finally come hurrying into the room, sliding into chairs.

CLARE22

Sorry.

HENRY28

Terribly sorry.

Then they look at each other, trying to suppress smiles.

PHILLIP

Let us pray.

Clare22 and Henry28 drop their smiles and bow their heads.

EXT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The SOUND OF A CONGREGATION SINGING O HOLY NIGHT comes from the church, as occasional snow flurries drift in the air.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

Phillip, Lucille, Mark, Derek, Alicia, Clare22 and Henry28 sit side by side in a pew in the CROWDED church. In the front, THREE PRIESTS celebrate mass.

Clare22 looks over at Henry28, who does not look well. He is pale and shaky. Clare22 whispers to him.

CLARE22

Not now, Henry. You can't travel.

HENRY28

I'm fighting it as hard as I can.

Clare22 sneaks her hand into Henry28's pocket, slides her hand down until it reaches Henry's crotch -- then she squeezes. Henry28 jumps.

FATHER O'BRIEN

The Lord be with you.

CLARE22

(serenely)

And also with you.

(to Henry28)

Just focus on what I'm doing. Nothing else, Henry. You're staying here.

Henry28 looks around him as the mass continues -- the stations of the cross on the wall, the stained-glass windows, the icons, the lights and flowers, the saints, the manger.

FATHER O'BRIEN

Fear not: for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy.

Henry28, perspiring, shaking, whispers in Clare22's ear.

HENRY28

Where's the men's room?

CLARE22

Henry, please --

HENRY28

(urgent whisper)

Where's the men's room?

CLARE22

(resigned)

Through that door in the back, down the hall to the left.

HENRY28

If I don't come back --

CLARE22

You have to come back, Henry. You
have to.

Henry28 gets up, hurries down the aisle and out the door.

INT. CHURCH/ BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Henry28 comes charging in and races to window. He opens it and sticks out his head, gasping for air. In a moment, he backs away, and lies down on the tile floor. He looks over at the porcelain fixtures, which begin to blur.

HENRY28

No.

And he's gone.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET/ FIRE STATION -- AFTERNOON

Two fire trucks sit in front of the station on a spring day. SEVERAL FIREMEN are washing them. Down the alley beside the station, Henry28, naked, comes running to a side door. He opens the door and disappears inside.

EXT. PLAYGROUND -- DAY

Henry28, wearing a fireman's coat, galoshes and hat, leans
on a tree, wistfully watching his mother, Annette, push Henry5
on a swing.

INT. CHICAGO SUBWAY -- DAY

A crowded subway car. Annette sits next to Henry5. She has her head buried in a music score. Henry28, still in the fireman's outfit, walks down the car, until he is standing directly in front of them. Henry5 looks up and his eyes open wide when he sees Henry28. They have already met at the museum. Henry28 quickly holds his finger up to his lips and shakes his head. Henry5 gets it, tries to wink his eye.

HENRY28

So, you want to be a fireman, son?

Henry5 shakes his head "not especially", as Annette looks up from her score at the strange man in the fireman's outfit.

ANNETTE

I thought you only wore those to
fires?

HENRY28

Usually we do, but today's a special
day.

HENRY5

(excited)

Is there a parade?

HENRY28

Nope. A wedding. A fireman's wedding.
 Mine. And I'm marrying a fire-girl.
 Her name is Clare.

ANNETTE

Well, congratulations.

HENRY28

Thank you. Thank you very much.

HENRY5

They're fire-girls?

HENRY28

Sure. But there's not many of them.
 You have to be very special to be a
 fire-girl. And my fire-girl is.
 Strong. Brave. A big heart. People
 warm right up to her. She looks a
 little like your mother, actually.
 And when she's not fighting fires,
 she's an artist, she makes paper
 sculptures.

Annette looks up from her score, strangely drawn to this
 man's words.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

(to Annette)

She's real smart, and she's great
 fun, although she can get a little
 petulant, if you know what I mean,
 so you have to be patient with her.
 But she's very loyal and very loving.
 You'd like her. Everybody does.

Annette studies Henry28. There's something about him, some
 connection, and she doesn't know what it is.

ANNETTE

You must love her very much.

HENRY28

Yes, I do.

ANNETTE

Well, I'm sure you'll be very happy
 together. It was nice of you to
 tell us about her. I don't know why,
 but I feel very moved that you would
 do that. I give you both my blessing.

HENRY28

Thank you.

Annette and Henry28 stare at each other in silence for a
 moment, as the train begins to slow down.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

Well, this is my stop. It was nice meeting you. Good-bye.

The doors to the train open and Henry28 exits, looking back one last time at his mother, and smiling.

ANNETTE

(to herself)

I should have asked him his name.

HENRY5

I know his name.

As the doors start to close, Annette looks over at Henry5, then whirls to look out the window at the figure in the fireman's coat, walking down the platform.

ANNETTE

Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

Annette jumps up, and she presses her head against the window, trying to catch a last glimpse of Henry28.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I'm not at his wedding.

Then she turns from the window, drops down to the seat, and pulls Henry5 to her.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION -- DAY

The last car of the subway train is leaving the station. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: A fireman's coat, hat and galoshes in a pile on the platform.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The CONGREGATION IS SINGING *SILENT NIGHT* when Henry28 slides into the pew next to Clare22, who lets out a sigh of relief. She looks at Henry28 and can tell he's traveled.

CLARE22

When did you go to?

HENRY28

My mother gives us her blessing.

Clare22 turns to Henry28, stunned and moved.

CLARE22

You told her about me?

HENRY28

Isn't that what we're doing here -- getting the parents' approval? You're not the only one who'd like to have it, you know?

Clare22 bites her bottom lip and nods.

FATHER O'BRIEN
The mass is ended. Go in peace.

HENRY28
Guess that leaves only my father.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

A cold windy day. Papers blow about on the street. Henry28, bundled up, comes down the street and enters the building.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT/ HALL -- DAY

Henry28 KNOCKS on the door.

HENRY28
Hey, Dad? You home?

No answer for a moment -- then...

RICHARD (O.S.)
Go away.

Henry28 reaches in his pocket, takes out a key ring, inserts the key, and enters.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

The apartment is a disaster area -- papers all over, junk mail, music scores, food covered with mold. The piano is coated with dust, a vase of dead flowers on it.

Henry28 walks down the hall. Utter chaos -- clothes, garbage, old newspapers. An empty bottle of Michelob lies on the tile under the bathroom sink.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT/ KITCHEN -- DAY

Richard sits at the kitchen table, looking out the window at the tugboats on the lake. Henry28 enters, sits down at the table -- Richard says nothing, doesn't turn.

HENRY28
Hi, Dad.

No response.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
It's May. How come you're not on tour?

Richard finally turns to face Henry28.

RICHARD
I'm on sick leave.

HENRY28
Paid sick leave?

Richard doesn't answer.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
 What kind of sickness?

Richard stares intently at Henry28 for a moment, then he holds out his hands. They shake uncontrollably.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
 (devastated)
 Oh, Dad. God. What does Stan say?

RICHARD
 He says that's it. The nerves are shot, and they aren't coming back.
 (looking away)
 My fingers don't stay on the strings.

HENRY28
 Jesus.... What happens now?

Richard says nothing. He has no idea what to do.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
~~You can't just stay here and drink~~
 for the next twenty years. What
 about your pension? Workman's comp?
 Medicare? AA?

Richard looks over at Henry28, an old man, watery eyes.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
 Dad. Look, you have to let me do some things for you, okay? You need to let me see your pension documents and bank statements. You need to clean up this place. And you have to stop drinking.

RICHARD
 No.

HENRY28
 No, what? No to everything, or just some of it?

Richard looks away, lost. Henry28 gets his attention back.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
 I'm going to get married.

Richard turns back to Henry28.

RICHARD
 (surprised, but kindly)
 Who would marry you?

HENRY28

Her name is Clare. Clare Abshire.
She's an artist.

Henry28 pulls a photo from his pocket and hands it to his father, who studies it carefully.

RICHARD

Well, she's pretty.

Richard hands the photo back. Henry28 takes a long breath.

HENRY28

I would really like -- It would mean a great deal to me -- if I could give her Mom's engagement and wedding rings. I think Mom would have liked that.

RICHARD

How would you know?

Henry28 considers how to respond, finally says it.

HENRY28

I would know because I've seen her.
And I've talked to her -- and told her about Clare.

Richard looks at Henry28, his eyes flooding.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)

She would have loved Clare, and she would have wanted me to be happy.
And she would have deplored the way you've fucked up everything because she died.

Richard breaks down. He puts his head in his hands and sobs. Henry28 leaves the room, then returns with a roll of toilet paper. He hands it to his father, who blows his nose.

RICHARD

How was your mother?

HENRY28

Good, Dad. Really happy. We all were then.

Richard looks at Henry28, then gets up and leaves the room. Henry28 waits, then gets up and starts to clean up the debris around the kitchen. He turns when Richard enters.

Richard stands across the room, holding a small satin bag. He opens it and takes out a jewelers box. Then he opens the box and takes out two delicate rings. He looks at them resting in the palm of his trembling hand, closes his eyes, then opens them and walks over to Henry28.

Richard takes Henry28's hand, turns his cupped hand over, and the rings now rest in Henry's palm.

RICHARD
What did she say when you told her?

HENRY28
She said, Congratulations.

Richard nods.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
And she said that I must love her very much.

RICHARD
Do you?

Henry28 nods.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Does she love you as much?

HENRY28
I think so.

Richard nods again.

RICHARD
(wryly)
Good. Because, if she's going to be living with you day after day, she's going to need every bit of it.

INT. HENRY28'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Clare22 is sitting at the small table in the corner of the living room. Henry28 enters with a Mallomar cookie with a candle burning in the middle of it, singing "Happy Birthday" way off-key. Clare22 (on this day Clare23) is delighted but can't help giggling. She closes her eyes, makes a wish, and blows out the candle. As she starts to eat her cookie, Henry28 looks at her intently.

CLARE22
What? You want to know my wish?
I'm not telling.

HENRY28
I have something for you. Come and sit over here.

Henry28 leads Clare22 to the sofa, where they sit down facing each other. Clare22 gulps. She knows what's coming.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
Clare?

CLARE22
(tiny voice)
Yes?

Henry pulls the small satin bag out of his pocket.

HENRY28
You know that I love you.

Clare22, speechless, nods that she's following Henry so far.

HENRY28 (CONT'D)
Will you marry me?

Clare22 tries to talk, but her eyes flood, so she can only bite her bottom lip, and nod again. Henry28 takes the ring from the bag. Clare22 flaps out her hand, a huge smile on her face. Henry28 puts on the ring.

CLARE22
(cheering)
All right, Henry! I thought I was
going to have to ask myself. Yahoo!!!

Then they kiss, Clare22 enveloping Henry28 with her arms.

CLARE22 (CONT'D)
I think I've just set a new record
for having a birthday wish granted.

EXT. HENRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Henry37, in a McDonald's uniform, sits on the bench at a bus stop across the street from Henry's apartment. He watches the silhouettes of Clare22 and Henry28 get up and walk into the other room. Then Henry37 disappears.

INT. RESTAURANT MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Henry37 drops into the men's room, naked, and picks himself up from the floor. He opens a door to a closet filled with paper goods and sees his clothes in a pile in the corner.

HENRY37
And fortune smiles.

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Henry37 emerges dressed from the men's room. On a table in the hallway is a vase with a dozen yellow roses.

EXT. CLARE'S AND HENRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Henry37, carrying an armful of yellow roses, comes down the street and enters the building.

