

H. G. Wells'

T H E      T I M E      M A C H I N E

A George Pal Production

Screenplay

by

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Draft revised thru 6-25-59

FADE IN:

M.G.M. TRADEMARK

A.1

Leo the Lion ROARS over the FANFARE, then

FADE OUT:

GLIDING OBJECTS IN A WIDE DARK VOID - (ANIMATION)

Out of the SILENT darkness a short white fluted column surmounted by a SUNDIAL appears. It floats in, waveringly, until it becomes clearly visible, then drifts off as though moving in some huge orbit.

A

Next an HOURGLASS floats in from the left  
of the screen. The faint HISSING OF  
RUNNING SAND breaks the stillness of space.

B

As the hourglass glides across the screen,  
it is met by a GREEK WATER CLOCK accompanied  
by the sound OF DRIPPING WATER.

C

A MEDIEVAL CLOCK with weights arises as its  
horizontal escapement TICKS LOUDLY. Mean-  
while the sundial, hourglass and water clock  
return, drifting at diverse angles across  
the screen.

D

THE SOUND of the various devices continues to MOUNT.

A FIGURE wheels past, with the face of a  
clock and the body carved like a drummer  
of the 14th century, BEATING the hour.

E

A SMALL CLOCK bears a golden angel with  
hammer in hands as it STRIKES A BELL.

F

ANOTHER TIMEPIECE, with CHIMES, floats in  
to mingle with all the drifting objects.

G

The BIG BEN is TOLLING

H

Then a GREAT BELL.

J

DEAFENING SOUNDS NOW COME FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, as the time K  
devices weave across the screen and, reaching CRESCENDO,  
STOP abruptly. A mellow VOICE begins to SING THE THEME of L  
the picture, "The Land Of The Leal". Simultaneously, the  
screen reveals the MAIN TITLE:

M

H. G. Wells'

THE TIME MACHINE

"THE LAND OF THE LEAL"

Words & Music by Peggy Lee

When I was a wee lad  
And dark was the night  
Afraid I would be  
Til the bright morning light  
And sometimes...for comfort  
Away I would steal Away  
I would go to the Land of the Leal.

L

And soon I would be there  
It took me no time  
My heart would be soaring  
As I made the climb  
And there was the green grass  
So cool and so sweet  
So good to be run through  
With happy bare feet!

And who was my teacher  
And how did I know?  
Just when to be going  
And which way to go?  
But always when wishing  
Away I would steal  
Away I would go to the Land of the Leal.

And now that I'm older  
I try to be wise  
But when I am troubled  
I still close my eyes  
And just like the wee lad  
Away I will steal  
Away I will go to the Land of the Leal.

For there are no questions  
And there are no lies  
And never a storm there  
To darken the skies  
The birds who are flying  
No freer they feel  
Than I  
When I live in the land of the Leal.

After the CREDIT TITLES, the MUSIC SUBSIDES and we slowly

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

1

EXT. COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE)

Warm lights pour through the windows, spreading over the snow-patched countryside. Only the laboratory, a converted greenhouse, is dark, shaded from the moonlight by a majestic, leafless oak. A two-horse carriage, in the style of the turn of the century, lingers in the driveway. Beyond all this, the River Thames takes a sharp curve.

A lonely figure hurries up to the front door and KNOCKS on it impatiently.

AT THE DOOR

2

The knock is answered by MRS. WATCHETT, the house-keeper, a thin, tense woman with iron gray hair. The CAMERA ENTERS the HALL with DAVID FILBY, an amiable red-haired young man of science, who hastily hands her his rumpled cloak and hat, then rushes toward:

INT. LIBRARY

3

A pleasant Edwardian room, the shelves are stacked tightly with volumes of books, many of ancient vintage.

Three men are seated in a rough circle, motionless, obviously awaiting the arrival of occupants for the two empty chairs. The silence is accentuated by the merry CRACKLING of logs in the fireplace and the capricious TICKING of innumerable timepieces about the room.

Filby enters, pauses to glance down, then embarrassedly takes his chair.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS

4

DR. PHILIP HILLYER is an imposing (a)  
businessman, wearing full sideburns.  
He stares stonily at the last empty  
chair, then at Filby with annoyance.

ANTHONY BRIDEWELL, a man of the world, (b)  
impeccably attired in the latest fashion,  
welcomes Filby the only way he knows, by  
lifting his glass of whiskey.

WALTER KEMP, a middle aged man with keen (c)  
black piercing eyes, angrily chews on  
his Havana.

Filby fidgets uncomfortably in his chair (d)  
as

Hillyer glances impatiently at his watch, comparing time with a GRANDFATHER CLOCK behind him, then snaps it shut and glares at: (e)

EMPTY CHAIR - MED. SHOT

5

Conspicuously unoccupied.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK - CLOSE SHOT

6

Reaching the hour of eight, it begins to STRIKE ITS YELLOW CHIMES. Other timepieces JOIN IN the announcement.

GROUPSHOT

7

The men look at each other until the CHIMES, BELLS ETC. FADE away. Dr. Hillyer angrily slaps on the arm of his leather chair.

DR. HILLYER  
I say, this is outright rude of the man!

FILBEY  
He's undoubtedly been detained. That's all.

Bridewell, filling his glass, is trying to say something but is interrupted by

KEMP (unscrews the cigar from his tight lips)  
This is such a confounded waste of time! If he's not coming, I've any number of more important things to do.

All heads turn as Mrs. Watchett enters, closing the door quietly behind her. With an envelope in her hand she stands there, hesitating.

DR. HILLYER

Speak up -- what is it, woman?

She is taken aback for a moment, then walks over to Filby and hands him the open envelope. He takes his time in extracting the note.

BRIDEWELL

Well...are we or are we not invited to dinner?

FILBY (reading)

Apparently we are.

(to Mrs. Watchett)

How long has he been gone?

MRS. WATCHETT (nervously)

I can't rightly say, sir. - Several days...I hardly catch a glimpse of him lately. He never leaves the laboratory and comes out only to nibble at his meals...but he did tell me days ago about dinner tonight and left these instructions.

(pointing to note)

FILBY

Thank you, Mrs. Watchett.

A faint, nervous smile is her acknowledgement and with that she retreats toward the door.

DR. HILLYER (indicating the

note)

What does it say, Filby? What's wrong?

FILBY

Nothing really. - George merely says that if he is not here by eight we're to begin without him.

Kemp tears the note out of Filby's hand and reads it hurriedly. Meanwhile, Mrs. Watchett swings the door open and turns around.

MRS. WATCHETT

Dinner is served, gentlemen!

BRIDEWELL (puts his glass down)

First sensible thing I've heard all

evening.

He rises and starts for the dining room. The others follow.

FILBY, HILLYER & KEMP - MOVING SHOT

8

As they walk toward the DINING ROOM.

FILBY

This is peculiar. He is usually very prompt, precise and punctual.

DR. HILLYER

He's making fools of us by inviting us here and then not showing up.  
It's not the behavior of a gentleman.

KEMP

To say nothing of the waste of time.

DR. HILLYER (agreeing)

To say nothing of the waste of time.

Bridewell, already seated at the heavily laden dining table, pours a glass of wine for himself while the others settle down. This time the chair at the head of the table is conspicuously unoccupied.

BRIDWELL (arises, lifting his glass)

One thing I will say for George, he keeps the best cellar in the south of England...and Mrs. Watchett is the finest cook in the world. - I think I'll drink to that!

The glass barely touches his lips as he freezes at the SOUND OF DROPPING TRAYS and a PIERCING SCREAM. All look in the direction of another door across the room.

THE DOOR - FULL SHOT

9

It bursts inward and Mrs. Watchett, her hair flying,

dashes down the steps panic-stricken into the room. The CAMERA RUSHES with her to the table where the men have come to their feet. Clutching Filby's arm, she points toward the long corridor now revealed by the open door.

MRS. WATCHETT (frightened)  
There!...there...

All stare o.s., Hillyer with the carving knife clasped in his hand.

CORRIDOR THROUGH DOORWAY - FULL SHOT

10

We see the figure of a man approaching, a black silhouette against the pale glow at the end of the passage. He is bent with exhaustion and sways as he moves forward, limping. The man comes closer, his features still blacked out by shadows, but as he nears the doorway, the light from the room strikes first his legs, then his body and finally his face. Here he stops.

This is our first meeting with the TIME TRAVELLER (for so it will be convenient to speak of him). At this instant he is in a sorry state. His clothing is tattered and dirty, his face pale, bruised and scratched and his eyes glazed with fatigue. For a moment he hesitates as if dazzled by the light and then takes another swaying step into the room.

FILBY AND BRIDEWELL - MOVING SHOT

11

They come to life. Bridewell, noticing the glass of wine still in his hand, quickly gulps it down before rushing with Filby toward the Time Traveller.

FILBY  
Good lord! - What's happened?

Reaching him, each seizes an elbow to support him. Bridewell throws a frantic glance at Dr. Hillyer back at the table. The Time Traveller, however, moves forward under his own power.

TIME TRAVELLER  
I'm all right...just some food...a

drink...

He reaches the table and sinks into his chair. With trembling hands Bridewell tries to pour him a glass of wine, spilling most of it over the tablecloth. The Time Traveller looks up at him with a wry smile.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Are you all right?

A stunned Bridewell is unable to speak while the Time Traveller empties his glass.

BRIDEWELL (a delayed answer)  
Of course. I'm...all right...

Meanwhile, Mrs. Watchett hovers over the Time Traveller like a mother hen.

MRS. WATCHETT (half apology, half concern)  
I didn't recognize you!...it was so dark...

The CAMERA MOVES IN as she dishes up a bowl of soup for him, but he pushes it away.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Meat...I'm hungry for meat!

Mrs. Watchett grasps the carving knife from Dr. Hillyer and, with a single slash, cuts off a huge portion of beef and loads it onto his plate.

GROUPSHOT

12

The Time Traveller eats, the men watching him curiously. Finally Dr. Hillyer leans forward.

DR. HILLYER  
Well, can't you speak, man? What happened to you? Aren't you going to tell us...

BRIDEWELL  
Leave him alone, can't you?

TIME TRAVELLER (swallowing)

It's all right. - I want to tell.

FILBY

It will keep, George. Eat, rest a little.

TIME TRAVELLER

No! I must tell it now... while I still remember.

FILBY

Relax, try to relax a bit. You've all the time in the world.

CLOSE ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

13

As he looks up, amused.

TIME TRAVELLER

You're right, David.

(almost to himself)

That's exactly what I have. -  
All the time in the world!...  
ever since we were all together  
five days ago, the last day of  
Eighteen Hundred Ninety Nine.

Slowly the CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER while everyone listens so intensely that, aside from the Time Traveller's VOICE, only the TICKING of a pendulum CLOCK is heard.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE:

INT. - EBONY BOX ON TABLE - CLOSE SHOT (AFTERNOON)

14

(NOTE: The Slow Dissolve from the previous shot should give the effect of the Ebony Box emerging from the Time Traveller's brain.)

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

There in that box rests the result of two years' labor.

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to reveal the LIBRARY. The Time Traveller, wearing casual tweeds and smoking a pipe, sits in his favorite chair behind the Ebony Box.

Across from him in another chair sits Dr. Hillyer puffing his cigar. Bridewell and Filby have glasses in their hands -- Kemp nothing. All are looking at the box.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(continues)

I wanted to finish the job before the new century began. - I barely made it.

BRIDEWELL  
Marvelous.

DR. HILLYER (stands up)  
What is it?

TIME TRAVELLER  
Well, it has to do with time.

DR. HILLYER  
(steps to box)  
I've always maintained what this nation needs is a reliable timepiece. The Navy needs one. The Army needs one. - For the artillery you know.

KEMP (leaning forward)  
Couldn't do better, George. So that's why you've been in hiding. - Clever of you, indeed!

FILBY (studying the Time Traveller's reaction)  
I don't believe George is referring to a new kind of timepiece.

TIME TRAVELLER  
When I speak of time, I'm referring to the fourth dimension.

A perplexed look comes over Bridewell's face. Dr. Hillyer registers concern. Kemp looks troubled. Only Filby expresses avid interest.

FILBY  
Go on, George.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Now, as you know, the difficulty in explaining the fourth dimension

is that it cannot be seen or felt -  
it must be thought of.

FILBY

If you don't mind, George, would  
you refresh me on the first three  
dimensions.

DR. HILLYER

Really, Filby, they must have  
taught you something at school!

BRIDEWELL (baiting

Dr. Hillyer)

Suppose you explain it, Doctor.

DR. HILLYER

Certainly!

(he demonstrates  
pompously)

When I move in a straight line,  
forward or backward, that's one  
dimension. - When I move to the  
left or right, two dimensions. -  
When I move up and down, three  
dimensions.

(a bright idea lights up  
his face. At last he can  
get ahold of the box, but  
Filby interferes before  
Dr. Hillyer can get his  
fingers on it and he has  
to be satisfied with merely  
pointing)

For instance, this box has three  
dimensions: length, breadth, and  
height.

BRIDEWELL (amazed)

Well, then, what's the fourth  
dimension?

DR. HILLYER

Well, that's...that's mere theory!  
No one can really say what the  
fourth dimension is or even that  
it exists.

Leaning forward in his chair.

TIME TRAVELLER

On the contrary, Doctor! The fourth dimension is as true and as real a dimension as any of the other three. In fact, they couldn't exist without it.

DR. HILLYER (enters the SHOT)  
How do you mean?

TIME TRAVELLER

Well, take that box. It has the first three dimensions, as you said. But what if it didn't exist in Time? It wouldn't exist at all, would it?

DR. HILLYER  
No.

TIME TRAVELLER

So - for an object to exist at all, it must exist in the fourth dimension....and that fourth dimension is duration....Time!

DR. HILLYER (impatiently)  
All right! But what's in that box?

TIME TRAVELLER  
I'm coming to that. But first, consider! Why is it that we usually ignore the fourth dimension? Because we have no freedom to move in it. We can move in the other three -- up, down, forward, backward, sideways. But when it comes to Time, we are prisoners. Do you follow me, Anthony?

GROUP SHOT

16

In the f.g., Bridewell who has been sitting with a glazed, dreamy look, suddenly jumps.

KEMP  
George! You've given a most lucid explanation and all that! But I

don't think I entirely understand.

TIME TRAVELLER

Look! There are a lot of things in  
the world you don't understand,  
aren't there?

KEMP

Of course! Quite a number.

TIME TRAVELLER

But you don't refuse to believe  
in them because of that?

KEMP

Not if I can see the proof with  
my own eyes.

TIME TRAVELLER

Good! All I'm asking you to do  
now is to witness a demonstration  
of the possibility of movement in  
the fourth dimension.

(to Dr. Hillyer)

Philip, will you please hand me  
that box?

All eyes turn to Dr. Hillyer as he eagerly rushes to  
the table, lifts the box with surprise at its lightness,  
and takes it to the Time Traveller. George opens it  
with great care and brings forth a mechanical device

[PAGE 13 MISSING FROM HARD COPY]

TIME TRAVELLER

I've told you. The larger model  
can carry a passenger on a journey  
through Time. - Not through Space,  
mind you, but through Time.

BRIDEWELL

Oh, I say George! If you start  
floating around in the future, aren't  
you likely to mess things up for the  
rest of us?

DR. HILLYER

The future is already there. It's irrevocable and cannot be changed.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

19

He answers thoughtfully.

TIME TRAVELLER

That's the most important question to which I hope to find an answer. Can Man control his destiny? Can he change the shape of things to come?

