

**THE THEORY OF EVERYTHING**

Screenplay  
by  
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SHOOTING SCRIPT  
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*"I now predict that I was wrong."*  
Stephen Hawking

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RUN OPENING TITLES OVER:

**INT. EMPIRE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY (LATE 1980'S)**

TWO BESPECTACLED EYES. Blinking. Alert. Male. Middle-aged. Reflected in his shiny GLASSES - a WOMAN, middle-aged, (JANE HAWKING) removing the glasses from his nose.

CUT TO:

The MAN's POV, as -

- his vision goes from FOCUSED to BLURRY as the GLASSES are removed.

- his BLURRY POV of the WOMAN's hands POLISHING his glasses with a cloth.

- his BLURRY POV then shifts (as she steps aside) onto a SMALL PERSON in the distance jumping up and down.

- his BLURRY POV of the GLASSES then being replaced on his nose, and -

- with this, his VISION comes abruptly into FOCUS, and the SMALL PERSON is revealed to be -- a BOY (10) playing HOPSCOTCH in the RED-CARPETED CORRIDOR.

- Beyond the BOY, TWO RED-COATED EQUERRIES begin (unceremoniously) to prepare the HALLWAY for a ceremony. They lay out potted-plants and drape velvet ropes. One blows his nose.

TIGHT ON: The eyes behind the glasses watching, his eyes finally looking downward...as we hear a metallic CLICKING sound - "CLICK, CLICK, CLICK..."

- ANGLE ON: HIS HAND, which is clicking a CLICKER-PLATE...

- then on a COMPUTER MONITOR (mounted to the CHAIR), words form out of a streaming alphabet with each 'CLICK'. The man is at work, selecting LETTERS, then WHOLE WORDS from a MENU ...making sentences by these means.

- OTHER PARTIAL VIEWS (ECUs) of this MAN in his WHEELCHAIR.

We see...a TUFT of BROWN HAIR...his HAND on chair arm-rest ...his FEET on a wheelchair's foot-rests...JANE's HANDS arrange the BROWN HAIR...adjust his THIN ARMS...but never do we see the full man, as -

- the TWO EQUERRIES open TWO LARGE ORNATE DOORS and motion the PARTY forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIGHT ON: the MAN's HAND, pushing a TOGGLE-STICK CONTROLLER, putting the CHAIR in motion, to the sound of a small electric motor.

**END OPENING TITLES -**

TIGHT ON: The WHEELS of the WHEELCHAIR, turning...

MATCH CUT TO:

**EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREETS - DAY (EARLY-MID 1960's)**

...the FRONT WHEEL of STEPHEN's BICYCLE, SPINNING VERY VERY FAST...

STEPHEN HAWKING (in his early 20s) and his friend, BRIAN (same age), race each other recklessly through the NARROW, WINDING LANES. It looks VERY DANGEROUS. They are neck and neck. And they are loving it.

STEPHEN HAWKING, his face almost entirely covered with spectacles and floppy hair, slight of frame, a velvet jacket and velvet bow tie, eccentric-looking. STEPHEN is a fun-loving, playful, active, young student.

BRIAN, STEPHEN's best friend. More interested in life than studies, as we shall see.

**EXT. STUDENT PARTY, CAMBRIDGE - DUSK**

STEPHEN and BRIAN arrive at the party, dismount at speed and, running to a walk, crash their BIKES into a HEDGE. BRIAN wins the race, raises arms aloft as - they enter the PARTY. We follow them in...(CONTINUOUS SHOT)

**INT. STUDENT PARTY, CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

...STEPHEN and BRIAN enter, and the CAMERA finally follows them into the main room of the PARTY.

STEPHEN and BRIAN come to a halt in the doorway as they observe -

- a CROWDED ROOM engaged in lively bubbly conversation. In the background suitably elegant music plays.

BRIAN

First to find a drink.

STEPHEN and BRIAN make their way through the GUESTS, looking for the BAR. BRIAN eyes the PRETTY GIRLS he passes...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'm sure the secret of the universe has something to do with sex. There you go--why don't you do your doctorate on that? The physics of love.

STEPHEN

More your field, I think.

BRIAN

You'd better decide on your subject. I'm serious--they'll boot you out.

They reach the PUNCH-BOWL. BRIAN tastes the PUNCH with his finger, and UNIMPRESSED, fills TWO GLASSES.

CUT TO:

A YOUNG WOMAN, JANE WILDE, (18) arrives at the door with her friend DIANA. DIANA is unimpressed by the party.

JANE, shy, has her hair up in a fashionable bouffant roll. DIANA is more vivacious, and touches up her lipstick.

DIANA

Scientists! Don't worry. We don't have to stay long. Looks mortifyingly dull.

*(seeing a boy)*

Oh, hang on--

*(waves to the boy)*

Be right back, okay? Okay?

JANE nods, as DIANA goes over to GREET the boy and then walk off together with him into the crowd.

ANGLE ON: JANE, marooned.

CUT TO:

At the PUNCH-BOWL, drinking punch.

STEPHEN

I applied for a job.

BRIAN

Did you?

STEPHEN

Civil Service.

BRIAN

Well, it's a back-up plan--in your case not a bad idea. Did they accept you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN's POV of JANE, standing across the room, now holding a WINE-GLASS.

STEPHEN  
 Unfortunately, that I'll never  
 know. Morning of their exam,  
 I...(smiles)

BRIAN  
 - slept in. Well, thank Christ,  
 the world has lost a promising pay-  
 clerk.

BRIAN holds out a FULL PUNCH GLASS for STEPHEN but STEPHEN still has his eye on JANE. BRIAN follows STEPHEN's GAZE as -  
 - STEPHEN and JANE's eyes meet. They hold this look, until she shyly looks away.

BRIAN has observed this exchange.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 (LATIN)  
 Quo est femella?

STEPHEN  
 I was going to ask you.

BRIAN  
 Actually--I think she's--yes--  
 Basil's sister. Wilde--Jane Wilde.  
 (Russian accent)  
 "So. You like for me I introduce?"

STEPHEN contemplates this, as we -

CUT TO:

DIANA changes the RECORD - to BOP JAZZ. GUESTS immediately take the DANCE-FLOOR and start DANCING.

DIANA returns to JANE.

DIANA  
 That's better.

JANE  
 Who is that guy?

DIANA  
 (looking at Stephen)  
 Oh. He's strange, clever, goes on  
 Ban The Bomb marches.  
 (spying another boy)  
 Oh, there's David. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DIANA goes over to DAVID, but JANE stays where she is.

CUT TO:

BRIAN walks off to talk to another GIRL, while -

- STEPHEN, left alone, decides to slowly approach JANE. JANE has hardly touched her wine. STEPHEN has a beer.

They look around the room together, and then -

STEPHEN

Hello.

JANE

Hello.

STEPHEN

Science?

JANE

Arts.

More silence. They look elsewhere.

JANE (CONT'D)

So what do you-?

STEPHEN

Cosmologist. I'm a cosmologist.

JANE

What's a cosmologist?

STEPHEN

It's a kind of religion--for intelligent atheists.

*(suspiciously)*

You're not religious, are you?

JANE

C of E. Church of England.

STEPHEN

*(simultaneously)*

- England.

*(smiles cheekily)*

I suppose someone has to be.

JANE is not sure whether to take offence.

JANE

So--what do cosmologists worship then?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

STEPHEN

*(grins)*

A single unifying equation that explains everything in the universe.

JANE

*(amused)*

Really? So what's the equation?

STEPHEN smiles.

STEPHEN

That is the question.

CUT TO:

The NEEDLE on the RECORD PLAYER now drops onto a ROLLING STONES record - "**TIME IS ON OUR SIDE**"

Few people remain at the party now. The tables are empty - the food is gone. The punch bowl is drained dry.

DIANA is still talking to DAVID, laughing.

ANGLE ON: JANE, now listening intently to STEPHEN.

JANE

Why didn't you stay at Oxford?

STEPHEN

My finals papers were such a shambles the examiners called me in for a 'Viva' and I told them -

JANE

What's a viva?

STEPHEN

A mildly terrifying face-to-face thingy. An interrogation. So I told them that if they gave me a 2nd class degree I'd stay with them and do my research at Oxford, but if they gave me the 1st I needed to get into Cambridge, then they'd never have to see me again.

JANE

They gave you the 1st.

STEPHEN

They gave me the 1st.

JANE laughs. STEPHEN grins - it's a GREAT GRIN, as -

- DIANA approaches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DIANA

This party is officially deceased!  
Come on--I've fixed you up a ride  
home.

DAVID and DAVID's HANDSOME FRIEND wait by the door. JANE barely has time to speak before she is dragged away by DIANA.

JANE

Well, I hope you find your  
equation.

STEPHEN stands there, forlorn. But then JANE returns, stuffs something in his hand, and then runs away.

It's a NAPKIN. On it - a PHONE NUMBER. He stares at it, delighted, so much so that he taps one foot.

**INT. SEMINAR ROOM/TRINITY HALL/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN reads a CHESS BOOK that lies on his LAP out of sight under the table, while the professor, DR. DENNIS SCIAMA, (LATE 30s), with a wicked smirk on his face, passes out a set of mathematical problems to BRIAN, CARTER, ELLIS, REES and several other YOUNG PHYSICISTS.

SCIAMA

A little challenge for you all, as  
you embark on your separate  
doctoral journeys -  
*(handing paper to STEPHEN)*  
- whatever they may be, Mr Hawking -

STEPHEN looks up, winces, knowing he's way behind schedule.

SCIAMA (CONT'D)

Something to sort--the men from the  
boys--the wheat from the chaff--  
the mesons from the pi-mesons--the  
quarks from the quacks--ten  
questions--each more impregnable  
than the last. Good luck. You'll  
need it. Shall we say, Friday 3  
o'clock?

BRIAN

*(aside, gloomy, to STEPHEN)*  
This is going to hospitalize me.

STEPHEN crumples the paper in his pocket and continues to read the CHESS BOOK as he shuffles out of the tutorial.

**EXT. QUAD/ TRINITY HALL / CAMBRIDGE UNI. - DAY**

BRIAN runs across the QUAD.



**INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM/DORM, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - DAY (1963)**

BRIAN knocks, enters, finds STEPHEN asleep in bed.

BRIAN

Oh come on, get up. How many have you got?

BRIAN goes to STEPHEN's desk, looking through papers to find his answers. How many have you done?

STEPHEN

Morning, Brian.

BRIAN

Afternoon, Stephen. Where are they? Where are you hiding them? Your answers.

STEPHEN

Brian, I have no idea what you're talking about.

BRIAN

How many of Sciama's questions have you done?

STEPHEN

None.

BRIAN

You liar!

STEPHEN

I was going do them later.

BRIAN

Later? You mean you haven't even started?

Beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Stephen, are you aware you have voluntarily embarked on a PHD in physics at one of the most prestigious colleges in England?

STEPHEN

Yes.

BRIAN

Oh, good. Thought maybe you'd slept through the induction or something.

BRIAN starts to leave

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN  
*(to Brian at the door)*  
 Bri-?

BRIAN  
 What?

STEPHEN  
 Can you whip on some Wagner?

BRIAN  
 Sod off.

BRIAN exits, giving up on his pal. STEPHEN, hung-over, sits on his bed and yawns.

He gets out of bed and turns on his ANCIENT TAPE-MACHINE. WAGNER starts to play, loudly.

Later. Pouring milk into a cup of TEA, while listening to a TAPED RECORDING of "THE RING CYCLE" by Wagner, and still in his pyjamas, the dishevelled STEPHEN digs out the QUESTIONS from a pile of TRASH on his desk. First he finds all manner of chocolate wrappers, concert tickets, etc, until he finally settles down with a clean pad and a pencil. He looks at the clock. It reads -- **1:00PM**. He sighs and looks out his window at teeming university life, as he ponders.

He then starts to WRITE on a PAD, rapidly, effortlessly, the CALCULATIONS pouring out of him, his writing hand adroit and swift.

Distracted, he then reaches for his TEA and clumsily KNOCKS THE CUP OVER. The tea washes over his only pad.

He hurriedly wipes it off, but it's too late. He looks around for another pad, but to no avail.

**INT. SEMINAR ROOM, TRINITY COLLEGE - DAY**

The PhD STUDENTS are gathered, minus STEPHEN as SCIAMA hands back the classes answers.

SCIAMA  
*(passing paper)*  
 John, this so illegible I'm not quite sure how wrong it is--I suspect very--and Brian...  
*(tossing papers)*  
 ...that's just--baffling.

STEPHEN arrives late -

SCIAMA (CONT'D)  
 Stephen, glad you could join us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

Sorry.

STEPHEN sets TWO TRAIN TIMETABLES on the table. Others push the TIME-TABLES down the desk to SCIAMA, who picks them up.

SCIAMA

Train timetables?  
Stephen, these are totally unacceptable--they expired a month ago.

Laughter.

STEPHEN

Sorry. It's on the back. Had a little accident.

SCIAMA turns them over and looks at them.

TIGHT ON: the TIMETABLES, then are filled with tiny formulas and calculations.

SCIAMA registers growing amazement, then looks up at STEPHEN -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I could only do nine.

End on SCIAMA and fellow students reaction - startled, speechless, everyone staring at STEPHEN.

SCIAMA

Well...I see...well thank God. Well done Stephen.

BRIAN

*(silently mouths)*  
Nine?

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

OARS powerfully cut the WATER as a **TWO-BOAT PRACTICE RACE** unfolds. The TWO CREWS are from the same CLUB.

PAN DOWN one BOAT: EIGHT LARGE POWERFUL ROWERS, culminating in PETE, DAN, RAFF, BRIAN and finally the thin, boyish, STEPHEN, in the role of COX, facing the rowers, calling out the stroke-rate using a coxswain's loud-hailer.

STEPHEN

Full, give me twenty - One, drive! -  
Two, drive! - Three, big legs! -  
Four, press! - Five, boom! - Hook,  
send! - Catch, big send! - Hold at  
32! - Big legs, Brian! - Big legs!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
- Stay long, Brian! - Stay long  
Brian!!!...

BRIAN  
(*exhausted, speaks one  
word on each stroke*)  
You! - complete! - and! - utter!  
bastard!

**INT. PUB ON RIVER - DAY**

Rowdy tables of graduates and undergraduates and rowers,  
males and females. Beer flows.

Playing PINBALL are BRIAN, REES, ELLIS and CARTER. STEPHEN  
watches, drinking a beer, distracted.

CARTER  
No, no, listen, listen, pay  
attention. A man enters a lift,  
wanting to go to the fiftieth  
floor but only gets as far as the  
46th. Why?

BRIAN  
(*exhausted*)  
Erm - there was a naked girl in  
the lift.

Collective groan. BRIAN is clipped around the ears.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Hey--it's the closest I'll get to  
a unifying theory, leave me  
alone.

ALL then silently ponder the RIDDLE. BRIAN, deep in thought  
himself, finally notices STEPHEN, bursting to provide the  
answer. BRIAN acts to SILENCE STEPHEN -

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(*raising a finger*)  
Uh!!!

ELLIS  
No--we give up. No idea.

STEPHEN  
He was too short to reach the  
button for the fiftieth floor.