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

Henry37 enters the apartment. It is dark. He switches a light on, then looks around. Something is wrong.

HENRY37
(singing, ironic)
Honey, I'm home.

Henry37 walks into the bedroom.

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

Henry37 switches on the light. There's a note taped to the headboard of the bed. The sheets of the bed are covered in blood. Henry37 runs to the note, then races from the room.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Henry37 comes racing down the street, the roses still in his arms. He reaches the emergency entrance of the hospital and runs inside. From street view, we see him talking to a triage nurse, who types something into a computer, and then Henry37 races out of sight.

INT. CLARE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Henry37 appears at the door, covered in sweat, out of breath, the roses still in his arms. A doctor, DR. MONTAGUE, 50's, is just leaving. He stops at Henry37 and they talk softly.

HENRY37
How's she doing?

DR. MONTAGUE
She's lost a lot of blood, but she's okay now. I think you need to consider holding up for a while until we get a better handle on this thing.

Henry37 nods. Dr. Montague is about to leave, but Henry's voice stops him.

HENRY37
You're a geneticist, right?

DR. MONTAGUE
I have training in genetics, yes.

HENRY37
And you do research?

DR. MONTAGUE
Part-time at the university, yes.

HENRY37
I know you're really busy, but can you fit me in some time next week?

Dr. Montague looks at Henry, sympathetic to the pain in his eyes, but not sure what's up.

DR. MONTAGUE

I go to my office early on Sunday mornings to catch up on paperwork. Come in around eight-thirty.

HENRY37

Thanks.

Dr. Montague leaves and Henry37 walks into the dimly lit room. An elderly woman on a respirator is in one bed, asleep. A curtain separates her from the patient in the other bed. Henry37 walks across the room until he gets on the other side of the curtain. Clare31 is asleep in the bed.

Henry37 walks over and runs his hand down Clare31's hair. Clare31 opens her eyes and sees Henry37.

CLARE31

You were gone so long, Henry.

HENRY37

I know.

Henry37 rests the roses on the bed, takes Clare31's hand.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

Tonight I sat outside my old apartment. I could see the light from the candle on your Mallomar cookie flickering when I carried it in. I could see you get up and go over to the couch with me. While I was proposing to you, a bus came by with a big sign on it advertising the zoo. They opened a new monkey house.

Clare31 smiles.

CLARE31

It would have been a girl, Henry. I asked them, and they said it was a girl. They wanted to know if we wanted to bury her, but I said no. Just wrap her in something soft and you can cremate her.

Tears flow down Clare31's cheeks, and they come into each others arms, and rock back and forth.

EXT. DR. MONTAGUE'S OFFICE -- DAY

A rainy Sunday. The street is empty. A red Ford Taurus which has seen some substantial wear comes down the street, Clare31 driving, Henry37 beside her. The car pulls up across the street from Dr. Montague's office building.

INT. CLARE31'S FORD -- DAY

Clare31 turns off the engine, looks over at Henry37.

CLARE31

You sure you want to do this? If it gets out, you'll be a freak.

HENRY37

(facetious)

And rich. You know how much the National Enquirer would pay for this.

Henry37 stares out the rain-streaked front window.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

I can't keep putting you through this, Clare.

CLARE31

I'm okay, Henry. We'll have a baby. I don't know how, but we will.

HENRY37

I didn't just mean the baby. I meant everything. The way I am. The way it is living with me. Never knowing what happens after I'm 43.

CLARE31

You get cured, Henry. That's what happens at 43. There's some sort of crazy rule that you can't travel to yourself once you're no longer a time-traveler, and that's why you never see yourself older than 43.

HENRY37

Did you come up with that all by yourself, or did I tell you that on one of my visits?

CLARE31

All by myself.

HENRY37

I'm really sorry to hear that.

Clare31 smiles and kisses Henry37 on the lips.

CLARE31

I'll wait here.

INT. DR. MONTAGUE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Dr. Montague sits behind his desk, dumbfounded, staring at Henry37, who sits on a chair on the other side on the desk.

HENRY37

I know I should have said something a lot earlier, but Clare and I discussed it and decided not to, since we didn't think there was anything that could be done, and you wouldn't believe me anyway.

DR. MONTAGUE

(thrown)

What exactly do you mean by time-traveling?

HENRY37

I can't seem to stay in the present. I suddenly find myself in the past or future, my past or future.

DR. MONTAGUE

How does it work? Do you say magic words? Use a machine? What?

HENRY37

(trying to stay calm)

I don't do anything. It's involuntary. It just happens. One minute everything is fine. The next, I'm somewhere else, some other time.

DR. MONTAGUE

And you've come to me because...?

HENRY37

Because you know about genetics, and it's a genetic condition. That's why Clare keeps losing the babies, we think. When the gene kicks in, the baby kicks out.

Dr. Montague studies Henry37. There's something about him that cannot be denied, in spite of the preposterous story.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

I need your help, Dr. Montague. For Clare. It's very hard on her. If you could just find some way to cure me, we'd be very grateful. You'd also probably win a Nobel Prize.

DR. MONTAGUE

(nods, then)

Well, I'm flattered you would give me this opportunity. The Nobel prize is nothing to be scoffed at.

HENRY37

You don't believe me.

DR. MONTAGUE

If pressed on the matter, I'd have to say I do not, Henry.

HENRY37

It's okay. I've been to quite a large number of doctors in my life, and none of them ever believed me.

DR. MONTAGUE

As a physician, myself, it's reassuring to hear this.

Henry37 nods, gets up.

DR. MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

Does anyone beside you and Clare actually see you time-travel?

HENRY37

Yes, but why would you believe them any more than you'd believe me? Thanks for -- your time. Bye.

DR. MONTAGUE

(warmly)

Good-bye, Henry.

Henry37 opens the door and leaves, shutting it behind him. After he's gone, Dr. Montague walks over to the window and stands there, watching the rain hit the empty street below.

INT. CLARE31'S FORD -- DAY

Clare31 looks up with hope as Henry37 comes out of the building, only to see the frustration on Henry37's face, and her own face falls. She looks up the building and sees Dr. Montague still standing at his office window.

Suddenly, Henry37 clasps his hands to his head, starts to lose his balance, and disappears, leaving only a pile of clothing on the rainy street.

Clare31 gets out of the car, walks to the middle of the street, gathers up Henry37's clothes, and walks back to the car. She gets in, puts the clothes on the passenger seat, thinks about whether to leave, decides to wait around for a while, and pulls a book from her purse.

INT. CLARE31'S FORD -- DAY

The moment Clare31 starts to read, there is tapping on the window and Clare31 rolls it down. Dr. Montague stands there, mute. He looks at the clothes on the passenger seat, then behind him where Henry37 disappeared, then back at Clare31.

CLARE31

Hi.

EXT. SOUTH HAVEN SERVICE STATION -- DAY

Pouring rain. Henry37 appears naked beside the service station. He opens a side door to the garage and sees several repairmen's jumpsuits hanging on a hook.

EXT. SOUTH HAVEN/ MAIN STREET -- DAY

Henry37, barefoot, wearing the jumpsuit, drenched, is walking down the street, when he comes to a street-box of newspapers. His eyes open wide when he sees the date. He looks at a clock hanging over the bank -- 1:30PM -- and races off.

INT. CHURCH/BOOK ROOM -- DAY

Henry29, in his tuxedo, sits on the radiator in a room filled with prayer books. Gomez paces, smoking a cigarette.

HENRY29

You're more nervous than I am.

GOMEZ

I seriously doubt it.

Gomez stops pacing.

GOMEZ (CONT'D)

(warmly)

You want a drink, buddy?

HENRY29

Yeah.

Gomez produces a flask, hands it to Henry29, who takes a drink. He is starting to perspire, so he turns and opens the window. A NOISE in the bushes causes him to look below.

HENRY'S POV. Sitting in the rain, covered with mud, wearing the coveralls, is Henry37. He smiles at Henry29 and gives him a thumbs up.

INT. CHURCH/CLASSROOM -- DAY

Phillip sticks his head in the room filled with bridesmaids, flower girls, and Clare23, stunning in her wedding gown.

PHILLIP

Okay. Let's get this show on the road.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Clare23 walks down the aisle in the CROWDED church, to the OOHs and AAHS of everyone, as the music plays. She reaches the altar, where Henry37 (Gomez next to him in a state of shock) stands in his tuxedo, unshaven, a little mud on his face, hair slick from the rain, and nine years older than the man she was to marry. But it is a Henry. And it is the Henry she knew as a child. Clare23 smiles.

FATHER O'BRIEN

We are gathered here today, in front
of God and man....

INT. POLICE CAR -- NIGHT

Henry29 sits in the back of a patrol car, naked except for a blanket over his lap, shackles on his feet, a COP on each side of him. One wrist is handcuffed to one Cop, the other wrist is handcuffed to the Cop on the other side. Two OTHER COPS are in front. They are taking no chances with Henry this time. Henry stares ahead, weary of it all, waiting to disappear back to his wedding.

INT. CHURCH --- DAY

Clare23 walks back up the aisle on the arm of Henry37. The crowd MUMBLES about the appearance of the groom. Phillip and Lucille watch him go by, mouths agape.

LUCILLE

He seemed so much younger before he
got married. And cleaner.

PHILLIP

It'll do that to you, Lucy.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- NIGHT

The rain has finally stopped. Through the windows, we can see the crowded reception, hear the music, watch the dancing. Henry37 stands on the terrace, looking for someone. He finally sees Gomez and Ben, drinks in hand, chatting up TWO BRIDESMAIDS. Henry37 walks over. Gomez turns to him and startles instinctively when he sees this aged Henry again.

HENRY37

I need you guys to do me a favor.

BEN

Like get you a shave and a shower?
(to the girls)

Have you ever seen anyone look worse
at his wedding?

HENRY37

(patronizing smile)
I guess I'm just not myself today.
Ben, Gomez, please?

BEN

(to the girls)
We'll be right back. Don't go away.

Henry37 takes their arms, and leads them off.

HENRY37

(to Ben)
You're smoozing Tammy?

BEN

Her brother is gorgeous.

Henry37 turns the corner of the building with Gomez and Ben.

HENRY37

Okay. I'm going to say this one time. You will not believe me, but if you do exactly as I say, everything I say will be proven to be fact.

Ben and Gomez study this strange aged Henry.

GOMEZ

It will be what?

HENRY37

Proven to be fact.

GOMEZ

I thought that's what you said.

HENRY37

Okay, look -- I'm a time-traveler. Right, Gomez?

Ben looks at Gomez, who says nothing, then back at Henry37. This is getting interesting.

HENRY37 (CONT'D)

I was just leaving a doctor's office eight years from now when I was jerked back here, Ben, and, a good thing, too, because the me who was here is now sitting in a cop car, handcuffed to Chicago's finest. But in ten minutes I will return to the church and you will find me in the vestibule. I need you to go pick me up and bring me here. I will have no clothes on, so you have to bring me a coat. Then smuggle me into the downstairs john and leave me there. When I give you the signal, Ben, follow me, take my tux, and bring it to me in the men's room. Any questions?

Ben and Gomez, thrown, stare at Henry37.

GOMEZ

Could you go over the "I will have no clothes on" part again.

INT. CHURCH -- NIGHT

The door to the vestibule opens and Ben and Gomez enter in the total darkness.

GOMEZ

Do you believe any of this?

BEN

Hey, people freak out on their wedding days. A little psychotic break is perfectly normal. It doesn't hurt to humor him.

Suddenly, there is the SOUND OF HENRY29 LANDING BEHIND THEM. Gomez and Ben turn slowly around and see Henry29 picking himself off the floor, naked. Gomez starts to walk to him.