[PAGE 16 MISSING FROM HARD COPY]

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Imagine that this cigar is the Time Traveller. Now, this lever in front of him controls movement. Forward pressure sends the Machine into the future, backward pressure into the past. And the harder the pressure the faster the Machine travels.

GROUPSHOT - LOW ANGLE

24

All eyebrows are raised.

TIME TRAVELLER

This experiment can be performed only once. If it succeeds, I lose my model forever. That is why I need witnesses.

They look at each other, uncertain whether he is joking or not. Bridewell stoops with difficulty to examine the table.

KEMP

Go ahead.

TIME TRAVELLER

You're ready then?

Despite disbelief, there is a tense silence as he puts his finger on the lever. Then he pauses.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Doctor Hillyer, would you care  
to lend me your hand?

Dr. Hillyer extends his hand hesitantly, smiling weakly.

INSERT OF MODEL

25

Using Dr. Hillyer's forefinger, the Time Traveller presses the lever forward. A LOW-PITCHED HUM is heard.

CLOSE ON THE MEN - LOW ANGLE

26

The men stare in fascination as the CAMERA PANS and the HUMMING INCREASES.

INSERT: GLASSES - CHANDELIER - VASE

27

The glasses on the silver tray rattle (a)  
and clink against each other.

The gas lights of the chandelier (b)  
flicker rapidly.

A vase shudders and moves slightly on (c)  
the mantelpiece.

INSERT OF MODEL

28

As the vibration increases, the outline of the model is blurred and gradually becomes transparent, until the Machine with the cigar has vanished utterly.  
The HUMMING HAS REACHED A HIGH SHRIEK and STOPS abruptly.

The sudden silence is almost unbearable. They stare at the empty table. The CAMERA PANS.

DR. HILLYER (touches his cigar pocket)  
I'll be damned!

TIME TRAVELLER (almost to himself)  
It worked!

Filby swallows.

Bridewell, with his mouth open, stares at the table. Now he looks at the glass of champagne in his hand and places it on the mantelpiece as far out of reach as he can. Then, suddenly reversing his decision, he retrieves the glass and gulps it down.

30 OUT

TWO SHOT

31

Dr. Hillyer slowly turns to the Time Traveller.

DR. HILLYER  
Where did it go?

TIME TRAVELLER (recovering)  
Go? Nowhere in the usual sense.  
It's still here.  
(indicating space where the Machine stood)  
But it's no longer in the present.  
It's traveling through time - to the future, to be precise.

DR. HILLYER  
Do you seriously expect us to believe that?

TIME TRAVELLER  
Certainly.

DR. HILLYER  
But you just said it hasn't really moved.

TIME TRAVELLER

That's correct.

DR. HILLYER

Then why can't we see it?

TIME TRAVELLER

Because we're in this room on December 31st, 1899, while the model you saw is perhaps a hundred years away. This room, or even this house, may no longer exist a hundred years from now. But the Time Machine is occupying the same space it did a moment before it went off on its journey.

Dr. Hillyer runs his hand over the top of the table.

DR. HILLYER (exasperated)

If it occupies the same space, I should be able to feel it.

TIME TRAVELLER

You must remember that the space you've just put your hand through is today's space. You can't put your hand into the space of tomorrow.

DR. HILLYER (getting angry)

Space is space! It doesn't change! The same space that is here now should be here a hundred or even a thousand years from now.

TIME TRAVELLER

No! Time changes space. This flat ground we're standing on now could have been at the bottom of the sea a million years ago. And a million years from now it could be the interior of a huge mountain.

Dr. Hillyer turns away, speechless.

GROUP SHOT

32

Kemp steps forward.

KEMP

Suppose what you say is true.  
Exactly what do you suggest we do  
with such a contraption?

TIME TRAVELLER

For my part, I intend to take a  
journey into the future. - Unless  
someone else prefers to volunteer.

There is no response.

BRIDEWELL (chuckling)

I say, George. Suppose you go off  
and get lost in the fiftieth century!  
How will you find your way back?

TIME TRAVELLER (quite  
serious)

That's a calculated risk I'm prepared  
to take.

Dr. Hillyer, having controlled his fury, now exchanges significant glances with Kemp and turns back with an air of reasonableness.

DR. HILLYER

Now listen, George! I don't know what you take us for, but we're not fools. There are a number of ways of doing a disappearing trick! But a man of your ability should not bother with such nonsense.

CLOSE ON DR. HILLIER - MOVING SHOT

33

He gets up from his chair.

DR. HILLYER (unable to resist the temptation for sarcasm)

There's a war on, you know! The Boers are putting up a pretty stiff fight in South Africa and our country needs inventors like you. I can put you in touch with the War Office if you wish.

He walks over to the Time Traveller who is sitting near the table on which stands the empty Ebony Box with its lid open. Filby is in the b.g.

TIME TRAVELLER (looks up at Filby)  
What do you think?

FILBY (hesitating slightly, and then)  
I think Dr. Hillyer has a point,  
George.

Lazily the Time Traveller toys with the lid of the Ebony Box, then closes it with a SNAP. He looks up and nods.

DR. HILLYER  
Now you're being sensible. I'll take care of it first thing in the New Year.

BACK TO GROUP SHOT

34

Everyone rises.

DR. HILLYER  
Well, time to go.

KEMP  
Yes, we all have our plans for tonight.

Dr. Hillyer and Kemp head toward the door. Bridewell lingers at the table where the model of the Time Machine disappeared.

BRIDEWELL (concerned)  
Are you all right, George?

TIME TRAVELLER  
Of course, I am.

DR. HILLYER'S VOICE  
Coming, Bridewell?

Reluctantly Bridewell leaves the library followed by the Time Traveller.

While his guests put on their capes, overcoats, scarfs, gloves and hats, preparing for the cold weather outside, the Time Traveller steps to the door and grasps the handle.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Thanks for coming.

He opens the door and they file past him, Bridewell at the rear.

AD LIBS  
Happy New Year. - Goodbye, George -  
Happy Twentieth Century. - Etc.

Bridewell clasps the Time Traveller's shoulder, reassuringly.

In contrast to the previous SHOT (Sc.1) this is a snowless wintery day. The visitors are boarding the carriage that awaits them in the drive.

DR. HILLYER  
Come on, Bridewell.

Bridewell glances back to the Time Traveller, then submits and, with a CRACK OF A WHIP, the carriage moves off.

The Time Traveller, a silhouette framed in the doorway, waves to them.

As it pulls away, Bridewell leans out, waving. From the opposite direction another carriage full of NOISY YOUNG PEOPLE THUNDERS by. In early New Year's Eve

REVELRY they TOOT their toy HORNS at the Time Traveller.

BACK TO THE TIME TRAVELLER

39

Unmindful of their salutations he turns and enters the cottage.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MED SHOT

40

The Time Traveller slowly closes the door and leans his back against it, staring into space. Thinking. - He spots a newspaper on a nearby table, apparently left by one of his guests, and picks it up.

INSERT: NEWSPAPER

40-A

A ROLL OF DRUMS in military fashion ACCENTS the headline that the Boer Army has won another victory.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

40-B

He closes his eyes and, added to the DRUMS, we HEAR the call to battle by a DISTANT BUGLE. Then more BRASS, FIFES and HORNS join the BUGLE and DRUMS to take up a MILITANT OVERTURE.

He loosens his collar, then with sudden resolution strides toward:

OMITTED

41-56

INT. LIBRARY - LONG SHOT

57

The Time Traveller crosses to his writing table in the f.g. He stands there and even in the darkness WE CAN OBSERVE that he is an angry man. He strikes a match and lights the overhead gas fixture. The light comes up and the MUSIC STOPS as he stares across the room to see:

sitting in a chair near the fireplace.

FILBY  
I thought I'd better stay.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
You needn't have troubled yourself.  
I'm all right.

FILBY  
No you're not. - You've been  
behaving oddly for over a month  
now.  
(and then)  
I'm not leaving until you tell me  
what's on your mind.

Deep in thought, he goes to the fireplace and stirs  
the coals. The CAMERA FOLLOWS.

TIME TRAVELLER  
I appreciate your gesture, David,  
but if you don't mind I'd rather  
you left me alone.

FILBY  
You have changed, George.  
Enormously.

TIME TRAVELLER  
I'm sorry.

FILBY (looks up to him  
directly)  
Will you answer me one question  
honestly?

TIME TRAVELLER  
I'll try.

FILBY  
Why this preoccupation with Time?

TIME TRAVELLER (sharply)

Why not?

FILBY

Don't go simple on me, George!

TIME TRAVELLER (a beat,  
then calmly)

If you want to know the truth, I  
don't much care for the time I was  
born into. - It seems people aren't  
dying fast enough these days. They  
call upon science to invent new,  
more efficient weapons to depopulate  
the earth.

FILBY

I quite agree with you. But here  
we are and we have to make the best  
of it.

TIME TRAVELLER

You may have to. I don't.

FILBY (making a half-  
hearted attempt at levity)

All right. Take a journey on your  
contraption. What would you become?...  
A Greek? A Roman? One of the  
Pharaohs?

TIME TRAVELLER

I prefer the future.

FILBY

You're not seriously saying you can  
do it?

TIME TRAVELLER

You saw the experiment this afternoon,  
didn't you?

FILBY

I saw a toy machine vanish. But  
I'm certain there are a number of  
ways of doing that trick. Any  
magician at the Hippodrome could  
probably do it.

TIME TRAVELLER (angrily)

It was no trick! - Would you care  
to see the full-scale model?

FILBY

No, I would not! I have no desire  
to tempt the laws of Providence and  
I don't think you should. It's not  
for man to trifle with.

TIME TRAVELLER

Now you sound like Hillyer and Kemp.

FILBY

There is something in their common  
sense attitude to life.

(and then)

George, I speak to you as a friend.  
More, as a brother. If that machine  
can do what you say it can...destroy  
it. Destroy it, George, before it  
destroys you.

Distant SOUNDS of NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATIONS are HEARD.

TIME TRAVELLER

You must have plans for New Year's  
Eve. Don't let me keep you.

FILBY

Mary isn't well. We decided to  
stay home with the baby. But why  
don't you come home with me. You  
haven't seen little Jaime for a  
long time.

TIME TRAVELLER

I can't.

FILBY

What's stopping you?

TIME TRAVELLER

I just want to see the old century  
out by myself.

FILBY (rising)

Have it your own way.

He goes to the door.

Filby stops, then turns around.

FILBY

Will you promise me that you won't  
leave the house tonight?

TIME TRAVELLER

I promise you, I won't walk out of  
the door.

Filby, a little puzzled by this strange promise, turns to go as the Time Traveller puts down the poker and steps up to him.

TIME TRAVELLER

David! Please don't think me unfriendly! - Come over to dinner - next Friday. Won't you?

FILBY

Very well.

TIME TRAVELLER

Fine...and will you bring the others with you?

FILBY (with a warm smile)

Whatever you say, George. - Happy New Year.

TIME TRAVELLER (shaking hands)

And a very happy New Year to you, David.

Filby pats his arm before he leaves. The Time Traveller stands there until he hears the FRONT DOOR SHUT. Then, FOLLOWED BY THE CAMERA, he goes to the writing table and sits down.

The Time Traveller opens a drawer and takes out the new calendar that reads: "1900, Welcome New Century." He flips a few pages to find the next Friday and jots down the dinner engagement. At this point Mrs. Watchett, with his velvet smoking jacket over her arm, appears in the doorway and walks up to him.

MRS. WATCHETT

Will you be having supper in this evening, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER (while exchanging jackets with Mrs. Watchett's help)

I don't think so, Mrs. Watchett. Why don't you take the evening off and celebrate.

MRS. WATCHETT

Thank you, sir, but if you won't be needing me I think I'll turn in early and get some sleep...

(indicating revelers outside)  
...it I can. - Goodnight, sir.

TIME TRAVELLER

Goodnight.

She turns to go as the Time Traveller calls after her.

TIME TRAVELLER

Oh, Mrs. Watchett!

(as she responds)

I've invited Mr. Filby and the others to dinner next Friday.

(and then)

Happy New Year, Mrs. Watchett.

MRS. WATCHETT

Happy New Year, sir.

Mrs. Watchett exits, closing the door after her. Once again the Time Traveller is alone. He looks at the old calendar that reads: "December 31. 1899," rips the final sheet from the pad, crumples it into a tight little ball and tosses it into the hearth where it burns. With slow and deliberate movements he replaces the old calendar with the new one. Then, he hastily scribbles a note which he puts into an envelope and places it prominently on the table. He rises and mounts the steps that lead to:

INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT

62

The Time Traveller walks slowly toward a closed door

at the end of the passageway. Here he pauses momentarily, removes the key from his pocket, unlocks the door, then slowly swings it open as the MUSIC STARTS the THEME of the picture.

INT. LABORATORY - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

63

The laboratory has the appearance of having once been a greenhouse. Only a few potted plants remain. The glass walls are obscured from view from the garden by rows of tall growing plants. Only the glass skylight is clear. Thick, dark, low-hanging clouds are passing beneath the moon, dimming its light and leaving the interior a maze of dark shadows. As the slow moving clouds pass overhead, a shaft of moonlight seeps through and we SEE workbenches, numerous tools, sheets of drawings and scientific instruments situated around the perimeter.

But the most conspicuous object in the room is the Time Machine. It is a duplicate of the miniature model already seen.

However, its size gives it a majestic quality. Nickel, ivory and crystalline quartz gleam and sparkle. While the miniature possessed a delicate, appealing note, the full size Machine has an ominous look. The wavering moonlight seems to render it alive and give it the power of movement.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

64

Staring at the Machine, hypnotized by his own craftsmanship, he locks the door with accustomed movement, then crosses to a workbench and lights a candle. Here a crystalline lever is attached to a polishing buffer. The Time Traveller sets it in motion, polishing the crystal lever until its rough edges disappear and it sparkles like a fine cut diamond. As he works, his lips purse and he softly STARTS TO WHISTLE the melancholy strains of "The Land Of The Leal." A clock near him on the workbench reads: "9:30."

Satisfied with the buffing, he removes the gleaming handle and crosses to the Machine. He settles into the saddle and affixes the crystalline lever. There is no sign of urgency in his movements to betray that his

settling himself into the saddle is any more than a routine position he has taken before to work on the Machine.

Then he leans back in the saddle and gazes up at:

INSERT: SKYLIGHT - (STOP MOTION OR ANIMATION) 65

Passing clouds.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 66

He looks upwards for several moments. Then his hand slowly reaches forth and his fingers encircle the lever. - Gently he urges it forward.

A HUMMING SOUND, similar to the one made by the model, but MORE RESONANT starts and a soft glow wells up from within the Machine.

INSERT: THE CONTROL PANEL 67

The luminous dials show: "31 December 1899." The meters and indicators start to BUZZ and whirl. The glow increases.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 68

His expression is taut as he looks around, then down to the control panel.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
I started...and the laboratory grew  
faint around me...

INSERT OF PANEL 69

The figures spin, the needles vibrate. Then almost at once the Time Traveller's hand reaches for the lever and jerks it over to halt the Machine. The HUMMING LESSENS and FADES.

As he starts to look up and around, slowly.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
...I stopped.

Starting at the WINDOW with frost around the edges and icicles outside, we move around the room PASSING THE WORKBENCH over to the DOOR. During this we HEAR the:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
No change; everything exactly as it had been before. - But no!

THE CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO THE WORKBENCH, CLOSE, where the clock now shows "11:09" and the candle has burned shorter.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE (excited)  
The clock said 9:31 when I started and now it was 11:09...and the candle, shorter by inches.

He looks amazed, then pulls his old fashioned watch from his pocket by its gold chain. It flips open showing almost "9:32."

