

TIME AFTER TIME

Screenplay by

Nicholas Meyer

From a story by

Karl Alexander Tunberg

and

Steven Hayes

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TIME AFTER TIME

SLOW FADE IN:

1 EXT. THICK, SWIRLING FOG - NIGHT 1

TITLE OVER:

LONDON, 1893

FADE TITLE.

The FOG PARTS slightly, to REVEAL:

2 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 2

A cheap pub on the far side. Gas lamps GLIMPSED through the mists. FAINT SOUNDS of LAUGHTER, a snatch of SONG.

The DOOR of the pub BANGS open and a harlot -- JENNY -- stumbles out, laughing, unsteady on her feet.

VOICES FROM THE PUB

Watch your step, Jenny!

JENNY

G'wan! Don't you worry none
about me! I can hold my gin!
I'm right as rain. Oooh!

LAUGHTER within. Jenny giggles, then hiccups, laughs to herself. She starts unsteadily down the street.

After a moment's hesitation, CAMERA TURNS SLIGHTLY and FOLLOWS. FOOTSTEPS RING authoritatively on the cobblestones.

Jenny moves faster. So does CAMERA. She turns, sees who it is, stops and pats her hair, smiling.

JENNY

(continuing;
coquettish)

Oh. Evening.

VOICE

Evening.

JENNY

(eyes CAMERA
appreciatively)

It's a raw night, ain't it?
You'll ruin them fine clothes.

A WHITE GLOVED HAND REACHES OUT and proffers a gold sovereign. Jenny gasps, takes it: eyes CAMERA as though Voice will ask for it back. She giggles.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

JENNY

(continuing)

Come right to the point, don't
you, love? My place is just --

VOICE

No. Here.

The hand points. Jenny looks.

3 ANGLE - JENNY'S POV

3

An alley with some empty boxes stacked, partially
blocking the entrance.

4 ANGLE ON JENNY

4

giggling again, a hiccup.

JENNY

We are in a hurry. Come on,
then!

She takes the gloved hand and LEADS CAMERA into the
alley.

Jenny leans up against a sooty brick wall, faces CAMERA,
and lifts her skirts. She watches something that amuses
her.

JENNY

(continuing)

Oh, right you are, sir.

(giggles)

Wouldn't want to break it.

Another laugh. Her eyes follow the white gloved hand as
it carries an ornate gold pocketwatch and opens it. A
little French folk TUNE is PLAYED by the WATCH, which is
also a music box.

JENNY

(continuing)

Ohh, that's lovely; we got our
own band.

The hand sets the watch atop the boxes. Inside the
lid CLOSEUP is a painted miniature of a very attractive
woman, dressed at the height of fashion 30 years earlier,
smiling enigmatically. The TUNE PLAYED by the WATCH-
MUSIC BOX is HAUNTING in the stillness of the fog.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

JENNY
(continuing)
Come on, then, love. I'm hot and
getting colder, if you take my
meaning.

She holds out her hands to the CAMERA, which MOVES TO-
WARDS HER.

JENNY
(continuing)
What's your name, dearie?

VOICE
John.

JENNY
(aroused)
John.

Her face takes on the transports of passion, eyes rolling
up in their sockets, lids drooping. She begins to moan.

JENNY
(continuing;
breathless)
Ohhhh, John -- !

5 ANGLE ON GOLD WATCH

5

featuring the portrait of the woman. MUSIC LOUDER.

JENNY
John -- !

VOICE
(husky)
My friends call me Jack.

6 ANGLE ON JENNY

6

in the throes of passion.

7 ANGLE ON THE WATCH

7

The MUSIC appears to get LOUDER.

8 ANGLE ON JENNY

8

her eyes snap open suddenly in shock -- SOUND of
MATERIAL RIPPING.

- 9 ANGLE ON THE WATCH 9
Blood spurts onto the box next to it.
- 10 ANGLE ON JENNY'S HEAD 10
Eyes wide and staring. The head sinks down the brick wall. There are spurts of blood on the face; the tongue lolls horribly.
- 11 ANGLE ON THE WATCH 11
The white gloved hand -- stained red, now -- retrieves the watch, SNAPPING closed the LID and ENDING the SONG. The red glove rubs off a little blood from the back.
- 12 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 12
A black cloaked FIGURE STEPS BEFORE THE CAMERA AND OUT of the alley (FOOTSTEPS RAPID, but GROWING DISTANT), REVEALING:

Jenny dead in the alley at the base of the brick wall, covered in blood, her clothes and body slashed to ribbons.

MORE FOOTSTEPS. The CAMERA PANS in response. Outside the alley a BOBBY with a bull's-eye lantern is making his rounds. He stops at the alley entrance, frowns, puzzled.
- 13 ANGLE - THE BOBBY'S POV 13
a pair of women's feet sticking out beyond the boxes.
- 14 ANGLE ON BOBBY 14
comes forward, holds the lantern higher. He sees it. gasps, staggers, the lantern swings wildly making flickering shadows and CLATTERING. Trying not to gag, the Bobby fumbles madly for his WHISTLE, then BLOWS it for all he is worth.

He turns and staggers out of the alley, BLOWING the WHISTLE.

The mists roll in, obscuring the scene with fog.

TITLE and CREDITS:

15 INT. H.G. WELLS' ROOMS (17 MORNINGTON CRESCENT) - NIGHT

15

A bachelor supper in progress. Five gentlemen are having a lively repast. All in their late 20's or early 30's, professional men.

At the table head, presiding as host, sits the young H.G. Wells, 27. He sports a mustache, wears glasses and easily dominates conversation.

Over the laughter that begins the scene can be HEARD OUTSIDE the police WHISTLES BLOWING to each other in the fog.

EDWARDS

Is the Gazette going to continue with your pieces on free love, H.G.?

WELLS

I don't see why they shouldn't. My ideas may be radical but they are perfectly sound.

HARDING

And free love sells newspapers, eh, Wells -- among other things?

More laughter --

HARDING

(continuing)

Gentlemen, I give you the Fabian Casanova!

WELLS

(over the laughter)

I've no objection to that, either. I've got my little experiments to pay for.

RICHARDSON

Well, you're the hero of the working class, H.G. Free love's the only sort they can afford.

Laughter.

McKAY

Now, don't get him started on Socialism, in heaven's name, or we'll have to listen to a sermon on the subject from Father Wells -- the man who sold his birthright for a pot of message!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Laughter.

WELLS

You oughtn't to call it a sermon; you know I don't believe in organized religion --

EDWARDS

Uh oh, he's off --

WELLS

(overlaps)

Socialism is a political and philosophical inevitability.

Chorus of groans. The guests begin lighting their cigars. Wells smiles, goes over to the fire and stokes it.

WELLS

(continuing)

Socialism is the path mankind must inevitably tread on its way to --

RICHARDSON

McKay's right, you know. We've heard all that. What's this great announcement you've brought us all to supper for? You're not getting married again?

WELLS

Certainly not. Once is quite enough.

HARDING

Well, then, tell us the great news. Have you discovered a cure for gravity? Or have you founded another society and must we all subscribe?

WELLS

(a bit tense)

I'd prefer to wait until --

MRS. TURNER, his housekeeper, KNOCKS and enters. Wells stops.

MRS. TURNER

Dr. Stevenson is here, Mr. Wells.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

She stands aside to let the handsome, slightly older DR. STEVENSON enter. He is tall, very distinguished. Behind him, Mrs. Turner also enters and does a brief clearing of dishes.

WELLS

Thank you, Mrs. Turner. Good evening, Doctor. We had begun to despair. Have you dined? There is still some roast beef, I think.

STEVENSON

Thank you, no; just a brandy to take off the chill.

He steps up to the decanter by the fire and helps himself.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

I'm sorry to have missed supper, but a physician's hours are not his own, I fear. Gentlemen.

He raises the brandy snifter in an idle toast; wanders over to the chessboard and studies the men.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

Well, Herbert, and what have you left me with tonight? Ah --

HARDING

Chess will have to wait, John. You're only just in time for the big surprise, isn't he, H.G.? The big whatever it is.

Stevenson looks up from the chessboard at Wells, the pieces between them. There is a special friendly but competitive rapport between two brilliant men. Maybe not so friendly.

STEVENSON

Am I?

WELLS

(intense)

I was waiting for you.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

STEVENSON

(swirls his brandy;
eyes Wells)

I am all attention.

WELLS

Very well. Gentlemen, I have
called you together tonight to
bid you farewell.

Silence, then:

RICHARDSON

Farewell? D'ye mean 'goodbye'?
Where are you off to?

EDWARDS

(overlapping)
Going abroad?

WELLS

(quickly)
No, I am not.

McKAY

Holiday in Scotland -- ?

WELLS

I said no.
(pause)
I am going traveling, but I am not
leaving London. Indeed, I do not
expect to leave my laboratory.

He goes to the mantel and pulls down a set of blueprints
which he unfurls with a flourish across the empty dinner
table.

WELLS

(continuing)
Gentlemen, I am talking about
traveling through time -- in a
machine constructed for that
purpose.

Stunned silence, as they stare at the blueprints and
Wells. Then AD LIB hilarity. "What??" "Poppycock!"
"Balderdash!" "Rubbish!" etc.

RICHARDSON

I didn't think practical joking
was in your line, old sport -- in
addition to your many other
specialties.

WELLS

I assure you, I am in deadly earnest.

(takes a breath)

Life as we know it exists in three dimensions -- height, width and depth. But surely there is a fourth dimension which we do not see and that dimension is duration.

EDWARDS

H.G. -- really!

WELLS

Please hear me out. If time is the fourth dimension, why cannot we move about in it as we do in the other three?

RICHARDSON

So we do -- at the pace we call minutes, hours, days, weeks and so on.

WELLS

(eyes aglow)

Yes. But what if we could force the pace?

EDWARDS

Impossible. The whole thing's utter rot.

WELLS

Why? The past and the future exist permanently in our universe, but our consciousness sees only now because it has been conditioned to do so by nature's dictatorial need to maintain order. Yet the camera has captured the fourth dimension and frozen time, just as the gramophone has. Time planes, or spheres, are adjacent to one another, and they function according to the laws of the Gaussian coordinates. In other words, our time is merely a particular magnetic field -- and I have found a way to escape that field.

They look at him.

16 INT. WELLS' BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

16

Darkness. Wells switches on a light; leads the others in.

WELLS

Electric light, gentlemen, courtesy of Thomas Edison, the modern Prometheus. Who could have conceived such a miracle a decade ago? Or the telephone?

But they aren't listening. They walk to the machine and stare.

HARDING

I don't believe it. You've really built the bloody thing.

WELLS

Free Love has paid for most of it. It runs on electricity, of course, juxtaposing fields of energy, creating friction. The gears are jeweled, to sustain the tremendous wear and tear. The result is an ever increasing and magnifying series of reactions that lifts or literally rotates the machine out of one time sphere and into another. The cruising speed is two years per minute. You may go into the past or future at will.

EDWARDS

(numb)

Two years per minute.

They now inspect the machine. (Details to be determined.)

WELLS

Acceleration will keep the machine and its occupant outside all time spheres in a conscious but vaporized state.

RICHARDSON

How do you determine in which direction you are journeying?

Wells indicates the controls, all of which have self-explanatory switches, clearly labeled.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

WELLS

If you rotate to the west, you gain yesterdays. To the east, you accumulate tomorrows.

Someone mutters "Balderdash, go north and you'll wind up in Glasgow." Wells ignores this.

WELLS

(continuing)

The machine is designed with several safety features. The Rotation Reversal Lock automatically returns the machine to its starting date after the completion of a voyage -- in case the occupant is injured during the flight, he is returned to the point of departure, unless he uses a key to countermand the device.

He pulls from his pocket an odd-shaped key; replaces key in his pocket.

WELLS

(continuing)

In addition, what I call the Interstices Vaporizing Detector will not permit the machine to stop in the midst of natural turmoil or disaster which might prove fatal to itself or its passenger. Suppose in three hundred years this laboratory were at the base of the ocean; the machine would stop at the nearest available place in time.

The men look at each other, baffled.

17 INT. WELLS' SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

17

FEATURING the chessboard with Wells watching Stevenson plan his move. The room has been cleared and the others sit, watching, drinking brandy, smoking and staring into the fire.

EDWARDS

I still say you're having us on.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

WELLS

(watches Stevenson)

That is what I expected you to say,
my dear fellow.

Silence; Stevenson's hand touches a bishop; he eyes
Wells; lets go.

STEVENSON

(soft)

Thought I'd play into your hands
there, did you?

Wells allows himself a faint smile. Pause.

HARDING

Well, H.G., which is it to be, the
past or the future?

McKAY

Oh, the past, surely. He'll want
to meet Cleopatra!

18 CLOSEUP - WELLS

18

WELLS

The future.

19 ANGLE ON STEVENSON

19

He looks up from the board.

STEVENSON

Why the future?

WELLS

Because I belong there. Science
is spiraling the pace of human
progress. Within three generations
the social Utopia I have predicted
will have come to pass. There will
be no war, no crime, no poverty
and no disease. Men will live
like brothers -- and on terms
of perfect equality with women,
as well.

Groans.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

HARDING

Let's have the past.

STEVENSON

(abruptly)

It's all rubbish.

The others look at him --

STEVENSON

(continuing)

I'm astonished, Wells, that in the midst of all your theorizing you've managed to ignore the facts. The evidence of human history is that we live in a cosmic charnel house. Mankind has not changed in two thousand years: we hunt and we are hunted -- so it has been and so it shall always be. The human condition is imperfectable, chained to itself forever.

Silence.

WELLS

(heavily)

The future will prove you wrong.

STEVENSON

(languid)

The future will tell. In any case, I have only one question, speaking for myself: When do you leave?

He moves a knight. Laughter. Wells flushes, embarrassed. The laughter dies; they wait for his answer.

WELLS

I'm not certain.

STEVENSON

Oh?

He's on to something; the others are attentive.

WELLS

(reluctant)

I haven't quite worked up the nerve.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

More laughter. "First time H.G. ever lacked nerve!" etc. Wells looks daggers at Stevenson, who smiles faintly. Wells recovers, studies the board.

WELLS

(continuing)

But I'll find it. I have only to set the date, activate the switches in sequence --

He moves a rook; looks at Stevenson. Stevenson, still smiling, surveys the board.

RICHARDSON

Of course you'll find it. And I'll inherit the Hope Diamond --

STEVENSON

(moves his rook)

Checkmate, Herbert.

Wells is taken by surprise. The others draw round.

McKAY

Not again!

EDWARDS

How does he do it every time?

STEVENSON

I know how he thinks; that is all.

WELLS

But one day I shall win.

STEVENSON

When you learn how I think.

Pause; they look at each other. Edwards rustles the evening paper.

EDWARDS

I say, have you chaps been paying any attention to South Africa, lately? The bloody Boers -- they'll have to be taught a --

Mrs. Turner KNOCKS and enters, upset.

MRS. TURNER

Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Wells, but there's two gentlemen from Scotland Yard here would like a word with you.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

Reactions. They sit up.

WELLS

What?