STEPHEN rises, triumphant, as the others groan.

BRIAN  
Okay, I've got one. Okay, okay--  
A naked girl enters a lift -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN, at the bar, opens JANE'S NAPKIN. Looks at the number.

STEPHEN  
(to BARMAN)  
Do you have change for the pay-  
phone?

BARMAN  
Sure.

The BARMAN takes STEPHEN'S POUND and glances at the NAPKIN.

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
I'd commit that number to memory if  
I were you.

STEPHEN smiles - then glances at the mirror-backed bar. Reflected - a WOMAN who looks like JANE. Is he imagining this?

TIGHT ON: STEPHEN'S face: we see JANE'S reflection appear and disappear in the glass of his glasses as she crosses the room.

The BARMAN'S voice is distant...

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
Here you go...

STEPHEN snaps out of it - stares at the BARMAN holding out CHANGE - a smile DAWNING.

BARMAN (CONT'D)  
Sir? Are you okay?

STEPHEN  
Uh - my napkin just walked in.

CUT TO:

JANE and DIANA and two other FRIENDS sit with TWO OTHER YOUNG MEN at a table. She looks reluctant and unhappy to be with them. As one YOUNG MAN pours them beers she hands her beer to someone else. And then -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
Hi.

STEPHEN is not afraid to stand in front of this crowd of Girls and Jocks and stare straight at JANE. The others fall silent and stare at STEPHEN, but JANE'S eyes light up.

JANE  
Hello.

REACTION: DIANA: Not impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

STEPHEN  
What's the probability?

JANE  
Reasonably low.  
(to others)  
Uh - this is - Stephen.

He smiles at her. The OTHERS look back and forth between JANE and STEPHEN. JANE perks up, interested.

STEPHEN  
Croquet. Do you play croquet?

JANE  
(interested)  
Um. Not recently.

STEPHEN  
Sunday morning?

JANE  
I'm actually busy Sunday mornings.

STEPHEN  
Oh. Of course.  
(pointing heaven-ward)  
Him.

STEPHEN turns and just walks away. JANE is perplexed, disappointed - stares at him, as do the others.

**INT. CORRIDOR/DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS AND  
THEORETICAL PHYSICS (DAMTP), CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN approaches SCIAMA's office, plucks up his courage, and knocks -

**INT. SCIAMA'S OFFICE/DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED MATHEMATICS AND  
THEORETICAL PHYSICS (DAMTP), CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

SCIAMA  
Stephen, come in. Sit down. Now--  
we're all rather concerned--about  
your choice of subject. What it's  
going to be.

STEPHEN  
I can't decide.

SCIAMA  
Any ideas?

One of SCIAMA's PENS sits precariously on the edge of the desk, and in shuffling papers, knocks it off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The PEN rolls off the DESK and falls on the FLOOR in front of STEPHEN. STEPHEN stares at the PEN as it comes to a STOP.

STEPHEN

Umm-- No.

SCIAMA studies him, rises, take a BIG OLD KEY from the desk drawer.

SCIAMA

Come with me.

**INT. CAVENDISH LAB, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - DAY**

SCIAMA shows STEPHEN the famous lab.

SCIAMA

This lab is where JJ Thomson discovered the electron, where Rutherford split the atom. One of the great rewards of this job is that you never know from where the next great leap forward is going to come, or from whom.

SCIAMA takes out a pen and writes on a pad, tears it off and gives it to STEPHEN.

SCIAMA (CONT'D)

Next Friday. I'm taking a few graduates of merit to London, to attend a talk by the mathematician Roger Penrose. Come along if you're interested.

*(exiting)*

Oh, and close the door as you leave.

SCIAMA exits. STEPHEN looks around at the empty LAB. He goes to the BLACKBOARD, picks up a piece of CHALK, looks at the BLANK BOARD, but then puts the CHALK back down and then begins to study, with RAPT AWE, the ancient LABORATORY EQUIPMENT.

**EXT. ANGLICAN CHURCH STEPS - DAY**

STEPHEN is now sitting on a STONE WALL, waiting as -

- the WILDES emerge, in the SUNDAY FINERY. JANE peels off from her family to talk to STEPHEN. She is pleased to see him.

JANE

So I gather you've never been to church?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

Once upon a time.

He smiles wryly at this Fairy Tale reference.

JANE

Tempted to convert?

He thinks about this.

STEPHEN

I have a problem with the whole Celestial Dictator premise. What are you doing for lunch? Ma makes a cracking roast.

**INT. DINING ROOM, HAWKING FAMILY HOME - DAY**

Sunday family lunch. A noisy, eccentric, bohemian atmosphere. STEPHEN's father, FRANK opens his HOME-MADE WINE. His sister PHILIPPA (17) passes the plates. MARY (20) reads a BOOK.

FRANK HAWKING

And Jane? What are you studying?

JANE

Arts. Languages, poetry. I'm thinking of doing a PhD eventually.

FRANK HAWKING

Oh? What in?

The HAWKINGS, impressed, nod approvingly at STEPHEN.

JANE

*(encouraged)*

Medieval poetry of the Iberian Peninsula.

PHILIPPA snorts back laughter, whilst the other HAWKINGS stare blankly at JANE for a moment, before silently returning to setting the table. FRANK rescues the mood -

FRANK HAWKING

Arts. So, what painters do you like?

JANE

Well, I like--Turner...

FRANK HAWKING

Really? *Turner*? To me they all look as if they've been left out in the rain.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

STEPHEN laughs. JANE shoots him a surprised look, as FRANK pours a glass of wine.

JANE  
And...William Blake.

PHILLIPA  
Good heavens. Surely not!

FRANK HAWKING  
(to JANE)  
Will you try my elderflower wine?

JANE  
Yes, please.

STEPHEN  
(to JANE)  
Don't touch it, don't touch it  
Jane.

Enter ISOBEL, STEPHEN's mother, with a ROAST CHICKEN.

As FRANK passes wine, JANE looks nervously at STEPHEN, who smiles at her. FRANK picks up the CARVING KNIFE and starts to SHARPEN it.

FRANK HAWKING  
Stephen doesn't like my homemade  
wine. Philistine.  
(to STEPHEN)  
If you don't watch out I'll send  
you back with a couple of bottles.

PHILLIPA  
So Stephen, you've been to church  
with a good woman. Are you feeling  
holier than thou?

STEPHEN  
Positively saintly, thank you.

JANE  
(to STEPHEN)  
You've never said why you don't  
believe in God.

STEPHEN  
A physicist can't allow his  
calculations to be muddled by a  
belief in a supernatural creator.

STEPHEN smiles, pleased with himself, and his mother and father seem pleased with it too. JANE notices -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE  
Sounds less of an argument  
against God than against  
physicists.

JANE 1, STEPHEN 0. She eats her food.

FRANK HAWKING  
*(impressed)*  
Light or dark?  
*(Re: the chicken)*  
Jane? Light meat or dark?

JANE  
Er - light, please.

STEPHEN  
I'll wing it. As usual.

The old family PUNNING game has begun.

PHILLIPA  
Boooo.

FRANK HAWKING  
How plucky of you.

PHILLIPA  
Ohh, fowl play! Fowl play.

STEPHEN  
Stop egging him on!

FRANK HAWKING  
It's so nicely cocked.

Hawking laughter. Ha! Ha! JANE is bemused.

ISOBEL  
*(sympathetic, to JANE)*  
Don't worry about them. They're  
pun mad.

FRANK is about to place a slice of CHICKEN BREAST on JANE's  
PLATE -

JANE  
That's okay -  
*(tentatively)*  
- the breast is yet to come.

FRANK guffaws, as he plates her chicken.

FRANK HAWKING  
HA! Marvelous! Very good. "The  
breast is yet to come!" Indeed it  
is! Well done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STEPHEN

Oh! - I'm inviting Jane to be my partner for the May Ball.

It's news to JANE: shocked - but then pleased as he shoots her a quick look and mouths...

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

*(silently mouthing)*

*Will you?*

She SMILES and NODS, delighted.

**EXT. WILDE HOUSE - NIGHT**

Standing by his PARENT's CAR, STEPHEN watches (SMITTEN) as -  
- JANE, in a GORGEOUS GOWN, walks down the path toward him.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROADS - NIGHT**

To the blaring strains of WAGNER, the HAWKING car careens across the countryside.

**EXT. GONVILLE & CAIUS COLLEGE/MAY BALL - NIGHT**

On the GRAND FRONT LAWN of the COLLEGE, a fairy-tale party - LIGHTS IN THE TREES, a throng of GOWNED YOUNG WOMEN, and YOUNG MEN IN BLACK TIE and TAILS, all sip CHAMPAGNE on the sequestered CROQUET LAWNS, as if from a by-gone age. A BATHTUB is full of CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES ON ICE. Through this STEPHEN and JANE drift.

**INT. GONVILLE & CAIUS COLLEGE/ MAY BALL - NIGHT**

STEPHEN and JANE stand and watch the swirling couples on the dance-floor, sipping PUNCH.

The MAY BALL is now in full and magical swing, as couples float across the lawns before the great facade of the college.

JANE

Should we dance, do you think?

STEPHEN

Oh, no, no. Happy to observe the phenomenon--but I can't possibly imagine participating.

JANE

I absolutely agree. I mean, who would want to dance?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

No, I'm quite serious. I don't dance.

JANE has a wistful look of disappointment. AWKWARD SILENCE.

Just then - A BLUE UV LIGHT comes on. This causes great excitement on the dance-floor. All the other couples "ooh" and "ahh" and even more people take to the floor - not so, STEPHEN and JANE.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

*(softly)*

Do you see how the men's cuffs and shirt-fronts, how they glow more than the dresses?

JANE

*(smiles, expectant)*

Yes...

STEPHEN

Do you know why?

JANE

Why?

STEPHEN

**"TIDE."**

JANE

The washing powder?

STEPHEN

The fluorescence in the washing powder is caught by the UV light.

JANE

Why do you know that?

STEPHEN

*(grins)*

When stars are born and when they die, they emit UV radiation. So if we could see the night sky in ultraviolet light, almost all the stars would disappear--and all we'd see would be these spectacular births and deaths. And I reckon-- it would look a little -

JANE stares at the glowing swirling people with STEPHEN's eyes.

JANE

- like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They watch, impressed, as - FIREWORKS are suddenly heard, EXPLODING LOUDLY.

**EXT. TERRACE/LAWNS/RIVERBANK - G&C COLLEGE - NIGHT (1963)**

**MONTAGE:**

A) A **FIRE-WORK DISPLAY** - STEPHEN and JANE watch as SKY-ROCKETS light up the sky.

B) A **CAROUSEL** - JANE and STEPHEN ride the CAROUSEL. STEPHEN watches JANE, captivated by her happiness in this moment.

C) A **CHAMPAGNE TENT** - JANE selects a FLUTE OF CHAMPAGNE and takes a BIG SIP, to the sound of a NEARBY 1920's CHICAGO JAZZ SWING band. The GATSBY-THEMED BAR-STAFF are dressed in 1920's TUXEDOS and FLAPPER-DRESSES.

STEPHEN

So why...  
*(passing champagne)*  
 ...why...

JANE

Why?

STEPHEN

Why medieval Spanish poetry?

JANE surveys the gay party, sipping her champagne -

JANE

*(happily)*  
 I suppose I like to time travel.

STEPHEN

And what particular time periods do you visit?

JANE takes the CHAMPAGNE STEPHEN has just chosen and pours half of his into her glass.

JANE

The Twenties is always fun.

STEPHEN

The roaring twenties!  
 Cheers!

They CLINK GLASSES and sip their champagne, laughing.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

So--The 1920's. A good time for poetry was it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

"Seek then/ No learning/ from  
Starry Men!/ Who follow with Optic  
Glass/ The Whirling Ways of Stars  
that Pass."

STEPHEN

Ouch.

JANE

Was it -

They move off across the NEARBY DANCE-FLOOR, and PASS the  
JAZZ BAND en route to the LIGHTED FOOT-BRIDGE spanning a  
river under which LIGHTED PUNTS drift by.

JANE (CONT'D)

- was it a good time for science?

STEPHEN

A smashing time actually. Spacetime  
was born.

JANE

Spacetime...

STEPHEN

Space and Time finally got  
together. People always thought  
they were too dissimilar, couldn't  
possibly work out. But then along  
comes Einstein, the ultimate match-  
maker, and decided that space and  
time, not only had a future, but  
had been married all along.

JANE

The perfect couple!

They arrive at the FOOT-BRIDGE, with its view of the BRIDGE  
OF SIGHS. PUNTS with CATHERINE WHEELS are moored nearby.

**D) FOOT-BRIDGE.**

JANE and STEPHEN stop in the middle of the bridge. STEPHEN  
looks up at the STARS, bright, sparkling. JANE does the same.

STEPHEN

Well that's astonishing, isn't it?

Silence, then -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

*(seriously)*

*"In the beginning was the heaven  
and the earth, and the earth was  
without form, and darkness--  
darkness was upon the face of the  
deep."*

STEPHEN, moved, looks at her.

STEPHEN

Would you dance with me?

He takes her hand and starts to DANCE with her to the music,  
and then tilts his head and KISSES her.

CAMERA pulls back to reveal the couple kissing on the  
FOOTBRIDGE, the punts floating underneath, the night magical,  
the lovely slow jazz drifting over the scene.

**EXT. FRONT DOOR / WILDE FAMILY HOUSE - DAY**

MORNING LIGHT on the WILDE FRONT DOOR. JANE, in bathrobe,  
opens the door to get the MILK. Looks down. PAN down to - a  
BOX of "**TIDE**" WASHING POWDER. She picks it up - looks around  
for STEPHEN - smiles, delighted - IN LOVE.

**EXT. PLATFORM, CAMBRIDGE TRAIN STATION - DAY**

SCIAMA and STEPHEN and PHYSICISTS 1,2 and 3 arrive late on  
the platform. The train is already pulling in. SCIAMA, and  
the OTHER THREE all run for it. But STEPHEN is making his way  
up the steps, not running - putting on a brave face. When  
STEPHEN arrives, just in time, the PHYSICISTS 1,2,3, pull  
STEPHEN on to the train.

**INT. MOVING TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY**

As they whistle along, English countryside in the background.

SCIAMA studies STEPHEN then returns his attention to his  
newspaper when he meets his eyes.

**INT. KING'S COLLEGE CLASSROOM - LONDON - DAY**

ROGER PENROSE, MATHEMATICIAN, gives a passionate talk  
before a small audience in a small room. The blackboard is  
crammed with calculations and diagrams.

ROGER PENROSE

So what do we know? Let me  
rephrase that--what do the  
equations tell us, finally?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns the blackboard over. A blank board.

ROGER PENROSE (CONT'D)  
How about a simple diagram?

Smiles, small laughter from the audience. STEPHEN looks especially relieved.

ROGER PENROSE (CONT'D)  
A star, more than three times the size of our sun...

He draws a circle on the board.

ROGER PENROSE (CONT'D)  
...ought to end its life, how? With a collapse, the gravitational forces of the entire mass overcoming the electromagnetic forces of individual atoms, and so collapsing inwards. If the star is massive enough, it will continue this collapse, creating a black hole - where the warping of spacetime is so great that nothing can escape... not even light. It gets...