HENRY29

Did I miss the wedding?

Gomez holds a coat out at arm's length, as though to a ghost.

GOMEZ

Yes.... and no.... Henry...?

INT. COUNTRY CLUB/ HALL -- NIGHT

A long hallway with closed doors. Ben is leaning against a wall, when a door opens and a bare arm sticks out with a tuxedo on it. Ben grabs it and scoots down the hall.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB -- NIGHT

Clare23 is dancing with Richard.

CLARE23

You're a marvelous dancer, Richard.

RICHARD

I was taught well. Annette could teach a turtle to do pirouettes.

CLARE23

You were very lucky.

RICHARD

Well, we were and we weren't. One minute we had everything we could dream of, and the next minute it was all gone.

Clare23 puts her hand gently on Richard's arm.

CLARE23

But don't you think it's better to be extremely happy for a short time, even if you lose it, than to be just okay for your entire life?

Richard looks into Clare23's eyes, his own misting.

RICHARD
I've often wondered. Do you believe
that?

Clare23 looks back at Richard, running her hand on his arm.

CLARE23
Yes. I do. I really do.

Suddenly, Henry29, clean-shaven, hair nicely groomed, appears
behind Richard and taps his shoulder.

HENRY29
Mind if the groom cuts in?

Richard, fighting his emotions, hands Henry28 his bride.

RICHARD
You were right, Henry. Your mother
would have been very happy.

Richard walks away, as Henry29 starts to dance with Clare23.

CLARE23
Howdy, stranger. You want to kiss
the bride?

And, as they turn around the floor, Henry29 and Clare23
finally kiss.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB/ LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Henry37, wearing the coat that was given to Henry29,
unbuttoned, leans against the shelves, reading a book. The
door opens and the CLUB MANAGER enters. He freezes when he
sees the Henry37, coat open, naked, every bit the flasher.

MANAGER
I'm sorry, sir, but club rules require
a tie. And trousers. I'm afraid
I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

HENRY37
I've always wanted to do this. Okay.
I'll leave.

And Henry37 disappears. The Manager thinks about this, then
backs out of the room, closing the door very softly behind
him, with one final glance around the room before it shuts.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB -- NIGHT

Under cascades of rice thrown by the GUESTS, Henry29 and
Clare 23 race to a waiting limousine and jump in. The crowd
SHOUTS and waves as the limo takes off.

INT. BLAKE INN/ HENRY29'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The door opens and Henry29 enters, carrying Clare23 in his arms. He sets her down on the bed, and then lies down next to her. He starts to kiss her. Clare holds him off.

CLARE23

This is my wedding night, dear. You have to let me get ready.

Clare pops off the bed and disappears into the bathroom, shutting the door. Henry29, exhausted, stretches out.

INT. BLAKE INN/ HENRY29'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Henry29 is dozing on the bed. The bathroom door opens and Clare23 emerges, wearing a negligee -- gorgeous and sexy. She sees Henry29 sleeping on the bed, and calls.

CLARE23

Henry. Oh, Henry, sweetie.

Henry29's eyes flutter open.

And a head pops up from the floor and peers over the far side of the bed. It is Henry37.

HENRY29 AND HENRY37

Yes, dear?

Henry29 turns to see Henry37, who slides into the other side of the bed under the covers. Then the two men now sitting up in bed, look at Clare23, big smiles spread on their faces.

HENRY37

Guess what? I'm back.

Clare looks at Henry37, the man she has loved and wanted to marry since she was a child -- and then she looks at Henry29, the young man with whom she fell in love all over again.

CLARE23

(shrugs, sighs)

Oh, what the hell. Let's make this a wedding night I'll never forget.

And Clare23 leaps on to the bed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: BRAIN SCAN SECTIONS FROM AN MRI.

INT. MRI CONTROL ROOM. -- DAY

Montague stands over a TECHNICIAN as scans of Henry37's brain come on the monitor, slice by slice. Through the observation window, Henry's legs can be seen extending from the MRI.

INT. BLOOD WORK LAB -- DAY

Henry37's arm, sleeve rolled up. A syringe is slowly filling with his blood.

INT. LAB -- DAY

The test tubes of Henry37's blood are being placed in a centrifuge. The top is closed, a button pushed, and the machine starts to spin.

INT. DR. MONTAGUE'S OFFICE -- DAY

Dr. Montague sits behind his desk, Clare32 and Henry37 in chairs facing it. He looks down at the results on his desk.

DR. MONTAGUE

Basically, you've got a chromosome 17 from hell, Henry. We think we've found the gene that's the problem. We're going to sequence it, and then maybe we'll know how to fix it.

HENRY37

How long will it take?

DR. MONTAGUE

The sequencing, maybe a year or so. The fixing, if it can be fixed, is harder to say. I want to replicate the gene in mice.

HENRY37

Time-traveling mice. Interesting concept. How're you going to know that they actually time-traveled, interview them?

DR. MONTAGUE

Well, Henry, I'm going to assume, until proven otherwise, that if they disappear and then return, they time-traveled. Of course, they could have teletransported to Mars and back, but something like that would be hard to believe, don't you think?

Dr. Montague gives Henry37 a wry smile.

HENRY37

On my end, I wouldn't discount anything.

CLARE32

(discouraged)

It's going to take year just to sequence it?

DR. MONTAGUE
If we're lucky.

INT. BOOKSTORE -- DAY

A small but busy bookstore. Gomez is in the children's section with Charisse and their two children, ALEX, 6 and TANYA, 4. Across the store, Clare32 is looking at gardening books, while Henry37 pokes through the poetry section.

ALEX
What kind of fish is this, Mom?

Charisse stoops beside Alex.

CHARISSE
It's not a fish, dear. It's a manatee.

As Charisse talks, Gomez's attention is directed toward Clare32, at the other end of the aisle. He studies her.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)
Manatee's are mammals, which means they carry their young and feed them with breast milk.

Tanya, paying attention nearby, giggles.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)
(to Tanya)
You're a mammal, dear.

ALEX
I think she's figured that out, Mom.

Clare32 becomes aware that someone is staring at her. She looks up and sees Gomez. Their eyes connect for much longer than a casual glance. Clare32 looks over at Gomez's children, with some longing, then goes back to her book, but aware that Gomez is still looking at her. Then she looks back up at Gomez. Clare32 smiles, trying to turn the connection to one of friendship. Gomez smiles back, then turns and drops down behind the shelves to be with his children.

Not far away, Henry37 has been taking all this in. Clare32 turns and sees that Henry37 has been watching the contact between her and Gomez. She smiles at Henry37 as though nothing has happened and walks over to him with her book.

CLARE32
(showing him the book)
Look at the way they've done this garden, Henry. This'd be perfect for our new house, don't you think?

HENRY37
We're getting a new house?

CLARE32

I thought it might be fun to start looking.

HENRY37

Why? You could just move in with Gomez? He's got a house.

And Henry37 walks away from Clare32.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S APARTMENT/STUDIO -- NIGHT

Henry37 and Clare32 are entering the apartment.

CLARE32

I can not believe you're doing this. One time. I slept with Gomez one time. And we didn't do anything. I passed out.

HENRY37

But if you hadn't passed out, you would've fucked him.

Henry37 slams the door.

CLARE32

But I didn't fuck him, Henry. We made out a little and I fell asleep.

HENRY37

Okay, you half-fucked him.

CLARE32

And it was before I met you. How many women have you fully fucked? Can you even count them?

HENRY37

Sorry, Clare, dear, you half-fucked him after you met me. My fully-fucking was before I met you. It's a little different. No, it's a lot different.

Clare32 has to think about this. Henry37 is right. She shakes her head in frustration.

CLARE32

This is stupid, Henry. This time thing is driving me nuts. If tomorrow you travel back ten years and fuck Charisse before you met me and I even met her, are you cheating on me? I can't figure it out.

Clare32 walks toward her studio.

CLARE32 (CONT'D)

Would it even have happened? Would Charisse know it happened? Or does all the fucking get erased when you come back here to the present?

Clare32 goes into her studio and turns on the light. The room is filled with papier-mâché swans of all shapes and sizes hanging from the ceiling.

CLARE32 (CONT'D)

If I go fuck Gomez tomorrow, can you go back to last week and throw Gomez off a bridge, and then I can't fuck Gomez even though I've already fucked him? And, if you don't go back and kill Gomez before I fuck him, then is it your fault I fucked him? I don't even know if you can cheat on a time-traveler, or he can cheat on you. So, get off my case, Henry.

INT. CLARE'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

Henry37 walks into the studio.

HENRY37

Is that what you want to do, fuck Gomez?

CLARE32

(disbelief, then)

Get out of here, Henry. Just get out. Why can't you disappear when I want you to disappear?

HENRY37

I'm getting a vasectomy.

Clare32 looks up at Henry37, thrown by the sudden change in the conversation.

CLARE32

Great. Cut your tubes. Cut everything off. Say good-bye to those troublesome zippers forever.

HENRY37

You can have the baby with Gomez, if you want a baby so much -- a normal baby with a normal guy.

Clare32 looks up from her art table, stunned.

CLARE32

Is that what this is all about? I don't want a baby with Gomez, Henry. I want a baby with you.

HENRY37

Why? So, you can go through all this with your child like you do with me?

CLARE32

I want to have a baby with you, Henry, because you're my husband, and I love you. That's why.

HENRY37

I know this is hard for you, Clare.

CLARE32

It's not hard, Henry. Getting the coffee to come out just right is hard. What we do is impossible.

Clare32 starts walking to Henry37.

CLARE32 (CONT'D)

But, right now, with all the problems, I still can't imagine being with some guy who'd always be where I left him, coming and going through doors. I'd be bored out of my skull.

Clare32 reaches Henry37, kisses him lightly on the lips.

CLARE32 (CONT'D)

I love you, Henry. I want your baby, our baby. Now, do you think I can get some work done here while you go make us some dinner?

Henry37 nods, looks at Clare32, leaves for the kitchen.

CLARE32 (CONT'D)

(calling after Henry37)

And you'll be one sorry eunuch if I ever find out that you've done anything to your reproductive system beside binge out on gingko and horny goat weed.

INT. CLARE AND HENRY'S APARTMENT/ KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Henry37 is chopping vegetables on a wooden block. Behind him, two pots are steaming on the stove.

Henry37 studies Clare32 across in her studio working, wanting to give her more than he ever can, frustrated that he can't. Suddenly, a strange look comes across his face. He holds the counter to steady himself, trembles, almost convulsing.

HENRY37

(calling out)

Clare!

And he's gone.

In a moment Clare comes into the kitchen, sees the pile of clothing on the floor, sighs, then goes over to the stove and turns off the flames under the pots. She walks to the refrigerator, opens the door, takes out a jar, and leaves the room, munching on pickles.

EXT. CLARE'S FIELD -- DAY

[NEW ANGLES TOWARD HENRY'S POV THROUGHOUT SCENE]

Henry37 crashes to the ground, behind a clump of bushes.

HENRY37 (O.S.)

Ow!

From behind the bushes, Henry37 peeks out, sees Clare6.

CLARE6

Who's there?

HENRY37

Greetings, Earthling.

CLARE6

Mark, you nimrod!

A shoe flies into the bushes, hitting Henry37 on the head: It draws blood.

HENRY37

Ouch! Please don't do that.

CLARE6

Who is it? Really?

HENRY37

It's Henry, Clare. I won't hurt you, and I wish you wouldn't throw anything else at me. I've come to keep you company.