20 INT. WELLS FOYER - NIGHT

20

Wells and Mrs. Turner emerge from the drawing room.

WELLS

What's the meaning of this?

ADAMS

Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure. I'm
Inspector Adams of Scotland Yard.
This is Detective Inspector
Gregson. Might we have a word
with you?

Adams whispers in his ear. Wells draws back.

WELLS

The Ripper? In this vicinity?

Mrs. Turner reacts.

ADAMS

I'm afraid so. We've cordoned off
the entire neighborhood and we're
making a house to house search.
We haven't had time to swear out
warrants but we're asking the folk
hereabout to cooperate voluntarily
for the public good. Will that be
all right with you, sir?

(nods towards

Mrs. Turner)

Your housekeeper will sleep the
better for it, I'm certain.

WELLS

(thinks)

Of course. By all means.

MRS. TURNER

Oh, thank you, sir.

The guests appear in the foyer.

EDWARDS

What's happened?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

WELLS

Apparently the Ripper has struck
again --

The others react --

ADAMS

With your permission, sir.

Wells nods. Adams signals and four bobbies enter, one starts up the stairs, another heads for the kitchen, sitting room, etc.

RICHARDSON

Are they certain it's Jack? I mean, he hasn't been heard from for years --

McKAY

And in this part of town -- !

ADAMS

No doubt about it, I'm afraid, gentlemen. He has a very distinctive style.

A bobby comes forward from the hall closet, rapidly, carrying black medical bag.

ADAMS

(continuing)

What have you there, Sergeant?

SERGEANT

(excited)

I think you should have a look at this, sir --

MRS. TURNER

That's Dr. Stevenson's bag. I --

WELLS

It belongs to one of my --

Adams has opened the bag and holds up a fistful of bloody surgical instruments and two bloody white evening gloves.

Shock.

ADAMS

What did you say this man's name was, sir?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

WELLS

(staring)

Stevenson. Doctor John Leslie
Stevenson. He's chief of surgery
at Saint Bartholomew's --

ADAMS

I'm afraid he's also chief of
surgery in Whitechapel. Come on,
lads!

Mrs. Turner covers her mouth in an involuntary gesture
as the men spread out in different directions.

21 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

21

The police rush in: No one is there.

21A INT. OTHER ROOMS - QUICK SHOTS

21A

Empty. The police rush in and check windows, etc. All
are locked from within; nothing suspicious.

21B INT. FOYER - NIGHT

21B

Much confusion as the police return from all over the
house without results. Wells and his other guests
stand stupefied throughout.

SERGEANT

Nothing upstairs, Inspector. All
the windows are locked from within.

ADAMS

And the skylight?

SERGEANT

Also closed. We checked the roof
but there's no sign of him.

ADAMS

What's in back?

BOBBY

A dead-end mews, sir, with a high
brick wall. He hasn't got out
that way, I'll take my oath.

(CONTINUED)

21B CONTINUED:

21B

ADAMS

(wo Wells)

He was with you just now?

Wells nods dumbly, unable to speak --

ADAMS

(continuing)

He must have gone out the front somehow, as we came in. It doesn't matter: We know who he is which is a sight more than we did until tonight. We'll round him up.

(pause)

Sorry it had to be like this, sir.

To the others --

ADAMS

(continuing)

If you gentlemen will accompany me, I'll see that you reach your homes safely under a police escort.

The others stare dumbly at Wells, who nods, resigned.

RICHARDSON

Is it possible -- ?

He realizes there is nothing to be said, takes his coat, hat and umbrella. He tries to open the umbrella but it is broken.

RICHARDSON

(continuing;
self-conscious)

Blast.

He jams the umbrella under his arm, looks apologetically at Wells, then shuffles out. Wells stares after him, then turns on his heel and shambles towards the sitting room.

22 INT. SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

22

Later. Wells sits before the dying fire. Mrs. Turner comes quietly in. He looks up at her.

MRS. TURNER

They've gone now.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

She sighs, shaking.

WELLS

Are you all right, Mrs. Turner?
Would you care for a brandy?

MRS. TURNER

Thank you, sir; you're very kind.

Wells pours her a glass --

MRS. TURNER

(continuing)

I've never been so frightened.
That bag -- ! I don't know how
many times I've put it in the
closet for him --

(she shudders)

I wonder he didn't take it with
him when he left.

WELLS

Then we'd never have known.

MRS. TURNER

He was always so correct, so
polite --

WELLS

The Ripper.

Pause. He rises, crosses to the chessboard and ponders
the brilliant final moves.

MRS. TURNER

I wonder where he got to so fast
the coppers couldn't find him.
They looked high and low and we
were by the front door the whole
time. Ah, well, if he's fooled
them all for so long, I don't
wonder he --

Wells slowly looks at her -- back at the board.

WELLS

What?

MRS. TURNER

I say we were by the --

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2) 22

Wells jumps up.

MRS. TURNER

(continuing)

What is it, sir?

WELLS

Excuse me.

He walks out quickly.

23 INT. FOYER - NIGHT 23

Wells races out of the sitting room and charges towards the basement door at the back of the foyer.

24 INT. BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT 24

Wells turns on the lights. The machine is gone! Nothing but dust outlining where it used to be. Stunned, Wells walks into the room. Not knowing what to do, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out the key; looks hopefully at it. Sighs, replaces the key and sits on a work bench, waiting.

After a moment (DISSOLVE?) the empty space begins to whiten with light. The room shakes slightly; objects in the lab vibrate. As Wells stands, staring, the time machine rematerializes. White disappears; vibrations stop; it's back.

Cautiously, Wells advances, reaches for the hatch door, but pulls back his fingers: It's hot. He looks around, grabs a handkerchief from his pocket and pulls open the hatch; climbs inside.

25 INT. TIME MACHINE 25

Wells stares at the dials. Under DESTINATION:
NOVEMBER 5, 1979.

25A ANGLE ON WELLS 25A

WELLS

What have I done?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25A CONTINUED:

25A

WELLS (CONT'D)

(pause)

What have I done?

He pounds the machine in frustration --

WELLS

(continuing)

I've turned the bloody maniac
loose on Utopia, that's what
I've bloody done.

He sits there, tries to think, his fist in his mouth.
Suddenly he jumps up and out of the machine.

26 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

26

Wells emerges from the basement and charges upstairs,
past Mrs. Turner who has come out of the sitting room.

MRS. TURNER

Mr. Wells!

WELLS

(shouts)

Bring me the housekeeping money,
Mrs. Turner -- all of it!

MRS. TURNER

But --

WELLS

And any cash you have of your own,
if you please! I'll make it up to
you!

He is upstairs already. Wondering, but feeling the
urgency, she goes to the kitchen.

27 INT. WELLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

Like a crazy man, Wells turns his room upside-down in
a frantic search for money. He turns out the pockets
of clothes, hurling them to the floor, etc. Then he
remembers: He digs at the base of his closet and pulls
out a box which he opens: His mother's jewels. He
stuffs them into his pockets.

On his way out, he again checks to make sure he has the
key.

28 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

28

Wells races downstairs as Mrs. Turner emerges from the kitchen, carrying the housekeeping money. He grabs it without ceremony.

WELLS

How much?

MRS. TURNER

Fifteen pounds sixpence, sir.
Will you want it all?

WELLS

All, if you please. And also,
would you mind greatly if I took
your earrings? They are opals,
aren't they?

He is helping her off with them; she is too shocked to resist.

MRS. TURNER

My earrings -- !

WELLS

Money may not answer, I'm afraid.
I may have to trade with the natives!

MRS. TURNER

Hadn't you better tell the police -- ?

WELLS

The police wouldn't believe a word
of it. Goodbye, Mrs. Turner.

He gives her an impulsive peck on the cheek and heads for the basement. She looks towards the front door before realizing he isn't going that way.

29 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

29

Wells races to the machine, looks it over hopefully and climbs in.

30 INT. TIME MACHINE - NIGHT

30

Wells surveys the controls, removes the key he brought with him and inserts it in the lock which says: AUTO-MATIC RETURN COUNTERMAND.

He surveys the dials.

31 HIS POV 31

POINT OF ORIGIN: Nov. 5, 1893, 10:30 P.M.

DESTINATION: Nov. 5, 1979

32 BACK TO SCENE 32

Wells pulls out his pocket watch and starts rapidly calculating, counting numbers on the watch face.

WELLS

Let's see, eighty-six years at two years per minute -- that would make it forty-three minutes, bringing us to an estimated arrival time of -- 11:15 P.M. Right!

He checks the controls, takes a breath and starts flipping the switches in sequence. The machine begins to light up and HUM as it warms. More switches. The machine is ready.

Wells takes a breath, grabs the direction lever --

WELLS

(continuing)

Utopia.

He throws the lever. The HUM gets LOUDER.

SPECIAL EFFECTS BEGIN as the time machine glows in the lab, getting brighter and then whiting out of vision. (What follows will be determined in conjunction with the EFFECTS TEAM, but it includes Wells, laughing, crying, screaming, covered with sweat, his eyes bulging in disbelief as he hurtles through time. Occasional glimpses at the year dial give us some idea of where he is. During World War II, for example -- 1941 -- the machine is jolted by German V2 bombs, and so forth. The effects should be the most spectacular kind of thing imaginable.)

As the year dial nears 1979, the machine begins to slow down, ditto the numbers and the HUM. (Terrific BUMPING.)

The time machine stops. Totally still and silent. Wells sits there, shaking, his collar open, sweat pouring off him, not daring to believe he is alive. He can't move. A warning light goes on, jarring him to action and he looks: the automatic return is blinking. With a shaky hand, Wells turns the key.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

The light goes off. Wells withdraws the key and pockets it. He looks about him, can't see anything. Hesitantly, he reaches for the door and opens it.

33 INT. LARGE HALL - DAY 33

Wells emerges from the machine unsteady on his feet.

GUARD'S VOICE

Hey, you.

Startled, Wells turns and sees a UNIFORMED GUARD.

GUARD

(continuing)

Get away from that exhibit.

WELLS

I beg your pardon?

GUARD

You heard me. Other side of the ropes, that's what they're there for. You people. Come on now.

He gestures. Other people are staring. Wells hesitates, wondering, then steps over the velvet visitor ropes. He turns and surveys the exhibit behind him. A sign reads:

H.G. WELLS: A MAN BEFORE HIS TIME

Wells gasps, moves hesitantly to the display, gawking at books and articles about himself, and photographs, unable to take it in. One picture causes him to peer closely, then draw back with disgust. The picture shows a paunchy, balding H.G. Wells, the caption reads "Wells at 60."

WELLS

Never.

Next he moves on to the time machine itself and reads the placard:

Unearthed by workmen in London two years ago, this "Time Machine," apparently designed and built by Wells, is never known to have worked. An interesting curiosity, it was no doubt the basis for Wells' imaginative novel, THE TIME MACHINE.

On loan from the British Museum

(CONTINUED)

- 33 CONTINUED: 33
Wells stares, snorts and starts out. He sees something else, high up, stops and stares.
- 34 HIS POV - A WALL CLOCK 34
It reads: 2:30.
Wells hastily fumbles for his pocket watch.
- WELLS
(confused)
Nine hours off?
- He replaces the watch, distressed, and starts out of the hall.
- 35 EXT. MUSEUM - GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY 35
Wells emerges and looks about. A sign behind him tells us he was in the DE YOUNG MUSEUM.
- 36 WELLS' POV - GOLDEN GATE PARK 36
in the afternoon. A placid enough sight, people walking, etc.
Wells begins to walk. He sees something, squints:
a flagpole with the Stars and Stripes:
- 37 EXT. GOLDEN GATE TEA GARDENS - DAY 37
Wells enters the gardens, squints at Japanese pagodas. Where IS he?? Another sign: NO DOGS ALLOWED IN TEA GARDENS.
- WELLS
At least it's still English.
- Another sign catches his eye: PARK EXIT. He follows the arrow.
- 38 EXT. FULTON STREET - DAY 38
Wells emerges from the park. He is startled by a tremendous ROAR and looks up.

39 WELLS' POV - A JET PLANE

39

flying overhead.

Wells smiles broadly -- this is more like it! He looks down and does a take: A good-looking girl in a very short skirt walks by.

Wells blushes in disbelief. Automatically, he follows. The girl walks across the street as the light changes red. Wells starts to follow and is nearly run down by an avalanche of cars. One swerves to avoid him and clips another. Both cars stop.

1ST DRIVER

Watch out, you dumb son-of-a-bitch!

The TWO DRIVERS get out, furious.

2ND DRIVER

You cut me off, schmuck! Lookit what you did to my fender!

1ST DRIVER

Whaddaya expect -- I'm supposed to run the dumb son-of-a-bitch over? Dumb son-of-a-bitch can't read. Hey, come back here -- !

2ND DRIVER

Never mind him. Whaddabout my car?

Wells watches, amazed. They are about to come to blows. Now he sees the light; it changes from a red DON'T WALK, to a green WALK. He does, marveling at the cars, looking back at the Drivers.

40 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

40

The afternoon wears on. Wells walks, stares at bumper-to-bumper pre-rush hour traffic. Many signs, many people, especially women, whose dress confounds him -- body-tight jeans, boots, skimpy T-shirts, etc. He mops his brow.

Wells passes a TV store and stares at all the TV sets in the window. They are all playing some hideous commercial. The question CONSTIPATED? appears simultaneously on all screen as he watches, bewildered.

Wells passes a newsstand with the headline: COLTS MAUL RAMS -- frowns.

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

Another ROAR. He looks up: another plane. Another SOUND. He looks: BART carrying commuters in a smooth glide.

A MAN walks towards him. Wells approaches.

WELLS

Excuse me -- Can you tell me what city this is?

MAN

Come on.

He keeps going. Wells stands there. A woman approaches.

WELLS

Excuse me.

She takes one look and walks by faster. Wells gets an idea and goes back to the newsstand. Above the headline it reads: San Francisco Chronicle.

WELLS

(continuing)

San Francisco? California?

(counts on fingers)

Of course! -- Nine hours difference!

(pause)

San Francisco!

He looks around.

41 HIS POV

41

San Francisco, all right.

42 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NORTH BEACH, SEX SHOPS, ETC. - DAY

42

Wells passes two overtly gay men, arms entwined, earrings, etc. Stunned, he turns to watch them pass and something else catches his eye: A Bank of America branch. He stops: Money! He pulls out his bills, counts them, then crosses to the bank. It is closed, the hours printed on the door -- closes at three. Wells looks at his watch: 3:30.

WELLS

Blast.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

He starts off again. People stare at his quaint attire, making him slightly self-conscious. Whenever a girl walks by his mouth hangs open. He gets to a corner, starts to cross, then remembers and waits for the light.

Next to him stands a Chinese boy (17) with a huge portable radio. It blasts the hardest rock music ever heard. Wells wants to move away from the terrible sound but the street light won't change. Finally it does and he moves quickly away from the sound!

43 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

43

Wells sees a jewelry store. Tired now, he crosses to it; goes in.

44 INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

44

an ELDERLY JEWELER, glass in his eye, examines Wells' gems.