He draws a smaller circle, inside the first.

ROGER PENROSE (CONT'D)  
Smaller, smaller...

An even smaller circle.

ROGER PENROSE (CONT'D)  
The star, in fact, gets denser as atoms--even subatomic particles--get literally crushed, smashed into smaller and smaller space. And at its end point what are we left with?

He draws a point.

ROGER PENROSE (CONT'D)  
A point. A spacetime singularity...

STEPHEN is captivated.

ROGER PENROSE (CONT'D)  
With extraordinary properties! *Infinite* density. Space and time come to a stop. All of the known laws of science--they just stop working.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

If--if--so--If--Einstein is right,  
if--general relativity is correct,  
then the universe is expanding,  
yes? -

JANE

- Alright -

STEPHEN

- which means - that--if you  
reverse time, the universe would  
get smaller and smaller.  
So what if--if I reverse the  
process all the way to see what  
happened at the beginning of Time  
itself? The universe, smaller and  
smaller, denser and denser, hotter  
and hotter as we approach its  
birth. Wind back the clock...

JANE grabs his hands and begins to SWIRL him around.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JANE

Winding back the clock!

STEPHEN

(laughing)

Is that what you're doing?

JANE

That's what I'm doing.

STEPHEN

Well keep winding! You've got quite  
a way to go. Keep winding, Jane!  
Keep winding...back to the  
beginning of Time...Keep winding...

They SPIN faster and faster until they almost trip and only  
save themselves by clasping each other closely...

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(suddenly serious)

...until you get -

**INT. SCIAMA'S OFFICE/DAMTP, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN at the blackboard makes a DOT on the blackboard.

SCIAMA

A singularity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

A spacetime singularity. At the beginning of time.

SCIAMA stares at him. STEPHEN smiles.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

The universe born from a black hole exploding.

SCIAMA

(finally)

Keep going.

STEPHEN

Keep going? You mean go further back, Professor? Before the universe began?

SCIAMA

Keep going. Develop the mathematics.

STEPHEN

I don't know how.

SCIAMA takes the KEY for the RUTHERFORD LAB out of the drawer and hands it to him.

#### **INT. RUTHERFORD LAB LECTURE HALL**

STEPHEN writes, inspired, formula on the famous blackboard. He stops, thinks, continues, then deletes a bit, and writes again, faster, faster, his mind racing, even as his fingers begin to betray him, growing weaker, weaker...

#### **EXT. TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - DAY**

The swirl of CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY life. Dons on bicycles. Purposeful students. Every building looking like a STATELY HOME.

STEPHEN walks quickly and excitedly, with still CHALKY FINGERS, across campus but then suddenly, trips - FALLS - falls hard. His head smashing onto the hard paving stones. His GLASSES fly off his face. He is unconscious immediately.

STUDENTS rush to his aid.

#### **MONTAGE:**

A) X-RAY DEPARTMENT. STEPHEN, his face GRAZED and BRUISED, lies on a tilting bed as X-rays are taken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

B) Blood is taken from his arm.

C) In a PUBLIC WARD, STEPHEN, sitting on the edge of a bed in a HOSPITAL SMOCK, turns and looks at a SICK YOUNG MAN in the next bed, who looks GRAVELY ILL.

D) Dexterity Test - Stephen struggles to bring his little finger to meet his thumb. Stephen, lying down, as the doctor violently jerks his knee up. Stephen lying prone in foetal position as a doctor performs a lumbar puncture and extracts fluid from his spine.

STEPHEN

What is it? What's wrong with me?

E) STEPHEN lies in the PUBLIC WARD while the SICK YOUNG MAN in the next bed is discovered DEAD. Nurses rush the SICK YOUNG MAN away, as STEPHEN watches. He is very moved by this.

**F) INT. WARD/ HOSPITAL - DAY**

The DOCTOR is dismissive and unsentimental.

SENIOR DOCTOR

It's called motor neuron disease.

STEPHEN

What's that?

The DOCTOR, despite his unsentimental nature, draws a deep breath. This is not the speech he wants to make...

SENIOR DOCTOR

It's a progressive neurological disorder that destroys the cells in the brain that control essential muscle activity such as speaking, walking--breathing--swallowing. The signals that muscles must receive in order to move are disrupted, cut off. The result is--gradual muscle decay, a wasting away. Eventually, the ability to control voluntary movement is--lost--entirely.

SHOCK sets in as STEPHEN watches other patients taking EXERCISE, stretching - walking.

STEPHEN

Is--is--is there a cure? Some--?

Is--can you--?

SENIOR DOCTOR

Improvement should not be expected.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SENIOR DOCTOR (CONT'D)

*(pause)*

I'm afraid average life expectancy is two years.

STEPHEN is rocked to the core by this news -

SENIOR DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There's nothing I can do for you, I'm terribly sorry.

Silence. The SENIOR DOCTOR rises to go -

STEPHEN

Wait! What about--what about the brain?

SENIOR DOCTOR

The brain isn't affected. Your thoughts won't change--it's just-

STEPHEN

What?

SENIOR DOCTOR

Eventually--no-one will know what they are.

*(beat)*

Ever so sorry.

The DOCTOR walks away.

REACTION: STEPHEN, devastated. Frozen. People walk past him and he doesn't move, doesn't react.

**INT. BATHROOM, TRINITY HALL - DAY**

WATER drips in SLOW MO from an old TAP.

STEPHEN lies in a bath, in a TRANCE, knees drawn up, hair wet, not moving, in a STATE OF SHOCK, as he stares at the DRIPPING TAP, until -

- his eyes are drawn to his ARM where he sees a weird PHENOMENON - it's called FASCICULATION - a visible throbbing that travels underneath the skin.

**INT. COLLEGE STAIR-WELL - DAY**

BRIAN rushes up the SPIRAL STAIRS, past the "BEDDER" - a woman who looks after the STUDENTS domestic needs.

BRIAN

*(to BEDDER)*

Is he up yet?

**INT. STEPHEN'S DORM ROOM/CAMBRIDGE UNI - DAY (EM60'S)**

Suddenly, a pounding on his door, and then BRIAN enters STEPHEN's room.

WAGNER is playing INCREDIBLY LOUDLY on an old TAPE-DECK. BRIAN shuts it off and looks at -

- STEPHEN, in the corner, in his pyjamas, his MATRESS now on the floor (rather than on the HIGH BUNK as before) legs drawn up, reading a book of CHESS.

BRIAN

"Welcome--to this week's episode of The Natural World, where we explain the extraordinary hibernation patterns of the rare Cambridge Physicist--seen here in his wonderful plumage..."

Silence. BRIAN waits for STEPHEN to speak.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

So? What did they say? Your wrist. What did they say?

STEPHEN

I have a disease, Bri.

BRIAN

*(whispers)*

Is it--venereal, Stephen?

STEPHEN

No. Motor neuron disease. Lou Gehrig's Disease. He was a baseball player.

BRIAN

Motor what? Sorry, I'm lagging behind in my pioneering work on rare automotive and baseball diseases. Come on, let's go to the pub.

BRIAN tries to pull STEPHEN to his feet.

STEPHEN

*(impassively)*

I have two years to live.

*(Pause)*

Sounds strange, doesn't it, when you say it out loud.

BRIAN

What? I--I don't understand. It's not possible! It's ridiculous!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
You were fine a couple of days ago.  
(silence)  
Steve? You're fine. What did they say...?

STEPHEN  
Will you leave me Brian?

BRIAN  
I'm sorry, look, I was just being a berk...I'm so...

The BEDDER knocks and enters.

BEDDER  
Stephen! Phone for you! It's a girl.

BRIAN has no choice. He is badly shaken by the news.

BRIAN  
Right. OK. So--see you soon, yeah?

STEPHEN does his best to smile. Brian exits.

BEDDER  
(to STEPHEN)  
She's waiting.

**INT. HALLWAY, WILDE FAMILY HOME - DAY**

JANE on phone.

JANE  
Stephen? Hi. It's me.  
(CLICK!)  
Stephen?

She holds the DEAD RECEIVER in her hand.

**EXT. TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - DAY**

Through the swirl of UNIVERSITY life comes - JANE WILDE.

**INT. HALLWAY/STEPHEN'S DORM ROOM - DAY**

JANE knocks - gets no answer.

JANE  
STEPHEN?!  
(knocks)  
STEPHEN!

**INT. STEPHEN'S ROOM / OXFORD UNIVERSITY - DAY**

STEPHEN, huddled against the door, refused to answer it.

**EXT. CROQUET LAWN, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE walks past the empty lawn.

**INT. PUB ON THE RIVER, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

Full of undergraduates.

JANE enters, looks around for STEPHEN. Can't see him.

BRIAN, seated with the other YOUNG PHYSICISTS, spots her.

BRIAN

Jane!

JANE comes up the young men.

JANE

Brian--have you seen Stephen?

BRIAN

Jane, have a seat.

JANE sits.

JANE

What is it?

BRIAN

I understand you saw him. You know  
he was in hospital...

JANE nods, as the CAMERA pulls back from the scene, leaving BRIAN (sensitively) to pass the terrible news to JANE.

**INT. COMBINATION ROOM/TRINITY HALL/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE walks in, sees STEPHEN, slumped in an armchair watching TV in the common room.

At a distance, JANE stops, shocked. He looks woebegone, depressed, physically reduced already. She summons up a cheerful demeanor, however, and advances.

JANE

Something educational?

STEPHEN

*(without looking at her)*  
Very.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

John is having an affair with Martha. But Martha is in love with Alan. And I think Alan is homosexual by the look of his shirts. I'm trying to work out the mathematical probability of happiness.

JANE

Are you close?

STEPHEN

It's some integer of zero, but I'm not there yet.

JANE

STEPHEN?

STEPHEN

You just missed him. He was here earlier.

JANE

Don't do this.

STEPHEN

What?

JANE

Cut me off.

STEPHEN

Go.

JANE

Teach me croquet.

*(pause)*

Come on. Teach me.

*(pause)*

What is this?

STEPHEN

I believe you poetry undergraduate types call it..."a slough of despond."

JANE

If you don't get up and play a game with me I won't come back here again. Ever.

Silence. He finally looks at her. ANGRILY he rises. And walks off ahead of her. She watches him.

**EXT. CROQUET LAWN -**

JANE AIMS, STRIKES, hits a FEEBLE SHOT.

STEPHEN

My turn.

STEPHEN AIMS, HITS his BALL through the FIRST HOOP, then walks, as best he can, off toward his BALL, using his MALLET as a WALKING STICK. With his second shot he hits her BALL. He then picks up his BALL, places it beside hers so that it touches, puts his foot on his ball, then smacks his BALL HARD with his MALLET, blasting her ball down to the next hoop.

He proceeds to play a MASTER GAME that will not allow JANE another shot, enlisting her ball to advance his own from HOOP to HOOP, until -

- he knocks his ball and hits the finishing peg.

JANE has been watching all this, her eyes FLOODING WITH TEARS, until she can bear it no longer, and walks up to him and picks up his ball, stopping the game. They stare into each others eyes, until he can bear it no longer and he walks off (as best he can) back to his room.

She watches him, then follows determinedly.

**INT. STEPHEN'S DORM ROOM/CAMBRIDGE UNI - DAY**

He enters ANGRILY, SLAMS the door behind him, then tries to break a CHAIR by throwing it against the wall - just as JANE enters.

STEPHEN

Go away.

More knocks.

JANE (O.S.)

STEPHEN? Let me in. Please.  
Please let me in.

**INT. HALLWAY/STEPHEN'S DORM/CAMBRIDGE UNI - DAY**

STEPHEN (O.S.)

Go away!

JANE

Are you going to talk about this  
or not?

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN

There's nothing to say--  
just...(go)

JANE

Is that what you want?

STEPHEN

That's what I want. I haven't got  
time for you. So - if you care  
about me at all - go.

JANE moves closer and closer to STEPHEN during this whole interchange - almost trapping STEPHEN, who is gallantly trying to resist being taken into her life.

JANE

I can't.

STEPHEN

I've got two years. I need to  
work.

JANE

I can't.

His eyes widen. He can't believe his ears. He looks at her.

JANE (CONT'D)

I think--I've fallen in love with  
you.

He can't speak now. This STUNS him.

JANE (CONT'D)

I know. Strange. Inexplicable.

STEPHEN

You've--you've leapt to--a false  
conclusion...

JANE

My chances are probably -  
(shrugs)  
- well, some "integer of zero",  
but I think we can make a go of  
this. I want us to be together,  
for as long as we've got. And if  
that's not very long then - well,  
that's just how it is. It will  
have to do.

STEPHEN

You don't realise what's coming.  
It'll affect everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She advances, and kisses him on the lips. He is still speechless. She stares into his eyes, with love --

JANE

Your glasses are always dirty.

She takes them off, cleans them on her dress. His heart is exploding with joy and hope. She slips his GLASSES gently back on his nose.

JANE (CONT'D)

There. That's better. Isn't it?

STEPHEN

*(powerfully moved)*

Yes. It is.

**INT. SCIAMA'S OFFICE, DAMTP/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

SCIAMA is giving a TUTORIAL to FOUR UNDERGRADS -

SCIAMA

...the solutions to the Schrodinger equation must vanish at the boundary of the box, so we have...

STEPHEN enters -

STEPHEN

*(cutting him off)*

Time!

SCIAMA

Time. That's your subject? Any aspect of it, in particular?

STEPHEN

Time.

STEPHEN exits.

**INT. KITCHEN - HAWKING FAMILY HOME - NIGHT**

JANE is seated, watching FRANK as he ominously shuts the door.

FRANK HAWKING

You don't realize what lies ahead. His life is going to be very short. So. Be careful. Science is against you. And it's not going to be a fight, Jane. It's going to be a very heavy defeat. For all of us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

I know--I know what you all think.  
That I don't look a terribly strong  
person. But I love him. And he  
loves me. We're going to fight this  
illness--all of us.

**EXT. TRINITY HALL - CAMBRIDGE UNI- DAY**

SUPER-8 FOOTAGE (MONTAGE) of -

- STEPHEN and JANE are married. They pose for their WEDDING PHOTO, STEPHEN in black suit, tie, leaning on a SINGLE WALKING STICK; JANE in white, happy, as -
- FLOWER PETALS drift down on them.

Supered on BLUE sky: "TWO YEARS LATER"

---

**EXT. STEPHEN & JANE'S HOUSE, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

SUPER-8 FOOTAGE (MONTAGE) of -

- a small terrace house - a MINI parked outside.

**INT. DINING ROOM/LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - DAY**

SUPER-8 FOOTAGE (MONTAGE) of -

- a ONE YEAR-OLD BABY (ROBERT) is set into STEPHEN's arms. He is delighted.

**INT. LOUNGE, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - DAY**

STEPHEN SLIDES ON HIS BACK, down the STAIRS, dressed in a SUIT. He laughs at how ridiculous this is.

JANE is there to meet him, to help him to his feet, to straighten his bow-tie. Both look nervous. Tenderly, she touches his face.

JANE

Ready. Good luck. Are you sure I  
can't drive you?

