

H. G. WELLS'
THE TIME MACHINE
An invention

PLEASE RETURN THIS SCRIPT
TO GEORGE PAL
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Los Angeles 49, Calif.
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H. G. Wells'

T H E T I M E M A C H I N E

A George Pal Production

Second Draft

Screenplay
by
DAVID DUNCAN

Author of the novels:

THE BRAMBLE BUSH
BEYOND EDEN
THE SERPENT'S EGG
DARK DOMINION
THE MADRONE TREE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

- THE TIME TRAVELLER The Inventive genius who produces the world's first and only Time Machine. The fact is, he is one of these men who are too clever to be believed, a man of subtle reserve, of ingenuity in ambush. His friends call him GEORGE.
- WEENA A beautiful girl of the distant future, a delicate creature of white and gold who loves the sunshine and dreads only darkness and shadows.
- DR. HILLYER Being a man of the medical profession, and also a man of science, he considers it his obligation to doubt all novelties.
- FILBY As Mr. Wells puts it, "a pork but-cher could understand Filby." And he might have added that Filby would have no trouble understanding the pork butcher. Stripped of any pretensions, Filby's generous spirit brightens and beautifies an otherwise plain countenance.
- BRIDEWELL..... Bridewell is a hangover from the Gay Nineties. In fact, he probably still has a hangover from the Nineties. A devil-may-care fellow of middle age, he has never been known to refuse a drink.
- WALTER KLINGER Youth is so wonderful that one wonders why fate would bestow such a gift on Klinger. He is a brash chap but will probably turn out well enough eventually.
- Mrs. WATCHETT The Time Traveller's devoted house-keeper and sometimes guardian.
- ALSO Hundreds of human and half-human creatures whose lives are measured in seconds on the Time Traveller's watch.

THE TIME MACHINE

PROLOGUE

THE SCREEN IS A WIDE DARK VOID

- (a) Out of the darkness in the center of the screen a short white fluted column surrounded by a SUNDIAL appears. It floats in, waveringly, until it becomes clearly visible. Then it starts drifting off again as though moving in some fast circle.
- (b) Next an HOURGLASS appears, floating in from the left of the screen. The sand runs through it and we hear faintly the HISSING OF RUNNING SAND.
- (c) As the hourglass glides across the screen it is met by a GREEK WATER CLOCK coming from the right, accompanied by the SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER. The two time devices pass each other and careen off into the void to be over-shadowed by a
- (d) MEDIEVAL CLOCK with weights and a horizontal escapement that TICKS LOUDLY. Meanwhile the sundial, hourglass, and water clock return, some drifting horizontally and some at angles across the screen.

THE SOUND of the various devices continues to MOUNT.

- (e) A FIGURE wheels past with the face of a clock and the body carved like a drummer of the 14th century. As it swings in from the left the wooden arms of the figure start BEATING the hour on THE DRUM.
- (f) There is a SMALLER CLOCK with an angel standing with a hammer STRIKING A BELL.
- (g) A set of CHIMES OF ANOTHER TIMEPIECE floats in to mingle with the other drifting objects.
- (h) THE BIG BEN is TOLLING.
- (i) Then a GREAT BELL.

(CONTINUED)

THE DEAFENING SOUNDS NOW COME FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, as the time devices weave and drift across the screen. When the SOUND REACHES A CRESCENDO, THE MUSIC STARTS THE THEMES: "The Land O' The Leal", and the TITLES appear:

H. G. Wells'

THE TIME MACHINE

After the CREDIT TITLES, the MUSIC SUBSIDES and we slowly

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

1 INT. GRANDFATHER CLOCK - (NIGHT)

On the stroke of eight, the clock begins to SOUND ITS MELLOW CHIMES. THE CAMERA MOVES ACROSS A WINDOW where a blizzard rages beyond the frosted pane. THE WIND HOWLS AS THE ANGLE WIDENS revealing a DINING ROOM at the turn of the century. The best silver is out, and ruby claret glows in the wine glasses. Four men sit at the table, two on either side, leaving the place at the head conspicuously unoccupied.

DR. HILLYER clears his throat and looks around. He is a bearded man of fifty with a somewhat pompous manner and the air of assurance which doctors everywhere cultivate. His gold-rimmed glasses reflect the light of the gas chandelier.

HILLYER

well, were we or were we not
invited to dinner tonight?

The DOOR CLICKS as it opens. The men look up.

2 THE DOORWAY - MED. SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES to the table with MRS. WATCHETT, a thin, tense serving woman with iron gray hair, carrying a silver platter upon which a roast of beef is steaming. She ceremoniously sets it in front of the host's empty chair.

DR. HILLYER

(Looking at roast)

Apparently we were.

(To Mrs. Watchett)

How long has he been gone?

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED)

MRS. WATCHETT

(Nervously)

I can't rightly say, Dr. Hillyer --
Several days.

(She gropes in her
apron pocket and
brings out a note)

But he did leave instructions to
serve dinner and to give this to
you, Mr. Filby, If he wasn't here
by eight o'clock tonight.