JEWELER

Amazing.

Wells studies the Jeweler. His sleeves rolled up, there are a series of numbers tattooed on his forearm. Wells turns his head to inspect them; wonders what they are.

JEWELER

(continuing)

Amazing. I haven't seen stones in settings like these since before the war.

WELLS

The war?

JEWELER

(awed)

Since the Second World War. You know --

WELLS

I beg your pardon: Did you say world war?

JEWELER

(is Wells deaf?)

Since World War II, I said.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

JEWELER (CONT'D)

Very rare to see stuff set like
this since before the war.

WELLS

World war two.
(shakes head in
disbelief)
Uh, how much are they worth?

JEWELER

Today's market? Eighty-thousand,
easy.

WELLS

Will you buy them?

JEWELER

I couldn't give you top dollar,
I'm afraid.

WELLS

That's all right. What's your
offer?

JEWELER

(canny)
Fifty?

WELLS

Very well.

The Jeweler can't believe his luck.

JEWELER

You don't want to think about it?
Okay. May I see some ID?

Wells is confused.

JEWELER

(continuing)
You know, a driver's license,
credit card, something like that --

WELLS

I'm afraid I don't -- uh -- have
some. Any.

JEWELER

None. Wait, you're English,
aren't you? Over on a visit?
What about your passport?

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

WELLS

I'm sorry. Can't we just --

JEWELER

I'm afraid I can't do business without some identification. How do I know these aren't hot?

WELLS

Hot?

JEWELER

You know -- stolen.

WELLS

Stolen?? My good man, I inherited these gems from my mother --

JEWELER

(hasty)

I'm sure you did, but there's rules and regulations and I got to follow them or I get in trouble --

WELLS

I assure you on my word as a gentleman --

JEWELER

Come on, give me a break. What's the gentleman stuff? How come you don't got any ID?

Wells rapidly retrieves the jewelry and starts out of the store.

JEWELER

(continuing)

Look, lemme run a computer check on the stuff. If it's clear we can do business. In a week you'll have a check --

WELLS

(leaving)

I don't have a week.

He slams out, exasperated. The Jeweler watches him go, mystified.

45 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - DAY

45

The light is fading. Wells, now exhausted, sees a pawnshop. He brightens, goes over to the pawnshop, but it is closed for the day. He looks at his watch: 5:30.

WELLS

Damn!

It is getting colder and darker. Wells pulls up his Norfolk jacket collar and huddles into it, looking around.

On top of a hill is Grace Cathedral. With a sigh of relief at a familiar structure Wells starts climbing towards it.

46 ANGLE - HALFWAY UP HILL

46

It is an exhausting climb for a tired and consumptive man. Wells is staggering now.

47 INT. GRACE CATHEDRAL - DAY

47

Wells stumbles in, falls into a pew. He closes his eyes for a moment, then looks around. The place is empty but a CLERGYMAN is headed his way. Wells takes a breath, kneels and prays.

48 CLOSEUP - WELLS

48

WELLS

I don't believe You exist, but
if You do I need Your help. Just
let me stay the night and I'll
be on my way in the morning and
not trouble You again.

He sinks back, played out. The Clergyman stops by him.

CLERGYMAN

I'm sorry, we're closing.

Wells opens his eyes in disbelief.

49 EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

49

Wells huddled and shivering is stretched out on the bench.

WELLS

(through his teeth)

Utopia.

50 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT 50

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY 51

52 EXT. SAME PAWNSHOP - DAY 52

Wells emerges counting some U.S. bills and studying the artwork and denominations. He looks up and around, sees a McDonald's, clearly about food. He smiles and goes towards it.

53 INT. McDONALD'S - DAY 53

Wells enters. It's packed. He gets in line, looks ahead at the menu, but except for tea and coffee it is gibberish.

MAN IN FRONT OF WELLS

Gimme a Big Mac, fries and coffee to go.

He leaves. Wells does an imitation.

WELLS

Gimme a Big Mac, fries and tea to go, if you please.

54 ANOTHER ANGLE 54

Wells leaves the counter with his food in bags. He tries to calculate the correct change as he ambles to table and sits down. He opens a bag and pulls out a fry, holding it up and examining it.

WELLS

Chips! 'Fries' are chips!

Delighted, he starts eating ravenously. After the first bite, he frowns, then shrugs and wolfs the stuff down.

As he eats, he becomes curious about the table and chair he is in. He rubs the surface, trying to figure out what it's made of.

55 ANOTHER DINER 55

regards him suspiciously. Wells stops.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

WELLS

Never saw wood like this before.

The diner just stares, chewing like a cow.

56 EXT. STREET - DAY

56

FEATURING a barbershop. Wells ruefully fingers his bristly beard, heads into it.

FLIP SCREEN:

57 ANOTHER ANGLE

57

Wells emerges looking clean and healthy. He looks about and sees another bank.

58 INT. BANK - DAY

58

A BANK OFFICER counts Wells' English money.

OFFICER

Eighteen pounds, sixpence. These bills are quite old, were you aware of that? They're pre-World War I. They've got Queen Victoria on them.

WELLS

World War -- but they're still good, aren't they?

OFFICER

Sure, but a coin dealer might give you more for them -- they're in great shape. Here all you'll get is the going rate. Which comes to --

(he calculates on a
little pocket
computer)

-- twenty-five dollars and fifty cents.

WELLS

Twenty-five dollars?? What is the going rate of exchange? In my day the pound brought over five dollars American.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

He is annoyed at the slip, but the Officer doesn't notice.

OFFICER

(laughs)

Well, that was your day. Today you'll get [use current rate] for them.

WELLS

(to himself)

What's happened to England?

OFFICER

What's happened is right. It's the same all over. Money makes the world go round, but it's worth less and less. Oil is at the bottom of it.

Wells is struck by the idea.

WELLS

Money, yes, everyone needs money. Tell me, has another man been in here recently? A man like me -- dressed like me, I mean, only taller, a little older, without spectacles -- with uh, old currency like mine?

OFFICER

Not that I recall and they'd send him to me if he wanted to exchange pounds for dollars.

WELLS

(rises)

I see. Thank you.

OFFICER

Not at all.

Wells goes for the door.

59

EXT. VARIOUS BANK BRANCHES - SERIES OF SHOTS

59

Through the windows, we SEE Wells putting the same question time and time again. He always walks out empty-handed.

60 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

60

Wells enters the square, watches a cable-car loaded with tourists, then reacts to something. CAMERA WHIP-PANS TO THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Wells is tired, but he brightens at the sight and moves forward.

61 INT. BANK OF ENGLAND - DAY

61

Wells stands before a desk. A sign says MS. AMY ROBBINS. Behind the desk sits a very attractive lady.

AMY

(looks up, smiles)

May I help you?

WELLS

I'd like to see the officer in charge of foreign currency exchange.

AMY

You're looking at him.

WELLS

You? But surely --

AMY

(used to it; pleasant)

Now don't be a chauvinist. It's taken me three years to make it to 'foreign.' What's the matter, don't you believe in Women's Liberation?

She is attracted by him.

WELLS

Women's -- ? I'm dreadfully sorry. I meant no disrespect. I am pleased it's come to pass. As a matter of fact, I was all for it, so I shouldn't complain.

AMY

(still amused)

You were all for it? What changed your mind?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

WELLS

Nothing -- that is -- I don't
know if you can help me --

AMY

(deadpan)

May I help you?

Wells is half-amused, despite his predicament.

WELLS

I'm certainly willing to have
you try. I'm looking for a man,
another Englishman, like me, who
may have exchanged some money
here.

AMY

I'll say.

WELLS

(blanches)

Then he was here.

AMY

Yesterday afternoon, big as life,
with a moneybelt that was even
bigger -- must've weighed a ton.
Friend of yours?

WELLS

In a way. We were uh traveling
together and now I've, uh, lost
him. His name is John Leslie
Stevenson.

AMY

That's him, all right. I tried
to get him to open an account
with us, but he only cashed in
a couple of hundred dollars
worth and put the belt back on.
I told him he was taking quite
a risk walking around with that
thing.

WELLS

You wouldn't -- happen to know
what's become of him -- where
he's got to, I mean?

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

AMY

As a matter of fact, he asked me
to recommend a hotel --

WELLS

(controlling himself)

A ho --

AMY

So I sent him to the Hyatt Regency
on Drumm Street. I thought he'd --

WELLS

The Hyatt Regency?

AMY

On Drumm. Here.

She takes one of her business cards and writes it down
for him.

Wells studies the card after she gives it to him and
she takes the opportunity to study him. No doubt
about it, he's cute.

AMY

(continuing)

You're here for a visit? Tourist
type thing?

WELLS

Umm.

AMY

Well, if you don't know anyone,
perhaps you'd let me show you
around. We San Franciscans are
very proud of this old town.

Wells, stares, shocked at the proposal. She smiles --

AMY

(continuing)

Women's Lib, remember?

WELLS

Well, uh, yes. Yes, perhaps
that might be nice.

AMY

You've got the card. It's your
option. Give me a ring if you
feel like it. My name's Amy.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

WELLS

A ring?

AMY

You know -- ?

(she pantomimes
using a telephone)

-- My number's on the card.

What's your name?

Wells gets to his feet.

WELLS

Wells. Herbert Wells.

She does a take, laughing: Herbert?? Wells smiles shyly and moves awkwardly off.

CAROLE, Amy's friend at the next desk, comes over and sits on the edge of Amy's desk.

CAROLE

What was that?

AMY

That was a very cute man.

CAROLE

That was a pickup. Against bank rules.

AMY

I don't care. San Francisco is filled with gays and he's not gay. Plus, I love the way he talks.

CAROLE

What about that suit -- early American?

AMY

(chewing a pencil)

He'll be back.

CAROLE

Wanna bet?

AMY

Stay tuned.

62 EXT. BANK OF ENGLAND - UNION SQUARE - DAY

62

Wells leaves the bank, looks around. In front of him, a woman stands at the curb and hails a taxi. She gets in and drives away.

Wells goes to the curb and does likewise. A cab pulls up. He has trouble opening the door, but figures it out and gets in.

63 INT. CAB - DAY

63

Wells sits, examining everything. The cab DRIVER watches him laconically in the mirror.

DRIVER

What's up, doc?

WELLS

Eh?

DRIVER

You were saying?
(impatient)
Where to?

WELLS

Oh. Could you take me to the
Hyatt --

He starts to pull out the card, but the cab SQUEALS off, burning rubber, throwing him into the seat. Wells grasps things for support. He has never traveled this fast in his life; looks wildly about.

64 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

64

The cab roars up a hill and bounces down over the top.

65 INT. CAB - DAY

65

Wells, less frightened and more thrilled, starts to enjoy it.

WELLS

(yells to be heard)
Do you enjoy your work?

DRIVER

Hey?

(CONTINUED)

- 65 CONTINUED: 65
- WELLS
I say you must enjoy your work.
- DRIVER
(shrugs)
It's a living.
- 66 EXT. DRUMM STREET - DAY 66
- The cab SQUEALS around a corner and into the Hyatt Regency.
- 67 INT. HYATT REGENCY - DAY 67
- ANGLE at top of escalators, LOOKING DOWN to entrance. Wells enters the lower lobby, looks around and up at the escalator in front of him, puzzled. Other people ride up on it, and he gets the idea. He steps gingerly aboard and starts up TOWARDS the CAMERA.
- 68 WELLS' POV - ANGLE FEATURING CAMERA ON ESCALATOR 68
- As we reach the top of the escalator, the fantastic, futuristic lobby of the Hyatt Regency comes INTO VIEW -- a space-age vision!
- 69 CLOSEUP - WELLS 69
- on escalator, gaping.
- 70 ANOTHER ANGLE - LOBBY 70
- Wells falls off the escalator, recovers, looks around.
- 71 INT. STEVENSON'S ROOM - HYATT REGENCY - DAY 71
- BEGIN CLOSEUP ON the ornate gold pocket watch on a dresser, then REVEAL Stevenson walking back and forth in his room, getting dressed. The clothes he puts on have been purchased since his arrival in 1979. They are conservative but certainly less conspicuous than what he wore when he arrived.
- 72 CLOSEUP - STEVENSON'S HANDS 72
- discovering a zipper instead of buttons on his trousers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After fumbling, he pulls the tab and zips up his trousers.

CAMERA PANS UP TO his face for the first time. He smiles slightly, with wonderment.

STEVENSON

Americans -- so clever!

There is a KNOCK at the door --

STEVENSON

(continuing)

Yes? Who is it?

VOICE

Your breakfast, sir.

Stevenson frowns; is this customary? He goes to the door and opens it: Wells stands there.

Both react to the sight of one another. Stevenson recovers first.

STEVENSON

(smiles)

Well, bless my soul!

WELLS

(icy)

May I come in?

STEVENSON

Certainly. Certainly! My dear fellow, I must confess you were literally the last person on earth I expected to see! You gave me quite a turn -- though now I think of it, there was no way I could have prevented the machine from returning -- I hadn't the key.

WELLS

No.

STEVENSON

And you found your nerve, after all. After I'd tested your machine for you.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

He picks up the gold watch and pockets it, adjusts the fob --

STEVENSON

(continuing)

But how on earth did you manage to track me down once you got here? That was brilliant. Really, we must add 'detective' to your list of accomplishments. My dear chap, you're a regular Sherlock Holmes!

WELLS

Stevenson, I am not here to engage in idle banter. You have used me and used my machine to escape the ends of justice --

STEVENSON

I congratulate you on that device, Wells! I confess that at dinner the other evening I thought you had lost your wits, but then Fate intervened and forced me to ascertain for myself that you are truly the Columbus of a new age: the dawn of time travel. I salute you!

WELLS

(ignores this)

I want you to come with me now --

STEVENSON

Certainly, where are we off to?

WELLS

To the museum. I am obliged to take you back to face the consequences of your acts --

STEVENSON

But you can't be serious -- and you sound so Victorian!

(he laughs)

Take me back? How may I ask do you propose to do that? By force?

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (3)

72

He stands there, bigger and no doubt stronger than Wells, grinning.

WELLS

(confused)

Be reasonable, Stevenson: we don't belong here, we have violated --

STEVENSON

We? We don't belong? Let me show you something.

He picks up a TV remote control device, shows it to Wells and points it at a color television set, clicking it on. Wells flinches as the TV COMES TO LIFE and images appear.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

Look.

He flips channels as Wells watches, horrified: EVERYTHING HE TUNES IN IS VIOLENCE:

A gory WAR MOVIE

A BURGLAR ALARM COMMERCIAL

A NEWSCAST ABOUT
NUCLEAR TESTING; mentions
annihilation of Hiroshima

A NEWSCAST ABOUT
TERRORISTS killing
hostages, etc.

A PBS RAPIST DEFENSE CLASS
"go for his eyes" etc.

MASS MURDERER MANSON
up for parole?

A TV SHOOT-OUT

STEVENSON (O.S.)

We don't belong? On the contrary, Wells, I belong here completely and totally -- I am home. It is you who have no business here.