STEPHEN smiles, gently shakes his head. She gives him his TWO WALKING STICKS.

**INT. CAMBRIDGE CLOISTER - DAY**

STEPHEN walks with great difficulty up the hallway, using (for the first time) TWO WALKING STICKS.

**INT. HALLWAY, DAMTP - DAY**

STEPHEN stops outside SCIAMA's office. Knocks with a stick.

**INT. SEMINAR ROOM, TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

SCIAMA and ROGER PENROSE and an American, KIP THORNE, face STEPHEN.

SCIAMA  
Come in Stephen.

STEPHEN makes his way slowly, laboriously, to stand in front of the three examiners.

SCIAMA (CONT'D)  
How are you?

STEPHEN  
(*his speech has worsened*)  
Fine.

SCIAMA  
Would you like to sit down?

STEPHEN  
No thankyou.

SCIAMA  
So. Chapters One--full of holes and lacks mathematical support.  
(*to KIP THORNE*)  
Professor Thorne?

KIP THORNE  
Chapter Two--not really original-- uses a lot of Roger's ideas.

PENROSE  
Well at least you run with them. Chapter Three? Too many unanswered questions.

SCIAMA  
But Four?

Silence. STEPHEN waits, as the PANEL turn the pages of his thesis. STEPHEN grows WORRIED.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCIAMA (CONT'D)

A black hole at the beginning of  
Time.

KIP THORNE

A spacetime singularity?

SCIAMA and PENROSE and KIP THORNE look at each other. STEPHEN  
can't breath for the tension.

SCIAMA

Brilliant. It's brilliant Stephen.  
So all that remains to be said  
is...well done. Or should I say,  
well done Doctor. And extraordinary  
theory.

STEPHEN

Thankyou.

STEPHEN sighs with RELIEF, and smiles.

SCIAMA

So, what now?

STEPHEN

Prove it. Prove...with a single  
equation, that Time has a  
beginning. Wouldn't that be nice  
Professor? One single elegant  
equation to explain everything?

SCIAMA

Yes. It would. It would indeed.

**INT. LOUNGE, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - EVENING**

CHAMPAGNE is OPENED and Poured.

A celebrational dinner party, attended by JANE, BRIAN, ELLIS,  
REES, CARTER and two of their GIRLFRIENDS. JANE rises to give  
a TOAST.

JANE

To Doctor-

BRIAN

-Who?

Over laughter -

JANE

To Doctor Stephen Hawking.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN holds forth on a funny story about him and Stephen, as he uncorks a bottle of wine -

BRIAN

What's astonishing is that for Stephen and I, "work" was the worst four-letter word, the worst.

*(laughter)*

Stephen probably averaged, what was it?--an hour a day your entire university career?

*(laughter)*

Unbelievable levels of sloth!

As the conversation turns into a HUBBUB of chatter, STEPHEN, smiling, drops his FORK. JANE, in conversation now with one of the GIRLFRIENDS, picks up the fork without barely looking at STEPHEN and put it back in front of him.

STEPHEN watches everybody talking, eating, drinking, being wonderfully, effortlessly dextrous. FRUSTRATED, ENVIOUS, and saddened, STEPHEN watches closely then, before emotion breaks through, rises, grabs his TWO WALKING STICKS and starts to leave.

JANE

*(concerned)*

Stephen?

STEPHEN

I'm sorry.

Everyone watches him go with concern. It's a painful sight to see how hard it is for him to walk now.

When he is gone only a few seconds, the guests stop their chatter when they hear a huge THUMP. Several men are about to rise to his aid when JANE signals for everyone to remain in their place. Everyone understands and settles again.

**INT. HALL, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - EVENING**

STEPHEN tries to pull himself up the stairs by the spokes of the balustrade. It takes him many seconds just to get up the first stairs but we see his determination.

**INT. LOUNGE, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - EVENING**

The DINNER guests are now eating DESSERT, and talking quietly.



**INT. HALL, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - NIGHT**

STEPHEN is only halfway up the STAIRS, using his last heroic energies. Finally, he STOPS, EXHAUSTED. Hearing something, he looks up -

The TWO YEAR-OLD ROBERT has woken, and stands in his pajamas at the BABY-GATE at the top of the stairs, looking down at his father.

STEPHEN  
It's okay Robert.

For the first time - with his head resting on the step, and with his eyes turning back to look through the balusters at the REFLECTION in a DINING ROOM mirror of the dinner party (his POV: tilted at 90 degrees) TEARS fall out of his eyes. A PRIVATE MOMENT of great despair.

FADE TO BLACK.

**INT. KITCHEN, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - DAY**

JANE and STEPHEN sip tea. Holding a cup is extremely difficult for him. A new tension exists between them. She watches him.

Finally - she gets up, goes into the kitchen and then returns with...

A WHEELCHAIR. She sets it before him. He stares at it. Is this his future? Is it an aid, or an enemy? She returns to the kitchen to wash some dishes while he stares at the chair...eventually rising, turning, poising above it, and then falling with a CRASH into it.

JANE comes back to his side, realising the momentousness of this moment.

STEPHEN  
This--is--temporary.

JANE  
Of course.

**INT. DINING ROOM, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - NIGHT**

JANE comes down the stairs, in her NIGHTIE, dressed for bed, carrying pillows.

The MASTER BED now is erected in the little DINING ROOM, and STEPHEN is propped up in it, smiling, waiting...(STEPHEN can no longer manage the stair-climb.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN  
Well, it's convenient for  
breakfast!

She puts an extra pillow behind him, then they look into each other's faces.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

JANE  
(playfully)  
Excuse me, did you say something?

STEPHEN  
I said--thankyou.

They smile at each other. They kiss...

**INT. POST-NATAL WARD - DAY**

A NEW-BORN BABY is put into STEPHEN'S LAP for him to hold.

**INT. DINING ROOM, LITTLE ST MARY'S LANE - NIGHT**

The NEW BABY'S CRIES carry (from UPSTAIRS) as JANE helps STEPHEN on with his PYJAMA TOP. She struggles to pull it down over his head when the BABY'S cries grow too urgent.

STEPHEN  
Go Jane.

JANE  
One second.

JANE runs out to go to the baby, runs up the stairs.

STEPHEN struggles to pull on the PYJAMA himself.

CUT TO:

INSIDE HIS PYJAMA. It's dark. STEPHEN, helpless. His eyes are wide open, looking through the grain in the fabric at the OPEN FIRE, burning in the FIREPLACE.

STEPHEN  
JANE?

Silence. He waits...

The pin points of fire-light through the fabric, SLOWLY MORPH into STARS and a NIGHT SKY. This is what STEPHEN is visualizing. We see what he sees --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The LIFE OF THE UNIVERSE IN REVERSE...STARS being pulled back together, toward a single POINT, a SINGULARITY. As the SINGULARITY takes SHAPE, a DARK CIRCLE FORMS AROUND IT, rimmed by a GLOWING CIRCULAR HORIZON.

FINALLY - A BLACK HOLE has FORMED. A POINT IN SPACE, GOBBLING STARS, ILLUMINATED ONLY AT ITS EDGES (EVENT HORIZON) BY AN AMBIENT GLOW - A RING of LIGHT.

The REVERIE ends as JANE eases the PYJAMA down over his head, returning STEPHEN back into the real world. He stares at his wife, AWESTRUCK.

JANE  
Are you alright?

STEPHEN  
(*breathless, stunned*)  
I've got an idea. I've got an idea  
Jane!

**INT. DAMTP, STAIRS/TUTORIAL ROOM - DAY**

SCIAMA runs, in great excitement, past KIP THORNE.

SCIAMA  
Kip! He's done it, Kip! He's -

KIP THORNE  
What is it?

SCIAMA  
Stephen! He's changed everything!

SCIAMA runs on, informing a mopping JANITOR -

SCIAMA (CONT'D)  
(*to JANITOR*)  
Black Holes aren't black! And  
they explode!  
(*running off*)  
They explode!!...

REACTION: KIP THORNE, confusion.

**INT. LOBBY, RUTHERFORD LAB - DAY**

STEPHEN is about to present his ideas to the conference. He is SURROUNDED by his PEERS.

SCIAMA  
All set?

STEPHEN nods - nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCIAMA (CONT'D)

You'll do fine.

AT A DISTANCE - at a TEA TABLE - excluded, and looking EXHAUSTED after a LONG NIGHT - JANE sits near TWO CLEANERS IN WHITE, and overhears the female gossip about STEPHEN'S condition.

CHAR 1

Look at him. It's awful, in't it?  
He's falling apart at the seams.

JANE reacts, says nothing but bites her lips and frowns indignantly, as the CLEANERS walk away.

JANE then approaches STEPHEN, nervously. But when he looks up at her, his EYES are BLAZING WITH LIGHT and passion - this pulls her out of her SADNESS.

JANE

*(lovingly)*

Good luck!

He SMILES back at her, as the ENTRY DOORS to the HALL open, and REVEAL a PACKED EXPECTANT ROOM. It's daunting!

SCIAMA

Ready or not.

SCIAMA PUSHES STEPHEN into the HALL, as -

- JANE hurries to gather STEPHEN'S NOTES, his WATER-BOTTLE, his BLANKET and her HANDBAG, only just slipping through the CLOSING DOORS.

**INT. LECTURE HALL/RUTHERFORD LAB/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

Before his peers, STEPHEN finishes his address. SCIAMA sits with JOHN TAYLOR in the front row. JANE sits toward the BACK.

STEPHEN

*(slurring slightly)*

...allowing us to predict that some particles can in fact escape a black hole. Black holes aren't black at all, but glow with heat radiation.

Stony, sceptical faces greet this outrageous idea. As STEPHEN continues his speech, ANGLE ON SCIAMA and TAYLOR.

SCIAMA

*(aside, to TAYLOR)*

He's unifying Relativity--plus Quantum Mechanics and Thermodynamics. For the first time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN TAYLOR  
*(shakes head, to SCIAMA)*  
 Thermodynamics? Last used to  
 describe the steam engine.

During this exchange (O.S) STEPHEN has been saying:

STEPHEN  
 In other words--the steady emission  
 of heat energy causes black holes  
 to slowly lose mass, they  
evaporate, eventually disappearing  
 in a spectacular explosion. So...

**INTERCUT THIS LECTURE SCENE (as necessary) with the FOLLOWING SCENE:**

**INT. PUB ON RIVER, CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

BRIAN and REES, CARTER and ELLIS discuss STEPHEN's theory.

BRIAN  
 No, no! What he's saying is--just as  
 a hot body loses heat--right? -

REES  
 Second law of thermodynamics.

BRIAN  
 - that a black hole -

BRIAN dips a finger in the FROTH of REES's BEER and draws a CIRCLE on the TABLETOP.

REES  
 - thanks -

BRIAN  
 - that if it is losing particles,  
 then, then over time -

**INT. LECTURE HALL/RUTHERFORD LAB/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN  
 - it must eventually disappear.

No applause at all as STEPHEN shuffles his notes. JANE looks nervous. SCIAMA also. The general reaction is guarded.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
 First a star vanishes into a black  
 hole, but then the black hole must  
 itself--vanish.

**INT. PUB ON RIVER - CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

BRIAN

Gone! From nothing--into nothing.

REES

You owe me another beer.

CARTER

Me too.

BRIAN

He's just told us that -  
(*eating REES's CRISPS*)  
- Time! Had a beginning! He shown  
us how -

ELLIS

(*getting it*)  
- the universe was born *and* how it  
will end.

REES

Bang.

BRIAN crushes the precious bag of crisps.

BRIAN

Crunch!  
(*entraptured*)  
It's beautiful! It's racy! It's  
totally, totally -

SMASHCUT TO:

**INT. LECTURE HALL/RUTHERFORD LAB/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

CLOSE ON: The stoney faces of the ACADEMIC AUDIENCE, all silent and unconvinced.

STEPHEN on stage - looks at these blank faces.

JANE and SCIAMA appear as nervous as JOHN TAYLOR, who rises then to his feet...

JOHN TAYLOR

I'm afraid--this is complete  
nonsense. It's preposterous.

TAYLOR drags a fellow colleague to his feet and WALKS OUT.

STEPHEN

Was it something I said?

SCIAMA rises to his feet, to defend STEPHEN -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCIAMA

I -

But then a BIG VOICE booms out - and stops TAYLOR and co in their tracks.

KHALATNIKOV

STOP! Please.

KHALATNIKOV makes his way to the STAGE, stopping beside STEPHEN. He addresses the audience gravely...

KHALATNIKOV (CONT'D)

My name--is Professor Khalatnikov, from Soviet Academy of Sciences. My field is evolution of the hot universe--the properties of microwave background radiation, and theory of the black holes. To be honest, I came here today *expecting* to hear a lot of nonsense. I go home disappointed.

*(pause, points)*

The little one here, has done it.

*(he smiles)*

He has done it!

Applause finally begins, small, then grows large.

KHALATNIKOV (CONT'D)

HE!- HAS DONE IT! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ya  
Ya! He has done it! *(Shakes  
Stephen's hand.)* He has done it!

REACTION JANE: Relief.

REACTION STEPHEN: the famous grin appearing, as -

STEPHEN is swamped by WELL-WISHERS. The AUDITORIUM empties on to the stage, where STEPHEN is SURROUNDED.

ANGLE ON: JANE, alone suddenly in the AUDITORIUM, trying to see STEPHEN, as he is borne out of the room on a tide of fame.

### **EXT. CAMBRIDGE STREETS - NIGHT**

STEPHEN is being pushed by BRIAN over the cobbled streets while REES, CARTER and ELLIS cavort around them. They are in a PARTY/CELEBRATORY MOOD, singing as they go. GREAT FUN.

CUT TO:

At the base of a large flight of STEPS, the YOUNG PHYSICISTS all RACE EACH OTHER up the STEPS and disappear. BRIAN is left alone with STEPHEN and the WHEELCHAIR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRIAN  
BASTARDS!

BRIAN lifts STEPHEN out of his chair. He's heavy.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
Jeez!--uhhhh!--how the hell does  
Jane manage?

He starts to carry STEPHEN up...up...up...

STEPHEN  
Big legs! Big legs Brian!

BRIAN  
So, tell me, this Motor Neuron  
Disease, does it effect, y'know...

STEPHEN  
What?

BRIAN  
Everything..?

BRIAN indicates 'down there'.

STEPHEN  
Different system. Automatic.

BRIAN  
That's kinda wonderful, actually.  
And it explains a great deal about  
men.

BRIAN and STEPHEN then disappears over the top of the STEPS.  
After a few beats BRIAN reappears and runs down the steps to  
reclaim the wheelchair. He picks it up and starts up the  
steps with it.

CUT TO:

STEPHEN, cradled in the giant arms of a seated MARBLE  
STATUE!!! (maybe Queen Victoria) - cradled like a baby,  
waiting for BRIAN to return.

**INT. UNIVERSITY BOOKSHOP - DAY**

The SHELVES are being restocked. The latest issue of "**NATURE**"  
MAGAZINE is set on the stand by a STOCKIST. The COVER reads:

**"HAWKING RADIATION"**

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**EXT. WEST ROAD FLAT, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

CLOSE ON: STEPHEN. Waiting in his WHEELCHAIR on the front LAWN. About 8 YEARS have passed since we last saw him. His physical deterioration is marked. His body is thinner and powerless. His legs are bent and his face is slightly asymmetric.