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
And yet by my watch which was in the machine with me, only a few seconds had passed.

Pleased, he puts his watch away and reaches for the lever, looking off toward the:

The HUMMING SOUND STARTS again and, while the hands of the clock circle the dial, the flame of the candle flickers with the speed of a bee's wing, melting the candle down. The CAMERA MOVES to the window where the frost has spread and the icicles continue to grow. Light comes up behind so that the crystals glitter like gems and the sun starts to rise.

TIME TRAVELLER IN THE MACHINE - MED. SHOT

74

The rays of the early Morning sun slide down the laboratory wall and sweep across the Time Traveller and his Machine. A trace of a smile -- and then, he looks up and squints.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
It was disconcerting to see the sun...

INSERT: SKYLIGHT - MED. SHOT - (STOP MOTION OR ANIMATION)

75

As the sun arches majestically.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
...arc in less than a minute...

INSERT: POT OF FLOWERS - (STOCK AND/OR STOP MOTION) 76

As they close.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
....to see flowers closing their eyes  
for the night, changes that normally  
took hours, occurring in seconds, was  
beautiful.

During this it has turned into night and a little SNAIL rushes across the ground beneath the plant, and then the flowers start to open again. Light begins to flood the scene.

In the b.g. Mrs. Watchett leaps into the garden, pauses the briefest instant to sprinkle the flowers, then with the speed of wind streaks away.

A trace of a smile, then apprehension.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

And as yet I was travelling very slowly!  
(challenging)  
What if I went faster?!

His hand shoves the lever farther over toward the future position.

THE HUMMING SOUND RISES TO HIGHER PITCH. The Time Traveller lurches in his seat, clings to the controls and looks at the dials.

INSERT: CLOSE ON DIALS

78

They are spinning.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

79

As he looks up.

INSERT OF SKYLIGHT - (STOP MOTION OR ANIMATION)

80

The sun soars across the sky, night falls. Pin points of stars streak by and dawn comes. The sun is chased by the stars again and again. Faster and faster.

VERY CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

81

His eyes gleam with a mad light, half pleasure, half pain. His face is illuminated by the alternating flashes of light, each one indicating the passage of another day.

He turns toward the:

Without a trace of frost or icicles. The snow has disappeared, replaced by the lush green of Spring. While the vines of a morning Glory grow up and around the window like a snake and the flowers open and close, we see the following through repeated fast flashes.

The sun hops swiftly across the sky. (a)

The night falls and the stars circle the North Star. (b)

The sun appears and disappears behind the whirling clouds. (c)

At night the moon races through tumultuous clouds. (d)

On the following day the sky darkens with thunderheads. There is a cataract of lightning and THUNDER. (e)

Quick flashes of lightning on the Time Traveller's face followed by a series of SHORT THUNDERCLAPS.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

It became intoxicating. To see an entire storm in a few seconds. - So I pushed the lever on toward even greater speed.

He applies greater pressure on the lever. The HUMMING INCREASES. The alternate flashes of light become a flicker almost too fast for the eye to follow. He looks o.s. and sees:

Its shadows, cast by the sun and the moon, dance around the trunk, faster and faster -- the moon passing through its phases and the sun shifting its position with the seasons.

Leaves grow quickly. Flowers appear and turn into small green apples. Growing larger, they turn red and fall. The leaves gradually become amber and disappear. Suddenly the bare branches are covered with snow for a few seconds, then again burst into green leaves and blossoms.

Through the window we see the trees grow and change like puffs of vapor -- now brown, now green; they spread, shiver and pass away. Snow flashes across the country, vanishes and is followed by the brief bright green of Spring.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
Thirteen years had passed...fourteen...  
fifteen...sixteen...and then...

Gradually soot, dirt and grime has built up on the windows from the outside and darkness prevails.

His brow is beaded with perspiration. Alarmed, he grabs the handle of the Time Machine.

The hand of the Time Traveller quickly pulls back the lever.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
In the year nineteen hundred seventeen...  
I stopped.

The flickering of passing days and nights slows and the HUMMING SOUND GRADUALLY DIMINISHES. The dial stops on "13 September 1917".

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as he steps out of his Machine and glances with astonishment around the interior of the laboratory. The once clear windows are now dirty and boarded up. The world outside is completely obscured from view. Only faint light penetrating cracks indicates that it is day outdoors. He crosses to the door. Dust falls as he opens it and enters the corridor.

The dim light and the protective sheets covering the furnishings previously seen, lend the room a ghostly appearance. Tilted paintings reveal faded spots on the walls and the dust is inches thick here, as well as in the dining room seen in the b.g. Cobwebs are everywhere.

The floor SQUEAKS on every footfall as the Time Traveller, coming down the steps from the corridor, enters the room and looks about.

Among his books still rest the clocks, his once prized possessions. There is NO TICKING now. The hands of the clocks, each pair indicating a different time, seem to guard the past.

Curiosity takes the Time Traveller from the library, through the ENTRANCE HALL, to the front door. It refuses to respond to his attempt to open it. Even when he uses his shoulder it does not budge. He steps back and flings his full weight against it and with a WRENCHING SOUND it gives slightly. Under continued pressure the nailed boards outside give way and a flood of daylight illuminates the dusty interior. The Time Traveller moves into the open driveway that is now taken over by weeds.

The Time Traveller takes a deep breath and looks curiously around. Everything is overgrown with vines and flowers. The house is boarded up. He starts to wander around, thinking, investigating.

(NOTE: The house is situated upon a site with distinctive landmarks that will stay recognizable during his journey into the future, thereby giving a clear conception that time-travelling does not involve geographical movement. For instance, the sharp curve of the River Thames in the distance will remain even after the house itself has disappeared.)

Suddenly the SOUND OF AN APPROACHING ENGINE catches his attention. He looks puzzled toward:

Coming up the hill on a narrow dusty road is a car of 1916 vintage, with the HORN HONKING. The CAMERA PANS with it, up to a SMALL STORE across the street. The sign above the entrance reads: "Filby's Department Store". A MANNEQUIN, dressed for the period, is in the window. The driver, in the uniform of a Second Lieutenant of the First World War, steps out of the car. The Time Traveller walks over to see his old friend, sans moustache.

TIME TRAVELLER (glibly)  
Going to a masquerade, David? You  
look rather silly without your  
moustache, old man!

FILBY (puzzled)  
Were you addressing me, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER  
(positively)  
Filby! I expected more of an  
enthusiastic greeting from...

FILBY (smiles as he  
interrupts)  
I'm afraid you have me confused  
with my father, sir. There was a  
remarkable resemblance. - I'm  
James Filby.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Was?

JAMES FILBY  
Were you a friend of father's?

TIME TRAVELLER  
Yes...yes...I've been away.

JAMES FILBY  
He was killed in the war...a year  
ago.

TIME TRAVELLER (aghast)  
No!...it can't be...  
(then, as he realizes its  
truth)  
I'm sorry to hear that.  
(pause, then hesitantly  
points)  
And the gentleman who used to live  
across the street?

JAMES FILBY  
Oh, him. Some inventor who  
disappeared around the turn of the  
century. - If you're interested in  
that house, forget it. You can't  
buy it or even go inside.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Why is that?

JAMES FILBY  
My father was executor of the  
inventor's estate and he refused to

liquidate it.

(adds with a smile)

I often chided him on that account,  
but he felt positive that the owner  
would return some day. - Some people  
hereabouts think it's haunted.

(stares at Time Traveller  
curiously, studying the  
strange cut of his clothes)

Who are you, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER

Just a stranger who once knew your  
father.

JAMES FILBY

I see.

(still curious at the Time  
Traveller's abstract attitude)

Have you been at the front, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER

Front? What front?

JAMES FILBY

Why the war, of course.

TIME TRAVELLER

What war?

JAMES FILBY

Great heavens, man, don't you know  
we've been at war with Germany  
since nineteen fourteen? I thought  
perhaps you had seen action in  
France...or maybe...

(noticing confusion, adds  
with a note of compassion)

Perhaps a cup of tea would make  
you feel better. Won't you come in?

TIME TRAVELLER

No...no, thank you.

JAMES FILBY

You're sure you're alright, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER

Yes, I'm quite alright.

JAMES FILBY (hesitantly)

Then...goodbye, sir.

The Time Traveller nods and James Filby slowly turns and, glancing back repeatedly, enters the Department Store.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

97

He speaks almost to himself.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Goodbye, Jaime.

With the bitter taste of death for his old friend, David Filby, he slowly walks across the street and returns to the cottage.

INT. LABORATORY - FULL SHOT

98

The Time Traveller approaches the Machine, steps up into the seat, throws his head back and grimly shoves the lever forward.

SKYLIGHT - FULL SEOT - (STOCK AND ANIMATION)

99

ACCENT on MUSIC, then as the HUMMING OF THE TIME MACHINE takes over, suddenly panes of GLASS BREAK one after another, giving a clear view of a sky full of SWIRLING TURBULENT CLOUDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

100

The FLICKERS of days and nights, as well as the HUMMING, INCREASES and DECREASES, in accordance with his manipulation of the controls. Over this:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
As I went along, I gained experience in handling the Machine. I found that I could stop for a day, an hour, or even for a second to observe, then

go ahead for a year or two. - Thus I  
was able to see the changing world  
in a series of glimpses.

Something catches his interest. He pulls back  
the lever to SLOW DOWN.

EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT) - (STOP MOTION)

101

With the speed of wind, pedestrians streak across  
the pavement. The bright lights of the night pop  
out one after another leaving a sparingly  
illuminated street. The HUMMING SUBSIDES. The  
mannequin previously seen in the show window now  
wears the clothing of the "Roaring Twenties". A  
distant CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

102

Speaks surprised.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Good heavens, that's a dress?

MANNEQUIN - MED. SHOT

103

From her pretty face with the funny hat, the  
CAMERA PANS DOWN to the hem line of her skirt,  
twelve inches from the floor.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

104

A smile appears on his face.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
This was intriguing. I wondered  
just how far women would permit  
this to go.

He pushes the lever ahead. Flashes and HUMMING  
INCREASE and we:

BLUR TO:

THE MANNEQUIN - FULL SHOT - (DAYS & NIGHTS) -  
(ANIMATION)

105

As the years speed by INTERRUPTED BY SHORT BLURS, the dresses of the mannequin change. The skirts get shorter and shorter, then drop inch by inch while the hair styles vary. The bosom appears to swell with the sinking neckline and flattens as the neckline rises. During this:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
I began to grow fond of that  
mannequin. Maybe because, like me,  
she didn't age.

THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

106

Suddenly he hears the SOUNDS OF AIRPLANES and EXPLOSIONS in a strangely ACCELERATED manner. He looks down at the instruments.

INSERT OF DIALS

107

Showing the passage of time. October, November, December of 1939 and January, February, March, April, May of the year 1940 are peeling off.

The instruments vibrate erratically.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

108

He stares at the dials with much concern as he is PITCHED back and forth in his Machine.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
Suddenly, in nineteen forty I began to be buffeted from side to side.  
My first thought was that the Machine had a mechanical defect or a part had worn out.

The Time Traveller HEARS the SCREAMS of DIVING PLANES. He stops the Machine and looks up at:

SKYLIGHT - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT) - (STOCK)

109

Through the panes of broken glass we see a clear but limited glimpse of the night sky that is swept by beams of searching lights.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT batteries are FIRING as a squadron of Nazi fighter planes are caught in the criss-cross beams of light. The sky is pierced with ack ack. Then, following the sound OF APPROACHING RAF. FIGHTER PLANES, a dog fight ensues. Several of the planes are hit and plummet earthward, balls of streaking flame and fire.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

110

Gazing up at the grim spectacle.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

The last time I had stopped was in nineteen seventeen, twenty three years ago. And the war with Germany was still waging - now in the air with flying machines. It didn't seem possible they could go on fighting all these years and still have the means of fighting. Then I realized the truth of the matter. This was a new war. There must have been an interval of peace in between these wars. Yet they had learned nothing but to prepare even more effective means of destroying one another. I decided to push on into time and see the outcome.

He looks down at:

INSERT OF DIALS

111

Denoting the movement of the Machine through time. The dials spin from 1940 to 1959 where the HUMMING

NOISE SUBSIDES and the dials again come to a stop.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

The fighting in the sky lasted only  
a few moments. By nineteen forty five  
it was over, but I continued on a  
few more years before pausing for  
another glimpse of my silent, never  
aging friend.

THE MANNEQUIN - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

112

In bikini bathing suit. A car, a 1959 model, passes by.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

113

Smiling.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

It vas reassuring to find that she  
hadn't changed. Only her costume.  
Provocative to say the least. I  
wondered what she would look like  
ten years hence.

With a grin he throws the lever forward.

INSERT OF DIALS

114

HUMMING INCREASES and the years spin; 1960, 1961  
and so on until it finally STOPS on 1966.

BACK AT THE MANNEQUIN

115

Dressed in the sleek dress of the future. First  
a distant, then a close AIR RAID SIREN HOWLS,  
menacingly.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER

116

His smile becomes a puzzled stare at what he sees.

EXT. STREET IN 1966 - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

117

People are racing along the sidewalk. The SOUND OF MORE DEEP-THROATED SIRENS from all directions comes over. Drivers leave their cars of the period in disorder.

The running is purposive, however. All are entering particular buildings or, like those closest to the Time Traveller, are descending a stairway from the sidewalk down below street level. Some glance skyward.

A LITTLE GIRL picks up the doll she has dropped as her FATHER returns from the shelter. He gathers her up in his arms and rushes back to safety.

In a few seconds the streets are deserted.

TIME MACHINE AT EDGE OF PARK - FULL SHOT

118

The Time Traveller gets out and looks around, confused.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

At first I wondered if my Machine and I were the cause of the panic. I was to soon find out we weren't.

He starts off toward the sidewalk, the CAMERA MOVING with him. At the descending subway stairway he stops and peers downward, but sees no one below. Meanwhile, through a loudspeaker o.s., a melodious SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA is heard softly, until a BURST OF CHORDS attracts the Time Traveller's attention.

EXT. STORE WINDOW - FULL SHOT

119

A TELEVISION CABINET on display. The set is operating, showing a huge symphony orchestra led by one of the popular conductors of tomorrow. The CAMERA SWINGS to the modern ENTRANCE of FILBY'S

DEPARTMENT STORE just as the Time Traveller reaches the two broad glass doors. As he steps forward he intercepts the rays of electronic eyes and the doors fly wide open.

He stops startled, looking about to see who opened them. Seeing no one, he starts slowly forward.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LONG SHOT

120

From the TV set BLARES MUSIC that gradually becomes the underscore for the SCENE. The Time Traveller enters and turns his attention to other products of tomorrow -- refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, reducing belts, etc. As his keen mind grasps the significance of each, he smiles with approval, proud of his fellow man. His delight increases until he is interrupted by APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. He looks off.

REVERSE SHOT

121

Coming from the office is THE WARDEN, dressed in a plastic suit. He also wears an armband and a white crash helmet, both bearing the insignia of "Civilian Defense." MUMBLES are heard from beneath his mask as the CAMERA PANS him to the Time Traveller.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(shakes his head)  
I can't understand you.

The warden takes off his helmet. He is David Filby's son, James, whom we saw in 1917 as a young man. He is now in his mid-sixties.

WARDEN  
(looking at helmet)  
Confounded radio in this thing.  
Makes more noise than it does sense.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(recognizing him)  
Filby!

WARDEN  
My name is Mister Filby. - Didn't

you hear the air raid siren?

TIME TRAVELLER

You mean that horrible screeching?