He CLICKS OFF the TV --

STEVENSON

(continuing)

You. With your absurd notions of a perfect and harmonious society.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

STEVENSON (CONT'D)

What drivell! The world has caught up to me -- and surpassed me. Ninety years ago I was a freak, a mutant. Here, I'm an amateur. Go back, Wells -- the future isn't what you thought, it's what I am.

Stevenson bends down to tie his shoes. Wells shakes with rage.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

Did you know you can go into a shop here and purchase a revolver? Or a rifle? It's all perfectly legal. These people encourage --

He straightens up and Wells slugs him. The blow isn't much -- Wells isn't strong -- nevertheless, Stevenson reels, recovers with a bloody mouth, grinning. Wells is shocked at his own act.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

Catching, isn't it -- violence?

Wiping the blood from his mouth, Stevenson moves towards the door, blocking Wells' exit.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

You know, your finding me here is rather fortuitous -- for me, that is. Otherwise, I'd have been obliged to search for you. Are you going to give it to me?

WELLS

I don't have any idea what you're talking about.

STEVENSON

Of course you do, my dear fellow. I'm talking about the return countermand key. I can't have you following me throughout eternity -- like the Flying Dutchman. Give me the key and we'll be at quits.

WELLS

(eyes the door)

I haven't got it with me.

72 CONTINUED: (5)

72

STEVENSON

Herbert, Herbert. I've played countless games of chess with you and the one thing you cannot do is bluff.

Abruptly he slugs Wells, whose glasses go flying. They grapple, trading blows, but Wells is hardly match for Stevenson. He buckles to the floor, clutching his stomach and Stevenson moves to finish him off. He is well on his way to killing him and trying to find the key.

There is a KNOCK on the DOOR, which is unlocked by the MAID.

MAID

Maid --

She stops at the sight. Stevenson hesitates, then grabs his things and rushes out past her.

Wells fumbles for his glasses and runs by the Maid after him.

- 73 INT. HYATT REGENCY LOBBY - DAY 73
- 74 ANGLE ON GLASS-BULLET ELEVATORS 74
- Stevenson descends in the lead elevator, but Wells is right behind him in the next one. They can see each other. Stevenson isn't smiling anymore.
- 75 ANOTHER ANGLE - LOBBY 75
- Stevenson's elevator stops and Stevenson runs out through lobby. A few seconds later, Wells runs after him.
- 76 INT. LOWER LOBBY - HYATT REGENCY - ANGLE FAVORING BOTH ELEVATORS - DAY 76

Stevenson goes down the DOWN escalator, running. Wells goes into the UP escalator and has to run twice as fast to get down, loses time.

77 EXT. HYATT REGENCY - DAY 77

Stevenson comes out at a run. Seconds later, Wells follows, looks about, sees him and takes a breath before pursuing.

78 SEVERAL ANGLES 78

of the foot chase through the streets.

Finally, Stevenson runs out into a street, ignoring the street light, which changes. A car rounding the corner hits him hard and he goes down instantly.

A crowd forms at once. Wells has to fight his way through.

79 WELLS' POV 79

PARTIALLY OBSCURED by people, Stevenson tries to sit up, can't quite. VOICES AD LIB "What happened?" "Is he okay?" etc. The DRIVER explains to anyone who'll listen: "I couldn't help it; he ran right in front of me," etc.

ANGLE WIDENS as Wells stares, disbelieving.

A SIREN is HEARD and an ambulance arrives. The PARAMEDICS jump out, examine Stevenson, get him onto a stretcher and take off with him. The SIREN BLAZES into the distance as a COP disperses the crowd.

COP

All right, it's all over -- break it up, let's break it up. Everything's okay.

WELLS

Where will they take him?

COP

San Francisco General. All right, move along now --

Wells wanders dazedly off.

80 INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

80

Chaos. Blacks, drunks, dopers, you name it.

Wells enters, amazed by the crying and groaning. A black man sits clutching a knife wound in his stomach, blood pouring out. Doctors and nurses try hard to keep up with the catastrophes.

Wells walks up to a sign which says INFORMATION. The ADMITTING NURSE is hopelessly behind and constantly answers the PHONE throughout their exchange. Wells arranges his clothes.

WELLS

Excuse me --

NURSE

Just a minute, please --

She writes frantically, hands admission papers to an orderly --

NURSE

(continuing)

Yes?

WELLS

I'm looking for a patient recently admitted -- less than an hour ago. He was in an accident --

NURSE

Name?

WELLS

Name -- uh, John Leslie Stevenson --

She punches the computer.

NURSE

Not here.

WELLS

But they said he'd be brought here. This is San Francisco Gen--

NURSE

Not here. Not under that name, anyway. Next.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

WELLS

Just a minute, please. This is very important.

NURSE

(looks at him)

Look around: you think they're unimportant?

WELLS

He must have only just arrived -- he was hit by a motorcar --

NURSE

A motor car -- you mean a car?

WELLS

Yes, I suppose so, a car. He's tall, well built --

NURSE

There's 3,500 patients here, sir. I wouldn't recognize him from a description. Try the main admitting desk, second floor.

WELLS

Second floor.

But she's on to someone else.

81 INT. SAN FRANCISCO GENERAL HOSPITAL - MAIN ADMITTING DESK - DAY 81

Calmer. Wells sits, waiting. A BLACK NURSE comes down the corridor towards him. He rises expectantly.

NURSE

I'm sorry, Mr. Wells, but an accident victim answering your description died twenty minutes ago. We had him listed as John Doe, Number 16.

WELLS

Died? But that's not possible. I saw him sitting up after the accident.

(CONTINUED)

81 CONTINUED:

81

NURSE

His chart says 'internal injuries.'
 (sympathetically)
 It happens that way sometimes.

WELLS

May I see the body?

NURSE

(suspicious)
 Are you family?

He looks at her --

NURSE

(continuing)
 Are you a relative?

WELLS

(impatiently)
 He has no relatives.

NURSE

I'm sorry.

Wells stares, unable to think of anything else; disbelieving but not knowing what to do.

NURSE

(continuing)
 Excuse me.

She leaves; after a second, Wells heads for the exit.

82 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO HOSPITAL - DAY

82

Wells emerges, disoriented and shaken. He walks aimlessly.

83 EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

83

Wells walks in, still in a daze. Unwittingly, he stops before the BANK OF ENGLAND windows. From inside, Amy looks up, sees him, does a take and smiles. She runs out.

AMY

Why, hello! You decided to let me take you to lunch.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

WELLS

Eh? Oh, hullo. What did you say?

AMY

I said lunch, on me. What do you say?

WELLS

Why --

AMY

Just let me get my things.
(she starts back,
stops)

That is what you had in mind.
(Isn't it?)

WELLS

Why, uh, certainly, if you'd like.

AMY

Wait right there.

Wells watches through the window as she runs inside. He has to smile, especially as he sees her excitedly explain to the other girl -- Carole -- who looks deadpan out the window at him. Then he frowns, remembering what's happened, but wipes the frown off his face by the time she comes back.

AMY

(continuing)

All set. Where to?

WELLS

You know the city; I'll leave it to you.

AMY

I know -- something with a view!

84

INT. OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - FAIRMONT HOTEL - DAY

84

The elevator rises, displaying the city to advantage. Wells looks down, anxious.

AMY

Don't worry, it's perfectly safe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

AMY (CONT'D)

We haven't had any trouble since
the big one in 1906. Knock wood.

WELLS

The big one?

AMY

The earthquake. Don't you know
about that? Haven't done your
reading. It leveled the whole
shebang.

WELLS

The Shebang. I see.

85 EXT. FAIRMONT HOTEL - DAY

85

The outside elevator carries Wells and Amy.

86 INT. CROWN ROOM - FAIRMONT - DAY

86

Wells and Amy eat lunch. Wells likes the food. He
starts to say something, then looks up.

WELLS

I say, what's that noise?

AMY

Noise? That's Muzak.

WELLS

Music?

AMY

Muzak. To help you eat.

WELLS

I don't think I need help eating.
This is delicious. Far superior
to the Scottish place where I
breakfasted.

AMY

Scottish?

WELLS

McIntire's -- ? No, McDonald's.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

She can't tell if he is putting her on.

AMY

How long will you be in town?

Wells looks up sharply.

WELLS

That's hard to say, actually --

AMY

I mean, are you on vacation?

He looks at her uncomprehending --

AMY

(continuing)

Sorry, holiday. Work in an English bank and you gotta learn the lingo. Are you on holiday?

WELLS

Yes and no -- not exactly. I suppose I really don't know how long I'll be here.

AMY

What about your friend?

WELLS

(blanches)

Friend?

AMY

You know, Dr. Stevenson, the one you were so anxious to find.

WELLS

He -- he wasn't exactly my friend. We, uh, had a bit of a falling out. I won't be seeing him again.

He is distracted now, unhelpful in the conversation.

AMY

(to keep it going)

I like that suit. Is that what they're wearing in London?

WELLS

It was when I left.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Is that where you live -- London?
Everyone I've ever met from
England is from London.

WELLS

(sips wine)

Umm. Is this claret?

AMY

(proud)

California Zinfandel, grown and
bottled not sixty miles from here.

WELLS

Really? Extraordinary. I'm
sorry, what were you saying?

AMY

I asked if you lived in London,
'cause I have friends there and
I thought maybe you might know
them. Of course I realize it's
a big city, but anyway, their
name is Phillips -- he works for
Coca-Cola. Any chance?

WELLS

I'm afraid not.

AMY

Yeah, well, you probably move
in different circles. You --
are you a scientist, or something
like that?

WELLS

(startled)

What makes you say that?

AMY

Just a hunch. You give me the
impression of someone who's
cloistered away somewhere most
of the time, in a library or
something doing research -- and
never reads the paper or knows
anything outside his field.

WELLS

As a matter of fact, I used to
write for a newspaper. The Pall
Mall Gazette.

86 CONTINUED: (3)

86

AMY

(fascinated)

Really? Shows what I know. You were a reporter?

WELLS

Not exactly. I wrote articles on whatever struck my fancy. Social issues mainly. The last thing I did was a series on free love.

AMY

(does a take;
laughs)

Free love? Jesus, I haven't heard that term since eighth grade.

Pause. She looks at him shyly -- just:

AMY

(continuing)

Tell me something: did you think it was very forward of me to invite you to lunch?

WELLS

Do you often invite, uh -- that is --

AMY

Do I often invite strange men to lunch? Not often. But it's not often that a strange man turns me on. Or a strange woman.

(she laughs)

Don't get me wrong, I didn't mean to imply that I was a dyke.

WELLS

(hopelessly
befuddled)

Dyke?

AMY

A lesbian, or anything like that. 'Cause I'm not. I like my sex straight, but I go through these periods when I can take it or leave it --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMY (CONT'D)

-- know what I mean? Sometimes for months if I don't meet someone who does it for me. Some people -- like my friend Carole? -- I'm not telling tales out of school, but some people can just sleep around, you know? Not me. I have to really like the guy. Otherwise, it's no go.

Wells blushes scarlet. Amy senses he's not used to this.

AMY

(continuing)

I'm sorry, I guess I shouldn't say all that stuff right off the bat, like that. It isn't Women's Lib; I just get nervous. When I get nervous I tend to babble.

WELLS

Do I make you nervous?

AMY

Yeah, you do, kind of.

WELLS

Why?

AMY

'Cause I like you.

She smiles helplessly as if to say: See, I did it again. Confused, but pleased, Wells turns away to look at another part of the view. He sees the Golden Gate Bridge.

WELLS

I say, what's that?

She follows his glance.

AMY

That?? You've got to be kidding. How'd you decide to visit here -- stick a pin in a map? That's the Golden Gate.

WELLS

Ah, the Golden Gate.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: (5)

86

She smiles broadly --

AMY

Want to drive across it?

WELLS

Is it for motor cars?

She looks at him -- he's cute, all right, but strange!

87 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

87

Wells and Amy walk towards her car.

WELLS

What about your job?

AMY

I just took the afternoon off.
It's one of the advantages of
executive status -- and about
time, too. Catch.

She throws him the car keys, which he catches, instinctively. But he doesn't know what they are.

AMY

(continuing)

You don't drive?

WELLS

I'm, uh, I'm afraid not.

AMY

(fractional pause)

That's okay, then your macho
thing won't be threatened if I
drive, right?

WELLS

(vaguely)

Right.

They get into her car.

88 INT. CAR - DAY

88

Wells watches: Amy puts the key in the ignition and turns it.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

The engine roars to life. She puts the car in "R" and pressing the gas backs it slowly out, then switches to "D" and the car moves forward.

(NB: This should be SEEN in a SERIES of VERY SPECIFIC SHOTS, to INDICATE that Wells follows precisely the way in which an automobile [with automatic transmission] works.)

The car heads out of the garage.

89 EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - AERIAL SHOT - DAY

89

Amy's Blue Honda crossing the bridge.

AMY (V.O.)

You can't see too well from here; they had to raise the height of the walls to keep people from throwing themselves off.

90 INT. AMY'S CAR ON GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

90

Wells reacts to this --

WELLS

Why do they want to throw themselves off?

AMY

I dunno. 'Cause it's there, I guess. Life isn't always a barrel of laughs.

Wells thinks about this, watches her drive --

91 AERIAL SHOT - AMY'S CAR ON BRIDGE - DAY

91

WELLS (V.O.)

D stands for drive and R indicates reverse?

AMY (V.O.)

That's right. 24 miles to the gallon, city.

WELLS (V.O.)

And the right pedal causes us to accelerate while the left retards our speed?

91 CONTINUED:

91

AMY (V.O.)

Of course. Honestly, Herbert,
you act as though you'd never
been in a car before.

WELLS (V.O.)

Nonsense, I was in one only this
morning, but not in the front.
You're a very good driver.

AMY

Damn straight. My husband used
to drive in stock car rallies.
He taught me good.

92 EXT. MUIR WOODS - DAY

92

Amy and Wells walk among the redwoods.

AMY

I love this place -- it's so
peaceful. Redwoods -- I dunno
-- they give me a feeling of
continuity. They're so old.

WELLS

May I ask you something?

AMY

Sure.

WELLS

You mentioned your husband before --

AMY

My ex. Yeah, I was married for a
while -- when I was very young.
We met during an anti-war demonstration --

WELLS

The Second World War?

AMY

(laughs)

Are you kidding? How old do you
think I am?

WELLS

Sorry. The Third World War?

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

AMY

The Vietnam War, silly.

Wells reacts to this: another war!

AMY

(continuing)

Yeah, I was married. It was a dumb move -- with Ted, anyway. The bastard. No, I shouldn't call him that. He just wanted me to give up work and have children -- you know, the housewife routine. Not for me. He never took my ambitions seriously. What about you? You married?

WELLS

I wouldn't be here with you if I were.

AMY

Hey, that's nice. A lot of guys -- it's no big deal. I like that.

WELLS

As a matter of fact, I am also divorced. And for similar reasons.

AMY

She wanted to be a housewife?

WELLS

She wanted me to be routine.

Amy turns and faces him, laughing. The laughter dies.