INT. CLARE AND HENRY'S APARTMENT/ KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Clare32 sits at the small kitchen table, eating a bowl of cereal, and reading a book, when Henry37 comes crashing onto the floor. She jumps, but not a lot, being accustomed to this, then goes back to her cereal and book, as Henry37 gets his bearings, and then begins to put on his clothes.

CLARE32

I want to start looking for a house, Henry. I'm serious.

HENRY37

Okay.

Clare32 looks over at Henry37.

CLARE32

You have some blood on your forehead.

HENRY37

Well, yeah. You threw a shoe at me.

Clare32 smiles, gets up from the table, walks over to Henry37 and rests her arms on his shoulders.

CLARE32

Hey, I love you.

HENRY37

Well, I love you, too.

CLARE32

Good. Now come make love to me before you have your thing cut off.

EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN -- DAY

A "For Sale" sign sits in front of a colonial house. A Mercedes pulls up and Henry37 and Clare32 get out, along with a rotund woman, MRS. FRENDEL. She carries a clipboard and talks as they walk to the front door.

MRS. FRENDEL

I think you're really going to like this house. It's got everything you've asked for, and the sellers are highly motivated.

Mrs. Frendel rings the bell. Nobody answers, so she uses her key, opens the door, and ushers them in.

INT. HOUSE 1 -- DAY

Clare32 and Mrs. Frendel enter with Henry37.

MRS. FRENDEL

The living room was just repainted and has --

HENRY37

Where's the kitchen?

MRS. FRENDEL

Through that door, but I thought that first you might want to --

HENRY37

Thanks.

Henry37 disappears through the door.

CLARE32

Henry loves kitchens.

Henry37 reappears.

HENRY37

Nope.

MRS. FRENDEL

(stunned)

You don't like the kitchen?

HENRY37

No, the kitchen is top of the line.
But this just isn't what we're looking
for. Sorry.

Henry37 starts for the front door.

MRS. FRENDEL

Wouldn't you like to see the rest of
the house? The master suite is --

HENRY37

No thanks. Time to move on.

CLARE32

(sweet smile)

Henry has very specific tastes.

EXT. HOUSE 2 -- DAY

For Sale sign. Georgian house. Mercedes pulls up.

INT. HOUSE 2 -- DAY

Henry37, Clare32 and Mrs. Frendel enter.

MRS. FRENDEL

This has been completely remodeled
with --

HENRY37

Kitchen?

Mrs. Frendel points. Henry37 scoots off.

MRS. FRENDEL

(to Clare)

The owners have added two --

Henry37 reappears.

HENRY37

Nope. Next.

INT. HOUSE 3 -- DAY

Clare 31, Henry37 and Mrs. Frendel enter. Mrs. Frendel
doesn't even bother to speak. Henry37 looks at her and she
extends her arm in the direction of the kitchen.

Henry37 scoots off as Clare32 and Mrs. Frendel wait, and he
reappears almost as quickly.

He smiles at Mrs. Frendel and shakes his head as he heads back out the door.

EXT. HOUSE 4 -- DAY

Mrs. Frendel pulls up to House 4, Clare32 in the front passenger seat, Henry in the back.

CLARE32

I think I'll stay here.

Henry37 and Mrs. Frendel get out of the car and head toward the house. Clare32 watches, resigned, as they enter the house. Strangely, in a few seconds, Henry37 reappears in the doorway of the house. He waves for Clare32 to come in.

EXT. HOUSE 4 -- DAY

Clare32 and Henry37 exit the back door from the kitchen. Clare32 freezes in disbelief when she sees what's there.

At the end of a beautiful garden is a brick caretaker's cottage with huge greenhouse windows. On the roof is a weather-vane of Icarus falling, wings on fire.

Suddenly, Henry 37 disappears, only a few seconds before Mrs. Frendel appears in the doorway behind Clare32. Mrs. Frendel looks at the clothes piled on the ground beside Clare32, at the same time that Clare32 sees them.

CLARE32

Oops.

MRS. FRENDEL

Oops? Where's your husband? Why are his clothes on the ground?

CLARE32

Henry decided to go for a little run -- check out the neighborhood. He wears his running shorts under his clothes.

MRS. FRENDEL

And his sneakers under his shoes?

CLARE32

(lovely smile)

He likes to run barefoot. We'll take the house, Mrs. Frendel. It's absolutely perfect.

EXT. MONTAGUE'S LABORATORY/ UNIVERSITY -- DAY

Heavy snow falls, blown by the wind into large drifts. People lean against the wind, walking on, wrapped in down coats.

INT. DR. MONTAGUE'S LAB --- DAY

Outside the window, the heavy snow continues. Henry38 and Clare32 listen intently to Dr. Montague as he reaches into a cage and removes a little white mouse.

DR. MONTAGUE

We cloned your genes -- identified only, of course, as the genes of subject 704 -- used some enzymes to snip out the damaged DNA --

Dr. Montague removes a tiny penlight from his pocket and begins to flash it rapidly into the mouse's eyes.

DR. MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

-- then we inserted the damaged portions into the mice embryos at the four-cell stage, and....

The mouse disappears.

HENRY38 -

Amazing.

DR. MONTAGUE

They go to the animal lab in the basement where they were born. They don't seem to be able to go for more than a few minutes.

HENRY38

They'll go longer as they get older.

DR. MONTAGUE

The hard part was getting the mothers to carry their babies to term. But then we figured out that the mother's immune system was rejecting the fetus, like an organ from an incompatible donor. So, we just suppressed the mother's immune system, and now we have full-term CDB's -- Chrono-Displaced-Beings -- I came up with the term last week -- time-travelers are now CDB's.

Dr. Montague suddenly stoops and grabs something on the floor.

DR. MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

Gotcha, kiddo.

Dr. Montague displays the returning baby mouse.

HENRY38

Well done. Bravo.

CLARE32

(quietly)

Do you think that this could work
with a person -- suppressing the
immune system so she could carry a
baby to full term?

DR. MONTAGUE

I was thinking that it might be worth
a try.

Dr. Montague reaches in his shirt pocket and removes several
small sheets of paper. He hands them to Clare32.

DR. MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

You can fill these at the pharmacy
downstairs.

CLARE32

(fighting tears)

How soon after I start taking them
can we....?

DR. MONTAGUE

As soon as you want. Just stay on
the medication.

EXT. CLARE'S AND HENRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Tree branches covered with snow. CAMERA TRACKS DOWN TO:
Henry37 and Clare32 racing, side by side, down the street --
Clare popping pills as they run.

INT. CLARE'S AND HENRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING/ HALL

Henry37 is fumbling to get the key in the door. Clare32 is
already starting to take off her clothes.

CLARE32

Gimme the key, Henry. Gimme the
key. Come on, gimme it.

Clare32 snatches the key from Henry37, inserts it in the
lock, opens the door, and they race into the apartment.

INT. CLARE'S AND HENRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

A trail of clothes leads from the door to the bedroom. CAMERA
TRACKS THE CLOTHES TO THE SNOW-FROSTED WINDOW. DISSOLVE TO:
TREES LADEN WITH FRESH GREEN LEAVES OUT THE WINDOW.

But it is not the same bedroom window, nor the same bedroom,
but the bedroom of Clare's and Henry's new house.

In the background is the sound of someone WRETCHING.

INT. CLARE'S AND HENRY'S NEW HOUSE/ BATHROOM --- DAY

Clare32 is on her knees in front of the toilet bowl, throwin up. In a moment, Henry38 appears at the door in his boxer shorts, hair ruffled, just waking up.

HENRY38

Now this is what I call a pregnancy.
Are you okay?

Clare32 looks up at Henry38 and nods. Then she wipes her mouth with toilet paper, flushes it in the toilet and stands up, as Henry puts toothpaste on his toothbrush.

CLARE32

When did you travel to last night?
I got up to go to the bathroom, and
you were gone from the bed.

Henry38 turns to Clare.

HENRY38

I was comforting a very lovely, and
very horny, sixteen year old, whose
heart was broken because she thought
I was married to someone else.

Henry38 starts to brush his teeth, as Clare32 comes up behind him and leans on his back, wrapping her arms around him.

CLARE32

Well, I certainly know now why you
dodged a lot of my questions.

Clare32 stands on her tiptoes and peers over Henry38's shoulders at herself in the mirror.

CLARE32 (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to glow, Henry. That's
what pregnant women do. Why am I
not glowing?

HENRY38

You don't glow until your fourth
month. The first three months you
just flicker a little.

Henry38 spits out his toothpaste and exits the bathroom, grabbing a piece of Clare's tush on the way out.

HENRY38 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Nice bottom. Bigger bottom.

CLARE23

I'm having a baby, Henry. It's
supposed to get bigger. You ain't
seen nothing, yet. Four months from
now I'll be wearing a hammock.

EXT. CLARE'S AND HENRY'S NEW HOUSE/ BACK --- DAY

Henry38 sits at a table in the back, by a garden in full bloom, drinking coffee, a thick book open in front of him, and talking to Clare32, who is working in her studio. She calls to Henry38 through the huge propped-open windows.

CLARE32

How about Jane?

HENRY38

Jane? You're kidding.

CLARE32

No, I named all my dolls Jane. Every one. Look it up.

Henry38 starts thumbing through the book.

HENRY38

It means Gift of God.

CLARE32

That works for me.

Henry38 continues to leaf through the book.

HENRY38

How about something unusual? Jodatha? Or Loololuluah? It's Arabic for pearl. How about Pearl?

CLARE32

Ugh. Too precious.

HENRY38

Funny. How about Alba?

CLARE32

As in "Duchess of..."?

HENRY38

Alba. "White. Dawn of day." Alba DeTamble.

CLARE32

That's not bad. Write it down.

Suddenly, Clare32 is hit with a pain. She leans against a table by a window.

CLARE32 (CONT'D)

I've felt so lousy for so long now, Henry. I'm getting really worried I'm not going to make it again.

HENRY38

The medication stops your body from rejecting the fetus, but that doesn't mean it still doesn't want to.

But Henry38's words do not cover the look of concern in his eyes. Clare32 recovers, turns and walks away from the window, talking to Henry38 as she goes.

CLARE32

Sears called yesterday while you were at work.

HENRY38

Clare....

CLARE32

They want to know whether we want to pay for them to install the new stove, or we want to do it ourselves?

No answer. Clare32 turns and sees the table with the cup of coffee and the book, but only Henry38's clothes on the chair. She walks out of the studio and begins to pick up Henry38's clothes, when she is hit with another wave of discomfort and holds her abdomen. Then she hurries into the house, and there is the SOUND OF HER THROWING UP.

INT. MUSEUM/BASEMENT -- DAY

Henry38 is walking down an empty hall in the basement. He is naked. He comes to a door and looks around for something to pick the lock. Nothing. Suddenly, entering the corridor from a side hall, a uniformed GUARD appears, turns in the opposite direction of Henry38, and continues away from Henry38 until he enters a men's room.

Henry38 looks around, sees stanchions with red ropes, unhooks a long one, and heads down the hall with the rope to tie up the guard, a look of contentment on his face.

INT. MUSEUM GALLERY -- DAY

The contemporary gallery. Early afternoon. ELDERLY RETIRED COUPLES walk from painting to painting, along with some scattered INDIVIDUALS. Across the room, a school teacher, Mrs. Cooper, stands in front of an exhibit of Joseph Cornell bird-house-like boxes, talking to a class of CHILDREN, 10 years old, who sit cross-legged on the floor.

Henry38 appears in a guard uniform, looks around, his attention finally caught by the school group.

MRS. COOPER

(to the children)

Why do you think Mr. Cornell made these boxes?