WARDEN

It wasn't constructed for its aesthetic values, you know, but to warn silly young fools like yourself to get down into the shelter. Now go on.

TIME TRAVELLER

But I'm perfectly comfortable and I find your store magnificent. What splendid achievements, what gigantic strides mankind has taken, what...

WARDEN

(interrupting)

Come on, young man. We'd better be going before the mushrooms start sprouting.

(looks at Time Traveller  
with renewed interest)

You do look familiar. Haven't we met somewhere before?

TIME TRAVELLER

Indeed we have. Right here. Many years ago.

WARDEN

I was sure of that, but the exact time escapes me.

TIME TRAVELLER

It was two wars ago, I believe.  
Nineteen seventeen.

WARDEN (awed)

Why now I recall. The chap who inquired about my father -- and the house that used to be across the way.

(stops and stares at  
the Time Traveller)

But no...that's impossible. You haven't changed. You're not a day older. And your clothes...

TIME TRAVELLER  
I'm afraid it's going to take me  
a little time to explain... You see...

There is an insistent, EAR PIECING SIREN. It  
lasts for three seconds.

WARDEN  
The last alert...hurry!

He grabs the Time Traveller by the arm and drags  
him out.

ON THE STREET - FULL SHOT

122

They emerge from the store. The Time Traveller  
pulls himself free.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Listen to me! It's important.

WARDEN (points to sky)  
Look! An atomic satellite zeroing  
in! That's important!!

The Warden runs, looks back over shoulder, calling.

WARDEN  
Hurry! Hide 'til the All Clear!

He descends into the air raid shelter.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

123

He looks puzzled.

TIME TRAVELLER  
All clear?  
(yells)  
I've got to talk to you.

The Time Traveller looks up as he hears the  
APPROACHING SIRENS OF AN AMBULANCE. Alarmed,  
he runs across the street directly in the path  
of the ambulance that threads its way between the  
cars left in disorder on the road. The driver  
spins the steering wheel and the ambulance tilts

crazily in trying to avoid the Time Traveller.  
Suddenly there is a BLINDING FLASH. He stops and looks startled.

VIEW THROUGH THE STREETS - LONG SHOT - (STOCK,  
MINIATURE, SPLIT)

124

A SATELLITE travels over the city in the distance. The flash is followed by an EXPLOSION and a giant cobalt mushroom begins to rise over the horizon.

BACK TO SCENE

125

As the Time Traveller tries again to rush toward his Machine, the shockwaves reach him and throw him to the ground. He looks back, desperately.

THE CITY - LONG SHOT - (MINIATURE)

126

Through the thick cloud of smoke and dust we see the once proud city of the future in ruins. Only a single, large structure in the f.g. remains standing for a moment, then it also collapses in an instant.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
The labor of centuries gone in an instant.

The ground shudders with an OMINOUS sound and suddenly a great rent appears in the wide street ahead, as though the earth were being torn apart. It zig-zags down the street and from the widening fissure clouds of smoke and steam rise.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
But then Mother Earth, aroused by man's violence, responded with volcanic violence or her own!

CHASM IN THE GROUND - (STOCK)

127

The smoke and steam give way to a spluttering of red hot lava which swells slowly at first in a

rising tide and then spilling over begins to EXPLODE into the air.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER

128

The Time Machine is shaken violently, but the Time Traveller manages to crawl into it.

THE THAMES - LONG SHOT - (STOCK)

129

As the river spills over its bed and turns into another direction.

THE STREETS - (STOCK, MINIATURE, SPLIT)

130

With red hot lava swirling around the bases of the remaining buildings. The lower parts of the structures in the f.g. dissolve into smoke and flame and the upper parts come tumbling down into the rising red flood. Then the incoming rush of the river meets the flowing tide of lava. The two opposite elements, molten rock and cold green water, dwarf the ruined city as they leap toward each other, and meet with explosive fury. The air is rent with the SINGING HISS of water and the CRACKLING of cooling rock. Steam whitens the sky.

THE TIME MACHINE - LONG SHOT - (STOCK) - (PROCESS)

131

Out of the tumult a flow of red hot lava turns aside and leaps directly toward the Time Machine.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Then I saw my own danger. I too was to be engulfed!

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

132

As he sees his great peril.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

But to go back was unthinkable.

He jams the lever forward to its furthest position.  
The HUMMING SOARS TO A VERY HIGH PITCH.

THE ENCROACHING LAVA - (STOCK)

133

It has been approaching with the speed of a torrent,  
but now it literally leaps forward in a blinding  
red haze that engulfs the entire scene.

THE TIME MACHINE - MED. SHOT

134

The interior of the Machine is permeated with a dull  
red glow which seems to flow like mist all about the  
Time Traveller.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Only my speed through time saved me  
from being roasted alive and encased  
in stone forever.

INSERT OF DIALS

135

They are spinning too fast to distinguish anything  
in the gradually fading red glow.

EXTREME CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

136

His face is bathed in sweat. His eyes search the  
growing darkness.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

The molten rock cooled.

(he closes his burning  
eyes as the last of the  
light vanishes)

I prayed...wondering how many centuries,  
how many eons must pass before the wind  
and rain could wear away the mountain  
that enclosed me.

In the pitch darkness there are only the sounds of

the HUMMING TIME MACHINE and the SLOW LABORED BREATHING of the Time Traveller.

Then a match flickers. The CAMERA SCARES BACK. The Time Traveller holds up a burning matchstick, his face glistening with perspiration as he leans forward to look at the dials.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
(whispering)  
Darkness...darkness for centuries.

INSERT OF DIALS

137

They roll very fast. We can distinguish only the passing of years -- 70,000...80,000...90,000... 100,000. Then the matchlight flickers and goes out leaving only the dial's own faint glow.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER

138

Once again there is darkness and the MONOTONOUS HUM of the Time Machine. He breathes heavily and tries to calm himself.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
I wondered if there was still war  
being waged on the ground above me...  
if man would still exist on earth,  
when I saw the sun again.

As he speaks, the Time Machine goes faster and faster.  
HIGH PITCHED HUMMING INCREASES.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
The centuries rolled by. - I put  
my trust in time and waited for  
the rock to wear down around me.

A white light from above begins to permeate the darkness. The Time Traveller looks up, his face showing immense relief.

WHAT HE SEES - (ANIMATION)

139

Rocks deteriorate and a bright blue sky bursts into view. ACCENT ON MUSIC.

EXT. TIME MACHINE AND GROUND NEARBY - LONG SHOT  
(SPLIT, ANIMATION)

140

Everything is a blur except the Time Machine with its passenger. The black rock on the surface slowly melts away and the flickering sunlight returns. The Machine is now finally entirely above ground, the only distinct object in the whirling transparent landscape.

EXT. TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT

141

As he smiles gratefully up at the sky.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
I was free again!

He looks o.s.

INDISTINCT COUNTRYSIDE - LONG SHOT - (ANIMATION)

142

There is an impression of several great buildings set wide apart by green landscape -- a landscape which no longer changes color even though trees spring up like plumes of green smoke.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
Thousands of centuries passed, but the earth stayed green! There was no winter! No wars! - Had man finally learned to control both the elements and themselves? - I had to stop and find out.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

143

As he eagerly pulls hard on the lever, the HUMMING DECREASES and the dial freezes on: "23 November 802,701". THERE IS A CRASH LIKE THUNDER and the Time Machine suddenly goes into a spin. The CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO A FULL HIGH SHOT as the machine keels

over. The friction caused by the intrusion creates a pitiless HAIL, and we

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT - (DAY)

144

Thick mist eddies about his face, undulating dreamily, revealing enough to see that he is unconscious. Blood seeps from a gash across his forehead. He dazedly opens his eyes to find that he is gazing across the dewey, green turf. Then he looks up.

EXT. THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT - LOW ANGLE - (MATTE)

145

The vapor rises like a curtain to disclose a great bronze pedestal, green with verdigris, whereon clawed feet support the white marble figure of an immense Sphinx. The figure has the face of a woman, the body of a huge cat and the tail of a serpent. A weeping birch tree barely touches its outspread wings.

THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

146

He shakes the cobwebs out of his head and, FOLLOWED BY THE CAMERA, rises with difficulty. Still half-dazed he presses a handkerchief to his temple, as he loosens his collar, then reaches into the Machine, pockets the lever and surveys his surroundings.

LANDSCAPE - LONG SHOT - (MATTE)

147

It looks like a garden untended for centuries. The trees and shrubs are laden with strange blossoms or exotic fruits.

In the distance there is a building that might once have been a temple. Vines mat the ancient walls, seemingly holding them together.

He smiles.

TIME TRAVELLER (to himself)  
At last I've found a Paradise.

He starts off toward the building WHISTLING his favorite tune, "The Land Of The Leal". The CAMERA ACCOMPANIES him as he looks about with interest.

## WHAT HE SEES - MOVING SHOT

149

Strange, exotic fruits bend the branches of the TREES, some purplish and gourd-shaped, others suggesting giant raspberries, mangoes, etc.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
Nature tamed completely and more bountiful than ever before.

## VARIETY OF FLOWERS - MOVING SHOT

150

The CAMERA PANS under boughs laden with orchids and a multitude of other gorgeous blossoms.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
Flowers everywhere...the whole landscape one vast garden with no sign of weeds or briars.

## EXT. ENTRANCE TO GREAT BUILDING - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

151

The Time Traveller pauses and looks up at the building.

## ACROSS FACADE - PAN DOWN - (MINIATURE?)

152

Vines creep up the crevices. The ornamental stone work, while rich in detail, is weathered and broken with age.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

(surprised)  
Unrepaired for centuries! Maybe  
unlived in for as long.  
(then)  
It would be no Paradise if it  
belonged to me alone.

INT. ENTRANCE - MED. SHOT

153

Shooting through the ARCHWAY we see the Time Traveller mount the steps and enter the building.

INT. THE GREAT HALL - FULL SHOT - (MATTE) - (DAY)

154

In the background across the hall, the Time Traveller halts. He is dwarfed by the height of the vaulted ceiling. Although ancient in appearance, everything is ultra modern in design. Sunlight streams through windows where half the panes of stained glass are broken. Faded curtains droop in dusty folds along the walls, and at random about the floor are low tables, some heavily fractured, loaded with bowls of fruit.

His FOOTSTEPS ECHO through the great hall as the Time Traveller crosses to:

A TABLE - MED. SHOT

155

The Time Traveller glances down at the spread of exotic fruit. Everything looks fresh and clean as though newly prepared. Yet there is no indication of life or sound, either human or animal. The air hangs in a deathlike stillness. Slowly the Time Traveller turns and looks around the walls, his eyes searching, scrutinizing for some clue to this strange place. There is none.

Then he picks up an empty marble plate and POUNDS with it on the top of the table.

TIME TRAVELLER (shouting)  
Anyone here?

But an ECHO is his only answer. Curiously he re-

traces his steps and leaves the great hall.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

156

Pick up the Time Traveller as he walks slowly along. Every sense he possesses is on the alert. His eyes probe every bush and tree and object that could possibly conceal some person or thing.

SERIES OF SHOTS

157-161

As the Time Traveller takes this long, slow walk, INTERCUT INSERTS of the various innocent objects he looks at with CLOSEUPS of Time Traveller as he reacts to the bewildering SILENCE and lack of life or movement.

The continued stretch of emptiness builds up a wave of apprehension in the Time Traveller which grows as he moves along. The apprehension mounts into tension and gradually but inevitably approaches the state of horror that a human being would experience in a strange place where he had just come from an innocent freshly set table of ripe fruits and stepped outside into a beautiful but weird vacuum.

EXT. WOODED AREA - LONG SHOT

162

As the Time Traveller reaches the edge of the trees, he hesitates, then moves into the forest.

SERIES OF SHOTS

163-166

The trees are thick and deep shadows cut patches of darkness through the bright sunlight which struggles to penetrate the maze. The Time Traveller walks with continued wariness through the trees, glancing from left to right and occasionally stopping dead still and quickly darting a glance behind him at what he imagines to be some sound of movement. But all this is imaginary on his part. There is nothing that moves or makes a sound in this forest.

Suddenly he stops as he distinctly hears a familiar and quite HUMAN combination of NOISES. The SOUND SPLASHING WATER and LAUGHTER. He hurries to some dense foliage where he stops to cautiously peer out.

EXT. THE POOL - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

167

The Time Traveller's VIEW is partially obscured by the leaves. At considerable distance upstream, the PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE are swimming in a natural pool and sunning themselves on a beach of white sand. They are small, but delicately formed. Their grace and beauty fits perfectly into this splendid new world. The spot is also extremely lovely, surrounded by fern trees, and with the water plunging into it from a high waterfall. Below the pool the stream emerges in a swift torrent.

ANOTHER, CLOSER SHOT

168

A beautiful GIRL, dressed in a silken robe of white and gold, starts running. As she runs, she loosens her robe which drifts to the sand and she dives deep into the crystal water.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

169

He smiles philosophically and leans back against a tree trunk, watching the distant swimmers, reassured.

TIME TRAVELLER (musingly,  
to himself)  
So this is man's future...

GROUP SHOT

170

The people, apparently without any cares of the world, play, romp and swim.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)  
...to bask in the sunlight, bathe in  
the clear streams and eat the fruits

of earth with all knowledge of work  
and hardship forgotten.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

171

He pauses, thinking back on what he has just said.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Well, and why not?

Suddenly a SHRILL SCREAM COMES OVER from the pool.  
He turns.

THE POOL - LONG SHOT

172

The Girl has swum out too far and is caught by the  
swift torrent. She CRIES OUT PITEOUSLY.

The other people turn their heads toward her, but  
make no move to help.

CLOSE ON GIRL

173

She has caught a ledge of rock and clings. Two  
little men, their bare feet dangling in the water,  
sit nearby but ignore the Girl's plight.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

174

He jumps out from the foliage, rushes to the bank,  
points toward the Girl and tries to attract the  
attention of those near her on the bank.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Help her!...

No one moves. He runs toward the ledge.

BACK TO THE GIRL

175

Her grasp on the ledge grows weaker. She is at

the point of letting go.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

176

Reaching the ledge, he pushes past the people nearby and grasps the Girl's wrist just as her fingers slip. Quickly, he pulls her out of the river's turbulent current and lifts her up in his arms.

GIRL - EXTREME CLOSE UP

177

Looking up at the Time Traveller bewildered, she shows neither fear nor gratitude.

TIME TRAVELLER - EXTREME CLOSE UP

178

Gazing back at the Girl thoroughly puzzled. He turns and glances down at the two little people on the ledge.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

179

These two men will later be known as the YOUNG MAN and the MAN IN WHITE. They return the Time Traveller's look of scorn with pleasant smiles as if they do not know the meaning of a mean look.

TIME TRAVELLER & GIRL - EXTREME CLOSE, MOVING SHOT

180

Trying to avoid looking at the dripping, robeless Girl - after all he is a Victorian - he carries her to the safety of the bank and sets her down on the sandy beach beneath the trees. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he straightens, then quickly takes off his jacket and throws it around her.

He looks at her for the first time sees the almost ultimate in feminine beauty.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Are you all right?

Wearing his velvet jacket very appealingly, she calmly rises, turns and, without a word, walks away. The Time Traveller stares after her in astonishment.

The disconcerted people, now all dressed in multi-colored robes, are leaving the pool. They walk past the Time Traveller as though he was a part of the scenery, merely adding to his confusion.

Perplexed.