WIDE: Beside him is STACKED a mountain of FAMILY HOLIDAY LUGGAGE (umbrellas, beach balls, plastic cricket set, tent etc.)

In the Background, the NEW WEST ROAD FLAT - a LARGE VICTORIAN HOUSE. The sign in front reads "*GONVILLE and CAIUS COLLEGE*".

On the LAWN the children (ROBERT, now 9 - and LUCY, now 5) PLAY with BEACH TOYS, until -

- JANE (with a new haircut and fashion befitting the LATE 1970's) yells -

JANE

Get in the car! Get! In! The Car!  
Come on! Let's go see Gran and  
Grandad!

The CHILDREN obey, and jump into the now OLD MINI parked at the kerb, as -

- JANE confronts the MOUNTAIN OF STUFF, including STEPHEN, that must somehow be stowed. No way.

LATER - back and forth JANE goes between LUGGAGE and MINI. STEPHEN can only watch her load the stuff into the car and onto the ROOF-RACK. Finally - REVEAL the LOADED MINI - it looks ridiculously burdened!

JANE takes a deep, exhausted, breath, then turns back for STEPHEN. He sits there in his wheelchair, looking at her...

ROBERT and JANE together, with GREAT DIFFICULTY, get STEPHEN into the front seat and shut the door. ROBERT struggles to COLLAPSE the WHEELCHAIR, until JANE comes and together they muscle it onto the ROOF-RACK.

**EXT. WELSH COTTAGE - WALES - DAY**

FRANK & ISOBEL HAWKING's tumble-down WELSH COTTAGE high above on a STEEP HILLSIDE, only reached by an ENORMOUS FLIGHT of STEPS.

REACTION JANE: Exasperation!

ISOBEL descends to greet them, followed by FRANK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISOBEL

Isn't it marvellous? We can rent it every year!

JANE

Yes. I see. But what about all the steps, Frank?

FRANK HAWKING

Oh, it's nothing. The climb is absolutely worth it. You get the luggage.

FRANK backs STEPHEN (in his wheelchair) up the STEPS, one at a time, while ISOBEL runs up ahead with the CHILDREN, leaving JANE, alone, with ALL THE LUGGAGE.

REACTION, JANE: Speechless in defeat, she sighs deeply. Finally, she slowly starts to unload the MINI.

**EXT. PATIO - WELSH COTTAGE - DAY**

TEA and CAKES al fresco. The CHILDREN play CHARADES. FRANK is feeding STPHEN, but his attention is on...ROBERT, whose turn it is...ROBERT acts being cold, that it's snowing...

FRANK HAWKING

Oh--Rain?--Falling?--Rain Falling  
Down?--Shivering?--Uhhhrrrrr---

ISOBEL

Very cold...

STEPHEN suffers an horrendous CHOKING FIT, which cannot be staunched. STEPHEN's parents, and little ROBERT watch in horror, as JANE tries in vain to subdue it, banging his back roughly, loosening his tie.

JANE

He needs to see a doctor. This keeps happening!

STEPHEN

No doctors!

FRANK HAWKING

Very well, no doctors.

JANE, stressed, looks ready to break-down, and turns away, hiding her frailty, a little angry also at the lack of support.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY**

JANE walks slowly along path to the WOOD and sits down on a STONE. Head in hands. She WEEPS.

**INT. MINI - TRAVELLING - DAY**

JANE is driving them home.

JANE

I need help.  
I keep--I keep looking for a way--  
to make this work--but I can't find  
it.

STEPHEN

*(forcefully, but with a  
slurred voice)*  
We're fine--we're just a normal  
family.

JANE

*(upset)*  
WE'RE NOT A NORMAL FAMILY!!! We're  
not a normal family.

STEPHEN

*(turns to ROBERT)*  
Robert--your mother's very angry at  
me.  
*(smiles)*

JANE

*(tearful)*  
Thanks.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - WEST ROAD FLAT/ CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

A worried JANE cradles and soothes STEPHEN to sleep.

**INT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN in his old wheelchair is pushed from the KITCHEN by JANE up to the doors to the LIVING ROOM. She has a surprise for him.

JANE

Ready?

The doors then burst open and it's ROBERT and LUCY aboard- **AN ELECTRIC MOTORIZED WHEELCHAIR.**

ROBERT

Surprise! Look Daddy Look!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN stares as ROBERT makes the CHAIR turn by pulling and pushing a toggle.

JANE

It's an electric wheelchair.  
We can take it back--if you don't  
like it.

STEPHEN stares at it, unsure at first...

**INT. KITCHEN - WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

While making dinner, JANE hears happy screams from the other end of the house. She goes through to discover --

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

STEPHEN, in his motorized wheelchair, chasing ROBERT and LUCY from room to room at full speed! He looks extremely thrilled with the chair as he smashes into furniture.

JANE, at the table, trying to work on her THESIS, tries to smile. STEPHEN motors away, chasing the squealing children. JANE WINCES as she hears - the sound (O.S.) of a SMASHING VASE.

**EXT. TRINITY LANE FOOT-BRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN happily MOTORS at speed over the FOOT-BRIDGE, grinning.

**INT. CORRIDOR, DAMTP, CAMBRIDGE UNI - DAY (L70-M80'S)**

STEPHEN is motoring along with SCIAMA. CAMBRIDGE DONS and STUDENTS step aside to make way.

SCIAMA

I don't get it. You've spent years assuming Black Holes exist--you believe Cygnus X-1 will turn out to be the first black hole we can actually observe==and yet you bet Kip Thorne that it isn't a black hole?

STEPHEN

(*slurring*)  
Yes, a magazine subscription.

SCIAMA

Why would you bet against yourself?  
(*Pause*)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SCIAMA (CONT'D)

A subscription to what? Nature magazine?

STEPHEN

Pent-house. That way even if I'm wrong, I still win!

SCIAMA laughs heartily as -

- STEPHEN grins, at the same time SPYING - up ahead, TWO ATTRACTIVE UNDER-GRADUATE GIRLS about to enter the LIFT.

STEPHEN hits the GAS! - and SPEEDS toward the LIFT...

SCIAMA

Penthouse?

STEPHEN SPEEDS toward the LIFT, whose DOORS ARE READY TO CLOSE.

SCIAMA winces in expectation of a horrible accident.

WIDE: it looks suicidal but the chair just flies through the GAP in the last split second before the DOORS CLOSE - the doors shaving the wheels, with a small spark.

**INT. LIFT, DAMTP, G&C COLLEGE - DAY**

STEPHEN, in there with the TWO UNDERGRADUATE GIRLS, SMILES at them.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE picks up pieces of a BROKEN POTTED PLANT, dirt spilled over the carpet, then violently VACUUMS as BERYL comes in with a tea-tray.

BERYL

Jane--Jane? Jane? Jane! STOP!

JANE keeps VACUUMING. BERYL pulls the PLUG on the VACUUM CLEANER. JANE stares at her Mum.

BERYL (CONT'D)

Sit down. Sit.

BERYL pours TEA for the exhausted JANE. JANE sits.

BERYL (CONT'D)

Now--I'd like to make a suggestion-- it might sound unusual--but I've seen it work wonders.

I think--you should consider -

(beat)

- joining the church choir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REACTION JANE: Momentarily SPEECHLESS -

JANE  
Mum--I think that is possibly the most English thing anyone has ever said.

BERYL  
Maybe so.

JANE  
I used to love singing.

BERYL  
You're very good at it.

JANE  
I don't know about that.

BERYL  
Go. *(pause)* It's one hour a week.

They sip tea in silence.

**INT. CHURCH - EVENING (LATE 70'S-M80'S)**

JANE walks in - and up the AISLE - as we hear CHORAL MUSIC.

JANE takes a pew, and then her eyes widen slightly as she recognizes the CHOIR MASTER. It's the BEARDED MAN from the supermarket car-park. She studies him, as he gently instructs and then conducts the CHOIR.

CUT TO:

After the rehearsal, the CHOIR file past JANE. JONATHAN recognizes her at once.

JONATHAN  
Oh, hello.

JANE  
Hello.

JONATHAN  
Are you here to sing?

JANE  
I um--I just came to--

JONATHAN  
Soprano? Soprano.

JANE  
I wish.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHAN

Mezzo?

JANE

(pointing downwards)

Alto.

JONATHAN

Well--Just what we need.

(to last departing  
chorister)

'Bye, Kate.

(to JANE)

Where have you been hiding?

JANE

Good question.

JONATHAN

Well, you're here now. And just in time.

JANE

(smiles)

Am I?

JONATHAN

Yes. So tell me.

(squints, thinking)

Chopin! Yes? Your repertoire.

JANE

I wouldn't call it a repertoire.

Brahms--I know a little-

JONATHAN

Brahms! Wonderful. Perfect. We -

JONATHAN gets an idea, he moves then stops...

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Which...?

JANE

Well, I have sung--"*Immer leiser*."

JONATHAN

Ah! "*My sleep grows evermore peaceful*." Come on. Follow me. Come on. Let me hear you. Come on.

He sets off up to the front of the church. She turns, smiling, as he WAVES for her to follow him. She follows.

**INT. FRONT AREA, CHURCH - EVENING**

At the front of the church she sees that he is already sitting at the piano. Without sheet music he begins to play "*Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer*"...

JONATHAN  
(over the music)  
Jonathan. Jonathan Hellyer Jones.

She gingerly approaches.

JANE  
Jane. Jane Hawking.

JONATHAN  
In C-sharp minor? The introduction,  
so lovely. From the top?

JANE  
Now?

JONATHAN  
"Living on the edge."  
(smiles)  
Ready?  
(beat)  
If you're not in the mood we could  
absolutely forget -

JANE  
No, no. No, no. Just let me  
remember the lyrics. In English.

JONATHAN  
Fabulous.

JANE  
Okay.

JONATHAN  
Okay?  
(beat)  
Two, three...

JANE  
(sings)  
*My sleep grows ever quieter  
only my grief, like a veil,  
lies trembling over me.  
I often hear you in my dreams  
calling outside my door...(etc)*



**EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

JANE and JONATHAN emerge from the church - JONATHAN locks the doors.

JONATHAN

Actually, no, I go for the Gospel of St. Mark.

JANE

None of that wishy-washy do-gooder stuff--Matthew, Luke.

JONATHAN

Exactly. With Mark you roll up your sleeves and get stuck in. No standing on the sidelines.

They shake hands. JANE stares into his face - realizing she has found a friend.

JANE

Well I should be going.

JONATHAN

Well met. Oh, and if your daughter would like those piano lessons.

JANE

Absolutely. My husband loves music too.

JONATHAN

I could teach him as well.

JANE

Well, that's a long story. 'Night.

**EXT. WEST ROAD FLAT, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN motors down the street, fast, and swings up the ramp in front of the door. He BANGS into the front door.

Then waits. He hears PIANO music - a lesson in progress.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

As STEPHEN and JANE watch - JONATHAN gives ROBERT (11) a piano lesson.

JANE smiles at STEPHEN, who remains cautious.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

JONATHAN is eating dinner with JANE and STEPHEN. JANE feeds STEPHEN a forkful of food. STEPHEN chews slowly.

STEPHEN sneaks glances at JONATHAN.

JONATHAN shoots a SMILE at JANE. She smiles back in return. STEPHEN catches sight of both these smiles, and sees the GROWING INTIMACY.

JANE

Water.

She exits. JONATHAN smiles at STEPHEN who is staring back at him.

JONATHAN

(to STEPHEN)

So - Stephen. Er - Jane tells me...

JONATHAN picks up STEPHEN's fork, spears a cube of steak.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

...you have a beautiful theorem that proves that...

JONATHAN offers up the steak, but STEPHEN's glare makes him aware this isn't welcome. He lowers the fork again.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

...that--that the universe had a beginning?

JANE returns with the a JUG OF WATER and GLASSES on a TRAY.

STEPHEN

(testily, his slurring  
not easily understood)

That was my - PhD thesis.

JONATHAN looks to JANE for a translation.

JONATHAN

Your...?

JANE

PhD thesis.

STEPHEN

My new project - disproves it.

JONATHAN

Disproves it? Really?

(as JANE nods)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

You no longer believe in the  
Creation?

STEPHEN

What one believes -  
- is irrelevant--in physics.

JANE

...is irrelevant

JONATHAN

...is irrelevant

JANE

...in physics.

JONATHAN looks to JANE, hoping he has not caused offence.

JONATHAN

Oh, is that so?

JANE

*(annoyance showing)*

Stephen's done a U-turn. The big  
new idea is that the universe has  
no boundaries at all. No  
boundaries, no beginning. No  
beginning -

JONATHAN

- no God? Really?

*(to STEPHEN)*

Fascinating. Because I'd  
understood you'd proven the need  
for a Creator. My mistake.

STEPHEN

No. Mine.

JONATHAN

*(understanding this)*

Yours. Your mistake?

JONATHAN is surprised by this sharp reply. (He also sees that this matter is a CAUSE OF DIVISION between JANE and STEPHEN.)

JANE

Stephen is looking for a single  
law that governs all the forces  
in the universe. So God must die.

JONATHAN

Why must God die? I don't see.

STEPHEN doesn't react, so JANE spears a PEA on her FORK, then picks up a SECOND FORK and spears a LARGE BOILED POTATO with the other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

The two great pillars of physics  
are -

(*the PEA*)

- Quantum Theory, the laws that  
govern the very small--electrons,  
particles so on--and General  
Relativity...

JONATHAN

Oh, yes - Einstein.

JANE

...Einstein's theory.

(*the POTATO*)

Which governs the very large,  
planets and such--but Quantum -

(*raises the PEA*)

and -

(*raises the POTATO*)

Relativity...

JONATHAN

They're--different?

JANE

They don't remotely play by the  
same rules. Peas are chaotic, and  
don't behave predictably at all -

With her 'pea' fork she stirs some more peas on her plate -  
creates 'chaos'.

JONATHAN

Unlike--potatoes -

JANE

Which you can set your watch by.

STEPHEN

(*smiling*)

Very good.

Even STEPHEN has begun to begrudgingly enjoy this, even as  
he starts COUGHING.

JANE gets up and goes to pat STEPHEN's back over the  
following:

JANE

If the world were all potatoes,  
easy--you could trace a precise  
beginning, as Stephen once did, a  
moment of Creation. Hallelujah,  
God lives.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JANE (CONT'D)

But if you want to incorporate  
peas into the menu, which Stephen  
now wants to do, then it all goes  
-

STEPHEN

Tits up.

JONATHAN looks to JANE for translation again -

JANE

Tits up. Haywire. Becomes a  
Godless mess.

JONATHAN

Oh, dear.

JANE

Einstein hated peas, Quantum  
Theory. "God doesn't play dice  
with the universe", he said.

STEPHEN

Seems he not only plays dice -

JANE

Seems he not only plays dice -

STEPHEN

- he throws them - where we can't  
find them.

*(smiles)*

JANE

- he throws them -

JONATHAN

- where we can't find them. How  
inconvenient!