A young girl, 10, her back to Henry38, seated in the back of the group, starts waving her hand. Mrs. Cooper scans the group for someone else to answer.

BOY

He liked birds?

This response makes the girl wave her hand over more, to the extent that Mrs. Cooper can no longer ignore her.

MRS. COOPER

Yes, Alba?

ALBA10

He made the boxes because birds are free and the boxes are hiding places for them so they'll feel safe, and he wanted to be free and safe. The boxes are so he can be like a bird.

Henry38 has been walking slowly toward the group.

MRS. COOPER

Thank you, Alba. That's very perceptive.

Henry takes a few steps forward so he can see the face of his daughter. Alba10 sees him, her face lights up, and she jumps up and races to Henry38, throwing her arms around him.

ALBA10

Daddy! Daddy, Daddy, Daddy....

Everyone gapes, as Mrs. Cooper walks over.

MRS. COOPER

Alba, how do you know this guard. Excuse me, but who are you?

HENRY38

I'm Henry DeTamble, Alba's father.

MRS. COOPER

Alba's father is dead.

Henry38 freezes in shock.

ALBA10

He's dead, but he's a CDB, remember -- the very first one?

Mrs. Cooper's expression suddenly changes.

MRS. COOPER

Oh. Yes. I... I just... we're on a field trip... and the group...

HENRY38

(still stunned)

Could I have a few minutes with Alba?
We... We don't see each other much.

ALBA10

Let's call Mama.

Alba10 races over to her back-pack and fetches a cell phone
from it, then dials. Mrs. Cooper watches, extremely moved.

MRS. COOPER

We have to be back to the bus by
three. Alba knows where it is.

HENRY38

(still in shock)

Thank you.

ALBA10

(on the phone)

No, I'm fine. I'm fine. Guess what?
Daddy's here. Okay.

Alba10 hands the phone to Henry38.

HENRY38

Clare?

CLARE42 (V.O.)

Henry! Oh, God, I can't believe it.
How did you travel past your life?

HENRY38

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

CLARE42 (V.O.)

Come home! Can you do that?

HENRY38

Yes. Yes. I'll try.

CLARE42 (V.O.)

When are you from?

HENRY38

A few months before Alba was born.

CLARE42 (V.O.)

Maybe I should come there.

HENRY38

Okay. I'll be at the lions. Come
as fast as you can.

CLARE42

I love you, Henry.

HENRY38

I love you, too.

There is a CLICK on the other end of the phone. Henry38 hands the phone back to Alba10, then looks at his daughter, trying to assimilate it all -- his child, his death.

HENRY38 (CONT'D)

Let's go for a walk.

INT. MUSEUM -- DAY

Henry38 and Alba10 are walking down a long gallery of statues.

ALBA10

Thanks for the videos.

HENRY38

The videos?

ALBA10

Mom gave them to me for my birthday. I can do the Yale and Master locks, but I'm still working on the Walters.

HENRY38

Great. You know, Alba, I'm coming from before you were born, so this is the first time I've ever met you.

ALBA10

Really? Well, how do you do?

Alba10 extends her hand. Henry38 shakes it. Then they sit on a bench in front of a large tapestry with unicorns.

HENRY38

How old are you?

ALBA10

I was just ten last week.

HENRY38

(a deep breath)

How old were you when I died?

ALBA10

I was five. And one month. Exactly. I was asleep.

HENRY38

Five. Jesus.

ALBA10

Shouldn't I have said that?

HENRY38

No, it's okay.

(MORE)

HENRY38 (CONT'D)

I'm just a little confused. I've never traveled beyond my own life before. I'm not sure how I was able to do that.

ALBA10

(precociously)

Well, that's a very limited view of your life, don't you think, Daddy? I'm part of your life, you know. As long as I'm alive, you're alive. And Mommy was also part of your life.

Henry38, moved nearly to tears, nods.

HENRY38

How is she doing?

ALBA10

Mom? Okay. Sad sometimes. You know how it is when you lose somebody.

Henry38 nods, still trying to assimilate it all.

HENRY38

And what about you? How are you?

ALBA10

Well, I miss you, too. A lot.

Henry38 nods again and places his arm around Alba 10, who snuggles against it.

HENRY38

What are you up to these days?

ALBA10

I play the violin. Everybody says I'm a prodigy. Grandpop is my teacher.

HENRY38

Ah ha, he finally got his musician. I was never very good at music.

ALBA10

He told me. I've heard Grandma sing. She had such a beautiful voice.

HENRY38

Which recording?

ALBA10

No, I saw her for real. At the Lyric. She was singing Aida.

Henry38 looks at Alba10 with deep concern.

HENRY38

You time-travel?

Alba10 nods, and gets up from the bench. Henry38 gets up, takes her hand, the two of them walk toward the entrance.

HENRY38 (CONT'D)

Pretty scary, huh?

ALBA10

Not really. Time-traveling now is very different than it used to be, Dr. Montague says.

HENRY38

You're seeing Dr. Montague?

ALBA10

He's nice. He's very famous, you know. He the one who discovered CDB's -- Chrono-Displaced-Beings. He's found ten in the world, so far.

HENRY38

How is time-traveling different?

ALBA10

Well, for one thing, I can travel pretty much where I want and when I want, so long as it's connected to a place or person I know well. I usually go first where there're clothes, mostly Saks, because it can get cold without clothes, you know, not to mention embarrassing.

HENRY38

Yes. It can get cold and embarrassing.

ALBA10

And I can come back mostly when I want. I try not to stay too long because Mom gets really worried. But I think one day, when I'm older, I might want to stay a long time and try to memorize something, like if there's a cure for cancer, and bring it back, and that would mean there will be a cure for cancer because I'm the one who brought it back.

Henry38 looks down at Alba10, who looks up at him, smiles, and leans her head against her father's arm as they walk.

EXT. MUSEUM -- DAY

Traffic runs along the street. Henry38 emerges from the building with Alba10. They walk over to the lion statues.

HENRY38

So, how else are time-travelers different?

ALBA10

Well, we can pick a strong emotion we've had and go right there. That's what you travel to, you know, places where you had strong emotions. You have to concentrate real hard, focus absolutely everything on like this pinpoint hole where the past or future shines through, and then off you go, right through it. Dr. Montague says that so far only me and one other CDB can go right where we want. Aren't you proud of me?

HENRY38

Yes. I am. Very.

ALBA10

Dr. Montague says that for CDB's, time doesn't only go in one direction, it's like an echo that goes back and forth, like when you sing a round of row-row-row-your-boat, everything overlaps and it becomes a circle, and the stronger the emotion, the louder the echo, until we're swept away -- backwards or forwards.

HENRY38

(starting to shiver)

An echo.

ALBA10

Right. That's what he thinks. It's probably how you got here today. You heard me calling you and calling you and calling you.

Henry38, fighting not to get pulled back in time, looks at Alba10, smiles, places his arm around her, and she snuggles against him again. Suddenly, a white car comes racing up to the museum, and lurches on to the curb.

ALBA10 (CONT'D)

There's Mommy.

Clare42 jumps from the car, and races toward Henry38. Henry38 starts to move toward her, but falls to his knees on the ground, fighting harder and harder not to travel back.

ALBA10 (CONT'D)

Hurry up, Mommy! Hurry up!

Clare42 runs up the steps as fast as she can.

HENRY38

I love you.

And Henry38 is gone. Clare42 freezes, then looks at Alba10, walks over and wraps her arms around her.

INT. CLARE AND HENRY'S NEW HOUSE/ KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Clare32 is sitting at the kitchen table, alone, a book open in front of her, eating Chinese food from a carton, when she hears a noise in the other room.

CLARE32

Henry...? Henry?

Clare gets up and is just about to start into the other room, when Henry38 appears at the door to the kitchen, tucking his shirt into his jeans. He walks over to Clare32 and wraps his arms tightly around her.

HENRY38

I met Alba. She was ten. She plays the violin. My father is teaching her. They think she's quite good.

Clare32 looks up at Henry38, stunned.

CLARE32

(a long beat, then)
And she time-travels...?

HENRY38

Yes, but it's different for her, Clare. She has much more control over it. And she's not alone. They've found nine others.

Clare breathes a sigh of relief.

HENRY38 (CONT'D)

She was born five months from now.

CLARE32

(eyes tearing up)
She was? That's right on schedule.

HENRY38

Yep. That's right on schedule.

EXT. CLARE'S AND HENRY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

A shiny new Volvo comes racing up and screeches to a stop. Gomez is driving. Henry38 exits the house with Clare32, who is very pregnant, in pain, panting. He holds her arm and leads her over to the car.

CLARE32

Remind me why we decided to do this again, Henry?

HENRY38

When it's over, they hand you a baby,
and you get to keep it.

CLARE32

Oh, yeah.

Gomez and Henry38 slide Clare32 into the back seat.

GOMEZ

Do not even think of drenching my
new car in amniotic fluid.

CLARE32

How fast can you drive?

EXT. CHICAGO STREET -- NIGHT

A blue Volvo races down the empty street late at night.

EXT. CHICAGO HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

The Volvo screeches to a halt at the Emergency Room, and
Gomez jumps out. He throws open the door and helps Clare32
get out. The instant she steps on to the sidewalk, her water
breaks, with a whoosh and a splash.

GOMEZ

Good timing, kitten.

INT. DELIVERY ROOM --- NIGHT

Clare32 lies on the delivery bed, brow covered with
perspiration, panting to control the pain. Henry38 stands
beside her in greens, NURSE LAWLER, 60's, mopping Clare32's
brow. Dr. Montague enters.

DR. MONTAGUE

How about an epidural?

CLARE32

I thought you'd never ask.

Montague looks at the monitors beside Clare32's bed.

DR. MONTAGUE

Her heart-beat is a little fast. We
need you to relax so the baby will
relax, okay?

Clare32 nods.

DR. MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

How are you doing, Henry?

HENRY38

Not so relaxed.

Clare32 looks over at Henry38 with concern.

CLARE32

Stay with me, Henry. Deep breaths.
Take long deep breaths.

Henry38 starts panting loudly, and then Clare32, and then Nurse Lawler looks up bewildered at the mutually panting couple. Henry38 stops panting and addresses Nurse Lawler.

HENRY38

There's something I need to tell you, Nurse.

DR. MONTAGUE

She already knows -- and signed a confidentiality agreement. She's been told to expect the unexpected -- and not to blink.

CLARE32

There's nothing unexpected that's going to happen. Henry's staying right here, aren't --

(a pain)

Oh, God! Epi -- epi -- epi -- dural!

INT. CHICAGO HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

The door to the delivery room has a large sign on it --
RESTRICTED -- ABSOLUTELY NO ENTRY. There is the SOUND OF
CLARE32'S VOICE SHOUTING.

CLARE32 (O.S.)

No1111111yyyyy shiiiittttt!

INT. DELIVERY ROOM -- NIGHT

Nurse Lawler stares in disbelief at a naked Henry39 standing beside Clare32, holding her hand. Clare32 has her feet in the stirrups, pushing, Dr. Montague between her legs. Holding her other hand is Henry38.

DR. MONTAGUE

Push! That's it! Push!

CLARE32

Agggghhhhhh!!!! -

A voice calls to Henry38 from across the room. Henry 40 and Henry41 stand there, also naked.

HENRY 40

How're you doing, Henry?

HENRY 38

Okay. How much longer?

HENRY41.

(looks up at the clock)
She's almost there. Last push.

CLARE32

Oh-kay! Let's go for it. Here comes
another contraction. Aaaagggghhhh!