DISSOLVE TO:

Shooting toward the ARCHWAY. The sun is sinking as the last stragglers of the little people enter the great hall. The Time Traveller slowly follows them. He pauses on the steps to see if any will turn back to either welcome him or resent his intrusion, but they move on with lack of interest, completely. He sits down on the steps, thoroughly perplexed at this utter indifference.

Seated on the steps leaning against a column. He senses another's presence, looks about, sees no one, then turns to glance over his shoulder. The Girl, now wearing her robe and holding his jacket over her arm, appears from behind the column. He looks at her and smiles reassuringly, but makes no move toward her. - She comes closer, then sits on the step above him and returns his jacket. While he slowly slips it on, she slides down a step to sit alongside him.

THE GIRL

Why did you?

TIME TRAVELLER

Why did I what?

THE GIRL

Come after me.

TIME TRAVELLER (ironic)

I did it to save your life, young lady, which I'm afraid doesn't hold much meaning for you or anyone else.

THE GIRL (simply)

It doesn't.

TIME TRAVELLER

Must have been fifty of your friends watching you drown. Not one of them so much as lifted a finger. -

(shakes his head)

A curious attitude - in a curious world.

(a pause, then a smile)

Aren't you the least bit interested in what I am...where I come from?

THE GIRL (innocently)

Should I be?

TIME TRAVELLER (smiles)

Perhaps you'd better take me to someone a bit older I can talk to.

THE GIRL

There is no one older.

The Time Traveller is suddenly struck by the truth of her words. All of the little people seem to be of the Girl's age or younger.

TIME TRAVELLER

Doesn't anyone age in this land of yours?

The Girl makes no reply. Instead she gazes off at the sun which is low in the heavens. Shadows have already fallen over the distant hills.

TIME TRAVELLER

What's your name?

THE GIRL

Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER

How do you spell that?

WEENA

Spell?

TIME TRAVELLER

Write! - Can't you write? Look!

He bends over, picks up a stick and starts to draw on the ground.

INSERT: DUST

185

As the stick writes out: " W E E N A "

BACK TO SCENE

186

She shows little interest.

TIME TRAVELLER

And what are your people called?

WEENA (as if he ought to know)

Eloi.

INSERT OF DUST

187

The stick now writes in the dust: " E L O I "

BACK TO SCENE

188

A shadow crosses her face. Suddenly she springs to her feet, concerned.

WEENA

Come. We must go in.

TIME TRAVELLER (rising)  
Why? What's wrong?

WEENA (anxiously)  
It is getting dark.

She grabs his hand and pulls him toward:

INT. THE GREAT HALL - LONG SHOT - (MATTE?) - (DAY) 189

Crowded now. The people of the future are sitting on cushions around the tables, having their evening meal. The glowing orange light of the setting sun pierces the broken windows, lending a curious atmosphere to the place. No one pays attention to Weena or to the Time Traveller as they enter in the b.g.

AT THE MAIN TABLE - MED. SHOT 190

A score of attractive young men and young women are enjoying their dinner. There is a general atmosphere of bubbling good humor. They don't even look up as Weena and the Time Traveller sit down at the table. She hands him an orange-sized raspberry. He takes it, looks at the Young Man and the Man in White who sit across the table from him and tries to engage them in conversation.

TIME TRAVELLER (directed to  
Young Man, but meant for the  
entire group)  
I don't mind telling you, I'm quite  
hungry. I've come a long, long way.

Looks around for some kind of a reaction. There is none.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 191

He bites into the fruit. It's good. While he is eating he searches for another way to bring up the subject.

TIME TRAVELLER

In my time a berry this size would have made news in every civilized country.

GROUP SHOT

192

There is no reaction, so he addresses the Young Man again.

TIME TRAVELLER

Sir, perhaps curiosity has died. Perhaps even courtesy has died, but I have come a long way and there are things I would like to know.

YOUNG MAN (considers a moment, then)

Why?

TIME TRAVELLER

Because I shall return to my time and they will ask questions such as what kind of government rules your world.

MAN IN WHITE

We have no government.

TIME TRAVELLER (speaking as though to a child)

You must have a body of men who pass and enforce laws.

MAN IN WHITE

There are no laws.

TIME TRAVELLER (taken aback, then)

How do you get your food and clothing?

The Man in White looks at the Young Man beside him. They both shrug their shoulders.

TIME TRAVELLER

Doesn't anyone work?

MAN IN WHITE

No.

TIME TRAVELLER (picks up fruit)

Then where does this come from?

MAN IN WHITE

It grows. It always grows.

TIME TRAVELLER

But it must be planted, cultivated,  
nurtured...unless...

(with mistaken insight as he  
observes no reaction to this  
last query)

Unless you have an economy so well  
organized that you can devote all your  
time to study and experimentation.

Am I right?

MAN IN WHITE

You ask many questions.

TIME TRAVELLER (annoyed)

Yes! And I'm not ashamed of it.  
That is how man has learned and  
bettered himself. I must learn about  
you and your civilization. You have  
books, don't you?

YOUNG MAN (recognizing a

half-forgotten word)

Books. - Books! Yes, we have books.

He rises and beckons. The Time Traveller's brow  
clears.

TIME TRAVELLER

Books will tell me what I want to  
know. Books will tell me all about  
you.

He too gets up and follows the Young Man.

AT THE WALL - LONG SHOT

193

The Young Man leading. He reaches the wall and  
seizes an ancient curtain which covers it. A  
cloud of dust rises as he tugs it aside and the  
curtain falls, almost crumbling. Shelves and  
shelves of books are disclosed. The books are

old even though many of them have futuristic designs. The bindings of once proud volumes hang in brown tatters. The Time Traveller steps to the books.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

194

The realization of the true state of affairs shows on his face. He is appalled. Carefully he pulls a volume from the shelf. Its binding breaks as he opens it and, when his hand touches the pages, they crumple like ashes and drift to the floor. He drops the book. His voice is a shocked WHISPER.

TIME TRAVELLER

Yes...they do tell me all about you!

With sudden violence he slams his fist into a whole shelf of books. His hand plows through them and the dust swirls into the air. He turns back in anger.

TIME TRAVELLER

What have you done? Thousands of years of building and rebuilding creating and re-creating so that you can let it crumble to dust.

With one hand he grabs the Young Man and shakes him.

TIME TRAVELLER

A million yesterdays of sensitive men dying for their dreams. For what? So you can swim and dance and play.

He releases him and leaves.

THE HALL - MOVING SHOT

195

The Time Traveller stomps among the Eloi, hating them for their dissipation.

Without emotion they watch him walk toward the entrance. Only Weena jumps to her feet. Her former indifference is gone.

From the top step, the Time Traveller looks down at them.

## TIME TRAVELLER

I am returning to my time! Not to tell of the uselessness of the struggle - not to tell of the hopeless future - but only so that I can die among men!

He turns and strides toward the door.

## EXT. ENTRANCE - MED. SHOT - (DUSK)

197

The Time Traveller bursts out of the building. A moment later Weena appears in the archway. She stands there, looking after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. FOREST - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

198

There are patches of mist and haze between the trees. With a blazing torch the Time Traveller strides across.

## EXT. TIME TRAVELLER ON THE PATH - (NIGHT)

199

Coming from the distance the CAMERA PANS HIM TO THE EDGE OF LAWN, where he stops short, jerking the pipe from his mouth, his eyes wide with consternation. He raises the torch high to see:

## EXT. THE LAWN - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

200

There is no Time Machine.

In stunned shock.

## THE PATH - FULL SHOT

202

Holding his torch high, the Time Traveller hurries toward the bushes around the edge of the lawn looking for his Machine, beating the branches with his free hand. After he passes one of the bushes, a white indistinct creature dashes out of it and disappears in the darkness. Unaware of this, the Time Traveller stops in the middle of the lawn where the Machine was last seen.

(NOTE: The surrounding is suggestive of the spot where the Time Traveller's house once stood.)

He looks about, slowly turning in a complete circle. Meanwhile the CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE. Then, suddenly remembering, he digs his free hand into the pocket of his trouser, drawing out the lever he had removed and looks at it with self-assurance. Returning the lever to his pocket, he drops to his knees and by the light of his torch, scrutinizes the grass.

## THE GROUND - TIME TRAVELLER'S P.O.V.

203

The turf has been ripped in parallel grooves as though some heavy object had been dragged across. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY FORWARD following these grooves and HALTS where small misshapen, half-human footprints stand out clearly in the freshly turned earth.

## TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

204

He straightens slowly, his eyes narrowed. Nervously he looks around, then steps on following the grooves.

## BACK TO THE FOOTPRINTS

205

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO FOLLOW the grooves straight across the lawn to the flagstones around the white sphinx. There are dark scratches on the stones leading to the wide panel in the base of the pedestal. Here the marks end.

AT THE PEDESTAL - MED. SHOT

206

The Time Traveller pauses, then gives the panel an exploratory KNOCK. It responds with a HOLLOW SOUND.

The Time Traveller thrusts his torch between the claws of the sphinx. With both hands now free, he tries unsuccessfully to push the panel either to right or left or up or down. Taking a penknife from his pocket, he runs the blade around the panel's edge hunting for a secret latch. No success.

Then he pauses, searching for a tool, and sees a loosened flagstone. He picks it up. With this heavy weight he batters the panel. At each blow it RESOUNDS LOUDLY, not unlike a gong. Four times he strikes, and then on the fifth blow the rock shatters in his hands. He stops in despair.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

207

He senses he is under observation by an unseen presence. Alarmed, he whips around then looks up to:

THE SPHINX - LOW ANGLE - (MINIATURE OR MATTE)

208

The marble face looks baleful, almost smiling in the torch light.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER

209

He turns and peers toward:

In the shadows, beyond reach of the light, is a wide semi-circle of luminous eyes, reflecting the flame of the torch.

## TIME TRAVELLER - FULL SHOT

211-213

He grabs his torch from the pedestal and slowly paces toward the nearest bush. But as he approaches, the glowing eyes vanish in the haze, followed by a ghostly impression of pale, fleeing creatures.

The Time Traveller halts and turns in another direction. The same thing happens.

Then he has an idea. Bending, he beats the torch against the moist soil and extinguishes it. Now in the darkness he straightens and waits, peering around until he hears a twig CRACK, then moves into the deep shadow of a tall bush, looking off.

## THE PATH

214

Through the mist in the foliage a pale figure approaches slowly. It emerges onto the lawn.

## TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

215

The CAMERA FOLLOWS as he leaps forward, grapples the other figure and bears it to earth. For a moment there is a struggle and then the other figure lies perfectly still. The Time Traveller rears back to get a look at it.

## THE FIGURE ON THE GROUND - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT

216

It is Weena. The moving shadow of the Time Traveller reveals her pale face, with closed eyes, wearing an expression of helpless terror. She appears to be waiting for the inevitable end, but when it does not come, she slowly opens her eyes. She sees the

Time Traveller and her face records a wave of relief.

The CAMERA WITHDRAWS TO TWO SHOT as the Time Traveller, embarrassed, helps her sit up.

WEENA

I heard you pounding...I came to tell you...

TIME TRAVELLER

How do you open that panel?

WEENA

No one opens it. Only the Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER

Morlocks? - Who are the Morlocks?

A look of fear comes into her eyes. She drifts her gaze away from his, too frightened to answer. Gently he takes her by the shoulders and turns her to face him.

TIME TRAVELLER

Why are you afraid of the Morlocks?

Again Weena drops her eyes from him, but he cups his hand beneath her chin and tenderly turns her head back so that her eyes meet his.

TIME TRAVELLER

Tell me.

WEENA

When they call, we must go below.

TIME TRAVELLER

Do the Morlocks live beneath the earth?

(Weena nods)

Why must you obey their command?

WEENA

They give us the food we eat, the clothes we wear. We must do as they command.

TIME TRAVELLER

What happens to your people when they go below?

WEENA (repressing an involuntary shudder)  
No one knows. No one has ever returned.

TIME TRAVELLER (smiling at her warmly, reassuringly)  
It won't happen to you.

Weena looks up at him, her fears dwindling, finding comfort in this strange being whom she cannot understand. Then she glances high into the dark sky and the old fear returns.

WEENA  
It is night.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Only children are frightened by the dark. - But then you are a child, aren't you?  
(Weena glances around warily into the shadows, her anxiety mounting)  
I'll build a fire.

WEENA (taking his hand, rises)  
Let us go from here.

TIME TRAVELLER (getting up)  
I can't, child.  
(walking toward the sphinx)  
My Machine is inside there, I intend to wait here 'til morning, then find some way of getting inside.

WEENA (catching up)  
No, you must not.

TIME TRAVELLER (stops, then)  
Help me gather some wood.

Reluctantly she helps him collect a few twigs which she hands over to him.

WEENA

Where are you from?

TIME TRAVELLER (picks up dry branches)  
As a matter of fact, I'm from right here.  
(gesturing)  
There's where my house stood many thousands of years ago. Here - to that monument, was my laboratory. About there was my library where I once sat talking with friends about my Time Machine.

Meanwhile, Weena has seated herself near the bushes in the f.g.

CLOSE ON WEENA

218

She watches every move he makes.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
(continuing)  
I hoped to learn a great deal. I hoped to take back the knowledge, the advancement, mankind made... instead what do I find? Vegetables!

Meanwhile a pair of pale, hairy hands rise slowly from behind her.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

219

With his back turned, he is piling up the sticks.

TIME TRAVELLER (continuing)  
The human race reduced to living vegetables!

BACK TO WEENA

220

The hairy hands grab her shoulders. The fear paralyzes her. She is unable to scream.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

221

He is about to light a match, but finds he needs more wood. Without turning he calls back to Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Get me a few more twigs.

When there is no answer he turns and looks.

AT THE BUSHES

222

Weena is gone. The CAMERA ZIPS TO LEFT, then to RIGHT and finally STOPS on the limp legs of Weena slowly disappearing under the brush.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

223

We hear the RUSTLING OF BRANCHES and quick DIMINISHING FOOTSTEPS as the CAMERA RUSHES with the Time Traveller toward the bush. He helps Weena to her feet and draws her to the pile of dry branches.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(after calming her)  
What was it?

WEENA (low)  
Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER (strikes  
match and holds it to twigs)  
This seems to keep them away.

CLOSE ON WEENA

224

She gazes into the fire, with fascination. Slowly she raises her hand and reaches out to grasps the flame.

The Time Traveller grabs her hand. It is almost too late. She looks at her burned hand with more amazement than pain.

TIME TRAVELLER (while examining her hand)

What ever made you put your hand in the fire?

WEENA

I never saw it before.

Apparently no harm done, the Time Traveller releases her hand. He shakes his head in amazement and sits down beside her.

TIME TRAVELLER

(after a long silence)

Do you know that the first thing which separated man from the rest of the mammals was his knowledge of fire?

(he looks at her)

No, I suppose you don't.

(pokes at fire)

The next great stride came with the discovery of the wheel.

(turns to her)

Do you know what that is?

(she shakes her head)

I'm sorry I was angry with your people. I had no right to be.

No more than if I had visited the Island of Bali in my own time.

You were safe inside your great house, yet you came out into the night to warn me. The one characteristic which distinguished man from the animal kingdom was the spirit of self sacrifice. You have that quality, Girl. I'm sure all of your people have it. All it requires is someone to reawaken it. I shall try if you'll let me. Will you?

WEENA

I do not understand you, but I believe you.

TIME TRAVELLER

That's a good start. - Now try to tell me...who or what are the Morlocks?

(Weena looks at him blankly)

Are they people or animals?

(her expression remains unchanged)

What do you know about yourself? The past? Don't your people ever speak of the past?

WEENA

There is no past.

TIME TRAVELLER

Don't you ever wonder about the future?