JANE

Stephen's swapped his telescope  
*(un-spears the spud)*

- for a microscope.

*(eats the pea)*

Order for chaos--hoping to find a  
law to cover both.

JONATHAN, impressed, looks at STEPHEN.

JONATHAN

Looking for "the world in a grain  
of sand."

JANE

God is back on the endangered  
species list.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JONATHAN  
I expect he'll cope.

STEPHEN  
But physics--is back in business.

JANE  
Physics is back in business.  
Stephen thinks it a fair  
exchange.

STEPHEN  
*(to JANE)*  
It's the final--challenge. We'll  
know everything.

JONATHAN  
The final challenge?

JANE  
*(to JONATHAN, ignoring  
STEPHEN)*  
More wine?

JONATHAN declines, troubled by the tension between the  
couple.

JONATHAN  
No, thank you.

JANE  
*(resigned)*  
We'll know everything.

**EXT. GARDEN/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

Under a STARRY sky - JONATHAN helps STEPHEN sip his coffee.  
STEPHEN accepts this now.

JONATHAN  
It was leukaemia. Coming up on a  
year ago. She fought it, I nursed  
her, but in the end... Music is my  
salvation. Teaching and playing.  
I've struggled with loneliness, of  
course. Tyranny of the empty room,  
all that. Music is a consolation,  
although my career... Well, I'm not  
very ambitious.  
*(smiles)*  
Is that a sin?

STEPHEN  
Wrong guy to ask.

**INT. HALLWAY, WEST ROAD FLAT, CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

JONATHAN puts on his JACKET to go - JANE and STEPHEN see him off.

JANE

Thank you for coming.

JONATHAN

No. Thank you. It was wonderful.

*(starts to go, then stops)*

And if--if there was anything I can do. To be of service. To you, your family. I have no children, no commitments. If I could help you, I believe I would find a purpose that would alleviate my own situation. It would be a privilege.

STEPHEN looks to JANE for her reaction. JANE senses EMOTIONAL DANGER and, frightened, merely smiles.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Night then.

He exits. JANE shuts the door.

**INT. MASTER BED./WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

JANE puts PILLOWS behind STEPHEN, who now sleeps almost upright in bed. She then takes off her BATHROBE and gets into bed herself.

STEPHEN

I understand you need more help. And if there is - someone - who is prepared to offer it - I won't object, as long - as long as you continue to love me.

JANE

Of course. For infinity.

Beside him in bed, she kisses his cheek and then lays her head on his frail chest.

MUSIC UP: BACH PRELUDE, as played by JONATHAN on PIANO, over -

**MONTAGE:**

A) (MOVED TO: POSITION "G" in MONTAGE)

A1) The CAM RIVER. A PUNT on a SUNNY DAY drifts under the BRIDGE OF SIGHS - in the front of the PUNT, JANE cradles STEPHEN and ROBERT and LUCY. JANE smiles at -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

- JONATHAN, who is POLING them. He smiles back at her.

B) HAWKING FRONT ROOM. JONATHAN plays the BACH PRELUDE divinely on JANE's PIANO, as - JANE, BESIDE HIM on the piano stool, turns the pages. STEPHEN watches without jealousy and with enjoyment.

C) HAWKING BATHROOM. JONATHAN takes STEPHEN to the TOILET.

D) When JONATHAN and JANE pass each other in the KITCHEN, and JONATHAN quite naturally takes her hand. JANE, surprised, looks at him. He SMILES at her. Their FIRST TOUCH!

We can see that the temptation to act further on their feelings is now HUGE for both of them, but they do nothing. JANE forces herself to break away, hurries into the next room to be with STEPHEN, the kids and a train set. JONATHAN is left to deal with his feelings. He sighs, sublimates them, then returns to his domestics.

E) BRANCASTER BEACH. *SUPER-8 FOOTAGE* of their day at the beach...

STEPHEN's wheelchair sits on the sand at the water's edge, his trousers rolled up, water lapping his naked feet. STEPHEN helplessly watches from his wheelchair as JONATHAN engages in some playful rough and tumble with ROBERT and LUCY, kicking a FOOTBALL back and forth. JANE watches on.

JONATHAN cradles STEPHEN as they sit there and look out to sea, both men carefree and happy, STEPHEN accepting of JONATHAN's care now. They appear as FRIENDS now.

#### **INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

The CHOIR sings a beautiful CAROL. The CAMERA finds JANE - singing nervously - the only SINGER NOT LOOKING at JONATHAN - her eyes are glued on her hymn sheet. In DENIAL.

CUT TO:

After the Rehearsal, the CHOIR leaves. JANE and JONATHAN clear up the hymn sheets. She passes her pile to him. He puts his hand on hers. She withdraws her hand.

JANE

I have to tell you something.

JONATHAN

Is anything the matter?

She looks at him for the first time that evening -

JANE

I'm um--I'm pregnant.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JONATHAN

Oh.

*(wounded)*

I see. I presumed--stupid really--  
that you and Stephen...

*(courageously)*

Well, then...

*(awkwardly)*

Congratulations are in order.

JANE

Does it make a difference?

JONATHAN

*(nobly)*

Of course not.

He takes her by the arm, and leads her out of the church.

**EXT. GARDEN - WEST ROAD FLAT - CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

Everyone is gathered for the CHRISTENING PARTY - STEPHEN, JANE, their PARENTS, ROBERT, LUCY. BRIAN takes PHOTOS of EVERYONE.

JANE places the new BABY (TIMOTHY) into STEPHEN's LAP (and carefully holds TIM there as STEPHEN can no longer hold a baby) as -

- JONATHAN takes a PHOTO of the MOMENT.

ANGLE ON: FRANK HAWKING, scowling at JONATHAN.

**EXT. GARDEN - WEST ROAD FLAT - CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

LATER. As the party continues, FRANK sits with STEPHEN. FRANK glances at JONATHAN, who brings drinks for the ladies. He turns to his son.

FRANK HAWKING

I've always supported you in your  
choice not to have home help, but  
now, you need a permanent solution.  
This--this current 'situation'  
can't go on. You need a proper live-  
in nurse immediately.

STEPHEN

We have help.

FRANK HAWKING

You know what I'm talking about.

STEPHEN glances at JONATHAN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN  
*(slurred speech)*  
Can't afford--live-in nurse.

FRANK HAWKING  
You can't afford to--  
*(stops himself)*  
There must be a way. You need to  
find a way. For your family's sake.  
You're world famous -

STEPHEN  
For black holes--not rock concerts.

FRANK HAWKING  
I believe it's urgent.

**INT. KITCHEN/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

ISOBEL HAWKING follows JANE into the kitchen.

ISOBEL  
You know very well what I'm talking  
about.

JANE  
No. I don't.

ISOBEL  
We do have a right to know. We  
have a right to know, Jane.

JANE  
Know what?!

ISOBEL  
Whose child Timothy is. Stephen's,  
or Jonathan's?

JANE, turning, wheeling on ISOBEL, shocked.

JANE  
That's what you think of me?

ANGLE ON JONATHAN, appearing at the door, unseen by the  
WOMEN. He overhears the following.

JANE (CONT'D)  
There is no way that Timothy could  
have any other father than Stephen.  
None. And for the record--I will  
never leave Stephen.

JANE turns - sees that JONATHAN is standing in the DOORWAY.  
JONATHAN exits...

**EXT. WEST ROAD FLAT - CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE chases JONATHAN - stops him.

JONATHAN  
I need to go. I can't...

JANE  
Please don't go.

JONATHAN  
Everyone's talking. It's -

JANE  
So. What does it matter?

JONATHAN  
Well, there are other things too. I  
- I - just -  
(beat)  
I have feelings for you.

JANE  
I have feelings for you, too.

JONATHAN JANE  
It's - it's difficult for me! I know, I know.

JONATHAN JANE  
You have no - It's so wonderful, for me,  
for the children.

JONATHAN JANE  
I have to go. I don't think I Please, please -  
can -

JONATHAN  
Perhaps the right thing is for me  
to just--step back.

He walks off.

REACTION JANE: Distressed.

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN, at the WINDOW, watching this - CONCERNED.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE does her daily NURSE chores, among these applying hand lotion quickly to STEPHEN's hands - she does this ROUTINELY. (This will contrast, later, with how Elaine applies the hand lotion.)

STEPHEN  
I've just been invited -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE  
Invited? Where?

STEPHEN  
Geneva.

JANE  
Geneva?

STEPHEN  
Students can accompany me.

JANE  
What students?

STEPHEN  
I know how much you hate -

JANE  
You know how much I hate -

STEPHEN  
- to fly.

JANE nods, sensing they are at a crossroads. She looks away, on the verge of tears.

JANE  
To fly. Yes.

STEPHEN  
I was thinking - that you and the children -

JANE  
- Me and the children--go on?

STEPHEN  
could bring the car -

JANE  
- bring the car -

STEPHEN  
- meet me in Bayreuth -

JANE  
Bayreuth? How can I manage that? On my own?

STEPHEN  
Bring Jonathan.

JANE looks up at him. Her thoughts racing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOTH understand the significance of this. She looks into his eyes to establish if he is sure. The look he gives her confirms this.

JANE

I doubt he would be willing.

**INT. CHURCH - NIGHT**

STEPHEN motors up the CHURCH AISLE with TWO BOTTLES OF BEER in a PAPER BAG at his side going "*CLINK, CLINK, CLINK*".

JONATHAN clearing up after a CHOIR PRACTICE turns - stares at STEPHEN.

CUT TO:

FRONT ROW of the PEWS. JONATHAN and STEPHEN, side-by-side, stare at the ALTAR. JONATHAN spots the BEER BOTTLES in STEPHEN's LAP.

STEPHEN

Is--this okay?

JONATHAN

Well--I won't tell if you don't.

JONATHAN opens the TWO BEER BOTTLES, tucks his handkerchief under STEPHEN's chin, and then tips the beer into STEPHEN's mouth.

JONATHON

Not too much--bearing in mind you have to drive.

STEPHEN grins.

The two men stare at the ALTAR, aware of the significance of this moment. STEPHEN sneaks a glance at JONATHAN. And then -

STEPHEN

Jane--needs--help.

JONATHAN sighs deeply.

**EXT. WEST ROAD FLAT, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

A YOUNG MALE STUDENT CARER, loads the last of STEPHEN's LUGGAGE into a TAXI. STEPHEN is already in the back of the TAXI with SARAH, a carer. JANE supervises, worried.

JANE

And please please remember, 5 milligrams of Riluzole before and after the flight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She then goes to STEPHEN's open window.

STEPHEN  
(*jaunty*)  
See you - in Bayreuth.

JANE  
Travel safely.

She kisses his cheek. The MALE STUDENT and SARAH get in the cab, which DRIVES OFF. JANE smiles and waves till the cab has gone. She slowly turns and re-enters her home.

**EXT. BACK GARDEN - WEST ROAD FLAT - DAY**

JANE, the two youngest CHILDREN and JONATHAN play hide-and-seek in the college garden.

JANE  
Forty-nine...Fifty. Coming  
ready or not!

JANE searches for the CHILDREN...she instead sees - through the undergrowth - MEN'S SHOES!

She rises. It's JONATHAN standing there. They look into each other's eyes. What will they do now?

**EXT. FRENCH HIGHWAY - DAY**

JONATHAN drives, ROBERT is in the PASSENGER SEAT. JANE is in the BACK SEAT with LUCY - (TIMOTHY is absent). JANE and JONATHAN make eye-contact via the rear-view mirror.

**INT. THEATRE, BAYREUTH - DAY**

Before the show starts, STEPHEN in his WHEELCHAIR in the AISLE, happy, as we hear the ORCHESTRA tuning. He is flanked by SARAH and the MALE STUDENT.

**EXT. GERMAN CAMP SITE - DAY**

They erect TWO TENTS. Jane and the kids one, Jonathan the other.

**EXT. GERMAN CAMP SITE - NIGHT**

LATER - JANE creeps out of the tent in which LUCY and TIM are sleeping. There is a third sleeping bag in there - her own.

JANE then goes to the adjoining tent - JONATHAN'S.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE PAUSES for a moment, bites her lip, breathless, unable to make herself enter the TENT.

Just then, JONATHAN unzips his tent and emerges.

They LOCK EYES on each other - an incredibly charged attraction between them. He reaches for her HAND. She is shaking. TOGETHER they go into JONATHAN's tent. END ON: the zip being closed again.

**INT. THEATRE, BAYREUTH - NIGHT**

STEPHEN coughs a few times as he listens to the PRELUDE of the RING CYCLE.

HIS POV of: The DARKENED STAGE, a black void, but for a BURNING RING at its centre.

STEPHEN begins to cough a little harder, then a little harder. The CARER, SARAH, at his side, finally takes note and holds a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF up to his MOUTH.

He SUDDENLY COUGHS BLOOD!

**INT. THEATRE, BAYREUTH - LATER**

STEPHEN's POV of the THEATRE CEILING as he is stretchered out of there.

**EXT. PHONEBOX - GERMAN CAMPSITE - MORNING**

JANE stands in a phonebox, then slams down the PHONE and rushes back to the CAMPSITE in panic.

**EXT. AUTOBAHN - NIGHT**

The VOLVO drives through the night. Takes an exit marked "GENEVA".

**INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT/GENEVA HOSPITAL - DAY**

STEPHEN lies quiet and still, his eyes closed. JANE looks down on him. She has GUILTY tears in her eyes.

The SWISS DOCTOR enters, speaks with JANE...Tout en Francais...with ENGLISH SUBTLTLES.

SWISS DOCTOR

*(in FRENCH)*

He has pneumonia. He is on a life-support machine. I am not certain how long he will live.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SWISS DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
I need to know whether my staff  
should disconnect the ventilator?

JANE switches to ENGLISH -

JANE  
(*in ENGLISH*)  
What are you talking about?

SWISS DOCTOR  
(*in ENGLISH*)  
If we try to bring him round from  
the anaesthetic it is not sure he  
will survive resuscitation.

JANE  
Stephen must live! You have to  
bring him round from the  
anaesthetic!

SWISS DOCTOR  
Are you sure this is what you  
want? The only way of weaning him  
off the ventilator would be to  
give him a tracheotomy, a hole in  
the neck, by-passing the throat.  
He will never speak again.

JANE stares at him - deeply upset but finally manages to  
say -

JANE  
There's no question. Stephen must  
live. I will see he gets everything  
he needs. I will have him  
transferred back to Cambridge.

SWISS DOCTOR  
He may not survive the journey.

JANE looks pale and weaker than we have ever seen her.

**EXT. AIRPORT, GENEVA - DAY**

On the tarmac, the two HAWKING children are led toward a BA  
FLIGHT (in the far distance) by an AIR-HOSTESS.

Meanwhile, A small AIR-RESCUE PLANE nearby awaits JANE and  
STEPHEN. STEPHEN is just then being loaded on board.

JANE turns and faces JONATHAN. A private moment. Her LOOK  
OF SADNESS speaks volumes. He NODS - he KNOWS.

JONATHAN  
I'll step back.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She NODS, SADLY. Her eyes start to well up. His too. It's a break-up. Turning to look back to the plane...