AMY

That's one thing you're not. I don't know what it is. First I thought it was your voice or your clothes. Now -- I don't know -- maybe it's the kind of little-boy-lost quality you give off --
 (she laughs)
 -- brings out my maternal instincts.

WELLS

(smiles)

You're very perceptive. Lost is what I am.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2)

92

AMY

(soft)

No.

She takes his hand. He is startled but something nice is happening. She doesn't let go. They continue walking.

93 EXT. MUIR WOODS - EXHIBIT CABIN - DAY

93

FEATURING a huge cutaway slice of redwood with dates marked on the rings: 1066; 1776; 1849; 1900; 1945, plus one-sentence explanations next to each date.

Amy and Wells walk up, still holding hands and look.

Wells' expression changes, becomes intense. He goes up to the tree calendar and stares at the space between 1849 and 1900. Slowly, with a trembling finger, he reaches out and touches the place just before 1900. He draws his hand back, shaking, as if the surface were hot. He begins to shake uncontrollably.

AMY

Herbert? Herbert, what's wrong?

Wells can't stop shaking.

AMY

(continuing)

Hey, hey. You're all upset.

She puts her arms around him and hugs him --

AMY

(continuing)

It's all right. Look, you don't have to tell me if you don't want --

(she looks around)

Redwoods don't have to soothe everyone. Come on. Would you like to go to a movie?

He looks at her --

AMY

(continuing)

Come on, we'll go to a movie.

WELLS

Movie?

94 INT. MOVIE THEATRE

94

Amy sits with a bag of popcorn. The seat next to her is empty. All we HEAR is MACHINE GUN FIRE.

AMY

(soft)

Herbert. Herbert. It's only
a movie.

Slowly, Wells sits up next to her, cautiously peers over the top of the seat in front of him.

94A INT. THEATRE MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

94A

Wells, shaken by the film, washes his face and hands. He looks round for a towel attendant; none. He sees an electric hand-drier next to the sink; goes over to it.

94B CLOSEUP - HAND DRIER BUTTON

94B

A small sign has been pasted on:

Press Here for a Speech from Governor Brown.

Wells presses the button. Hot air roars out.

95 EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

95

Amy and Wells emerge. She takes his hand and drapes it over her shoulder. She's in a mellow, affectionate mood, cozy. They walk.

AMY

I don't like all that violence.
Did you see Turning Point? I
really got off on that. Careers.
(she looks at
her watch)

Almost six. Do you have plans
for the evening?

WELLS

Actually, I haven't made any.

AMY

Tired of me, yet?

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

WELLS

Not in the least.

AMY

Great. How about I cook you dinner? I don't live too far from here.

WELLS

If it isn't too much trouble.

AMY

Are you kidding? I'm half Italian. Italians love to cook.

WELLS

What about the other half?

AMY

Norwegian. Norwegians love to eat!

They walk by a newsrack, but the CAMERA STAYS, MOVES IN. The headline reads:

PROSTITUTE FOUND MURDERED IN NORTH BEACH
Victim of Brutal Slaying

96 EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

96

Amy lives near the extraordinary Watteauesque pile, the Palace of Fine Arts. Amy and Wells (carrying groceries) approach the fabulous Greek columns, etc. Wells is staggered.

WELLS

What on earth is that?

AMY

Isn't it incredible? They built it for the Panamanian Exposition of 1914 and somehow it's still standing. I love living next to it.

Wells stares as they walk by it.

97 HIS POV

97

It's imposing, all right.

98 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

98

Amy cooks dinner as Wells looks around. Her place is small but cheery and nicely furnished with not too much plastic and a lot of hippie-type craftswoodwork.

WELLS

(pokes his head
into the kitchen)

Where are your books?

AMY

I don't have all that many. I know it's terrible but I just don't seem to read that much anymore. Never have time -- and when I do, it seems easier to watch the boobies, even though it's mainly crap.

The PHONE RINGS. Wells is startled.

WELLS

What's that?

AMY

The phone, silly.

She picks up the kitchen extension as he watches.

AMY

(continuing)

Hello? Oh, hi --

(she covers the
mouthpiece)

It's my friend Carole -- checking up on you. No, I'm fine. No, fine, absolutely.

(she giggles)

Carole! No, dammit! I said no. Not yet. Carole! God, you're terrible. Look, I'll call you later... tomorrow, I'll tell you tomorrow. Well, I'm trying, so will you please let me get on with it? Okay, talk to you.

(she hangs up,
slightly
embarrassed)

Carole says hi. She wants to know if London is really crawling with Arabs.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED:

98

WELLS

Arabs?

AMY

She wants to marry into oil.

WELLS

Oh.

Pause.

AMY

This'll be ready in a few minutes.
Mind if I change? I've been in
my work clothes all day.

WELLS

Please go right ahead.

AMY

I won't be a minute. You can
put on the stereo if you like
-- and open your tie; you're
so formal.

Wells reacts. Open his tie? Stereo? Alone in the kitchen he examines all the modern gadgets. The stove is electric -- no flame, etc. It's all new to him, including a plastic plant he can't make head or tail of.

99 INT. AMY'S DINETTE - NIGHT

99

A candlelit supper. Amy, in tight blue jeans and a low cut blouse, revealing a lovely bosom, looks adorable. They clink glasses of wine.

100 AMY'S POV - ANGLE ON WELLS

100

He's pretty cute, himself, eating away.

WELLS

(looks up)

It's delicious -- and it seemed
so easy to prepare.

AMY

Making the difficult look easy
-- that's my specialty. I love
candlelight, it's so flattering.
And romantic.

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED:

100

Wells cannot take his eyes from her breasts.

WELLS

You look very beautiful. I love
your hair.

AMY

(sly)
My hair, huh?

He blushes! Pause --

AMY

(continuing)
Hey, what kind of music do you
like?

WELLS

(pause)
Anything but oriental.

101 ANOTHER ANGLE - LATER

101

Amy and Wells are on the couch next to each other. She
is waiting; he is unsure. MUSIC soft in background.

AMY

(finally)
Herbert, if you don't take me in
your arms this minute, I'll
scream.

Instantly he's got her. What a kiss.

102 CLOSEUP - AMY AND WELLS

102

AMY

(startled, pleased)
Well, hello there.

WELLS

(ready to explode)
HELLO?

AMY

I knew I was right about you.
(touches his face,
removes his glasses)
Why, Miss Jones, you're gorgeous.

(CONTINUED)

102 CONTINUED:

102

They kiss again. Wells stops, pulls back --

AMY
(continuing)

What?

WELLS
You -- you don't close your eyes.

AMY
Neither do you. Obviously
neither of us wants to miss
anything.

They kiss again. She starts to loosen his tie. He
makes a motion to stop her, but she persists --

AMY
(continuing)
Gee, these are the funniest
buttons I ever saw. It's like
this was some kind of costume.

His collar flies open. She laughs in surprise --

AMY
(continuing)
Omigosh! A real old-fashioned
collar. Is the rest of this
outfit as interesting?

She raises her eyebrows a la Groucho, kisses him again.

WELLS
(hoarse)
Amy... Amy. You're quite certain
-- that is -- I wouldn't want to
compromise you -- you're quite
certain I'm not forcing you to --

AMY
Forcing? My God, Herbert, I'm
practically raping you.

WELLS
(wondering)
Yes, that's true.

And it's good enough for him. More necking.

AMY
I love the feel of your mustache.

It starts getting heavy.

103 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

103

Later. Wells sits up in bed alone, smoking a cigarette, having removed the unfamiliar filter tip. We HEAR a TOILET FLUSHING and Amy returns from the bathroom. She snuggles up to him.

AMY

What's wrong?

WELLS

Why -- why didn't you let me withdraw? You might --

AMY

It's all right. I'm on the pill.

He looks at her --

AMY

(continuing)

The pill, dummy. Nothing will happen.

He kisses her again --

AMY

(continuing)

Herbert, may I tell you something? You're a wonderful lover. I knew you would be.

He kisses her again, then stops --

WELLS

(shy)

Have you -- have you had many? Lovers?

AMY

Now we're not going to get involved with that old double standard, are we?

WELLS

(hesitates)

No.

AMY

Good.

They lie there. Wells picks up Amy's left arm and studies it. He is looking for the tattooed numbers, but she doesn't have any.

(CONTINUED)

103 CONTINUED:

103

AMY

(continuing)

Hey, what sign are you?

WELLS

I beg your pardon?

AMY

What's your astrological sign?
Are you a Capricorn? I bet you're
a Capricorn. If you're not a
Capricorn, you gotta be a
Saggitarius.

WELLS

Why on earth do you ask such a
question? All that superstitious
mumbo jumbo went out with the
Dark Ages. 'The fault, dear
Brutus, is not in the stars, but
in ourselves that we are underlings.'

AMY

I know a lot of people knock it,
but it's made a big comeback in
the States last few years. Let's
face it, Herbert, science has not
provided all the answers.

WELLS

(considers this)

No, I expect not.

She watches him fondly. He faces her, smiles.

AMY

Tell me what you're thinking.
Right now.

WELLS

'Oh Brave New World that has such
people in it!'

(pause)

Right now I'm thinking that I
found Utopia, and that I was
right: it was in the future.

She doesn't understand it but she likes it. She kisses
him again and turns off the small lamp light, ENDING
the SCENE.

104 INT. CAB - NIGHT

104

North Beach SEEN THROUGH side windows of cab, gaudy, glittering, sex shows advertised everywhere.

CAMERA PANS TO the back seat of the cab: Dr. John Leslie Stevenson surveys North Beach with interest and satisfaction.

STEVENSON

Here.

He leans forward, pays the driver and starts out.

105 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - DAWN

105

The room is dark because the curtains are drawn. Wells can be GLIMPSED FAINTLY, asleep.

VOICE

(filtered)

-- And a good morning from KABC Radio: it's eight o'clock on a sunny Wednesday morning and here's what's happening. On the national scene --

As the national news follows, Wells stirs at the Voice and slowly wakes. He doesn't know where he is, at first, then remembers; looks: Amy wakes beside him. Next he listens to the Voice, interested, places where it is coming from, a BOX with a glowing clock on it which says 8:00 in digital numbers.

Wells frowns, listening to the news, which includes a report of freeway conditions, accidents, etc.

AMY

(sleepily)

Rise and shine. Coffee?

WELLS

Umm, yes, please.

She gives him a kiss, goes. Wells lies there in a pleasant semi-conscious state.

VOICE

(filtered)

In the local news, another nude body -- the second in 14 hours --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

VOICE (CONT'D)

-- has been discovered in the North Beach area. Identified as Cindy Chow, a prostitute, the brutally mutilated corpse was found by trash collectors in an alley behind the City Lights Bookstore. Police refuse to comment on the relationship between the murders, stating only that the style of the killings is similar. According to Police Chief Rod de Vito, the killer or killers displayed a more than basic knowledge of human anatomy. In other news --

Throughout this, Wells' eyes have widened in horror. He sits up, alert.

WELLS

No. In God's name, no.

106 INT. AMY'S KITCHEN - DAY

106

Coffee is percolating as Amy rinses last night's dishes. Wells enters, wearing his trousers and glasses but no shirt. He looks strange.

AMY

Coffee's almost ready -- what's the matter?

WELLS

(hoarse)

I have to talk to you.

AMY

I'm running late --

WELLS

Amy, I have to talk to you. Now.

She looks at him.

107 INT. AMY'S DINETTE - DAY

107

Amy sits, holding her coffee, puzzled. Wells paces uneasily.

(CONTINUED)

WELLS

Amy, I'm -- I'm not here on holiday. I came here in pursuit -- in pursuit of a murderer, a homicidal maniac -- the man with the money belt and the gold sovereigns.

AMY

What?

WELLS

Yesterday he was struck by a motor -- by a car. I followed him to hospital and they told me he was dead. I thought my difficulties were at an end. But just now, listening to the uh -- voice-clock in your bedroom, I've learned that he's killed two more women.

AMY

Voice-clock -- ? You mean the radio?

WELLS

The radio, yes. There's no doubt about it; I know his, uh, methods. He's alive and out there somewhere, and I've no idea what's to be done.

AMY

(tries to take
it all in)

This -- you say you're after this man? Are you a cop or something? Do you work for Scotland Yard?

WELLS

Let's just say their interests are definitely involved.

AMY

I don't understand. Why can't you just go to the police? Tell them who they're looking for. Describe him.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (2)

107

Wells throws up his hands with a bitter laugh.

AMY
(continuing)
What's wrong with that?

WELLS
Everything. They'd never
believe me --

AMY
You don't know that --

WELLS
(exasperated)
They'd never believe me. If
you heard the whole story,
you'd never believe me --

AMY
(quietly)
I'd believe you --

WELLS
Well, they wouldn't. If I told
them the whole story, they'd
pack me off to the lunatic
asylum, not him.

AMY
All right, all right.
(she looks at him)
I led you to him, didn't I?

He looks at her.

AMY
(continuing)
What were you doing, visiting
bank after bank? Would you have
gone to bed with anyone who'd
showed you where he was?

WELLS
You don't suppose that for a
minute.

AMY
No, I guess I don't. I dunno,
Herbert, this is all so different
-- different from what I thought.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMY (CONT'D)

(she looks at
her watch)

And I'm late on top of everything.
Thursday morning is executive
staff meeting.

WELLS

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
burden you with all this. I'll
get dressed and --

AMY

No, take your time. Just slam
the door when you leave and it
locks. I'll run you a hot bath --

She starts out, then stops.

AMY

(continuing)

I don't know what to say. I
like you -- I like you very
much. I want to see you again,
but I don't know how to help you.
If you can't go to the police
-- this is crazy, I don't even
know where you're staying --

WELLS

Nowhere, at the moment. Yesterday
was my first day -- I don't even
have a change of clothing. I
was obliged to come away on short
notice.

AMY

That's what you wore on the
plane? Wait a minute! Why
don't you leave an anonymous tip?

WELLS

Tip?

AMY

Sure.. Just dial 911 and tell
the police as much as you want
them to know -- without involving
yourself.

(CONTINUED)

107 CONTINUED: (4)

107

WELLS

Hmm -- that just might answer --

AMY

(kisses him
brightly)

Well, you stay here for a while and think it over. Have some breakfast and I'll call you if I get any bright ideas. If the phone rings twice, then stops, pick it up on the next ring. Okay? And don't worry, I'm not the 'Goodbar Girl.'

WELLS

(experiments)

O -- Kay.

She smiles, gives him a kiss.

AMY

One thing I'd never have pegged you as -- a detective.

(she blows him
another kiss)

Be sure and slam the door or it doesn't lock.

108 EXT. AMY'S CARPORT - DAY

108

Amy backs out of the carport, heads off past the Palace of Fine Arts.

109 INT. AMY'S CAR - DAY

109

Amy drives, thinking. She frowns, then shakes her head and smiles, despite it all.

110 EXT. STREET - DAY

110

Amy's car drives by a store called The Gap. CAMERA ZOOMS IN on store after her car passes.