WEENA

There is no future.

ANOTHER ANGLE

226

The Time Traveller is staring into the fire stirring the glowing embers as he speaks slowly and with compassion, hoping to arouse some feeling within her, even though she may not grasp the meaning of the words.

TIME TRAVELLER

Man's past is mainly a grim struggle for survival, but there have been moments when a few voices have spoken up. These rare moments have made the history of man a glorious thing. I refuse to believe it is dead and gone. We've had our dark ages before and this is only another of them. All you need is for someone to show you the way out. - I'm only a tinkering mechanic, but there must be this hidden spark in one of your people. If I can only kindle that spark, my coming here will have some meaning.

During his speech Weena has cuddled close to him, her cheek touching his knee. He looks down at her and sees he has made a friend. He places his hand

gently on her hair. She looks up, her eyes no longer showing fear. Their faces are illuminated by the dancing flames.

THE FIRE - CLOSE SHOT

227

It CRACKLES reassuringly.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

228

The ring of flames from the previous scene is seemingly replaced by a dark, circular shaft from which comes the low THROBBING of some GIANT MACHINES, pounding, beating monotonously. The CAMERA MOVES BACK to include the LANDSCAPE where more wells are visible in the distance, each surrounded by a low, porcelain wall. Their roofs are shining brass-like disks.

Across the field, from the direction of the sphinx, approach the Time Traveller, carrying his jacket over his shoulder, and a few steps behind, Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

My efforts next morning to open the panel were fruitless. I had to find another way to retrieve my Machine.

Weena, concerned, stands back as the Time Traveller walks up to the well in the f.g. and peers down into:

THE SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE

229

It descends into darkness, but near the top can be seen handholds in an irregular pattern. The THROBBING OF MACHINES is ominous.

AT THE MOUTH OF WELL - FULL SHOT

230

The Time Traveller in the f.g. turns back to Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER

Listen!

(pause)

Do you hear?

WEENA (fearfully)

Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER

Machines!

WEENA

No...Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER

(straightening, amazed)

You mean those animals run machines?

WEENA

They are Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER

(as he walks to her)

I know, but have you seen the  
machines?

CLOSE ON WEENA

231

She shakes her head.

WEENA

No, only heard of them.

The CAMERA EASES BACK to include the Time Traveller  
as he reaches her.

TIME TRAVELLER

Who told you?

WEENA

The talking rings.

TIME TRAVELLER

(moves closer to her)

What sort of rings?

WEENA

(with a shrug)

Rings that talk.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Can you show me these rings?

Weena nods and starts off. He follows her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREAT HALL - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 232

Deserted, until Weena leads the Time Traveller past the tables toward the shelves of crumbling books that the Young Man had previously shown him.

She enters an archway and walks up a dark stone corridor. He follows.

INT. STONE CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT 233

Weena leading the Time Traveller up the corridor where it veers sharply to the right. They disappear around the corner.

INT. GREEN MUSEUM - LONG SHOT - (DAY) - (MATTE) 234

The Time Traveller and Weena stop at the threshold of a huge museum-like room, all done in a greenish colored porcelain-like substance. There are no windows, but the vaulted ceiling has a transparent dome where the sun's rays, changing with the course of day, illuminate the entire museum. It is evidently a place that no one bothers to visit.

TIME TRAVELLER & WEENA - MOVING SHOT 235

Their feet kick up small flurries of dust as they walk among exhibitions of a long bygone era still existent behind plastic. Some of the cases are broken and their contents, exposed to the atmosphere, have decayed, crumbled to dust. We recognize objects and machines, some belonging to the early part of the twentieth century and still others take on the forms and shapes that the audience of today

will recognize as contemporary. Then they pass cabinets that hold objects of a time far beyond comprehension.

Weena finally leads the Time Traveller to a broken case which contains several boxes of golden rings a few inches in diameter and one inch wide, lined with minutely spaced grooves. He picks up the nearest box and examines its contents.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(picking up a ring)  
Are these the talking rings?

WEENA  
Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER  
They speak?

WEENA  
Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Of what?

WEENA  
Things no one here understands.

TIME TRAVELLER  
How do you get it to talk?

Weena takes the ring from the Time Traveller and lays it on a smooth topped porcelain block on its edge, like a coin, and spins it like a top.

INSERT: WHIRLING RING

236

A VOICE emerges from the spinning ring as the current of air flows through its grooves, much like a phonograph needle evokes sound as it plays through the surface of one of our records.

VOICE FROM RING  
Whomsoever chances upon these rings will probably hear the last recorded voice of civilized man. This is the year four thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine.

The Time Traveller is listening in fascination and Weena in disinterested detachment.

VOICE FROM RING (cont'd)

The war between the East and West, which is now in its three hundredth and twenty-sixth year has at last come to an end. There is nothing left to fight with and few of us left to fight. The atmosphere has become so polluted with deadly germs that it can no longer be breathed. There is no place on this planet that is immune. The last surviving factory for the manufacture of oxygen has been destroyed. Stockpiles are rapidly diminishing and when they are gone, we must die...

The last few WORDS DECREASE IN VOLUME and FADE AWAY. The Time Traveller eagerly reaches into the case for the second ring and spins it.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM RING

This is the last day. We, the last to survive, have had our final meeting. We have decided to split into two groups. Each man and woman has made his own decision. Some have chosen to take refuge in the great caverns and find a new way of life far down below the earth's surface. The rest of us have decided to take our chances in the sunlight, small as those chances may be.

The VOICE from the ring DWINDLES and is heard no more. The Time Traveller quickly picks up the third and last ring and spins it. NO WORDS are heard -- only the SOUND of MARCHING FOOTSTEPS over floors of stone -- then a deadly SILENCE.

As he watches the last ring spin to a standstill.  
Over this:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

From the talking rings I learned how  
the human race divided itself and  
how the world of the Eloi and Morlocks  
began.

He turns.

GREEN MUSEUM - LONG SHOT

239

The Time Traveller paces across the hall. Weena  
hurries after him.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

By some quirk of fate the Morlocks  
had become the masters and the Eloi  
their servants. The Morlocks main-  
tained them and bred them like cattle  
only to take them below when they  
reached maturity, which explained why  
there were no older people along them.

They exit.

GREAT HALL - FULL SHOT

240

The Time Traveller, followed by Weena, walks from  
the book shelves toward the entrance.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Now I knew I must go below. It was  
the only means of finding a way up  
into the sphinx to reach my Machine  
and to find out what happened to the  
little people when they went below.

They leave the Great Hall.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (DAY)

241

The Time Traveller strides toward one of the wells.

Weena senses his intention and catches up with him to grasp his arm.

WEENA  
No...don't go...please.

He shakes her off.

AT MOUTH OF WELL - MED. SHOT

242

The Time Traveller places his jacket on the wall. Then into the well he drops a dry leaf which, instead of fluttering slowly down, is at once sucked out of sight by the current from the shaft. Then he looks around and finds a pebble, drops it down the well and listens.

After a PLOP is heard he puts his arm down the shaft as far as it goes, feeling its surface, then throws his leg over the porcelain wall and starts to descend. Weena rushes to his side to stop him.

WEENA  
You will not come back.

TIME TRAVELLER  
I'll be back.

Weena shakes her head and, as though giving him a farewell gift, thrusts a large blossom into his pocket. The Time Traveller smiles as he disappears.

FROM THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE

243

Locking from below, the top of the well appears like a small blue disk with Weena peering down. The Time Traveller gropes his way.

Suddenly from the far distance comes the SOUND of LOW but POWERFUL SIREN. Weena straightens.

CLOSE ON WEENA

244

An expression of fear comes slowly over her face

as the LOW SIREN is joined by ANOTHER of HIGHER PITCH. The Two make a grating dissonance. Slowly she turns in the direction of the sound.

BACK WITH TIME TRAVELLER

245

He looks up, concerned, pausing in his descent.

BACK TO WEENA

246

As the THIRD DISCORDANT BLAST joins the other two, Weena's fear is gone. In its place is an expression of utter resignation. Like someone in a trance she opens her eyes and stares straight ahead. Then, as though she is summoning all her strength to go through some ordeal, she starts walking away. The CAMERA PANS and we see the breeze ripple her silken robe about her as she moves.

(NOTE: During the above and throughout the following sequence the dirge-like WHISTLES CONTINUE, ECHOING mournfully.)

REVERSE SHOT

247

Weena is walking forward and disappears behind the trees as the Time Traveller emerges from the well in the b.g.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

248

Looking for Weena. She is nowhere to be seen. His face shows exasperation, bewilderment.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Weena! Where are you, Girl?

WEENA - FULL SHOT

249

She continues to walk toward the source of the SIRENS.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

250

The DIRGE-LIKE MELODY becomes LOUDER, pulsating,  
as he pauses to watch:

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

251

Emerging from the forest are two Eloi, a man and a woman. They are several paces apart and pay no attention to one another. Both have exactly the same manner as Weena. They walk along, eyes straight ahead, faces expressionless.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

252

As he looks ahead, then left and right, searching.

VARIOUS GROUPS OF ELOI - (SPLIT?)

253-254

In the open country now, the forest behind them. In their colorful robes, the Eloi march slowly across the green landscape.

All are converging toward a single point somewhere ahead.

WEENA AMONG ELOI

255

They walk close together, paying no attention to one another, following the command of the MELANCHOLY STRAINS OF THE SIRENS.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER

256

His concern has turned to apprehension as he tries to grasp the meaning of what he observes.

EXT. THE SIRENS ON THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT - (DAY)  
(MINIATURE)

257

It is the source of the sound. There are little bursts of vapor from the tops of the sirens as they repeat their tones, like a fantastic pipe organ behind the Sphinx.

TIME TRAVELLER AND ELOI

258

All of them walk in the same direction. The Time Traveller looks this way and that, bewildered. But the Eloi disregard him and march straight ahead, eyes forward.

The Time Traveller breaks into a run.

TWO SHOT

259

The Time Traveller overtakes the Young Man, seizes his arm and jerks him to a halt. Around them pass the shadows of the marching Eloi.

TIME TRAVELLER  
What's happening? Tell me!

The Young Man shows no emotion as he struggles to free himself. His movements are almost mechanical. This unnerves the Time Traveller. He stares at him, releasing his grip.

The moment the Young Man is free, he faces about and continues his march. The Time Traveller remains motionless, watching him go. The ECHOING SIRENS are now getting on his nerves.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT BUILDING - LONG SHOT -  
(DAY)

260

The Eloi pour out of the Great Hall, walking in a trance-like state.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - (DAY) - (SPLIT?) 261

From all directions the Eloi in their bright robes are moving, singly and in long files. The impression is one of vastness -- a feeling that mankind is marching to some unknown doom.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

262

He spots a girl, rushes up, grabs her from behind. But it is not Weena. Disappointed, he releases her, then goes on again, covering his ears with his palms, fighting to retain command of his own reason.

SEVERAL SHOTS OF THE SIRENS - (MINIATURE)

263-265

At various angles -- up, sideways, tilted. The WAILING is DEAFENING.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

266

He still strives to control himself, moves forward, then pauses in amazement, looking straight ahead.

EXT. THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT - (DAY) - (MATTE)

267

It is toward the white sphinx that the Eloi have been marching. But now the panel, upon which the Time Traveller had pounded so hard, is wide open, revealing a dark entrance into the pedestal.

And despite their previous repugnance to the Sphinx, all of the people are now marching across the lawn resolutely to it.

AT THE PEDESTAL - LONG SHOT

268

The Young Man is the first to reach it. He enters the wide opening and starts descending into subterranean darkness. Others follow, Weena among

them.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)

Weena!

Without hearing him she passes through the entrance.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

269

He desperately pushes forward, elbowing his way past others in his haste to overtake Weena. The crowd impedes his progress and he shoves the Eloi impatiently aside as he fights on.

TIME TRAVELLER (shouts in despair)

Weena!

THE PANEL

270

Slowly closing and the sound of the SIRENS gradually DIES AWAY. The Time Traveller reaches the panel as it shuts tight before he can touch it. He spreads his palms against it in despair, then turns to face those Eloi who, like him, are locked outside. What he sees astonishes him.

GROUP OF ELOI

271

They no longer approach the sphinx. The ceasing of the sirens seems to have released them from their hypnotic spell and now, awake again and frightened, they are retreating.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

272

As he goes after them to the edge of the flagstones and calls out angrily.

TIME TRAVELLER

Stop!

Featuring the Man in White in the f.g. They halt and stare back. The Time Traveller's voice comes over like a whip.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)  
What are you running from?

None of the Eloi answer.

## TOWARD THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT

274

Beyond several Eloi the Time Traveller stands in the shadow of the white sphinx. He steps slowly forward onto the lawn, looking around the big semi-circle of his audience.

TIME TRAVELLER (sharply,  
gesturing back toward the panel)  
Where have they gone?  
(no answer)  
What happens to them?  
(no answer)  
Don't stand there like a fatted cattle grazing contentedly in lush pastures. - Answer me! What's wrong?

MAN IN WHITE (calmly)  
There is nothing wrong. It is all clear.

TIME TRAVELLER  
What do you mean, all clear?

MAN IN WHITE (repeating)  
All clear!

TIME TRAVELLER (thinking rapidly, talking to himself)  
Once.....in the middle nineteen hundreds I heard a man...  
(it bursts upon him)  
The falling bombs!  
(to the Man in white and the crowd)  
That's over. Gone. Dead for

hundreds of thousand of years.  
There are no more flying machines.  
No bombs. No wars!

MAN IN WHITE  
Yes, the rings have told us that  
story.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED SHOT

275

TIME TRAVELLER  
But you didn't listen. You didn't  
learn anything. All that is left  
is fear...a blind animal fear.  
Ages ago men were taught to hide in  
the ground when the sirens blew...  
taught to run from a raining death...  
but those men are dead! And so are  
the men who slaughtered them. Don't  
you understand?

(looks around pleadingly)  
You are slaves of a dead past... You  
don't even own your souls. You're  
led to slaughter like sheep!

MAN IN WHITE (o.s.)  
But there is nothing to fear now,  
it's all clear.

TIME TRAVELLER  
What about those who went below?  
How are they to come back?

MAN IN WHITE

276

He looks ominously at the Time Traveller.

MAN IN WHITE  
They never come back. Nobody can  
bring them back.

Unimpressed, the crowd begins to disperse, the Man  
in White following them.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

277

Calling after them.

TIME TRAVELLER  
You can try. Won't any of you  
even try?

He sees that the situation is hopeless.

TIME TRAVELLER (almost  
to himself)  
Well, someone has to try!

He runs off.

SERIES OF SHOTS 278

The Time Traveller running through the forest. (a)

He is laboring up the open hillside. (b)

The Eloi in a semi-circle silently watch. A few (c)  
of them hesitantly start after the Time Traveller.

EXT. THE WELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 279

Arriving, the Time Traveller pauses to catch his breath, picks up a piece of wood that could serve as a torch, then jumps over the wall and starts to descend.

Over this a faint THROBBING OF MACHINES can be heard.

SHOOTING INTO SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE 280

The Time Traveller climbs down, gripping the walls with his hands and feet. The depth beneath him is dizzying. THROBBING LOUDER.

IN THE WELL - FULL SHOT 281

As the Time Traveller descends, the CAMERA FOLLOWS

him, step after step. The deeper he goes, the darker it becomes and the THROBBING OF MACHINES INCREASES as well.

Suddenly a rock gives beneath his weight. He barely saves himself. Not without fear he pauses to rest, glancing upward.