JANE

Drive--safely, yes? Did you get everything in the car? His chair, equipment...

JONATHAN nods.

She KISSES him on the cheek and he presses his cheek against hers. They both hold onto each other for a moment, knowing it's their final embrace, and then she hurries, tearfully, toward the WAITING PLANE, leaving him standing there.

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/SURGICAL THEATRE/ADDENBROOKES - DAY**

JANE, is gowned for theatre. With an ENGLISH DOCTOR she watches the OP through a window.

ENGLISH DOCTOR

It'll take a miracle.

ANGLE ON: JANE's POV - of the surgeon picking up a MARKER-PEN...

**INT. SURGICAL THEATRE/ADDENBROOKES HOSP. - DAY**

...A SURGEON prepares to perform a TRACHEOTOMY on STEPHEN - marking the spot on his neck with the MARKER PEN, and then picks up the SCALPEL...about to make the INCISION...

**INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/ADDENBROOKES - DAY**

REACTION JANE: as - she WINCES, then GASPS in horror.

**INT. RECOVERY ROOM - ADDENBROOKES HOSPITAL - DAY**

STEPHEN opens his eyes, looks around him. He is alone. He opens his mouth to speak. We hear only a slow exhale of air, through the off-screen tracheotomy hole. He PANICS, and has to be soothed by a NURSE.

**INT. RECOVERY ROOM, ADDENBROOKES HOSPITAL - DAY**

LATER. STEPHEN is turned on his side, his back to camera. JANE enters. APPROACHES.

ANGLE ON: Her POV of STEPHEN as she approaches, revealing the side of his face, and then finally, his neck with the TRACHEOTOMY HOLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She can't help it. Her hand JUMPS UP to cover her mouth as she gasps.

**INT. DAY-ROOM - ADDENBROOKES HOSPITAL - DAY**

Recuperating in his chair in the sun, staring out of the window at - a BIRD PERCHED which alights a branch.

STEPHEN has never looked more depressed. Or alone. There is a plastic FLANGE over the TRACHEOTOMY HOLE.

ANGLE ON the FINGERS of his right hand, resting on the arm of the wheelchair. These, at least, can still move.

JANE (O.S.)

Stephen?

JANE moves into STEPHEN's limited POV - holding a CLEAR PLASTIC SCREEN - an E-TRAN "SPELLING" BOARD, on which 6 groups of characters are arranged.

JANE (CONT'D)

This is a Spelling Board. First, you tell me what letter you want by blinking when I say the colour of the group that contains that letter. Once I know the group, you can choose the character inside that group by blinking again when I go through the colours of each letter in that group. Apparently. Okay? Let's just try.

STEPHEN says nothing.

JANE (CONT'D)

So...Green, Yellow, Blue, White, Black, Red.

(silence)

Blink to choose the *group* that contains the letter you want?  
Green? Yellow? Blue? White? Black?  
Red?

As JANE's eyes fill with TEARS...STEPHEN just keeps looking at her...then TRIES TO SPEAK. His mouth moves...but nothing - nothing ever again! - will ever come out!

It's a heart-breaking moment-- for both of them--and when TEARS appear in his eyes, she can't stop her own TEARS from falling.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN gloomily reads a newspaper with the help of a READING FRAME, when -

JANE enters.

JANE

She's here. Okay. Promise not to eat her alive...

Enter: ELAINE MASON. She is attractive.

Exit: JANE, touching ELAINE supportively on the shoulder.

ELAINE

So then - Professor. How are you?  
My name is Elaine. I'm going to be your nurse, would you like that?  
No? Well- we'll work it out.

He stares at her, as -

- ELAINE goes and gets a CHAIR, taking an interest in her, until -

- ELAINE turns and catches him look at her.

Swiftly, STEPHEN turns his eyes back to the NEWSPAPER. ELAINE looks at him a moment longer, surprises to see that STEPHEN is not unlike any other man in this regard. A faint smile appears. She sits in front of him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

So then...

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

ELAINE holds the E-TRAN BOARD and writes down a letter, then looks up at STEPHEN - sees through the clear perspex immediately what group he is looking at. She doesn't have to call out the colours - knows them. (See her POV of him through the board so we establish the eye-line principle.) She is BRILLIANT at this.

STEPHEN's eyes FLICK from GROUP to GROUP, no BLINKING going on.

ELAINE

*(rapidly)*

Red group--Yellow letter. **T**. Green group--Black letter. **E**. Green--Green. **A....T.E.A. Tea.**

*(smiles)*

You're good. You want tea. What type of tea?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look at each other. And then she has an IDEA. She PUTS DOWN THE BOARD. They look at each other...

ELAINE (CONT'D)

You've memorised the board. Of course you have. What kind of tea? Blink when I say the group that has the letter you want. Green, Yellow, Blue, White, Black, Red...

*(beat)*

I haven't got all day. Green-

*(He BLINKS)*

Green group. And the letter in that group? You know their colours, I know you do. Green, Yellow -

He BLINKS. She has MEMORISED the BOARD too -

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Yellow? Green,yellow--that's **B**.

A breakthrough. They are both EXPERT.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

A tea beginning with B? Builder's tea! Right?

He GRINS. She SMILES. She goes to get him some TEA.

**INT. HALLWAY/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

ELAINE, smiling, enters hall (from the LIVING ROOM) and bumps into JANE, who has just arrived home with GROCERIES. They stop in front of each other.

ELAINE

*(chuckling)*

I think he's the most brilliant man I've ever met. You're very lucky.

JANE

Thank you.

ELAINE

You must worship the ground beneath his -

JANE

- wheels.

JANE can't fail to see how enthralled ELAINE is.

ELAINE

And he's the perfect patient. Looking after him is so much easier than other patients I've had.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELAINE (CONT'D)

And sooo funny, oh my God. When you read about him people don't tell you -

JANE

*(cutting her off)*

You only do two shifts a week, Elaine.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN sits in the armchair, propped up by cushions, while a TECHNICIAN bolts the NEW COMPUTER SCREEN onto STEPHEN'S WHEELCHAIR. JANE watches.

TECHNICIAN

Almost there!

JANE

How does it work?

TECHNICIAN

A guy called Walt Woltosz invented the software. Uses a very simple interface that scans through the alphabet and allows each letter to be selected one by one. Using this technique, the Professor can expect to write at about four words per minute.

ELAINE enters -

JANE

*(After initial dismay)*

Better than one a minute.

TECHNICIAN

What I've done is--use components from a telephone answering system actually-- to convert the written text into synthesized speech. The voice sounds a bit robotic, but...

*(it's ready)*

Okay. Shall we give it a try?

CUT TO:

JANE and ELAINE hoist STEPHEN into the new chair.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

There we go.

*(grandly)*

Welcome to the future!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The TECHNICIAN sets a pressure-sensitive 'clicker' in STEPHEN's hand. The SCREEN suddenly floods with COMPUTER CODE. REFLECTED in the glass is the WIDE-EYED FACE OF STEPHEN.

JANE and ELAINE sit on the couch together watching -

The TECHNICIAN demonstrates - builds a sentence for STEPHEN, selecting one LETTER at a time. STEPHEN is all concentration, observing how it is done.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)  
All set. Then you just click  
'PLAY', like this -

STEPHEN looks back at the screen, then CLICKS ONCE. The COMPUTER comes to life and says STEPHEN's first words in months.

STEPHEN  
(*electronic voice,  
strong American accent*)  
*My--name--is--Stee--ven--Hawking.*

STEPHEN stares at JANE - incredulous. JANE stares back at STEPHEN - horrified.

JANE  
It's American! Oh, my Goodness.  
(*to TECHNICIAN*)  
Are there any other voices?

TECHNICIAN  
That's all they have at the  
moment. Is that a problem?

ELAINE  
I think it's great!

STEPHEN looks bewildered.

**INT. MASTER BED./WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

In a quiet moment, STEPHEN sits alone, trying out the new device. His face shows SADNESS, BLEAKNESS. His eyes move back to the COMPUTER SCREEN. His fingers CLICK-CLICK-CLICK on the monitor. And finally we hear - his sadly moving homage (to "2001: A Space Odyssey").

STEPHEN  
*Daisy. Daisy.*  
(*beat*)  
*Give Me Your Answer Do.*

Finally - he SMILES. He has cheered himself up.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN motors through the house, as we hear -

STEPHEN  
*Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn.*

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

Through the OPEN DOORS into the LIVING ROOM we hear TIMOTHY squealing with joyous delight, then see him run out -

As TIM passes out of shot we hear then see STEPHEN slowly motor out of the LIVING ROOM, chasing him, with -

- a LARGE BROWN PAPER GROCERY BAG OVER HIS HEAD (TWO EYE-HOLES cut in it, a SMILE DRAWN over the mouth) as STEPHEN's voice-synthesizer loudly proclaims the DALEK war-cry from DOCTOR WHO as STEPHEN chases his son around:

STEPHEN  
*Ex-terminate...! Ex-terminate...!  
Ex-terminate...!*

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD /CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

JANE approaches as STEPHEN writes, CLICK,CLICK,CLICK. His eyes turn to her as she hears:

STEPHEN  
*I will write. A Book.*

JANE  
At four words a minute? About what?

STEPHEN clicks. She moves to look at his SCREEN.

TIGHT ON SCREEN as he selects: T I M E.

JANE (CONT'D)  
TIME.

STEPHEN  
*Time...*

She smiles at him.

MONTAGE:

- A) The HANDS ON A CLOCK turn very quickly, TIME running fast.
- B) STEPHEN motors down the cloisters of his college.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
What is the nature of Time?

C) His PALSIED RIGHT HAND clicks the CLICKER, as he works at home at night.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
Will it ever come to an end?

D) A PRINTER prints out the text we hear in V/O -

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
Can we go back in time?

E) He works in office at DAMPTP.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
Some day these answers may seem as obvious to us as the earth orbiting the sun, or perhaps as ridiculous as a tower of tortoises.

He SMILES.

F) He motors by the college at sunset.

STEPHEN  
Only Time, whatever that may be, will tell.

**INT. DAMTP, CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

ELAINE opens his LETTERS, and looks at him.

STEPHEN works on his book - it's slow laborious work. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK...

ELAINE picks up, from the mail, a SEALED COPY of PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE (Addressed to: "**KIP THORNE c/- PROF.S.HAWKING**").

ELAINE  
(*surprised*)  
Professor?

STEPHEN looks over at her - sees the MAGAZINE, that ELAINE, smiling, is starting to UNWRAP. He urgently types a voice message - *click, click, click* - but he isn't fast enough - she has opened it. Too late he clicks "PLAY" -

STEPHEN  
*It is for a friend.*

ELAINE  
'Course it is. That's what they all say.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She surprises him by crossing the room and opening the PAGES of the MAGAZINE for him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
You don't have to be embarrassed  
around me, Professor. I know what  
men are like.

SURPRISED, STEPHEN finds himself with the PENTHOUSE open before him. He looks at the MAGAZINE, then at ELAINE, then at the MAGAZINE.

Just then - office DOOR OPENS. Enter, SCIAMA. He stops when he sees the MAGAZINE.

SCIAMA  
Oh. I'm sorry.

He exits, blushing. STEPHEN grins. ELAINE bursts out laughing.

ELAINE  
Next one?

He SMILES at her - falling in love with her. She detects this, happily.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
What?

**INT. WEST ROAD FLAT/ CAMBRIDGE - NIGHT**

STEPHEN, alone, continues to write, one painstaking word at a time.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE, exhausted, rubbing her eyes as she PROOF-READS STEPHEN's text, like the old days. She pauses, looks up, into the next room, at -

- ELAINE laughing at something the grinning STEPHEN has said.

JANE resumes work on STEPHEN's BOOK.

**INT. DAMTP, CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

STEPHEN still working - CLICK, CLICK, CLICK...

TIGHT ON SCREEN: "A HISTORY OF TIME"

He ponders this. Then has an idea. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK. He inserts "BRIEF" into the title. He stares at the screen.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

TITLE PAGE is spat out of PRINTER: "**A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME.**"

While reading the LAST PAGE manuscript for his book, JANE stops and is stunned by something she reads. She rises, and rushes - with the LAST PAGE - into the next room where -

**INT. MASTER BED./WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

CLOSE ON: A PHOTO of STEPHEN and a MARILYN MONROE LOOK-A-LIKE, hangs on the wall.

STEPHEN (O.S.)  
*So I said - I have long been  
looking for a model of the  
universe. I finally found her.*

Beside the PHOTO, ELAINE finishes SHAVING STEPHEN - then steps away to pick up some HAND LOTION. She inadvertently show him some LEG. STEPHEN notices.

ELAINE laughs, and starts to massage LOTION, almost lovingly, into his HAND. JANE announce her presence.

JANE  
Elaine? Can we - ?

ELAINE comes over to JANE, still chuckling.

JANE (CONT'D)  
Would you mind if I spoke with  
Stephen alone for a moment?

ELAINE  
We're not quite finished--can you  
come back in ten minutes?

REACTION JANE: Slightly ruffled feathers. She exits.

**INT. MASTER BED./WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE walks in, holding a page from the MANUSCRIPT. STEPHEN is 'typing' a message.

JANE  
*(reads)*  
*"Who are we? Why are we here? If  
we ever learn this, it would be  
the ultimate triumph of human  
reason, for then we would know  
the mind of God."*  
*(to him)*  
'GOD'? Do you really mean this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHEN types his reply.

STEPHEN

*Yes.  
(types)  
Of course.*

JANE

So you're acknowledging him?

But as he continues to CLICK, feverishly, she excitedly exits, before he can add another word. He tries to generate the next word before she disappears but he is alone again by the time his computer belatedly spits out -

STEPHEN

*However --*

He sags, frustrated that he was not fast enough to set her straight - but then she comes back in -

JANE

Did you just say something?

STEPHEN decides not to respond.

JANE (CONT'D)

*So you're actually going to let me  
have this moment.*

STEPHEN click-click-clicks, then -

STEPHEN

*You - are - welcome.*

She smiles. She kisses him on the cheek, and then as she starts to leave -

- on his SCREEN - STEPHEN selects the message he was writing earlier...clicks "PLAY." We hear -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

*E-laine has offered to travel  
with me to A-merica. She will  
look after me.*

JANE

*(immensely hurt)*  
Will she?

STEPHEN

*Don't worry.*

He clicks "STOP".

She nods, sadly. He smiles, sweetly. Both accept what is happening, but sadly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JANE

America?

*(beat)*

You always used to tell me when an invitation came in.

CLICKS 'PLAY.'

STEPHEN

*(the old grin)*

*A-nother a-ward. What can you do?*

JANE smiles, warmly. STEPHEN writes.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

*Everything will be okay.*

She tries to smile.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

*How many years?*

STEPHEN writes. She waits. His eyes flick between his screen and her.

JANE

They said - two.

We've had so many.

The look in his eyes is his eloquent reply. Emotion overcomes JANE. Can this really be how it ends?

It's so sad and bizarre and they both realise it in this moment. She tries to hide her tears by walking away from him and turning her back, hiding her face.

STEPHEN watches her, as aware of the enormous significance of this moment as she - then slowly - slowly - motors toward her. He stops just behind her, then nudges her leg, ever so gently, with his own lifeless foot, the way a pony will nudge its familiar rider.