Nurse Lawler looks up as identical Henry's keep popping up
into the room, one after another, filling it with nude men,
all over the age of 38.

DR. MONTAGUE

I need your attention here, Bridget.

NURSE LAWLER

(thick Irish accent)

I'm trying, Dr. Montague. I'm trying.

DR. MONTAGUE

One last push, Clare. Her head is
out... we'll just guide her shoulders
a little... and... there she is!

A HUSH, then A BABY CRYING. Dr. Montague holds up the baby,
and the ROOM OF NAKED HENRYS BREAKS INTO CHEERS. Montague
hands the baby to Clare32, who has tears running down her
cheeks. Henry40 turns to Henry41.

HENRY40

(tears flowing)

I can never see this too much. ..

SOUND SEGUE: PEOPLE SINGING HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

INSERT: A BIRTHDAY CAKE CIRCLED WITH LIT CANDLES. ON THE
CAKE IS WRITTEN: HAPPY 43RD BIRTHDAY HENRY!

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

All the lights in the room are off as Clare37 enters the
room with the birthday cake, throwing light on the guests --
Charisse, Gomez and their two children, Ben, and Henry43,
who sits at the head of the table, holding ALBA5, on his
lap. SINGING CONTINUES.

Clare37 sets the cake down in front of Henry43 and Alba5,
and the SINGING ENDS.

HENRY43

Okay, Alba, make a wish.

CLARE37

You're supposed to make the wish,
Henry.

Henry43 looks down at the numbers "43" on the cake.

HENRY43

I'm sharing this wish. We'll do it
together. Ready, Alba?

ALBA5

Ready.

HENRY43

One, two, three -- blow!

The candles go out, group by group, until there is only one left. Henry43 looks up at Clare37, smiles, then blows out the last candle. BLACK.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ HENRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Henry43 lies in bed in the dark, propped up on a pillow, Clare37's head on his-chest, following making love.

CLARE37

Henry?

HENRY43

Um?

CLARE37

You still haven't seen yourself older than 43.

HENRY43

No.

CLARE37

Do you die this year?

Clare37 lifts her head off Henry43's chest and looks into his eyes. Henry43 runs his hand through her hair.

HENRY43

Yes.

CLARE37

Alba told you when you met her in the museum that time?

HENRY43

Yes.

CLARE37

I was hoping now that Dr. Montague...

HENRY43

So, was I.

Clare37 rests her head back on Henry43's chest.

CLARE37

Is there any way to avoid it?

HENRY43

Death? No.

Clare37 kisses Henry43 on his chest, then a moment of silence.

CLARE37

Is there anything special you want to do?

HENRY43

Besides not die? No. Just be with you and Alba. Is there anything special you want to do?

CLARE37

Yes. Go back and do it all over again.

HENRY43

I don't know. Going back isn't what it's cracked up to be, Clare. Going forward isn't a whole lot better. Here and now is pretty good, though.

CLARE37

Then we should do here and now, Henry.

The PHONE RINGS. Henry43 looks at the bedside clock. It's 1:12 AM. Brow creased, he picks up the phone, listens.

HENRY43

(on the phone)

Yes, I'll accept it.

(listens more)

Okay. Stay there. We're on our way.

Henry43 hangs up the phone and jumps out of bed.

HENRY43 (CONT'D)

I need you to drive.

CLARE37

Who was it?

HENRY43

Me. I'm in the Monroe Street Parking Garage, no clothes, fifteen degrees below zero.

INT. MONROE STREET PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Clare37 arrives at the garage and stops at the barricade. Henry43 jumps out of the car, some small tools in his hands. He runs to the ticket dispenser, picks the lock, opens the machine, and pushes the button that raises the bar.

INT. CLARE37'S CAR -- NIGHT

Alba5 is asleep in the back. Clare37 drives down ramps.

HENRY43

Drive to the northwest end. There's a pay phone by the security station.

INT. MONROE STREET PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Clare37's car screeches up to the security station and stops. The pay phone on the wall has the receiver dangling from its cord. No one in sight. Henry43 jumps out, Clare37 with him.

CLARE37

Maybe you got back to your present.

HENRY43

Or maybe not. Let's drive around.

INT. MONROE STREET PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Clare37's car goes through the empty garage. There is no sign of Henry.

INT. CLARE37'S CAR -- NIGHT

Clare37 drives down Lake Shore Drive under the sodium glow of the street-lamps, Alba5 still asleep in the back.

CLARE37

When were you coming from, Henry?

HENRY43

I didn't say.

CLARE37

It had to be from the future.
Otherwise you'd remember being there.

HENRY43

Yes. It was my future.

EXT. ART GALLERY -- NIGHT

Summer. Trees full of leaves. PEDESTRIANS walk by in shorts. Through the gallery window, we can see huge bird skeletons, covered with a thin translucent paper that transmits light, hanging everywhere, and a CROWD OF PEOPLE, walking about, holding plastic wine glasses and cheese with toothpicks.

Clare37 walks with Charisse, who takes in the hanging birds.

CHARISSE

These are absolutely fabulous, Clare.
Really.

CLARE37

You've seen them before, Charisse.
Every time you've come over to the
house, actually.

CHARISSE

True, but their full beauty only
comes out when you put those little
red sold stickers on their tails.

Clare37 and Charisse laugh. They look over at Alba5 running after Charisse's children, Alex and Tanya.

CLARE37

I hate Alba time-traveling. Even though she's only gone for a few minutes, I really hate it. I don't sleep anymore. I'm up every hour to check on her. I'm a wreck.

CHARISSE

Clearly, you need to pay closer attention to Spock's manual for parenting time-travelers. I'm not talking about Doctor Spock, I'm talking about Mister Spock.

CLARE37

(laughing)

I'll look into it. So, what parenting manual have you been using? You've got a couple really happy kids there.

CHARISSE

None, but thanks. I just hope they're as happy after the divorce.

Clare37 looks at Charisse with surprise.

CHARISSE (CONT'D)

You were right. You shouldn't marry someone you're not crazy about.

Alba5 comes running up to Clare37. .

ALBA5

Can I go for an ice-cream after?

CLARE37

I guess. Where's Daddy?

ALBA5

Gone.

And Alba5 runs off to play.

EXT. NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE. PRAGUE. -- NIGHT

Through falling snow, the brightly lit opera house reflects off the Vlatava River. THE SOUNDS OF LA TRAVIATA DRIFT INTO THE NIGHT OVER TRAMS CLATTERING ACROSS THE LEGIL BRIDGE.

A man in a large overcoat is walking up the front steps.

INT. NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE. PRAGUE. -- NIGHT

Annette Lynn Robinson SINGS of love to ALFREDO.

Henry5 sits in the front row, listening with wide eyes. He leans over the brass rail of the orchestra pit to look at his father, Richard, playing violin in the orchestra.

Richard catches a glimpse of his son, winks, and continues to play. Henry5 attempts to wink back, but hasn't quite got it yet. He leans back in his seat.

CAMERA TRACKS THE AUDIENCE -- until it comes to Henry43, wrapped in a large overcoat, standing in the back, listening to his mother sing.

Henry5 turns and sees Henry43, who winks at him. Henry5, surprised, turns back to watch Annette. Then he turns once more to look for Henry43.

INSERT: The overcoat lies on the floor.

INT. ART GALLERY -- NIGHT

The gallery is empty. Only one light on a desk is on. Clare37 sits on a chair with Alba, who is yawning, a ring of chocolate around her mouth. Suddenly, there is the SOUND OF A CRASH in the men's room.

ALBA5

Daddy's back.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Henry43 stands at the sink in his pajamas, brushing his teeth, the water running in the sink. Clare37 is in the bedroom, in bed, a book open in her lap, but she's not reading.

HENRY43 (O.S.)

-- Alba says you tend to travel to people with whom you've had strong emotions.

CLARE37

Who you've loved.

HENRY43 (O.S.)

Yes.

CLARE37

To experience it all over again.

HENRY43 (O.S.)

No. To give more. You never feel you gave them enough.

Clare37 is struck by the thought and is silent for a moment.

CLARE37

You've never traveled to me in the future, have you, Henry? So, after you die, I won't ever see you again, will I -- like Alba has?

No answer from Henry43.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

Henry?

Clare37 lets out a sigh and climbs out of bed. She walks into the bathroom. The water still runs in the sink, and Henry37's pajamas are on the floor. Clare37 turns off the spigots, picks up Henry's pajamas, folds them and places them on a stool in the corner of the bathroom, then leaves the bathroom, slamming the door in frustration behind her.

EXT. CLARE'S FIELD -- DAY

Autumn. Henry43 lands in his usual clump of bushes. He picks himself up, sees the wood box with his clothes, goes over and starts dressing.

By the house, Phillip and Mark, in their hunting outfits, rifles under their arms, head toward the field.

Henry43, dressed and unaware of Phillip and Mark, walks away, toward a hill, where he sits down and rests his back against a tree, obscured from Phillip and Mark.

Suddenly, there is a LOUD WHOOSHING SOUND, followed by a DISTANT THUD IN THE BUSHES. Phillip and Mark stop and aim their rifles at the sound and start in that direction.

In the bushes, the shape of an animal on all fours, a deer perhaps, can just be made out. It tries to scramble to safety, but shots ring out from Phillip's and Mark's rifles.

HENRY43 (O.S.)

(from the bushes)

Clare.....!!!!

Phillip and Mark freeze in shock at the sound of a human voice, and run toward the bushes. But when they arrive, there is only a large pool of blood on the ground.

Suddenly, Clare15 comes running out of the house, her nightgown billowing behind her.

Henry43 watches it all from behind the tree on the hill.
HENRY'S POV THROUGHOUT.

PHILLIP

Go back, Clare.

Clare15 slows down.

CLARE15

What is it?

MARK

Nothing. Just go back.

Clare15 stops several yards from her father and Mark.

CLARE15

I thought I heard someone calling my name.

PHILLIP AND MARK

Go back!

Clare15 startles, begins to back up, distraught, confused.

As Clare15 walks slowly toward the house, Henry43 appears from behind the tree. Clare15 sees Henry43 and stops. Henry43 smiles at her and gives her a thumbs up. Clare15 smiles back. Then Henry43 disappears.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ HENRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Henry43, naked, climbs into bed beside Clare37. He reaches out for her, and she comes into his arms. Then he lies there, holding Clare37, staring into the darkness, in a state of numb shock at having witnessed his death, as Clare37 opens her eyes, having been unable to sleep while he was gone.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ KITCHEN -- DAY

Henry43 stands at the stove, making pancakes. He stops for a moment and looks around him, soaking in the life he will be leaving -- Alba's drawings on the fridge, Clare's Art magazine on the counter. Then he returns to the pancakes, piles them on to a plate with a spatula, and calls out.

HENRY43

Come and get it! Alba!? Clare!?

ALBA AND CLARE

Coming!

There is the SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS on the stairs, and Alba5 and Clare37 come into the kitchen. They stop at the doorway and look at a pile of Henry43's clothing on the floor.

CLARE37

Well, it was nice of him to make us breakfast before he flew the coop.

ALBA5

Daddy's traveling every day now.

CLARE37

Yes, I know. Sometimes twice a day.

EXT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/BACK -- NIGHT

Henry43 lands in the back yard, picks himself up, and heads for Clare's studio. Hanging from the ceiling are large kite-like shapes. Henry enters, and then reappears in a minute in jeans and a tee shirt. He walks across the yard and stands at the door to the kitchen -- where he watches an older woman, maybe Clare, open the refrigerator, her back to Henry43, and search for a late-night snack.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ KITCHEN -- DAY

Clare37 stands at the sink, washing dishes, looking out the window at Alba5 playing with Alba10. There is the SOUND OF HENRY43 LANDING in the kitchen. She turns, watches Henry43 pick himself off the floor. Then she goes back to the dishes.