FROM THE THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE

282

A couple of the curious Eloi peer downward, watching the Time Traveller's progress.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

283

A metal ladder affixed to the wall brings him finally to the opening of a transverse passageway. In almost complete darkness he steps from the ladder into the tunnel and pauses to take the piece of wood from his belt, but decides not to light it. He bends and peers ahead.

INT. GREAT CAVERN - FULL SHOT

283X1

The Time Traveller emerges onto the bridge in the b.g., pausing for a moment to survey the surroundings, then starts slowly down the staircase carved along the wall. The gloom is relieved only by puffing smoke and wavering lights, revealing occasionally vague shapes and grotesque shadows.

(NOTE: DRIPPING WATER from the walls and THROBBING OF MACHINES punctuate the desolation of this scene as well as the following sequence.)

CLOSE ON T.T. - MOVING SHOT

283X2

Walking, he notices an opening ahead and cautiously moves toward:

INT. ENTRANCE TO FEASTING ROOM - FULL SHOT

283X3

At the threshold of this dark, silent cell the T.T. pauses, then slowly enters. Behind him, across the cavern, an indistinct figure watches, but quickly disappears as the T.T. strikes a match. The sight that the T.T. beholds fills him with revulsion and horror.

THE FEASTING ROOM - T.T.'S P.O.V.

283X4

This is obviously a feasting place of the Morlocks. In the flickering light we see stone tables and scattered around the floor far below the unmistakable remains of human bones after the flesh has been carnivorously picked away.

T.T.'S VOICE

So, this was the destiny of the  
Eloi.

CLOSE ON T.T.

283X5

His features twisted in horror in the flickering light of his match.

T.T.'S VOICE

(continuing)

They were being bred like cattle by the Morlocks who had degenerated into the lowest form of human life...cannibalism.

The match dies between his fingers. Suppressing a shudder, the T.T. turns and as he leaves this chamber of horror, the rock behind him comes to life. A pale, spectral Morlock crosses the screen in the f.g. descending. Another in the b.g. does likewise.

MACHINES - FULL SHOT

283X6

Morlocks, their indistinct bodies obscene in their mockery of the human form, labor endlessly tending the needs of their machinery. They look up toward the intruder as they HEAR his APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, then hide.

STAIRWAY - MOVING SHOT

283X7

The T.T. slowly descends the slender stone stairway that hugs the sheer wall. Meanwhile at the base of the feasting room under the stairway on which the T.T. is moving a Morlock moves a curtain aside and reveals itself. It silently watches as another Morlock appears at the top of the stairs and follows.

[PAGE 89A MISSING FROM HARD COPY]

GROUP OF ELOI

283X15

Passing near the T.T.'s hiding place. Weena and the Young Man are side by side.

AT THE MACHINES

283X16

The Morlocks who followed the T.T. are closing in.

BACK TO T.T. - MOVING SHOT

283X17

He is unaware of the Morlocks behind him. Hugging the rock, he makes his way to the closest possible point where he can still remain unobserved by the herding Morlocks and get Weena's attention. He reaches out.

T.T.

Weena!

But she continues on with complete resignation to her fate. Unmindful of his own safety, he leaves his hiding place and grasps her by the shoulders.

T.T.

(shaking her)

Girl!

(he turns and grasps the passing Young Man)

Come to your senses! All of you!

As the T.T. pulls Weena toward the staircase, the Young Man follows.

FOOT OF STAIRWAY

283X18

Morlocks block the escape.

THREE SHOT

283X19

The CAMERA MOVES with the T.T., Weena and the Young Man as they are forced to retreat.

AT ENTRANCE OF FEASTING ROOM

283X20

Where other Morlocks with CRACKING WHIPS herd the Eloi into the chamber of horrors.

One of the Morlocks spots the T.T., Weena and the Young Man. He swings his whip.

BACK TO THREE SHOT

283X21

The CAMERA MOVES with them as vicious CRACKING WHIPS drive them back to the entrance of the feasting room.

TWO SHOT

283X22

The T.T. tries to protect Weena. Suddenly a long lash of a whip strikes like a serpent and coils about the T.T.'s neck. He drops his unlit torch and whirls in pain.

Another whip scares Weena into the chamber of horrors, while several other whips land on the T.T.'s shoulders. Finally he grabs the whip from around his neck and jerks it, wrenching it free.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF FEASTING ROOM

283X23

The T.T., wielding the whip fiercely, drives the Morlocks back several paces, then suddenly from above a pale body of a Morlock lands on him, knocking him down, causing him to drop the whip. On the ground the cowardly Morlock stumbles away leaving the T.T. a prey to the battery of CRACKING WHIPS. He crawls in pain into the chamber of horrors.

GROUPSHOT INSIDE FEASTING ROOM

283X24

The T.T. comes to his feet among the Eloi. The WHIPS HAVE STOPPED, then the silence is broken by the GROWL of approaching MORLOCKS. Through the curtains, dark shapes swarm toward them. Then suddenly the T.T. pulls out his matchbox from his pocket. A match flares!

GROUP OF MORLOCKS

283X25

In the glare of yellow light we see the leprous figures of blinded Morlocks, dropping their whips, shielding their eyes.

THROUGH MORLOCKS'S EYES - (OPTICAL EFFECT)

283X26

The T.T.'s hand with the burning match rapidly zooms into the center of the picture in a BLINDING FLASH turning the screen momentarily white, then yellow and red. Then the CAMERA MOVES BACK indicating the Morlocks' retreat. Slowly the normal colors reappear.

BACK TO THE GROUP OF MORLOCKS

283X27

Regaining their sight in the darkness, they start to close in.

THROUGH MORLOCKS'S EYES - (OPTICAL EFFECT)

283X28

Followed by the Eloï the T.T. exits the feasting room and again lights a match. A BLINDING FLASH starting from the flame as a center engulfs the screen, momentarily white again, then yellow, finally red. Once more the CAMERA RETREATS, then still seeing through the Morlocks' eyes the CAMERA ZOOMS CLOSE ON THE MATCH BOX and the scaly hand of a Morlock slaps all the matches except one to the floor.

T.T. - MED. SHOT

283X29

He lights his last match and moves forward, looking for his lost torch.

GROUPSHOT

283X30

The T.T. leads the Eloï toward the stairway, the light of the match his only weapon in keeping the Morlocks away. Finally he spots his torch and picks it up hurriedly.

CLOSE ON T.T.

283X31

His face streams with sweat and is taut with apprehension while he applies the dying match to the intended torch.

TIME TRAVELLER (muttering)  
Burn, will you!

He holds the match steady, but it burns lower and lower without starting the wood. In despair he turns to Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Quick, something to burn! It's  
my last match!

BACK TO THE MORLOCKS

283X32

As they are closing in.

CLOSE ON WEENA

283X33

With a fierce gesture she rips open the loose sleeve of her robe, tears off a piece of cloth and holds it out.

BACK TO T.T.

283X34

As match is about to die, he holds it beneath the cloth. It flames up and he seizes it, dropping the dead match.

He holds the burning cloth beneath the wood and in this hotter flame it begins to burn. Once it starts he again attempts to make his way by blinding the Morlocks and leads the Eloi to the stairway.

GROUPSHOT

283X35

As the Eloi slowly make their way toward the stairway, one Morlock gains courage, and with his long whip strikes the torch out of the T.T.'s hand.

A CORNER

283X36

The torch rolls in and begins to sputter.

BACK TO SCENE

283X37

The Eloi huddle against the wall in terror as other Morlocks gain courage and move forward toward the T.T. As they face one another, the fight begins.

[PAGE 90 MISSING FROM HARD COPY]

Eloi below him.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Weena! Weena, get the torch!

CLOSE SHOT - WEENA AND YOUNG MAN

351X5

Huddled against rock - React to fight - Weena looks quickly toward the Time Traveller, then turns searching for the flickering torch.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

351X6

As he turns to fight with Morlock on ledge. Morlock swings at him. He ducks and almost falls off ledge. He grabs Morlock, and hangs on until he can scramble up on ledge again. He clutches at Morlock's throat, banging his head against the rock wall, finally throwing him off ledge. At the same time another Morlock appears on ledge, while the Morlock he had previously kicked rises to menace him from the other side. The Time Traveller jumps across cavern to ramp and starts down toward the floor, trying to get back to his torch, his only weapon against the Morlocks.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TIME TRAVELLER

351X7

He pauses momentarily against Rock Wall. He sees Eloi, still huddled in a group, apparently too confused to move.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Weena! Go on! Go on the steps!

CLOSE SHOT - AT ROCK - WEENA AND YOUNG MAN

351X8

Weena spots the still flickering torch and starts toward it.

Lying on ground, still burning, Weena bends down to pick up torch, when suddenly a Morlock appears facing her. She screams and jumps back, watching in terror, as the Morlock comes toward her.

MED. SHOT

351X10

The Time Traveller comes down ramp to meet several Morlocks converging on him. He tries to fight his way past them.

CLOSE SHOT - WEENA AND YOUNG MAN

351X11

Morlock rushes in, grabs Weena and carrying her over his shoulder starts across toward Feasting Cave.

MED. SHOT - TIME TRAVELLER

351X12

JUMPS up on ramp, kicks back at Morlocks - sees Morlock carrying Weena - JUMPS through Morlocks and runs toward her.

FULL SHOT

351X13

The Time Traveller runs to Weena, pulls her away from Morlock, knocks him against rock. In the meantime another Morlock runs up on rock and jumps at Time Traveller, knocking him down. The second Morlock rebounds from rock and leaps on the Time Traveller and starts to choke him.

CLOSE SHOT - TIME TRAVELLER

351X14

Looks up toward YOUNG MAN - silently appeals for help.

CLOSE SHOT - YOUNG MAN

351X15

Stancing in front of group of Eloi returns the Time Traveller's silent plea for help. Slowly raises his right hand, stares at it as he gradually clenches it into a fist. Then, making up his mind, raises both hands and strikes Morlock hard on the back of his neck.

MED. SHOT

351X16

As Morlock relaxes his grip the Time Traveller kicks him back to rock, scrambles up and runs to get his torch. Several Morlocks try to herd Eloi back into Feasting Cave, but led by the Young Man and his newly discovered strength, the Eloi resist them. The Time Traveller runs back in with torch, and herd the Eloi toward stairs.

FULL SHOT

351X17

The Time Traveller urges the Eloi up the stairs pushing Weena ahead of him. They climb up past Cauldron. Morlocks come in after fleeing Eloi, shielding their eyes from the light of the Time Traveller's torch.

CLOSER SHOT

351X18

The Time Traveller looks ahead to be sure the Eloi are all on their way out. Then turns back and drops his torch into the oil flowing into the Cauldron.

FULL SHOT

351X19

The burning torch catches the Cauldron on fire, which quickly spreads across the floor of the Cavern, to the steaming Machine on the right, which explodes. The Time Traveller herds Eloi out across Stone Bridge.

MED. SHOT

351X20

Pursuing Morlock runs up steps in back of burning Cauldron hiding his face from the flames. He bumps into the Pipe coming down the wall, loses his balance and falls into the burning Cauldron - Flames shoot higher.

PAN SHOT

351X21

Another Morlock comes from behind machine, as fire creeps across floor, almost reaches machine at same time as fire - and it explodes. Morlock catches fire and runs across into Feasting Cave.

PASSAGEWAY - LONG SHOT

352

Smoke is thick as the Time Traveller and Weena run toward a circle of light on the floor far ahead.

CIRCLE OF LIGHT - HIGH ANGLE

353

Weena and the Time Traveller reach the light that comes straight down from above, and look up the shaft. Smoke belches from the passageway as he helps her start up the ladder and then he, himself, follows, clambering out of sight.

IN THE WELL

354

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Weena and the Time Traveller climbing up, COUGHING from smoke. The light becomes slowly brighter and he looks up.

FROM THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE

355

Gradually the top of the well becomes visible

through the swirling smoke. The Young Man is peering down. He reaches to help Weena and the Time Traveller.

SHOOTING INTO SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE

356

Weena and the Time Traveller are both dark with soot, near exhaustion. Far below them red flames pierce through the smoke. They each in turn grasp the helping hand of the Young Man and climb up out of the well.

EXT. THE WELL - MED. SHOT - (SUNSET)

357

As their eyes meet, the Time Traveller grips the Young Man's shoulder and gives it a brief shake of approval.

The Time Traveller then grabs up branches and twigs, carries them to the mouth of the well, ignites the pile of kindling with his torch and drops the burning wood down in to the well.

SHOOTING INTO SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE

358

The burning wood drops to the bottom where it ignites the oil with a burst of flame that shoots up the well.

BACK TO SCENE

359

The Time Traveller picks up his jacket and points to the other wells. The Young Man first, then the rest of the Eloi grasp the idea. They also light branches from the torch and dash for the various wells to duplicate the Time Traveller's action.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF ELOI

360-362

Carrying bundles of burning wood to the mouths of wells and dumping the fire below.

TWO SHOT

363

With Weena at his side, the Time Traveller gazes on with approval at the Eloi's work.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (SUNSET)

364

It is dotted with wells, each of which has been turned into a fiery furnace shooting flames and smoke up from the burning oil below, preventing the Morlocks from any avenue of escape to the surface of the Earth.

A WELL - (MINIATURE)

365

It falls with a CRASH to the ground and begins to spew smoke and flame into the undergrowth of the forest nearby.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO GREAT BUILDING - LONG SHOT -  
(SUNSET)

366

Smoke drifts out of its windows. The Eloi hurry out, led by the Man in White. They stop and stare at the sight of the Morlock world being destroyed below.

EXT. THE BLAZING FOREST - (SUNSET) - (STOCK)

367-368

The sun on the horizon is a dim red ball through the smoke. Several trees fall over, blazing. LOW UNDERGROUND RUMBLING is heard.

WEENA AND THE TIME TRAVELLER

369

They start down the hill after the Eloi, seeking safety together. Suddenly a DISTANT RUMBLE OF THE EARTH makes them pause and look o.s.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (DUSK) - (MINIATURE) 370

Then comes a SERIES OF TREMBLORS, each more powerful than the one before. The earth shudders and the blazing forest begins to collapse. It does not explode into the air. Rather, the solid earth seems to give way so that the entire surface of the ground begins to fall into the subterranean chambers.

ANOTHER ANGLE - (MINIATURE) 371

A section of the earth sheers away and falls in an ever widening rift.

A WELL - (MINIATURE) 372

As it is swallowed by the earth, followed by a belch of steam.

BACK TO LANDSCAPE - (MINIATURE) 373

Leveled off by the earthquake. There are no more flowers, no more buildings, wells, smokestacks or obelisks. There is no movement -- only the flickering of low flames and the smoke driven by the gentle breeze.

GROUP OF ELOI 374

Staring into the vast destruction.

TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA 375

He holds her hand. The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY and we begin to hear the

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE  
(calmly)

The underworld of the Morlocks was gone...and so was the life of leisure for the Eloi.

He looks o.s.

GROUP OF ELOI

376

The Man in White, with others, approaches the group headed by the Young Man. The two men look at each other, their gestures and expressions showing their joy at release from centuries of fear.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

From now on they would have to work to survive. And looking at their faces, I somehow knew that they could start over again.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA

377

He looks down to Weena and we HEAR:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Another night was coming, but this night no Eloi needed to fear.

The CAMERA MOVES CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER who looks up in concern.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

But what of me? - I was imprisoned in a world in which I did not belong.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE POOL - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

378

This is the same pool where the Time Traveller saved Weena's life. The peaceful SOUND of the RUSHING STREAM is occasionally interrupted by a REMOTE RUMBLE of EXPLOSION from the earth below.

There is no sign in the sky of old constellations, only the face of the full moon looks familiar.