111 INT. GAP CLOTHING STORE - DAY

111

ANGLE FEATURES MARSHA, a cheaply attractive salesgirl, who is surveying something with an overt appreciativeness.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

111

MARSHA

Wow. Wow. That's fabulous.
Great fit. That fits you like a
glove, you know? Turn around,
lemme see the back. Perfect.
Perfect.

(she giggles)

You know you got a great ass.

VOICE

How nice of you to say so.

It's Stevenson. It's early morning and they are alone
in the store. He takes out his gold watch and flips it
open for the time. It PLAYS its little MUSIC BOX SONG.

MARSHA

Hey, groovy watch.

STEVENSON

I'm glad you like it. How much
are these? I'll wear them.

MARSHA

(tallies)

Eighteen eighty-five plus tax.

She really can't take her eyes off him.

Stevenson takes out his wallet and looks at it.

112 STEVENSON'S POV

112

He's running out of money.

113 ANGLE ON STEVENSON

113

considering. No problem; he brightens.

MARSHA

It comes to twenty-two fifteen.

He pays her, giving her the eye.

STEVENSON

May I inquire your name?

MARSHA

Marsha. What's yours?

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

113

STEVENSON

John. Marsha, would you think it very forward of me if I asked you what you were doing this evening?

She does a take, then smiles eagerly.

MARSHA

Yeah.

114 INT. AMY'S BATHROOM - DAY

114

Wells tries to perform his toilet with all her modern -- and feminine -- gadgets. A toothbrush is no problem, but what the hell is toothpaste? He squeezes it several ways, ends up with a huge gob.

He experiments with several other items in the bathroom, including aerosol shaving lather, etc., AD LIB.

Abruptly he makes up his mind and goes to the nearest telephone. After picking it up backwards, he manages to dial 911.

VOICE

(filtered)

Emergency, may I help you?

Wells stares at the phone; can't speak.

VOICE

(continuing)

May I help you?

He hangs up, perplexed.

115 INT. BANK OF ENGLAND - DAY

115

Amy enters, looking radiant. She goes to her desk, sorts through mail, memos, etc.

Carole comes over.

CAROLE

You look like the cat that ate the canary. Lid you?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

AMY

Hi, Carole. How's everything?

CAROLE

'Hi, Carole. How's everything?'
You tell me -- you took the whole
afternoon off.

AMY

In one word? -- fabulous. He's
-- I can't describe it --

CAROLE

On second thought, please don't
try; I might just die of envy.

AMY

Well, I want you to meet him.
Can you come for dinner Friday
night? I'm sure it'll be fine
with Herbert --

CAROLE

Herbert?? You must be really
hooked. I think so, let me check
my hectic social calendar. Catch
you later --

She moves off. Amy settles down to work. A figure
moves in front of her desk.

VOICE

Hello, once more.

Amy looks right up into the money belt. She looks all
the way up and blanches -- it's Stevenson, smiling
down at her.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

I'm here to change some more
currency.

AMY

(can't speak at first)

Oh. Yes. Of course. How -- how
much did you have in mind? To
exchange, uh, this time?

STEVENSON

Say forty guineas?

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

He sets down gold sovereigns one by one in neat piles before her as she watches, almost hypnotized.

AMY

(a hollow echo)

Forty guineas.

She gets her pocket calculator and computes, but is so nervous she stabs the wrong keys and has to clear; starts over.

AMY

(continuing)

Sorry. Uh, would you excuse me a minute? I'll be right back.

STEVENSON

Take your time.

She nods, smiles weakly; goes off.

116 ANOTHER ANGLE - BEHIND COUNTER

116

Amy skids around behind the counter, picks up the push-button phone and punches it frantically. Hangs up, dials again.

AMY

(mutters)

Herbert, Herbert, Herbert --
Herbert! Herbert, it's me. Amy.
Listen, Herbert, he's here. What
do you mean, who? Who do you think?
Dr. Stevenson.

117 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

117

Wells, dressed, is on the phone. CUT BACK AND FORTH during the following.

WELLS

What?

AMY

He's right at my desk with the money belt -- He wants to change more sovereigns. What do I do? Herbert, I'm terrified.

WELLS

Amy! Amy, be calm; it's perfectly all right: You're in the middle of a bank. He's mad but he isn't stupid. Nothing will happen to you. Just -- can you keep him there?

AMY

What??

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED:

117

WELLS

I know it's a lot to ask, but try.
Just until I get there. I'm on my
way right now. Just don't let him
leave, that's all I ask.

AMY

I'll try. I said I'll try.

She hangs up, takes a breath and goes back to her desk.

AMY

(continuing)

Sorry about that. I was just checking
-- to see, to see what the exchange
rates are this morning. You know
they fluctuate every day -- wouldn't
want you to get gypped --

She starts calculating again.

AMY

(continuing)

Are you enjoying your stay in San
Francisco?

STEVENSON

Very much.

Amy writes on a scratch pad.

AMY

That's wonderful -- wonderful.
Did they have room for you at
the Hyatt Regency?

As soon as it's out she realizes her mistake; looks up
guiltily.

STEVENSON

Yes, thanks to you, I --

Suddenly he gets it. For a moment he looks wildly around,
then back at her. She blanches. He smiles unpleasantly.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

You wouldn't happen to know a man
named Wells, would you?

Amy, unable to control her fear, flinches.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

Ah. I thought so, Miss --

He sees her nameplate.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

Miss Amy Robbins. And he asked
you to detain me until he could
get here, is that it?

(CONTINUED)

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

AMY

I don't know what you're talking about.

STEVENSON

Oh?

He retrieves his neat pile of coins and replaces them in the belt.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

I don't think I'll conduct my business here anymore -- if it's all the same to you. Good day.

He smiles; she can't move. He turns and goes purposefully out. Amy sinks back in her chair, exhausted with relief. Suddenly, Stevenson reappears right next to her. She freezes.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

There's just one other item. Be good enough to give Mr. Wells a message for me: I want that key. Tell him he is to leave it for me at the exhibit. Leave me the key or face the consequences. Have you got that? Yes, I think you have.

He goes off. Amy has no reactions left.

118 EXT. UNION SQUARE PARK - DAY

118

Wells and Amy sit on a park bench with the Bank of England in b.g.

AMY

Herbert, you've got to bring the cops in on this and if you don't, I will. That man is crazy -- I could see it in his face. And he threatened you -- something about leaving the key by the exhibit. I'm too shook to remember exactly. Does it mean anything to you?

Wells says nothing; confused and frightened --

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

AMY

(continuing)

Look, I'd go to them myself but
I don't know what to tell them.
Herbert, please.

She looks at him anxiously as he thinks, staring up at the sky. Then he looks at her and sighs.

118A CLOSEUP - SAN FRANCISCO PHONE BOOK

118A

A pair of hands flip pages looking for something. The hands stop flipping pages at ROBBINS. A finger runs down and up the columns, stopping at A. ROBBINS 2340 Francisco. It is the only A or Amy Robbins. CAMERA PANS UP TO Stevenson, who smiles, slightly.

119 INT. LT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO POLICE STATION - DAY

119

MITCHELL, a harried homicide pro in shirtsleeves, listens with another cop as Wells talks, drinks coffee from a container. ANGLE FEATURES Wells.

WELLS

(takes a breath)

His name is John Leslie Stevenson.
He's English. He's a surgeon.
He's approximately 37 years old,
with prematurely greying hair
and very bright blue eyes. He
is over six feet tall.

Mitchell has written down everything Wells says on a scratch pad. He gives the top sheet to the ASSISTANT who leaves the room with it.

LT. MITCHELL

(very tactful)

And what makes you say that Dr.,
uh, Stevenson? Stevenson is
responsible for the deaths of
these two girls?

WELLS

That's a bit hard to explain.
I just know for a fact that he
is.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

LT. MITCHELL

(deadpan, polite)

I see. Do you have spiritual powers?

WELLS

Do I what?

LT. MITCHELL

Have spiritual powers? Are you a medium or a mystic?

WELLS

I make no claim to supernatural gifts of any sort. If I could reveal my source to you, I would do it gladly. I can only say that I know John Leslie Stevenson and --

The Assistant returns with a computer punch-out which he hands to Mitchell, who looks at it briefly.

MITCHELL

Go on.

WELLS

I -- I can't go on. I've given you a complete description, the man's name, and told you what I know.

MITCHELL

Well, it was certainly very good of you to come in and share your insight with us, Mr. Wells. Where can we reach you in the event we need to ask you something else?

WELLS

Is that necessary? It's rather awkward -- I've been staying with a friend. Must we involve her in this?

MITCHELL

Only if it's unavoidable that we contact you. Otherwise we're known for our discretion.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (2)

119

WELLS

Very well; her name is Miss Amy Robbins. She lives at 2340 Francisco -- near the Palace of Fine Arts.

MITCHELL

(writes)

We know where it is. Well, thanks for your time, Mr. Wells.

Wells rises; they wait for him to go.

WELLS

You don't believe me, do you?

MITCHELL

Mr. Wells, I'd like to believe you; my job would be simple if I could. But this is a computer printout and it says U.S. Customs has no record of a John Leslie Stevenson entering the country; British Customs has no record of anyone by that name leaving Great Britain. In addition, the U.K. Bureau of Vital Statistics lists no Dr. John Leslie Stevenson in their files, and the FBI, CIA, MI-5 Interpol and the Surete all have no mention of him.

WELLS

How can you know all that so quickly?

MITCHELL

We're plugged into computer terminals around the world, Mr. Wells. Now he could be using another name, but we don't even know where he is at the moment so we can't very well pick him up for questioning, can we?

Wells nods reluctantly, sighs, leaves.

The two policemen look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (3)

119

ASSISTANT

What do you think?

MITCHELL

I think the NorthBeach Ripper
has begun to attract the usual
influx of kooks. Put these on
file.

He reaches for his coffee.

120 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

120

Amy unlocks her front door.

AMY

Well, you tried --

She goes inside her apartment. Wells starts to follow,
but sees an envelope on the threshold with his name on
it.

WELLS

Trying isn't good enough, I'm
afraid --

AMY

(inside)

What?

Wells has opened the envelope and reads:

"I know where you are. I know
where she is. Give me the key
or I'll kill her."

Amy comes back to the front door as Wells hastily crumples
and pockets the note.

AMY

(continuing)

Are we in or out here?

WELLS

Out. I've changed my mind. Let's
walk, shall we?

AMY

Fine with me.

(CONTINUED)

120 CONTINUED:

120

She steps across the threshold and Wells closes the door behind her.

AMY

(continuing)

Uh uh. You really have to slam it hard. Old buildings have their little quirks.

She slams the door hard.

121 EXT. WALKWAY BY THE MARINA - DAY

121

Wells stares disconsolately out at the bay. Amy watches him.

AMY

It can't be that bad.

(no response)

Can you consult your own people?

A bitter laugh from Wells --

AMY

(continuing)

Look, you did your best --

WELLS

My best won't do, unfortunately. He'll strike again, despite 'my best,' and then --

He shudders.

AMY

How can you be so sure? The police don't even have a record of his existence.

WELLS

It doesn't matter. He does exist -- you've seen him -- and he will strike again. It's my responsibility.

AMY

Why do you keep saying that? Why is it your responsibility?

Wells hesitates, looks at her, takes a breath.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

WELLS

All right, I'll tell you, mindful of the fact that you'll think me mad, which is all one, for perhaps I shall be shortly. I want you to listen very carefully. You'll recall how disturbed I became yesterday in front of the redwood calendar? In the first place, my name isn't Herbert Wells, it's Herbert George Wells. In the second place, I am one hundred and thirteen years old.

SCENE CONTINUES IN LONG SHOT, MOS. As Amy remains immobile, Wells walks up and down, gesticulating.

When he finishes, she looks at him, then starts off rapidly down the cement path.

WELLS

(continuing)

Where are you going?

AMY

Home.

WELLS

You don't believe me.

AMY

Christ, what do you think? Herbert, please go away. I don't want to see you anymore.

WELLS

Amy, listen to me --

AMY

I have listened to you -- and a bigger crock of shit I never heard. I don't know if you're crazy or I'm on Candid Camera, but either way I don't care. I'm not interested, so please, just go back to whatever hole you crawled out of. Go back to your machine --

WELLS

Amy, wait! Wait! That's it! What if I can prove that what I've told you is true?

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

AMY

Herbert --

WELLS

What if? Won't you give me that chance? I know I sound mad -- don't you think I knew how you'd respond? Didn't I say, yesterday, that when you knew you wouldn't believe me?

AMY

(soft)

And I said I would.

WELLS

I don't blame you for not being able to. I can scarcely credit it myself. But won't you let me try to prove it? Isn't our -- our friendship worth that much to you?

Amy looks at him, hesitating.

122 INT. MUSEUM - DAY

122

Wells and Amy enter the H.G. Wells exhibit. She doesn't know what they are doing there. He points.

WELLS

(sotto voce)

Now I want you to look at the exhibit -- the photographs and the articles -- but please don't tell me what you read there: I'm self-conscious enough about this thing as it is. And then I want you to promise you'll do exactly as I say.

Amy says nothing. She examines the exhibit; her eyes grow wide with interest and confusion. She looks back at him: No doubt about it, the pictures resemble him.

She moves to the time machine, reads the placard. It doesn't make sense. She goes back to where he waits.

AMY

All right, there is an H.G. Wells exhibit, with time machine.

(MORE)

122 CONTINUED:

122

AMY (CONT'D)

All right, there is some
resemblance between you and those
pictures. Okay, but that doesn't
prove anything. Now what?

WELLS

Now I want you to go to the
ladies' room.

She looks at him.

123 INT. MARSHA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

123

A small place, garishly furnished with an unsubtle em-
phasis on seduction.

Marsha is in front of her mirror, finishing her eye
makeup. A KNOCK.

MARSHA

Hang on.

She answers the door. Stevenson is there -- with a
bouquet.

MARSHA

(continuing)

Oh, wow, flowers! Wow. Far out.
Come on in.

She takes the flowers and leads him into the place. He
scarcely notices the surroundings.

MARSHA

(continuing)

Just let me put these in water.
You're early.

STEVENSON

I couldn't wait.

MARSHA

Aw, you're cute. Hey, you want
some grass?

She returns with the flowers in a vase. Stevenson has
taken out his watch and opened it. It PLAYS a little
SONG.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: 123

MARSHA

(continuing)

Are we going somewhere?

Stevenson looks at her.

STEVENSON

No.

124 INT. MUSEUM - ANGLE ON MEN'S ROOM DOOR - NIGHT 124

Wells emerges stealthily; moves off.

125 ANGLE ON LADIES' ROOM DOOR 125

Wells knocks. After a pause, Amy appears.

AMY

This is --

He silences her with a finger on his lips.

126 INT. MUSEUM - ANGLE ON DESERTED GUARD'S DESK - NIGHT 126

Wells and Amy sneak by the Guard's desk. It is littered with sandwich wrappers and a Coke bottle, etc.

127 INT. EXHIBIT HALL - NIGHT 127

Fewer lights. Deserted. Wells and Amy enter, go up to the machine. Wells checks it out, stem to stern as she watches, skeptically.

AMY

(testing)

What's that gizmo?