CLARE37

You okay?

HENRY43

(getting dressed)

Couldn't be better.

CLARE37

When did you go to?

HENRY43

I'm not sure. I was only there for an hour and I forgot to ask.

Henry43 approaches Clare37 and wraps his arms around her from the back.

HENRY43 (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how beautiful you are.

CLARE37

Yes I do, but it never hurts to have a second opinion.

And they kiss.

EXT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY -- DAY

Henry43 arrives at the library and is about to enter, when he stops and looks across the street at the park, filled with PEOPLE -- COUPLES, ELDERLY, CHILDREN, YOUNG SINGLES.

INT. CLARE'S STUDIO -- DAY

Giant white paper flying cranes hang from the ceiling. Clare37 is over at her paper vats, working; when something causes her to stop, she's not certain what. She walks from behind the table where she's working and starts through the flock of hanging birds, when she stops in their midst.

CLARE'S POV. In the distance out the window, at the end of the garden path by the house, stands Henry6, naked. He stares at Clare37, struck by her.

Clare37 locks eyes with Henry6. She has never seen Henry as a child, but she knows instantly who it is, and she realizes that it is the moment Henry described as the best of his time-traveling. A warm feeling courses through her body, and she smiles at Henry6.

Henry6 stares at her wide-eyed, and then he is gone.

Clare37 stares out at where Henry6 had been, a strange feeling of peace filling her, a sense of completion.

Henry has seen her for the first time, and he will be falling in love with her. And everything else will follow. And has followed. Clare37 smiles, turns, and goes back to work.

EXT. NEWBERRY LIBRARY/WASHINGTON PARK -- DAY

Henry43 sits on a bench, watching the children playing at the fountain. In a moment, Ben comes over and sits on the other end of the bench. He looks in much better health. He pulls a sub out of a paper bag and starts to eat.

BEN

I don't suppose you're thinking of coming to work. There've been some inquiries from those in the higher echelons. They wonder why you would play hooky all morning outside their windows. They don't know whether you're testing their authority or if you're just crazy. Right now they're more or less evenly split -- except those who actually know you, such as myself for whom the lunacy explanation is pretty much of a no-brainer.

Henry43 turns to Ben and smiles.

HENRY43

I'm going to miss you, Ben.

BEN

Ah. You're leaving.

HENRY43

Yes. I'm leaving.

Ben nods, looks at Henry43. He senses there's something more going on than Henry43 leaving his job.

BEN

You want some of my sub?

HENRY43

Sure.

Henry43 takes part of Ben's sandwich, then leans back on the bench and starts to eat, as THE SOUNDS OF THE CHILDREN PLAYING ECHO, AND THE ECHO BECOMES LOUDER AND LOUDER.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Henry43 is carrying Alba5 up the stairs in his arms.

ALBA5

I saw Grandma again yesterday, Daddy.

(MORE)

ALBA5 (CONT'D)

I didn't tell who I was, just like you said, but I think she knew.

HENRY43

What makes you think that?

ALBA5

She asked if I'd like some bluebird burettes like she had when she was my age, but I told her that my daddy already gave me some, and she said she thought he might have.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM --- NIGHT

Clare37 sits on the sofa, sorting through a stack of bills, as Henry43 is coming down the stairs.

CLARE37

Do you want to renew your subscription to *Runners World*?

HENRY43

I think I'll skip it this year.

CLARE37

Done..

Clare37 rips the renewal card in pieces with more fervor than necessary. She is barely holding herself together.

Henry43 takes it in, then sits down on the sofa next to Clare37. He picks up some of the mail from her lap and starts to look through it.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

(eyes on the mail)
You know when you die now, don't you?

HENRY43

Yes.

CLARE37

(tersely)
I'm not asking and you won't tell.

HENRY43

Right.

CLARE37

They want to know if we want to sign a one year heating contract and lock in the rate or go month by month.

HENRY43

Are you moving?

CLARE37

No. I like the schools. And I could never find a better studio for me.

HENRY43

Then you should sign the contract.

CLARE37

Okay. Then I need a pen.

HENRY43

I'll get one from the kitchen.

Henry43 gets up and disappears into the kitchen.

CLARE37

(calling to Henry)

I could also use a cup of tea.

No answer.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

Did you hear me, Henry?

Clare37 gets up and walks to the kitchen. Henry43's clothes lie on the floor. Clare starts kicking the clothes.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

Henry, damn you! Damn you! Damn you! Don't you leave me now!

EXT. GRANT PARK -- NIGHT

Dead of winter. Eight inches of snow on the ground. Bitter cold. The buildings are frozen into silence. It is early morning, not light yet. Lake Shore Drive is empty.

Henry43, naked, has fallen into the snow, against a stone. There is a thin line of blood, now dried, on his forehead. His eyes flicker open. He rubs his head, realizes his situation, struggles to get up. When he finally stands, he looks down at his feet -- white and frozen stiff.

He staggers ahead, naked, arms wrapped around him. He falls, picks himself up, staggers ahead some more, falls again, struggles to get up, gets to his feet, and staggers ahead toward the street, but before he gets there, he falls again.

Henry43 looks across the street. He sees the Monroe Parking Garage. He struggles to get up but can't, so he crawls ahead on all fours, across the empty street, and into the garage.

INT. MONROE STREET PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT

Henry43 is propped up against the wall by the pay phone. He has the receiver to his ear, listening.

HENRY43-PAST (V.O.)
 (on the phone)
 I'll accept the call.

HENRY43
 Henry -- I'm in the Monroe Street
 Parking Garage. At the pay phone --
 near the guard station. Lower level.
 It's unbelievably fucking cold.
 Come get me, will ya.

HENRY43-PAST (V.O.)
 Okay. Stay there. We're on our way.

THERE IS A CLICK ON THE PHONE. Henry43 tries to hang up the receiver but misses, so he just lets it fall on its cord. Then he drops to the ground and crawls to the door to the guard station, shivering, teeth chattering. He POUNDS on the door. There is no answer. He tries the knob. Locked. He manages to get to his feet and peer in the window -- a video monitor, space heater, desk and chair, but no guard.

Henry43 turns and looks around him at the empty garage, then slides down to the floor and curls into a ball for warmth, knees to his chin, arms wrapped around his frozen feet.

As Henry43 lies there, on the monitor inside the guard station Clare37's car can be seen racing into the garage and disappearing from the monitor.

And Henry43, curled on the floor, also disappears.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ HENRY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Clare37 lies propped up in bed, knees up, the bedside table light on, a stack of mail-order catalogues beside her. She is rifling through a catalogue resting on her knees, but isn't really paying attention. She looks over at the clock. 4:07 AM. She tosses aside the catalogue and picks up another, when there is the SOUND OF A LOUD CRASH DOWNSTAIRS.

CLARE37
 Henry!

She bolts out of bed and runs out of the room.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

A lamp which has been knocked over lies broken on the floor, its bulb flickering, sporadically illuminating Henry43, naked, shivering, white and frozen, lying curled on the carpet.

Clare37 races down the stairs and sees Henry43. She gasps and her hand comes involuntarily to her mouth.

HENRY43
 (seeing Clare37)
 Help me, Clare.

EXT. HOSPITAL/EMERGENCY ROOM -- DAY

Dawn. The ambulance pulls up to the E.R. entrance. TWO EMT's get out, hurry to the back, open the doors, and pull out the stretcher with Henry43, covered with blankets, on it. Clare37 is beside him. Then they rush Henry43 through the E.R. doors.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM/ CUBICLE -- DAY

Henry43 lies on an examining table, a metallic foil blanket over him, his feet in cold packs. A resident, DR. BROOKS, is checking his vital signs. Clare43, takes it all in.

Henry43's eyes flicker open and he looks up at Clare37. He tries to say her name, but can't. Clare37 understands, reaches under the silver blanket, and takes his hand. Henry43's eyes close and he is out again.

DR. BROOKS

How the heck did he get hypothermia in August?

CLARE37

I don't know. Ask him.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA -- DAY

Clare37 is drinking coffee, when Charisse comes in. She sees Clare37 and her eyes flood. She walks over, gives Clare37 a long hug, then sits at the table across from her.

CLARE37

Good news. His core temperature's up to 97. And there doesn't seem to be any brain damage.

CHARISSE

Is that good or bad, no brain damage?

Clare37 laughs. It's good to have Charisse there.

CLARE37

I know. I've been thinking the same thing. My spaceman could use just a little brain damage from the cold, as long as it got to the right part.

DR. MONTAGUE (O.S.)

How're you doing?

Clare37 and Charisse look up to find Dr. Montague.

CLARE37

Okay. Thanks for coming. This is my friend, my best friend -- Charisse.

DR. MONTAGUE

(nods, then to Clare37)

They're going to try to warm up his feet. He's on morphine, and they'll put him on more, but it's still going to hurt -- a lot.

Clare37 nods and gulps down a last drink of coffee, as Dr. Montague starts to leave. Clare37 hurries up to him.

CLARE37

Henry's been traveling so much lately, and if he travels... like he is now...

DR. MONTAGUE

Henry's not traveling anywhere. He's got enough opiates in him to ground the Goodyear Blimp.

INT. HENRY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Henry43 is in a sitting position on the bed. A basin of water with a thermometer on the side of it is on the floor. Dr. Murray, a large regal black woman, is giving Henry43 a shot of morphine. Clare37 sits on the bed next to Henry43, her arm around him, holding the drugged stuporous Henry43 upright. Charisse sits on a chair across the room.

DR. MURRAY

Okay. Here we go. Nice and easy.

Dr. Murray lowers Henry43's feet into the water. Even in his drugged stupor, Henry43 GASPS at the pain.

DR. MURRAY (CONT'D)

Any tissue that's going to make it will turn bright red. If it doesn't look like a lobster, it's a problem. I'll be back in a few minutes.

CLARE'S POV. Henry43's feet bob lifelessly in the water, white as marble.

Eyes closed, in a narcotic haze, tears begin to run down Henry43's cheeks. Clare37 reaches with her free arm for a tissue and wipes Henry43's face. Then she strokes his head, as tears continue, running down his cheeks and under his chin, faster than she can wipe them, so she doesn't.

INT. HENRY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

The door to the room opens, and Dr. Murray enters. Charisse has dozed off on the chair. Clare37 still holds Henry43 upright on the bed, but he is out. - Clare37's eyes are locked numbly on the basin, her cheeks now streaked with tears.

Dr. Murray walks over to the basin and looks down at Henry43 feet floating lifelessly in it, white as ash.

DR. MURRAY
Let's get him back into bed. I'll
see when we can get the O.R.

INT. HOSPITAL/ CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

A JANITOR mops the floor of the otherwise empty hall.

INT. HENRY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

Clare37, holding Henry43's hand, sits by his bed, her head resting on it, half-asleep. Henry43 is asleep. At the foot of the bed, a metal frame raises the blankets where Henry's feet once were. Richard now dozes in Charisse's chair.

INT. HOSPITAL/ CORRIDOR -- DAY

Bustle. The usual morning activity. Breakfast being delivered. Nurses giving meds.

INT. HENRY'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Clare37 is awake now. She still sits beside Henry43's bed holding his hand, but her other hand holds a cup of coffee. Slowly, Henry opens his eyes and looks around him, until, finally, he sees Clare37.

CLARE37
Morning. Welcome back from the Scott
and Amundsen South Pole expedition.

HENRY43
(druggy)
Where am I?