He clicks "PLAY" -

STEPHEN

*Be. Happy.*

She turns back, CROUCHES, comes down to his level - right in front of him, eye to eye -

JANE

I have loved you.

*(beat)*

I did my best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

As TEARS form in his own eyes, he BLINKS ONCE at her - the only form of communication that feels right in that moment, and she understands all that it means.

She smiles through her tears as she SMOOTHS HIS HAIR.

Finally - words are not needed.

**INT. WEST ROAD FLAT - DAY**

TWO MOVERS pack STEPHEN's PRIZES and MEDALS, lifting them from the SIDEBBOARD, as - JANE watches, hiding her emotions.

**EXT. BOOKSHOP - DAY**

The window is dominated by a single display for STEPHEN's book - *A Brief History Of Time*.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

CLOSE ON: The SUNDAY TIMES NEWSPAPER. The **BEST-SELLER LIST**. ECU on: **A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME**, at NUMBER 1. Weeks: 8

WIDE. JANE and her MOTHER, BERYL, at the dining table, the PAPER spread out before them.

BERYL

Remarkable. How is he?

JANE

He wants to marry her.

BERYL

Don't blame yourself. We're proud of you.

JANE is touched.

JANE

I'm trying hard not to think of this as a failure.

BERYL

But it wasn't a failure.

JANE

But it feels like it! It feels like it, Mum.

(beat)

Was it inevitable?

BERYL doesn't know what to say. Yes it was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERYL

Perhaps too many people were drawn  
in?

*(silence)*

What will Stephen do next?

JANE

*(shrugs)*

He's gone back to looking for his  
Theory Of Everything, his single  
equation. Well, it'll have to  
explain human relationships too.

BERYL ponders this:

JANE (CONT'D)

It's going to have to be a  
wonderful piece of mathematics.

*(ponders)*

All the accidents...

BERYL

All the unexpected forces...  
attractions...

JANE looks at her mother quickly - "attractions"?

BERYL (CONT'D)

*(wistful, dreamy)*

A attracts B --

JANE

And vice versa.

BERYL

Of course.

JANE

Then add Time - Adversity -

BERYL

Yes. Adversity over time --

JANE

- until the situation becomes  
unstable, heats up.

BERYL

Bang!

JANE

And the whole thing starts over.  
Whole new galaxies.

BERYL gently grabs JANE's wrist -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BERYL

Darling, I think we've cracked it.  
Shall we phone the Nobel committee  
now or shall we have another cup of  
tea first?

JANE, wipes her eyes, smiles sadly.

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

The CHURCH in winter - a dusting of snow on everything. To the sound of ORGAN, SINGING CHOIR and CONGREGATION, the front doors open, and the VICAR appears to shake the hands of the first departing church-goers.

**INT. CHURCH - DAY**

The SERVICE is over. The congregation departs, revealing -

- JANE in her seat, still reading a prayer book, as -

- JONATHAN walks up the nave, toward her, chatting with the departing CHORISTERS. It seems that he hasn't noticed JANE and he passes close by, seemingly without seeing her. She averts her eyes.

Then suddenly she feels a HAND brush her shoulder. When she turns to look, JONATHAN has walked past, and is still avidly talking to the CHORISTERS, heading for the main doors.

JANE, with a beating heart, turns forward again and hears -

- the FRONT DOORS of the church close. She is alone. She starts to cry in the empty church - thinking she has lost him forever, but then --

-- she hears SOFT PIANO MUSIC. She turns. Yes, music is coming from above. She rises, and moves toward the sound.

**INT. FRONT OF CHURCH - DAY (LATE 1970'S - MID 1980'S)**

JANE slowly walks TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE PIANO, which slowly grows louder, louder, until -

- with a pounding heart, she discovers JONATHAN, at the piano, gently playing his beloved Bach. Only eventually does he raise his eyes and smile at her, a smile which expresses his hope that she would come to him. She smiles back, her heart ready to burst.

---

**INT. HALLWAY/COCKCROFT LECTURE ROOM/CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY**  
**- DAY (LATE 1980'S )**

STEPHEN, accompanied by ELAINE, motors down the HALLWAY/LOBBY toward -

- FANS and PRESS, waiting at the DOORWAY to the AUDITORIUM. Some FANS, autograph hunters, hold copies of "**BRIEF HISTORY**" for STEPHEN to sign. Others just want to take PHOTOS. The general impression? STEPHEN is now a ROCK STAR.

After a MALE FAN gets his PHOTO taken with STEPHEN - a FEMALE FAN (at the head of a sudden queue of FANS bearing copies of "BRIEF HISTORY") holds out a PEN to STEPHEN...

FEMALE FAN

Professor? Could you please sign a copy for me?

ELAINE, gestures for STEPHEN to give his standard reply. He mouse-clicks once.

STEPHEN

*I cannot sign copies of my book--  
 but if you like--I could drive over  
 it.*

The FANS all laugh and all say "YES,YES,YES!"

**INT. COCKCROFT LECTURE ROOM/CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY - DAY**

AUDIENCE APPLAUSE, continues over - a CU on the blackboard of the word:

**"TIME."**

WIDE: A packed lecture hall.

ANGLE ON: ELAINE, watching from the side of the stage.

ANGLE ON: SCIAMA and a COLLEAGUE.

SCIAMA now steps forward, to applause.

SCIAMA

Thankyou. I first met--the Professor--was it really 1963? Time--where does it go? Back then, he was kind of annoying.

*(laughter)*

He knew things that his woeful work ethic should not have allowed him to know.

*(laughter)*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SCIAMA (CONT'D)

But it's been--really--one of the great joys of my life to watch this man defy every expectation, both scientific and personal. So it's with no small pride that I ask him to return to the stage once more, to continue to do what he has always done - answer your questions. My most irritating student, my esteemed colleague, my good friend--Professor Hawking.

As STEPHEN motors onto the stage, to applause -

SCIAMA (CONT'D)

The first pre-selected question, please!

GUEST 1, stands and reads her question from a SLIP OF PAPER.  
(All the Questioners will do the same.)

GUEST 1

How have you been able to deal with all the physical challenges you face?

STEPHEN stares at the AUDIENCE, who wait awkwardly for a reply. It's as if STEPHEN wishes to speak with his own voice, and is struggling to do so. In failure his eyes turn sadly to his screen, and then clicks the pad in his hand.  
We hear:

STEPHEN

*Can you hear me?  
(audience laughter)  
There are some things I cannot do. But. They are mostly the things I don't particularly want to do anyway.*

GUEST 2

Now you are recognized everywhere, how do you deal with all the attention?

STEPHEN

*I was stopped recently by a tourist in Cambridge who asked if I was 'the real Stephen Hawking.' I replied that I was not, and said the real one was--much better looking.*

Laughter.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

*He believed me.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Even bigger LAUGH. APPLAUSE.

GUEST 3

In 1979 you talked about the possibility of a theory of everything being discovered before the end of the century.

STEPHEN

*I now predict -- that I was wrong.*

LAUGHTER.

GUEST 4

Is Time Travel possible?

LAUGHTER.

STEPHEN

*I have experimental evidence that Time Travel is not possible. I gave a party for Time-Travellers but no-one came.*

LAUGHTER. As GUEST 5 rises and starts to speak, the volume goes down on this question...

GUEST 5

Professor Hawking, you have said you don't believe in God...

CLOSE ON STEPHEN, slipping into a reverie as - he notices the CAP of a YOUNG LADY's PEN falls off the front lecture bench and drops to the floor...(in SLO MO). STEPHEN stares at the fallen CAP.

ANGLE ON: GUEST 5, MUTED, his mouth still moving...

ANGLE ON STEPHEN gets an idea. He wants to go and pick up that fallen CAP...Miraculously, the muscles in his slackened face start to stir...slowly his distorted expression straightens...his slumped head stirs and moves...his fingers stir...his feet ...his legs...he slowly, slowly straightens in his wheelchair, and not only this...he even begins to rise painfully out of it, at last standing on his own... Standing, he crosses the floor, picks up the fallen CAP, and holds it out the pretty YOUNG LADY. She smiles at him, not at all astonished!

CUT TO:

GUEST 5 - we can hear him now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GUEST 5 (CONT'D)

You have said you do not believe in God. Do you have a philosophy of life that helps you?

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN - back in his chair, as at the start of the scene, heart-breakingly unable to do what he wishes.

STEPHEN

*It is clear that we are just an advanced breed of monkeys on a minor planet orbiting around a very average star in the outer suburb of one among a hundred billion galaxies...*

ANGLE ON: The CAP on the floor, just where it had fallen.

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN, in his chair - then on MEMBERS of the AUDIENCE, being greatly stirred by the following words -

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

*...but--ever since the dawn of civilisation, people have craved for an understanding of the underlying order of the world. There ought to be something very special about the boundary conditions of the universe - and what can be more special than that there is no boundary? And there should be no boundary to human endeavour. We are all different. There is no such thing as a standard or run of the mill human being--but we share the same human spirit. However bad life may seem, there is always something you can do, and succeed at. While there's life, there is hope.*

APPLAUSE, STANDING OVATION.

ANGLE ON: ELAINE, clapping - proud.

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN, in his chair, on the stage, sees ELAINE. Smiles.

ANGLE ON: BRIAN and SCIAMA clapping.

ANGLE ON: STEPHEN, surprised by the reaction.

**INT. LIVING ROOM/WEST ROAD FLAT/CAMBRIDGE - DAY**

JANE is studying again, going through her IBERIAN POEMS, when JONATHAN walks in with the MAIL, and sets one LETTER in front of her. JANE opens it.

JANE  
It's from Stephen.  
*(reading)*  
He's--he has invited--the children  
and I--to accompany him.

JONATHAN reads her card, and then look at her, surprised.

JONATHAN  
Gosh.

**EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON - DAY**

The PALACE.

**INT. EMPIRE ROOM, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY**

We are BACK in the FIRST SCENE OF THE MOVIE.

JANE moves close to STEPHEN. They look at each other in the eyes for the first time in a long while. They finally SMILE tenderly, and then -

JANE  
Your glasses are always dirty.

STEPHEN'S POV as - his glasses are removed from his nose by JANE, cleaned, and then replaced on his nose. He is moved by this old ritual.

The HAWKINGS then sit silently, but happily, surrounded by exquisite paintings and furniture.

**INT. GRAND HALLWAY/BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY - LATER**

STEPHEN and family - JANE, ROBERT (23), LUCY (19) and TIM (10) - roll up past pillars toward a SET OF ORNATE DOORS which open magically to reveal -

QUEEN ELIZABETH II standing by a distant mantelpiece.

**EXT. QUEEN'S PRIVATE GARDEN, BUCKINGHAM PALACE - DAY**

In the garden, the HAWKING children play as freely as in their own, while STEPHEN is lifted to the bottom of a set of steps by two EQUERRIES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Left unattended, he motors forward a short distance and stops to watch his children. Fulfillment floods into his expression. A moment of deep satisfaction. He then looks around for JANE, finally making his CHAIR turn around.

He sees her - some distance away. She has detained one of the EQUERRIES.

JANE  
*(to EQUERRY)*  
 I'll leave a card. There's a number you can call. They can install ramps in a day. It really would be helpful.

JANE hands the EQUERRY a card, and smiles. The EQUERRY nods, retires.

JANE sees STEPHEN. She walks up to him. Together they watch their children.

TIGHT ON STEPHEN: His eyes move from the kids, playing in this paradise, to the screen, where he types something...

JANE sees he is writing something. She crouches beside his wheel-chair as the LETTERS FORM.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Congratulations--my Companion--Of Honour. Not bad for an old liberal socialist--  
*(whispers)*  
 Don't worry, you can decline the knighthood.

He smiles, stops writing, looks at her with warmth, and she at him. She KISSES him on the cheek.

JANE (CONT'D)  
 Thank you. For today. It's been extraordinary. It's all just been rather extraordinary though, hasn't it?

They look into each other's eyes, and then starts writing again -

JANE (CONT'D)  
 What are you writing?

ANGLE ON SCREEN: as he chooses letters from the streaming alphabet. As each word forms it drops onto the line where he builds this following sentence -

"L O O K    W H A T    W E    M A D E    "

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

On his next click - "**PLAY**" - we -

SNAP TO:

**EXT. GRAPHIC/UNIVERSE**

A BIG CRUNCH galactic moment - a supernova in reverse, from explosion to reconstituted star, then cut to - A CG MODEL OF THE UNIVERSE contracting - the stars converging, moving back together, toward the universe's first moment.

TIME'S ARROW has been REVERSED...

**MONTAGE** - sweeping us backward through TIME, a series of scenes from the film in reverse chronology...

A) REWIND FLASHBACK TO: STEPHEN's silent, wheelchair-bound tender look of love after JANE has said "I have loved you"

B) Where before the doctors marked Stephen's throat for the tracheotomy operation, in reverse we now see the mark DISAPPEAR.

C) Where before Jane supported the new born baby Timothy in Stephen's lap then scooped the baby up and out of frame -- in reverse we see the baby magically land in Stephen's lap.

D) Where before Lucy and Robert are sat on Stephen's lap and then jumped off and ran away as Stephen chased them in his electric wheel chair -- in reverse, they run backwards into his lap.

E) In reverse, we see STEPHEN walk backwards and first sit down into the wheel chair.

F) Where before Stephen dropped his fork during the dinner party -- in reverse, the fork leaps from the table and back into Stephen's hand.

G) The wedding tableaux with ROSE PETALS now in reverse, the petals travel upwards.

I) Where before STEPHEN stumbled and fell hard in the quad -- in reverse, he is lifted off the ground.

J) Where before STEPHEN and JANE beheld the fireworks at the May Ball -- in reverse the fireworks implode into black holes.

K) Where before STEPHEN knocked over a cup of tea whilst working at his desk -- in reverse, the liquid leaps back into his cup.

L) At the MAY-BALL, they KISS, then DANCE on the BRIDGE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

M) At their first meeting at the party, JANE stands at the door, and SEES STEPHEN for the FIRST TIME. He SMILES at her. FREEZE-FRAME on this....and then -

N) We JUMP INTO SPACE - TRAVEL FORWARD THROUGH SPACE, through the NEBULAE and COSMIC MATTER, travelling at the speed of LIGHT, approaching a single point in space, a SINGULARITY, a BLACK HOLE.

As we disappear into it...

**SNAP TO BLACK.**

INSERT TWO CARDS:

**CARD ONE:**

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME HAS SOLD MORE THAN 10 MILLION COPIES WORLDWIDE.

AT 72 YEARS OLD, STEPHEN HAS NO PLANS TO RETIRE AND CONTINUES TO SEEK A THEORY OF EVERYTHING.

HE DECLINED THE OFFER OF A KNIGHTHOOD FROM THE QUEEN.

**CARD TWO:**

JANE HAS HER PHD IN MEDIEVAL SPANISH POETRY.

SHE AND JONATHAN ARE HAPPILY MARRIED.

JANE AND STEPHEN REMAIN FRIENDS AND NOW HAVE 3 GRANDCHILDREN

**ROLL END CREDITS.**

**ENDS**