The Time Traveller, wearing his velvet jacket, relaxes on the white sand, playing with the blossom Weena gave him earlier that day, and WHISTLING "The Land Of The Leal".

Weena sits on a large rock nearby at the edge of the pool, washing the soot from her face and hands. She glances over to the Time Traveller.

WEENA  
Are you sorry?

He STOPS WHISTLING, but the MUSIC CONTINUES.  
He turns.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Sorry? - Sorry for what?

WEENA  
That you have to stay.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(gazing into the night)  
Yes. - I am sorry because I could tell so much to the people of my own time... I could tell them about the happiness and sorrow the future has in store for them. They could learn from it...or would they?

WEENA  
You don't want to stay, do you?

TIME TRAVELLER  
It isn't that, but I don't fit here anymore than you would in my time.

WEENA  
(a pause, and then)  
I would like to see your time.

TIME TRAVELLER  
No, Girl, you wouldn't be very happy there.

WEENA  
Do you have someone like me - there?

TIME TRAVELLER  
No. No one like you. But there

are friends who will miss me. - As a matter of fact, I'm probably late already.

WEENA  
(stealing a glance,  
then quietly)  
Women?

TIME TRAVELLER  
No, men.  
(teasing)  
There is a woman too, of course!  
(noticing her disappointment,  
he relents)  
She looks after my house for me.  
She is sixty-two years old. - Much older than you are.

Weena, relieved, starts to comb her wet hair into a new arrangement.

WEENA  
(suddenly)  
How do they wear their hair?

TIME TRAVELLER  
Who?

WEENA  
The women in your time.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(after a thought)  
Up!

WEENA  
Up? - How?

TIME TRAVELLER  
(with awkward gesture)  
Like this.

WEENA  
Show me.

The Time Traveller puts the flower back into his pocket, gets up and walks over to Weena.

The Time Traveller appears behind her. He first hesitates, then gently lifts her hair into a fair imitation of the upswept Edwardian style. She smiles, then with an impulsive move turns her face toward him.

WEENA  
(innocently)  
Would I be pretty?

The gesture brings her eyes and lips close to his. He still holds her upswung hair and, as he gazes into her young eyes, he feels her warm breath on his cheek.

TIME TRAVELLER  
(slowly)  
Yes...you would be. More than pretty.  
(his voice sinks to a whisper)  
I wish we could go back together,  
Weena, back to my own time...or to times before that when the world was young. We could...

EXCITED VOICES o.s. interrupt this interlude. They both look in the direction of the voices.

EXT. HILL - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE)

380

A group of Eloi, led by the Young Man and the Man in White, approach them, talking excitedly, pointing to the ruins of the white sphinx just revealed by the rolling smoke. The face is broken and the pedestal partly in shambles. The panel is open.

TIME TRAVELLER & WEENA

381

Joyfully he grabs her hand and, pulling her, breaks into a run.

GROUP OF ELOI

382

The Young Man steps forward, pointing o.s. The Time Traveller and Weena run through the haze, then the Eloi follow them.

EXT. THE WHITE SPHINX - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) -  
(MATTE)

383

The face is broken in half. It is left with only a half a smile and thin smoke drifts through the remaining eye. The rest of the statue and the sirens are on the ground beside the partial ruins of the pedestal. Beyond it the hill is gone and gray haze covers the once green world. The Time Traveller and Weena come through the charred bushes onto the lawn. Here they stop.

THE OPEN PANEL - THEIR P.O.V.

384

The Time Machine sits in the midst of the swirling smoke. The flames, licking at the inside walls, have not yet reached the Machine.

TIME TRAVELLER & WEENA - MED. SHOT

385

He releases her hand to reach into his jacket pocket and bring forth the lever without which the Machine will not function.

TIME TRAVELLER (without  
looking at her)  
Come, Girl!

He walk, toward the panel. Weena follow, hesitantly, but the long habit compels her to halt before the threshold. Unmindful of this, the Time Traveller enters.

INT. PEDESTAL - LONG SHOT

386

Shooting from inside the pedestal, the Time Traveller and his Machine are black silhouettes in the foreground, while beyond him Weena stands

on the lawn outside, the moonlight flooding her radiant features.

Inside, black smoke still rises and whirls around as the Time Traveller examines his Machine and starts to fit the lever into place.

REVERSE ANGLE

387

The Time Traveller working eagerly. A shadow starts sliding across his figure, moving more swiftly until darkness falls and the panel closes with a CLANG.

OUTSIDE THE PANELS

388

Weena, seeing the panels close, runs up to them and POUNDS her fists vainly on the metal doors.

INSIDE THE SPHINX - MOVING SHOT

389

The Time Traveller leaps to the panels and struggles to open them. From without he hears Weena's POUNDING and CRIES. Suddenly he senses a living presence within the sphinx. For a moment there is silence. Then from the right comes a hacking, weak COUGH. Another from the left. Then something STUMBLES OFF, down the stairway. He whirls around, GASPING and COUGHING, to see three of the enmaddened Morlocks rising before him. Avoiding them, he stumbles to his Machine and gets into the saddle. The suffocating smoke blinds him as he gropes for the lever. Morlocks seize his legs and try to wrest him off the Machine. The fire and smoke become dense, half obliterating the struggling bodies.

INSERT: THE CONTROL PANNEL

390

The Time Traveller's hand gropes for the lever and finally grasps it.

INSERT OF DIALS

404

Spinning backwards. Suddenly, a gloomy shade falls over the instruments, followed by a burst of whirling smoke and the twinkling red light of fire. There is a flash of sunshine, then finally total darkness.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

405

Passing back in time through his captivity beneath the lava. He reels in the saddle, then coming from darkness a red glow quickly engulfs the scene. As the red hot lava leaps away from him and the daylight returns, we can see that his face is covered with perspiration. He looks off to see:

SERIES OF SHOTS - (ANIMATION, MINIATURE, SPLIT)

406

(NOTE: These shots seen previously are now printed backward.)

The red hot lava withdraws through the street ruins and the great rents in the ground gulp it up quickly. Out of the ruins building are molded and then atomic explosions in reverse flash across the screen. The SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS, RUMBLING ETC. IN REVERSE AND SPEEDED UP join the HUMMING of the Time Machine.

(a,b,c)

BLUR TO:

The sun and the moon chase each other alternately across the sky, gradually slowing.

(d,e)

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

407

INTERCUT his reaction to the previous scenes until he straightens and readjusts the lever. The HUMMING DECREASES, then walls rise about him. Watching the dials, he carefully moves the lever. The flickers of the days and nights decelerate and, with a sudden pull, he halts the Time Machine. The HUMMING ABRUPTLY CEASES.

INSERT: DIAL

408

It stops on: "5 January 1900".

INT. LABORATORY - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

409

The Time Machine has returned, but it is resting in the far corner of the room instead of in the spot where we originally saw it.

In the gloom, the Time Traveller clammers painfully from the Machine. Then, FOLLOWED BY CAMERA, he staggers to the workbench and sinks onto it. His eyes explore the room and finally come to rest on the clock. It is "8:04".

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

PENDULUM CLOCK - CLOSE SHOT

410

Now showing "9:22". For a long while only its MONOTONOUS TICKING is heard. - A welcome change from the cacophony of time traveling.

The CAMERA MOVES slowly to reveal the DINING ROOM where the five men, their meal finished, are sitting silently around the table. Mrs. Watchett is quietly serving the liqueur. The Time Traveller is puffing on his pipe. Kemp is chewing on his cigar and Hillyer's face is red with indignation.

DR. HILLYER

It is ridiculous! Simply preposterous!

Filby is bent over his coffee playing absorbedly with the spoon which CLINKS loudly in the room's silence. Bridewell, of course, takes a big gulp

from his brandy.

BRIDEWELL

Well, there's one thing I'll say  
for you, George. You always could  
tell a good story. Best adventure  
yarn I've heard for years.

(loudly)

You're a truly fine inventor,  
George!

He alone starts to laugh at his 'joke', but a hiccup quickly puts a period to that. Mrs. Watchett steps to the Time Traveller to pour him a bit of brandy.

MRS. WATCHETT

I'll turn down your bed for you!

As she exits Kemp looks up.

KEMP

Truthfully, where have you been  
for the past week?

Bridewell examines the remaining brandy in his glass.

BRIDEWELL

(voice of experience)

Now, we shouldn't ask such questions,  
Walter. It's not hard for a man to  
lose a week now and then.

TIME TRAVELLER (smiling)

I understand your doubt. Take it  
as a lie if you wish. Now that  
I'm back I scarcely believe it  
myself.

(a flash of memory)

Except that...

(groping in pocket)

...here are the flowers Weena gave  
me.

He places the blossoms on the table before Filby. They are actually less than a day old and fairly fresh.

As he picks them up to examine.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)  
A present for you, David.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

412

TIME TRAVELLER (to Filby)  
You were always interested in  
botany. - Try to match them with  
any species known today.

BACK TO FILBY

413

As he looks up, puzzled.

FILBY  
I don't think I can.

GROUP SHOT

414

A still unimpressed Hillyer slams his hands on  
the table, stands up, looks around and then down  
to Kemp.

DR. HILLYER  
Are you coming, Kemp.

Rising hesitantly, Kemp turns to the Time Traveller.

KEMP  
It's getting late and you look  
exhausted. You had better get  
some rest.

Everyone gets up, Bridewell with difficulty, and  
starts to leave.

COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE)

415

The snow falls softly, big flakes wobbling down  
from the sky. The front door opens letting out

the four guests wearing hats, capes and overcoats. They walk toward a waiting carriage, Kemp helping the staggering Bridewell. Filby is the last to leave. He pauses at the step of the carriage looking back to the Time Traveller who stands motionless in the doorway.

FILBY  
Goodnight, George.

AT THE ENTRANCE

416

The Time Traveller lifts his hand and waves.

TIME TRAVELLER  
Thank you, David, for being such  
a good friend - always.

With this he turns and goes into the house, closing the door slowly.

AT THE CARRIAGE

417

Those inside are waiting for Filby to get in, but he, deep in thought, still stands gazing back. Kemp thrusts his head from the window.

KEMP  
What do you think, Filby?

FILBY (after a pause)  
One thing is certain. Those flowers couldn't have possibly bloomed in the winter-time.

HILLYER (in the b.g.)  
You don't really think that story was true?

Filby reaches a decision.

FILBY  
Look, you chaps go on. It's just a short walk home for me.

HILLYER (o.s.)  
Go on, driver!

The WHIP CRACKS.

THE DRIVEWAY

418

As the carriage rolls off leaving Filby standing in the falling snow. He waits until the carriage disappears, then retraces his steps to the front door and raps on it. He pauses a moment, then uses the heavy knocker. There is still no answer. He steps back and looks off toward the:

EXT. LABORATORY WING - FILBY'S P.O.V.

419

No light shines through its windows.

BACK TO FILBY

420

He raps once more, and getting no reply tries the door. It is unlocked. He steps into the house.

INT. LIBRARY - FULL SHOT

421

The coals still glow in the grate as Filby enters the fully lit room, looking for his friend. Suddenly a clock from the neighboring room CHIMES ONCE. Filby turns, goes toward it and stops at the doorway.

DINING ROOM - FILBY'S P.O.V.

422

The table is cleared, candles extinguished. The pendulum clock is TICKING lazily. The time is "9:30".

FILBY - PANSHOT

423

He calls into the darkness.

FILBY  
George!...

No answer. Then an odd HUMMING sound brings him to stiff attention. The SOUND INCREASES in VOLUME and PITCH until the entire house seems to tremble. Then a violent gust of wind blows open the door that leads to the laboratory.

Filby pivots and runs up the steps, through the corridor.

AT THE DOOR OF LABORATORY - FULL SHOT

424

Filby, dishevelled and out of breath, arrives and tries the door -- it is locked. The NOISE is almost DEAFENING. He puts his shoulder to the door and finally bursts it open. At the very instant he does so, the SOUND CEASES abruptly. He stops short, gazing aghast.

THE LABORATORY - FILBY'S P.O.V.

425

The Time Traveller with his Machine FADING, leaving the present.

Then the CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the workbench to the corner where we last saw the Time Machine. It is not there! The CAMERA WHIPS to the other corner. Nor is it there! A few sheets of paper whirl desolately in the center of the floor.

CLOSE ON FILBY

426

He looks tense, ignoring the APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS behind him. Mrs. Watchett hurries in.

MRS. WATCHETT (nervous,  
breathless)  
Oh, Mr. Filby...what...  
(her eyes widen)

FILBY (with finality)  
He's gone!

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Mrs. Watchett as she slowly approaches the center of the room. Here, with squinting eyes, she leans down to observe the floor.

MRS. WATCHETT (to  
Filby)  
There's something funny here, sir!

Filby steps aside her to investigate.

WHAT THEY SEE

427

The CAMERA MOVES ALONG parallel grooves resembling the ones the Time Machine left in the lawn at the front of the sphinx. They are scratched deep in the floor leading from the spot where the Machine was last seen to the other corner of the laboratory where it originally stood. Here, not only its imprint, but also the color and finish of the floor is preserved.

TWO SHOT

428

They straighten. Mrs. Watchett looks at Filby, puzzled.

FILBY  
I think I understand. - Look!

LABORATORY - FULL SHOT

429

Mrs. Watchett listens as Filby moves to the imprint in the floor where the Machine first stood and explains.

FILEY (pointing)  
See the imprint? This is where  
the Time Machine originally  
stood.  
(he paces across to the  
end of the grooves)  
But the Morlocks moved it.  
They dragged it across the lawn  
right into the sphinx...right

here.

(turns and points)

And Weena was standing there when he last saw her...the same space - in a different time. - So he moved back his heavy Machine from here, across the room, scratching this floor...

(indicating the grooves  
that lead to the imprint)

So that he can appear outside the sphinx again and help the Eloi build a new world...and build a new world of his own.

MRS. WATCHETT (faintly,  
sentimentally)  
Where he left her!..

Filby doesn't answer. He looks about the laboratory for the last time, then takes Mrs. Watchett's arm and leads her from the room. The MUSIC STARTS THE THEME: "The Land Of The Leal".

INT. LIBRARY - FULL SHOT

430

Filby and Mrs. Watchett come into the room.

FILBY

But it isn't like George. - To return empty handed. To try to rebuild a civilization without a plan.

(to Mrs. Watchett)

He must have taken something with him.

MRS. WATCHETT

Nothing.

She looks around and discovers three empty spaces on the tightly packed book shelves. She walks to them.

MRS. WATCHETT

Nothing except three books.

FILBY

Which three books?

MRS. WATCHETT  
I don't know. -- Is it important?

FILBY (smiles)  
No, I suppose not. - Only...what  
three books would you have taken?

She looks at him, pondering the question as they  
leave the library.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL

431

They stop at the door and Mrs. Watchett stands  
beside Filby as he opens it. Outside the snow  
is falling softly.

MRS. WATCHETT  
Mr. Filby, do you think he will  
ever return?

FILBY (quietly)  
One cannot choose but wonder. -  
You see...he has all the time in  
the world!

With these words, Filby turns up his collar, pulls  
the brim of his hat over his eyes and walks into  
the night. Mrs. Watchett looks after him. She  
hears the SOUND of his DIMINISHING FOOTSTEPS  
SQUEAKING in the virgin snow. Slowly she closes  
the door.

EXT. COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE)

432

Drifting like a curtain, the snow falls quietly  
as Filby, a solitary figure in the night, pauses  
a moment to look up at the sky, then selects a  
path and starts walking the long way home.

SLOW FADE OUT.

THE END