CLARE37
Mercy Hospital. August 30, 2005.
What you like to call "your present".

HENRY43
I feel so... out of it. Like I'm
seeing everything through Tupperware.

CLARE37
They'd like to keep you in "your
present". You've got enough drugs
in you to sink the Titanic.

HENRY43
It already sank.

Richard speaks from his chair across the room.

RICHARD
No kidding? Well, I've been out of
touch the last few years.

HENRY43
Morning, Dad.

RICHARD

Morning.

Henry43 puts his palms beside him and pushes himself up against the pillows. He stares at the foot of the bed -- at the metal frame propping up the blankets. He leans forward, reaching his hands under the blankets.

CLARE37

Henry...

Richard gets up, starts over to the bed.

RICHARD

Henry...

CLARE37

Henry...

INT. HOSPITAL/ CORRIDOR -- DAY

HENRY'S SCREAMS FILL THE CORRIDOR.

EXT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Autumn in full bloom. Trees red, yellow and orange.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM -- DAY

Henry43 lies in bed, eyes closed, but not asleep. Alba enters and tip-toes over to the bed. She shakes Henry43 gently.

ALBA5

Daddy?

HENRY43

(drugged)

Hmmm?

ALBA5

Are you going to stay in bed all the time now?

HENRY43

Maybe.

ALBA5

Why?

HENRY43

Because I'm on so many drugs to keep me from time-traveling that I can barely move, or see, or feel anything, and I feel like shit, anyway, okay?

ALBA5

(leaving)

Okay!

Alba5 opens the door and finds Clare37 there. Clare37 picks Alba5 up, hugs her, then puts her down.

CLARE37

I'll be downstairs to make dinner in a few minutes.

Alba5 nods and heads off, as Clare enters the room.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

You need to get out of bed, Henry.

HENRY43

Sorry, Clare, can't. No feet.

Clare37 walks to the bed.

CLARE37

You've got a wheelchair. You need a shave, Henry -- and a good bath. You stink like an old man.

HENRY43

I am an old man.

Clare37 throws the covers off Henry43.

CLARE37

Okay, how're we gonna do this?

HENRY43

Got me. I'm just the gimp. I don't actually work here.

CLARE37

Slide off the bed into the wheelchair, Henry. This is enough now.

Henry43 looks at Clare37, sighs in resignation, and sits up in bed. Clare37 starts to unbutton Henry43's pajama top.

HENRY43

I've got hands.

Henry43 looks up at Clare, and suddenly his eyes tear up.

HENRY43 (CONT'D)

You have to let me go, Clare. I can't stay drugged up like this forever. I'm not alive.

CLARE37

If you travel, Henry -- you can't run -- you can't even walk --

HENRY43

I know. But is this how you want to be with me at the end, because it's not how I want to be with you?

Clare37's eyes flood. She can't talk, so she shakes her head.

HENRY43 (CONT'D)

No more drugs, okay?

CLARE37

(nods)

Okay.

HENRY43

Good, because I stopped taking them
yesterday.

Henry43 unbuttons his top, tosses it on the bed, then slides into the wheelchair beside it, and rolls toward the bathroom.

CLARE37

You need a hand in there?

HENRY43

Why, what'd you have in mind?

CLARE37

Probably not what you have in mind.

And Henry37 rolls into the bathroom and closes the door.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Alba stands at the bottom of the steps, unfolding the wheelchair, as behind her, Henry43, slides from step to step.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ KITCHEN -- DAY

Clare37 is at the sink, cutting potatoes. Richard sits at the table, chopping carrots, when he looks up and sees Henry.

ALBA5

Here's Daddy!

RICHARD

Will miracles never cease.

Clare37 turns and sees Henry43 in his wheelchair, shaved and dressed. She smiles, walks over and gives him a kiss.

CLARE37-

You wouldn't by any chance want to join us for dinner, stranger, would you? I'm making a stew.

HENRY43

As a matter of fact I would. But, without seeming ungrateful for the service over the last few weeks, if I could have just a moment of your time before-hand.

Henry43 wheels over to the counter and reaches in a bowl. As he does so, he sees a calendar of famous quotations on the counter. The date is November 6, 2005. The quote is: "Time Heals All Wounds". Henry43 stares at the calendar for a second, amused, but a deep sadness in his eyes, then pulls an onion from the bowl.

HENRY43 (CONT'D)

This is an onion.

CLARE37

Yes. I've read about them.

Henry43 glances at the calendar once more, then continues.

HENRY43

They are peeled, thusly. Knife, please.

CLARE37

Any particular size?

HENRY43

Smallish. Then please get out one stick of butter, one frying pan -- that's the flat one with the long handle -- and one large pot. You might want to sit down after that, as you will be taking notes.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/ KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CAMERA PANS FROM -- dirty dishes on the table to Clare37 and Richard cleaning up after dinner. Henry43 is crawling around the kitchen floor on all fours, Alba5 riding on his back.

ALBA5

Faster, Daddy! Giddy-up! Giddy-up!

HENRY43

I'm giddyding-up! I'm giddyding-up!

EXT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE/BACK -- NIGHT

Clare37 is wheeling Henry43 toward her studio. In the background, Richard can be seen carrying Alba out of the kitchen and upstairs.

HENRY43

When you get a chance, could you put a change of clothes in your studio for me -- jeans and a tee shirt would be good.

CLARE37

(not sure what's up)

Okay....

HENRY43

Thanks.

They enter the studio and the lights go on. Feathered paper wings hang everywhere.

INT. CLARE'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

As Henry43 looks around at the wings, floating in the air, gently moving back and forth, Clare37 lights some candles. Then she turns off the lights.

CLARE37

I have something for you.

Clare37 hands Henry43 a shoe-box.

HENRY43

Well, I know what they're not.

CLARE37

Dr. Montague told me where to find the specifications. I only wish they could travel with you.

Henry43 opens the box. Inside are two prosthetic feet, white, with delicate birds painted on them.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

If you let me put them on you, I have something else to show you.

Henry43, moved, nods, and Clare37 attaches the feet.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

He said you'll need this at first.

Clare37 unfolds a walker and places it in front of Henry43. Then she helps him to his feet.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

You start by just sliding along the floor. The rest will come later. What I want you to see is over there.

Henry43 slowly slides his feet along the floor, until he comes to a thick tufted circular mattress on the floor. In the middle, Clare37 has painted a cupid with little wings.

HENRY43

A little traditional for you, isn't it?

CLARE37

Well, you know me. Just an old-fashioned fuck. Now kiss me, Henry. It's been a long long time.

INT. CLARE'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

Henry43 and Clare37 lie naked in each other's arms. Henry43 is on his back, staring up at the wings floating in the air. Clare37 has her head on Henry43's chest. Beside Henry are the two painted feet that Clare made for him.

HENRY43

Clare...?

CLARE37

Um?

HENRY43

It's time, Clare.

CLARE37

No, it's okay. Your father said
he'll stay overnight, if we want.

A sudden realization hits Clare37 and her eyes widen in panic.

CLARE37 (CONT'D)

Time for what, Henry?

HENRY43

Time for me to go.

Clare37 jerks her head off Henry's chest.

CLARE37

Now?

HENRY43

Now.

CLARE37

But what if we hadn't...? What if I
hadn't...?

HENRY43

But you did.

CLARE37

No. Please don't, Henry. Please
stay. Oh, my God. Oh, my God.

HENRY43

I love you. You're going to be fine.
More than fine. You'll see.

CLARE37

No, no, Henry. Not now. I'm not
ready. Can't you hold it off just a
little longer? There must be
something we can do. I wanted to
plan, you know. I wanted it to be
just right, to be perfect, the way
we left each other.

HENRY43

It is perfect.

CLARE37

(desperate)

Henry, I love you. Oh, God. You know I love you. You do, don't you? Not just love. More than love. I love you more than love. Oh, God. Isn't there any way to give us just a little more time? I need more time with you, Henry. Kiss me! Kiss me and just keep kissing me!

Clare37 starts kissing Henry43, passionately, frantically. Henry wraps his arms around Clare37 and kisses her back.

HENRY43

Oh, Clare....

CLARE37

Noooooooooooooooo.....

And Henry43 is gone.

EXT. CLARE'S FIELD -- DAY

Henry43 lands with a clump in the bushes, naked. He sees Henry43-past on the hill in the distance, watching him.

As Henry43 struggles to all fours, through a space in the bushes he sees Phillip and Mark with their rifles raised.

He looks back at his legs, unable to stand, and tries to shout, but it is too late. SHOTS RING OUT and Henry43's chest is covered with blood.

HENRY43

Clare.....!!!!

And then he disappears.

INT. CLARE'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

Clare37 sits huddled on the floor in a corner, naked, legs drawn up to her chest, rocking back and forth, waiting.

SLOW-MOTION. Henry43 descends through the wings and drops to the thick tufted circular mattress.

Clare37, huddled in the corner watches in silence, unable to do anything other than whimper, to look into Henry's vacant frozen eyes, as blood spreads across the white mattress.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLARE'S STUDIO DAY/NIGHT

The weather-vane of Icarus falling, wings on fire. CAMERA TILTS TO -- objects hanging from Clare's studio ceiling change -- MULTIPLE DISSOLVES -- from wings, to birds of all kinds, to more and more abstract figures and shapes.

EXT. CLARE'S STUDIO -- NIGHT

A summer night. The lights are on in the studio. Brightly colored kite-like objects hang from the ceiling. In a moment, the lights go off and Clare61 emerges and walks to the house.

INT. HENRY'S AND CLARE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Clare61 enters and goes over to the fridge. As she's about to open it, a voice speaks from behind her.

HENRY43 (O.S.)

Clare?

Clare61 turns and sees Henry43, in jeans and a tee-shirt, standing by the doorway. It is the REVERSE ANGLE of when Henry43 traveled and saw older Clare at the fridge. Clare61's eyes mist and she smiles.

CLARE61

I'd pretty much given up hope on ..
you, you know?

Henry43 walks over and wraps his arms around her.

HENRY43

I was hoping you would. I didn't
want you to end up like my father.

Henry43 sees the photos on the fridge behind Clare61.

HENRY43 (CONT'D)

And I see you didn't.

Henry43 looks at a photo of Clare and Gomez.

HENRY43 (CONT'D)

I always liked Gomez.

Clare61 runs her hands on Henry43's face, soaking in his presence.

CLARE61

He died last year. I miss him.

HENRY43

And Alba?

CLARE61

She's doing great.

HENRY43

Does she have children?

Clare61 turns to the fridge and points to a photo.

CLARE61

Zoe, Stephanie, and Henry, Jr.

HENRY43

And they travel?

CLARE61

Zoe and Stephe.

HENRY43

(ironic)

Not Henry?

Clare61 smiles and nods as she turns back to Henry and places her hands on his chest.

CLARE61

How long do we have, Henry?

HENRY43

About an hour.

CLARE61

Well, then....

Clare61 starts to unbutton Henry43's shirt.

HENRY43

Ah, there's my Clare. It's nice to know that some things don't change over time.

CLARE61

Are you complaining?

HENRY43

Nope.

CLARE61

You were my first, Henry, and you're going to be my last. One hour?

HENRY43

More or less.

CLARE61

Then we've not a second to lose.

Clare61 takes Henry43's arm, and they walk from the kitchen, as CAMERA PANS OVER TO THE REFRIGERATOR -- past photos of Henry5, Clare6, Henry28, Clare22, Henry43 and Clare37 -- to a digital clock sitting on the counter.

The clock clicks from 23:59 to 0:00. TO BLACK. THE END.