She points to a ring handle in the side of the machine. Wells goes over and pulls it out, a prism-like device is on the other end.

WELLS

This is part of the chronometry evaluation control system. Without it, the passenger would bounce off into infinity and be trapped forever in a time warp.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED:

12

He puts it back carefully, then fishes the return countermand key out of his pocket; holds it up, opens the hatch.

WELLS
(continuing)
This time, I'll drive.

She hesitates.

WELLS
(continuing)
Come on. Get in.

Amy hesitates, then steps gingerly into the machine, looking fearfully around, afraid they're about to be arrested. Wells climbs in after and closes the hatch.

128 INT. MACHINE - NIGHT

128

As Amy sits, wondering, Wells rapidly flicks on a series of switches: a slight HUM and lights go on.

AMY
You sure you know what you're doing? What am I saying? This is totally bananas.

WELLS
Now I don't propose to take you any great distance. Suppose we just go forward to this Saturday. How would that be?

More switches; the machine warms up.

AMY
Just fine; my cleaning is due back.

Wells adjusts the date for DEPARTURE and DESTINATION: November 10, 1979.

WELLS
Let's see, that would make it -- November tenth. Now, don't expect much because the entire voyage will only last about a quarter of a second. Are you ready?

(CONTINUED)

128 CONTINUED:

128

AMY
(bored, nervous)
Come on.

He looks at her, then throws the lever. Nothing happens, except: the date on the dial changes to November 10th, 1979. Wells turns the return countermand key.

WELLS
We're here.

He withdraws the key.

AMY
Good. Can we go now?

WELLS
(half amused, half
annoyed)
You still maintain it's all
poppycock?

AMY
(getting out)
That wasn't exactly the word
I had in mind.

Wells follows.

129 INT. MUSEUM - BY GUARD'S DESK - NIGHT 129

The desk is now perfectly neat except for a newspaper. Amy, looking for a way out, notices the change; comes over and picks up the paper.

129A INSERT 129A

Paper date: November 10, 1979.

130 ANGLE ON AMY'S FACE 130

flabbergasted. She starts looking at the rest of the paper, turning over to the bottom of the front page. She sees something that causes her to gape, then gag with horror. She starts to shake, almost collapsing. Wells joins her; sees she's in trouble.

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

WELLS

Now perhaps you -- Amy, what is it?

She can't move; she's having silent hysterics; he grabs the paper from her.

131 INSERT - HEADLINE

131

"BANK OF ENGLAND EMPLOYEE FOUND DEAD. Amy Robbins is 'Ripper's' 5th Victim."

132 BACK TO SCENE

132

Amy tries to speak, to cry, to scream but no words or sounds will come. Wells pockets the paper and puts his arm around her, pulling her with him.

WELLS

Come. Amy. Amy. We've got to go back. We must go back.

Amy, limp and shaking with sobs, allows herself to be led back toward the machine.

133 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

133

Amy sits on the sofa, red-eyed and sniffing as Wells studies the paper. He looks at her.

WELLS

I'm sorry proving it to you meant this.

AMY

You're sorry.

He goes, sits next to her, puts his arms around her.

WELLS

Listen to me. I love you. I love you and I am not going to let you die.

AMY

Well, I love you, Herbert, but what if -- what if we can't change the future? What if that's just not possible?

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

WELLS

(animated)

But it is possible; that's just what I've proved with my bloody machine. Free Will exists. I've changed the future already -- although I hadn't meant to. Those two women wouldn't have died if it weren't for me. Don't you see?

AMY

You couldn't have foreseen their deaths. You couldn't know he'd steal it to escape to the future. Anyway, the paper says it's four women by Saturday.

WELLS

Yes.

(he looks at
the paper)

You know, we could easily avoid this whole thing!

She looks at him.

AMY

(disapproving)

You mean give him the key?

WELLS

I mean come back with me!

AMY

Back?

WELLS

Yes, back: to 1893.

Amy thinks about this for a second, then half-laughs, half cries.

AMY

Herbert, I'm a liberated 20th Century woman with a career and a mind of her own. I've just worked up the nerve to burn my bra and you're asking me to cinch myself into a corset. Be reasonable, how could I make it in 1893?

(CONTINUED)

WELLS

I hadn't thought of that. Is your work so important? After all, it's your life we're talking about --

AMY

My work is my life -- as much as yours or any man's. Please don't start sounding like my husband. He -- wait a minute! What about forward?

WELLS

Forward -- you mean into the future. Of course! We could --
(he sinks back)

No, it's no use. We're forgetting something. Him. I can't just leave him here to do what he likes. He's my responsibility and I've got to shoulder it.

AMY

So much for 'your place or mine.'

Wells thinks hard, stares at the paper.

WELLS

Stop a bit; we're making a mistake. We keep imagining that Time is our enemy, but it's not: Time is on our side. We know what's supposed to happen, and when and where. He doesn't. This is one chess game I needn't lose, because this time I do know how he thinks -- I even know before he thinks. Now look: we're too late to prevent the murder of number three -- Marsha Beckwith -- according to this she was killed at eight this evening. But what about number Four -- Dolores Marks? It says here she was -- uh -- killed in MacLaren Park. Is that far from here?

AMY

Nothing's far from anywhere in San Francisco.

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED: (3)

133

WELLS

(picks up speed)

She was -- will be -- killed at three in the morning in MacLaren Park. All I have to do is be there and surprise him. Is it a large park?

She shakes her head.

WELLS

(continuing)

Then it's foolproof. I must sit tight here for a few hours and be off.

AMY

We. I'm coming, too.

WELLS

No, I absolutely forbid it.

AMY

Herbert, you can't drive, you don't even know where the park is. Besides, I'm perfectly safe. Haven't you read the papers? I've got till Friday at 7:30. And besides...

WELLS

Besides, what?

He looks at her. She kisses him for a long time.

WELLS

(continuing)

Oh, yes. That. I see what you mean.

He kisses her.

134 INT. NORTH BEACH DISCO - NIGHT

134

Blasting ROCK MUSIC, strobe lights, etc. A wild time.

CAMERA PANS through crowd, COMES TO REST on Stevenson, who sits, nurses a drink and surveys the scene.

On the dance floor, not far from him, is a beautiful black girl -- DOLORES. She looks over at Stevenson while undulating erotically to the beat.

(CONTINUED)

134 CONTINUED:

134

He smiles his special smile. After a split second, she smiles radiantly back. She obviously has money, in addition to her other charms.

She breaks off dancing and goes over to Stevenson. Their voices cannot be heard in the din, but we can lip read:

DOLORES

Hi.

STEVENSON

Hello.

135 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (LATER)

135

Wells looks at his watch.

WELLS

It's time we were going.

Amy comes into the room with a blue pullover.

AMY

Here, put this on instead of your jacket; you'll be warmer.

He takes it.

WELLS

Whose is it?

AMY

Ted left it when I walked out on him -- go on, don't make a fuss, just wear it.

He sticks his arms into the sleeves.

AMY

(continuing)

Too bad there aren't any sporting good stores open at this time of night.

She picks up an umbrella -- exactly like Richardson's at the beginning.

WELLS

Whatever for?

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED:

135

Amy hefts the umbrella; tries to open it. It's broken.

AMY

So we could buy a gun. He's dangerous, in case you hadn't heard.

Wells reacts to umbrella.

WELLS

(still only his
arms in sleeves)

I wouldn't purchase a weapon now, even if I could.

AMY

What is that, Victorian chivalry, or something? We're playing for keeps here.

WELLS

Exactly, and Stevenson was right about one thing: violence is contagious -- like measles, and it's a disease we haven't found a vaccine for. It seems to have infected this entire age. Look at this: it's exactly the same as a hundred years ago and doesn't work any better. The real problem with progress, so-called, is not that things aren't more efficient. They are. The trouble is: they're the same things. World War this and World War that. We're obviously killing much more efficiently. But we're still killing. Your age has conquered the air, but we've yet to conquer ourselves. The only reason the umbrella hasn't been perfected is that it simply isn't important enough to bother about.

(he looks at it)

I will not stoop to that man's barbaric level. The first man to raise a fist is the man who has run out of ideas. Perhaps I'm simply too vain to concede that possibility.

(CONTINUED)

135 CONTINUED: (2) 135

He puts his head through the sweater and adjusts it as Amy watches.

AMY

You know what? I really do love you.

He smiles foolishly.

136 EXT. AMY'S CARPORT - NIGHT 136

Wells and Amy get into the car and she backs out; drives off.

137 INT. DISCO - NIGHT 137

Dolores and Stevenson sit, holding hands and looking at each other with erotic arousal. He looks at her questioningly. She squeezes his hand, nods imperceptibly. They get up; start out.

138 INT. AMY'S CAR - NIGHT 138

Amy drives through deserted streets. Suddenly, there is an EXPLOSION and the car swerves.

AMY

Oh, no.

139 EXT. DESERTED STREET - NIGHT 139

The car wobbles to the curb -- a blowout. Amy and Wells spring out.

AMY

Oh, God -- God!

WELLS

What is it?

AMY

The tire's flat. We can't travel!

Wells takes out his watch.

WELLS.

Can it be repaired? Can you repair it?

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED:

139

AMY

Yes, but it'll take time --

WELLS

Work as fast as you can. I'll see if I can find a telephone and call the police. Where would I be likely to find one?

AMY

(too flustered
to think)

Christ, I dunno, there's public booths around -- do you have a dime?

He looks at her uncomprehending.

AMY

(continuing)

A dime, Herbert. Ten cents for the call. Here.

(she fumbles into
her purse and
hands him change)

Read the instructions. It's 911.

WELLS

Right.

He tears off. She goes frantically to work changing the tire.

140 INT. DOLORES' CAR - NIGHT

140

Dolores drives, stares over AT THE CAMERA (Stevenson), CAMERA PANS DOWN to let us SEE his hand on her thigh, slowly pushing up her party dress.

141 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

141

Dolores' fancy car, a black Porsche, races through the streets.

142 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

142

Wells sees a phone booth and runs, gasping, up to it, goes in. It says OUT OF ORDER. He tries it; it is. He takes a heaving breath; shoves off, looking for another one.

143 EXT. STREET - BY AMY'S CAR - NIGHT 143

Amy races to change the tire but it's hard; the lugs are on tight.

144 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT 144

Another phone booth. Wells stumbles over to it, enters, tries to read the instructions through glasses that have fogged with perspiration. He drops the dime, retrieves it, and at last dials the number. He has to wait several RINGS.

WELLS

Hello -- yes, this is an emergency, please listen carefully. Tell Lieutenant Mitchell that a girl is about to be murdered in MacLaren Park. Did you get that? MacLaren Park! Get there as soon as possible. What? Wells. W-E-L-L-S. MacLaren Park as fast as he can!

He hangs up, breathless, starts running back to the car.

145 EXT. STREET - BY AMY'S CAR - NIGHT 145

Amy throws the jack into the trunk as Wells practically falls into the seat. They SCREECH off.

146 INT. AMY'S CAR - NIGHT 146

AMY

Are you all right?

WELLS

(gasping)

I think so. I had tuberculosis. This sort of thing doesn't help my lungs.

147 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 147

The car races towards MacLaren Park entrance.

148 INT. AMY'S CAR - WINDSHIELD POV - NIGHT 148

They are in MacLaren Park. They round a corner and up ahead see a cluster of squad cars, their red light revolving, men standing about next to the black Porsche.

149 ANGLE ON AMY AND WELLS 149

AMY

No.

WELLS

(calm; firm)

Keep going. Don't stop. Don't stop. Do as I say. Do you hear me?

Her eyes fill with tears but she obeys.

150 EXT. MacLAREN PARK - MURDER SITE - NIGHT 150

Amy's car keeps going.

151 EXT. AMY'S CARPORT - NIGHT 151

Amy's car pulls in.

152 INT. AMY'S CAR - NIGHT 152

Amy collapses on the wheel in hysterics.

AMY

Oh, God, no. No. I don't want to die!

Wells looks for the car key, gingerly turns off the engine. (NB: He leaves the key in the ignition.) He takes Amy, wilting, into his arms, his own face grim. He doesn't talk, just holds her.

153 INT. LT. MITCHELL'S OFFICE - DAY 153

Mitchell, haggard, goes through reports. The Assistant comes in.

ASSISTANT

The press is out for blood.

MITCHELL

(reads)

Haven't they had enough? Hmm, I see our Mr. Wells called last night. What time would that be?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED:

153

ASSISTANT

(checks)

That was at -- 2:45.

They look at each other.

ASSISTANT

(continuing)

Maybe he is psychic.

MITCHELL

(thinks)

No.

154 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY

154

Amy is in bed, shivering under the covers. Wells sits beside her.

WELLS

We won't be here. It's very simple, dearest: we won't be here. It is now ten-thirty in the morning. I'm going to go out --

AMY

No!

WELLS

Yes, just for a bit. I'll be back in plenty of time. We'll get into your car and off we'll go -- long before 7:30 tonight. Okay?

AMY

(clutches his arm)

You promise?

He kisses her.

WELLS

Try to get some rest. Would a drink calm you down?

AMY

That's all right; I have some Valium -- uh, tranquilizers -- sedatives. They'll put me right out.

(CONTINUED)

154 CONTINUED: 154

WELLS

Right. Rest. I'll be back.

He kisses her forehead.

AMY

I love you, Herbert.

WELLS

And I you, dearest.

He leaves, waving. After he has gone, Amy sits for a minute, chewing a fingernail. Then, abruptly, she gets up and heads for the bathroom.

155 INT. AMY'S BATHROOM - DAY 155

Amy opens the medicine cabinet and, shaking, she takes out the Valium. She helps herself to an outsized dose, swallows them and staggers off to her bed.

156 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY 156

Wells hastens up the steps.

157 INT. LIBRARY - DAY 157

Wells sits amidst the stacks with a pile of books about Jack the Ripper in front of him. Some are old but he reads one that looks new.

158 INSERT - THE PAGE 158

"... the Ripper was never found, never captured, never identified. To this day, his identity remains one of the great, unsolved mysteries in the history of crime."

159 ANGLE ON WELLS 159

deeply troubled by this passage. He closes the book.

160 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - DAY 160

Amy is fast asleep in her bed.

161 EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY 161

Wells goes in.

162 INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY 162

Wells looks at various pistols with unfamiliarity and distaste. He hefts them; settles on one, checks how it works.

163 EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 163

Wells returns, passing by the Palace of Fine Arts, walking quickly.

Abruptly, the COPS spring out from nowhere and nab him, pinning his arms.

WELLS

What's the meaning of this?

He is frisked professionally.

WELLS

(continuing)

Listen to me -- !

1ST COP

Lookie here --

He pulls out the revolver and some ammunition.

WELLS

(yells)

Listen to me! For God's sake --

164 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY 164

Amy is asleep. From outside we can HEAR Wells' PROTESTATIONS. CAMERA PANS to the bedroom window, outside which we can SEE the police bundling Wells off into a squad car and driving off with him.

Amy stirs, but doesn't awaken. CAMERA does a LONG TRACKING SHOT out of the bedroom, THROUGH Amy's apartment, ENDING AT the front door. Wells has forgotten to slam the sticky lock.

165 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 165

The Cops pull Wells in, struggling frantically.

(CONTINUED)

165 CONTINUED:

165

WELLS

You're making a mistake, I tell
you! You're going to have
another murder on your hands
if you don't --

COP

Valuables?

He is booked, fingerprinted, his watch, newspaper, etc.
taken away.

WELLS

Where is Lieutenant Mitchell?
Where is he?? I demand to see
Lieutenant Mitchell.

COP

(amused)

He'll be along, by and by. We'll
try to make you comfy until he
gets here --

He nods; Wells is taken out and locked in a cell by him-
self. He bangs the bars in helpless rage and desperation.

At the end of the corridor, he can see a clock: 3:17.

WELLS

Help! Help!!

No one pays any attention.

166 CLOSEUP - STEVENSON'S HANDS

166

stuffing surgical gloves into his coat pocket, hesitating
before a gleaming array of surgical scalpels on a table --
picking up a couple.

167 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

167

Mitchell, his Assistant, a recorder, etc. listen to
Wells, who is crazy.

WELLS

I've told you! I've told you
fifty times! My name is H.G.
Wells.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

WELLS (CONT'D)

I came here in a time machine of my own construction. I am pursuing Jack the Ripper who escaped into the future in my machine before me. If you don't do something, he'll have killed Miss Robbins by 7:30 tonight.

MITCHELL

(not interested)

What about the gun? They weren't making that model back in 1893. This here is Korean War ordnance.

WELLS

(Korean war??)

I told you! I just purchased it. I purchased it to defend Miss Robbins should the worst come to the worst.

MITCHELL

(pencil poised)

Where did you purchase it?

WELLS

At a sporting goods store; I can't remember the name. Listen! Listen to me. You're wasting time: Forget about the store. Forget about the time machine. Forget I'm H.G. Wells. Save the girl!

MITCHELL

(pause)

I'm sorry; you'll have to do better than that.

Wells' eyes bulge.

168 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - ANGLE ON AMY - DAY

168

asleep next to the clock radio. It is 5:02.

169 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

169

Wells, exhausted, hysterical, lies face down on the desk.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED:

169

His collar is snapped open; he looks mad, tongue lolling out, etc.

MITCHELL

(sighs)

All right, let's take it from the top again. You're H.G. Wells and you came here in a time machine -- the one at the De Young Museum --

WELLS

(not moving)

I am H.G. Wells. I came here in a time machine, the one at the museum. Tell me what you want. Tell me what you want me to say and I'll say it.

MITCHELL

(explodes)

I want the truth! Not this cock 'n bull story! And we'll both stay here until I get it!

170 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - DAY

170

Amy rolls over and almost wakes; the clock says 5:43. But she doesn't.

171 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

171

The Assistant walks in with the newspaper from Wells' pocket that was confiscated with his valuables.

ASSISTANT

Lieutenant, take a look at this.

He shows Mitchell the paper.

WELLS

(comes to life at the sight)

Yes, that's right! Take a look! Look at it, you cretinous idiot! That's tomorrow's bloody paper! Do you see what it says? Do you see what will happen if you don't listen to me? Listen to me!!

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

171

MITCHELL

(looks up from the
paper)

Mr. Wells -- or whatever your
real name is -- you know as well
as I that novelty shops will run
off phony newspaper editions
for you if you pay three dollars.
You may have been born yesterday,
but I certainly wasn't. Now where
did you get the gun?

172 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

172

Amy wakes with a start. It is six o'clock. She looks
woozily at the clock; clearly she can't remember where
she is; what's going on.

She sits up slowly.

AMY

Herbert? Herbert?

She gets out of bed in her nightdress and wanders about
the apartment.

No one is there. She comes back to her bed and sits
uncertainly on the edge, trying to think, but it's
hard after all the sleep and pills.

Then she remembers. She looks frantically around and
starts dressing as fast as she can but her movements
are clumsy with dizziness and panic. Where is her other
shoe? etc.

She takes down an overnight bag and hastily throws stuff
into it.

173 ANOTHER ANGLE - AMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

173

Featuring hallway to Amy's front door, front door POV.
Amy, carrying her bag comes to the door. She reaches
out for the door knob, then draws back in terror.

174 ANGLE ON DOOR KNOB - TURNING ITSELF

174

Amy stares. Then retreats, slowly at first, then fast,
carrying the bag.

She looks all around the apartment. No exit. Seemingly
no place to hide. She goes into the bedroom.

175 ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR 175

Stevenson enters, stands there, looks around.

176 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 176

MITCHELL

(to the recorder)

You want to break for dinner?

Wells perks up. He grabs at Mitchell's wrist watch:
It says: SEVEN.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

Hey --

He throws Wells off.

WELLS

I'll make a deal with you...

177 INT. AMY'S APARTMENT - ANGLE IN HALL - NIGHT 177

Stevenson wanders unhurriedly through the apartment,
CAMERA FOLLOWING.

178 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 178

Amy looks desperately around. She sees the closet,
drops the suitcase and steps into it, closing the door.

179 ANGLE ON IGNORED SUITCASE 179

outside closet door.

180 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 180

WELLS

I confess! I'll confess to
anything you like!

181 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 181

Stevenson enters, looks around, he sees the overnight
suitcase.

- 182 INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 182
- WELLS
I killed them! I killed them
all -- !
- 183 INT. AMY'S CLOSET - NIGHT 183
- Amy stands still, not daring to breathe. A SLIGHT SOUND.
- 184 INT. AMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 184
- Stevenson hears it. He looks at the closet; starts toward it. He stands in front of the door, relishing the moment. He pulls out a long knife.
- 185 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 185
- WELLS
Now, please, please, PLEASE!!
Send a car to 2340 Francisco!
Send the car and I'll sign
whatever you like! Anything!
- Mitchell hesitates.
- 186 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT 186
- A squad car races through the streets, lights flashing, SIRENS WAILING. The fog is rolling in thick.
- 187 INT. SQUAD CAR 187
- The two cops are skeptical.
- 188 EXT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 188
- The squad car drives up in the fog, the cops get out and race inside.
- INT. AMY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT
- The cops run up the stairs to her front door. It is open. The cops look at each other. The 1st cop goes over and looks in.

(CONTINUED)

188 CONTINUED: 188

The first cop practically has a seizure. He whirls out of the doorway into the second cop's arms, vomiting.

The second cop moves forward.

189 ANGLE - INSIDE FRONT DOOR POV 189

Blood everywhere -- hair, bones, limbs -- the apartment has been painted with it.

The second cop stares, amazed, can't move.

190 INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 190

MITCHELL

You're free to go.

Wells stares at him.

MITCHELL

(continuing)

I'm sorry. Please believe me.

I'm truly sorry.

Wells stares, turns, goes out the door without a word.

191 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT 191

Wells walks the streets like a man in a dream. The fog rolls in thickly now, adding to the effect.

192 EXT. PALACE OF FINE ARTS - NIGHT 192

covered with fog. Wells enters without looking to the left or right, like an automaton, heading for Amy's building.

From out of the fog, the WATCH PLAYS its little FRENCH FOLK TUNE.

Wells hears it, stops, confused.

AMY (O.S.)

(very quiet)

Herbert. Herbert, it's me, Amy.

I'm over here.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED:

192

Staring, Wells looks -- the mists part slightly and there she is.

WELLS

(hoarse)

Amy --

AMY

(curiously immobile)

I'm all right. He murdered Carole -- my friend from work. I'd invited her for dinner -- the newspaper was wrong -- he's got her car...

WELLS

Amy --

STEVENSON

(emerges from shadows; knife at Amy's throat)

Not so fast. We have a little unfinished business.

WELLS

What more do you want?

STEVENSON

You know what I want -- Give me the key and you get the Red Queen.

WELLS

(trying to take it all in)

Is that a promise?

STEVENSON

You have my word as a gentleman.

WELLS

All right. Let her go and I'll throw it to you.

STEVENSON

(laughs faintly)

No, no. My mother was rather an atrocious woman in her way but her many failings did not include raising mentally deficient sons. Throw me the key and I'll release the girl.

(CONTINUED)

192 CONTINUED: (2)

192

WELLS

On your honor --

STEVENSON

As a gentleman.

Wells throws the key which lands with a CLINK on the ground. Stevenson moves towards it, still holding the girl and picks it up -- but he doesn't release her.

STEVENSON

(continuing)

There's just one thing, my dear fellow -- Candidly, I'd have expected you to notice by now: I am not a gentleman.

Stevenson shoves Amy into a car behind them, partially hidden by fog. He pushes her into the driver's seat, the knife at her throat.

Amy looks out the window at Wells.

STEVENSON

(continuing; mocking)

Say goodbye --

AMY

(soft)

Goodbye, Herbert --

A gesture from Stevenson with the knife; she turns on the ignition and the CAR ROARS off.

Wells stands, thinking. He remembers something and starts running through the fog towards Amy's building.

193 INT. AMY'S CARPORT - NIGHT

193

Wells runs to the car, jumps into the driver's seat.

194 INT. AMY'S CAR - NIGHT

194

Wells looks...

195 ANGLE - HIS POV

195

The key is where they left it the night before.

196 BACK TO SCENE

196

Wells uncertainly starts the engine.

196 CONTINUED: 196

He puts the car in drive; presses the pedal. The car goes into the wall. He remembers. Puts the car in R and backs unevenly out.

197 EXT. CARPORT - NIGHT 197

The car backs weirdly out, jerks into drive and moves off.

What follows is a virtual funny-car drive through the almost-deserted streets of San Francisco as Wells drives over sidewalks, garbage cans, you name it, in a frantic effort to overtake Amy and Stevenson. He goes down the wrong way on one-way streets -- whatever.

198 INT. STEVENSON'S CAR - NIGHT 198

Stevenson realizes the crashing and banging behind them is Wells following. Amy realizes it too; tries to slow down, but Stevenson jabs the knife under her neck -- she guns the car.

199 SEVERAL SHOTS OF THE CAR CHASE 199

heading towards the museum.

200 INT. WELL'S (AMY'S) CAR 200

Wells catches glimpses of Stevenson's car. The chase arrives at the museum in an almost dead heat. Stevenson drags Amy towards the darkened building.

Wells' CAR SQUEALS to a bumpy stop a second later.

201 INT. MUSEUM - H.G. WELLS EXHIBIT - NIGHT 201

Few lights. An ALARM BELL goes off somewhere in the distance and KEEPS RINGING THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

Stevenson enters, dragging Amy, still holding the knife, and heads for the time machine.

A moment later, Wells runs in after them.

WELLS

Stevenson!

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED:

201

STEVENSON

(hesitates at the
hatch)

Well, what is it, H.G.? You are
becoming extremely tiresome.

WELLS

The girl --

STEVENSON

Which girl -- oh, you mean this
one. I thought we --

WELLS

Let her go. I beg you. You can
afford to be magnanimous! Women
throughout the centuries are yours
for the taking.

STEVENSON

Is it so important? Frankly, I
don't find her especially
attractive. Do you? You're not
about to disagree with me, are you,
my dear fellow?

WELLS

-- No.

STEVENSON

No, what.

WELLS

No, she's not particularly
attractive; you're quite right.

STEVENSON

Shall I cut her throat, then?
Right now?

WELLS

(cries like a baby)

Please don't. Stevenson, you and
I -- we were friends once -- I
admired you -- I --

STEVENSON

What on earth are you babbling
on about, Wells, really. You've
become quite an old fool, haven't
you?

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (2)

201

WELLS

Yes, yes, I am an old fool. I
know nothing --

STEVENSON

And she means that much to you --

WELLS

(sobbing)

Yes, yes. Oh, please --

He kneels, clasping his hands and begging.

STEVENSON

(a sadistic pause)

Sorry, H.G. -- it's checkmate and
you've lost again --

He starts to push Amy into the hatch but something is caught; his watch fob hangs onto part of the steel plating of the time machine. Stevenson bends to free it, and Amy jumps clear, runs to Wells, who catches her in his arms.

Stevenson straightens up in a flash as Wells starts for him. He dives down the hatch and closes the door on the watch chain, leaving the watch, dangling, its lid snapped open. It starts to play its little SONG.

Wells hold on to Amy as they watch the machine light up.

Wells sees the watch swing back and forth -- right by the chronometry evaluation ring that we saw earlier.

In a flash, Wells throws Amy aside and drives for the ring, pulling it out like the pin in a hand grenade.

A long, echoing SCREAM from inside the capsule.

AMY

(stares)

What did you do?

WELLS

I sent him where he belongs --
infinity. That's the last
anyone will hear of Jack the
Ripper.

He holds her close, clasping her in his arms, still holding the precious prism-like device. They stay there for a long moment.

(CONTINUED)

201 CONTINUED: (3)

201

WELLS

(continuing)

And now it's time for us to say
goodbye -- before the watchmen
and the police arrive.

AMY

You're going back? Why?

WELLS

Lots of reasons. I've got to
dismantle this machine, so as to
prevent its doing any further
mischief, for one thing. Until
we master ourselves we have no
right or proper use for time.

He sighs, gestures at the exhibit --

WELLS

(continuing)

And then I've all those books to
write, whatever they are. Fiction,
I hope. When all's said and done,
every age is the same; it's only
love that makes any of them
bearable. Mankind will never
overcome his dual nature, but I
see now that civilization is the
result of trying to overcome it.

(sighs)

Finally, I must go back because it
is where I belong -- though I
didn't think so once -- and my life
is almost as important to me as
yours, not quite, but almost.

He kisses her. She watches, shocked, as he replaces
the ring device and climbs into the hatch. In a moment
the machine warms up again.

202 INT. MACHINE

202

Wells sets the dials for his departure and return. He
looks up. Amy is VISIBLE through the windows, watch-
ing, crying.

Wells wipes his eyes, throws the switches, the machine
HUMS.

203 INT. MUSEUM HALL - NIGHT

203

Amy watches. Suddenly she hears RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. She looks up, sees the cops, Mitchell at their head, and makes up her mind.

Amy runs to the machine, banging on the panels frantically as the cops and watchmen enter, hesitating and wondering, at the entrance to the hall.

AMY

Herbert! Herbert! Herbert!
Oh, God, Herbert, don't leave.
Please don't leave! It isn't
life without you!

At the last minute, Wells opens the hatch. Amy practically falls in, dragging the gold watch with her.

204 INT. TIME MACHINE

204

Wells and Amy kiss each other desperately all over; the WATCH PLAYS the little FOLK TUNE.

AMY

(breathless)

Herbert, Herbert -- I just realized,
I love older men.

He smiles, kisses her, throws the lever. FOLK TUNE UP triumphantly: FULL ORCHESTRA!

205 INT. MUSEUM HALL - NIGHT

205

As the cops and Mitchell watch, dumbfounded, the Time Machine glows, whitens, then disappears.

TITLE:

H.G. Wells married Amy Catherine
Robbins, who died in 1927.
As a writer, he anticipated Socialism,
global war, space travel, and Women's
Liberation. He died in 1945.

CREDITS.