FILBY, a portly gentlemen of amiable disposition, whose
gray hair is worn in a sort of philosopher's bob, accepts
the note with an air of mild surprise. Filby's clothing
gets ruffled easily but never his spirit.

FILBY

Thank you, Mrs. Watchett.

Mrs. Watchett leaves. As Filby unfolds the note and
reads, the others watch him.

DR. HILLYER

(impatiently)

Come, come, Filby. What's wrong?

FILBY

Nothing. Our friend merely
tells us what if he's not here
by eight, we're to begin without
him.

BRIDEWELL, a rakish well groomed man of about thirty-
five with sleek hair and a neat mustache, immediately
picks up his napkin and tucks it under his chin.

BRIDEWELL

First sensible thing I've heard
all evening. Go on, start carving,
Dr. Hillyer.

The others prepare for dinner also while Dr. Hillyer draws
the roast toward his place and picks up the carving tools.

KLINGER, a young man in his twenties with a very positive
manner and a forthright delivery to go with his bushy red
hair, speaks.

KLINGER

This is peculiar. He is usually
punctual.

(CONTINUED)

2 (CONTINUED - 2)

DR. HILLYER
(Illustrating his
point with the
carving knife)

Until he became unhinged, that is.

BRIDEWELL
(Admiring his glass
of wine)

Unhinged or not, his wine is always
of the best. Here's to George,
gentlemen -- to his good health.

He is bringing the glass to his lips when from o.s. comes
the SOUND OF A PIERCING SCREAM. They all look in the
direction of another door across the room.

3 ANOTHER DOORWAY - MRS. WATCHETT

The door bursts inward and Mrs. Watchett - her hair fly-
ing - flees panic-stricken into the room.

4 BRIDEWELL - CLOSE SHOT

His wine glass leaps from his hand and CRASHES on the
floor.

5 GROUP AT TABLE - MED. SHOT

The men have come to their feet as Mrs. Watchett darts
into the shot and clutches Filby's arm.

MRS. WATCHETT
Mr. Filby! ... Dr. Hillyer! ...

She turns and points toward the long corridor, revealed by
the open door.

MRS. WATCHETT
(Frightened)
There there ...

All stare down the corridor, Hillyer with the carving
knife clasped in his hand.

6 CORRIDOR THROUGH DOORWAY - LONG SHOT

We see the figure of a man approaching, a figure that is
a black silhouette against the pale glow at the end of

(CONTINUED)

6 (CONTINUED)

the passage. He is bent as though with exhaustion and sways as he moves forward, limping. The man comes closer, his features still blacked out by shadows. As he nears the doorway, the light from the room strikes first his legs, then his body and finally his face. Here he stops.

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

7 FILBY AND BRIDEWELL - MED. SHOT

They come to life and start toward him.

FILBY

Good lord! ... What's happened?

When they reach the Time Traveller, each seizes an elbow to support him. Bridewell throws a frantic glance back at the table.

BRIDEWELL

Dr. Hillyer - he needs you!

The Time Traveller moves forward under his own power.

TIME TRAVELLER

I'm all right. ... Just some food ...
a drink ...

He reaches the table and drops the journal on it, then sinks into his chair at the head of the table. Mrs. Watchett stops wringing her hands and grasps the carving knife from Dr. Hillyer. With a single slash she cuts off a huge portion of beef which she loads onto a plate for the Time Traveller.

MRS. WATCHETT

(Half-apology, half
concern)

I didn't recognize you! ... It was
so dark ...

Meantime the Time Traveller has emptied his wine glass and starts cutting into his meat. Mrs. Watchett is hovering over him like a mother hen, refills wine glass, then leaves. The Time Traveller stuffs a large bite of meat into his mouth and starts chewing.

(CONTINUED)

7 (CONTINUED)

The men watch him in fascination. Dr. Hillyer leans toward him.

DR. HILLYER

Can't you speak, man? What's happened to you?

The Time Traveller glances around, sees his journal on the corner of the table and shoves it at Filby.

TIME TRAVELLER

(His mouth full)

Here

Filby picks it up.

8 CLOSE ON FILBY

He looks at the journal curiously. The SHOT IS ANGLED so that we can glimpse the pages as he whirls through them. Filby's eyes wider, as he sees that each or the many pages is covered with writing. He looks up sharply.

FILBY

But this is impossible! The journal was blank!

9 GROUP AT TABLE - MED. SHOT

Hillyer takes the journal from Filby's hands.

DR. HILLYER

Then it's not the same.

FILBY

But it is! See - on the first page - our signatures.

DR. HILLYER

(Riffling through the pages, astonished)

But it's like a novel! You couldn't possibly have written all this since Sunday.

The Time Traveller gestures impatiently.

BRIDEWELL

Read it - read it.

Filby takes the journal back and looks at it.

10 INSERT: THE JOURNAL

Written in ink we see the signatures of the four men:

Herbert Filby - - - (Bold and even writing)
Robert Bridewell - - - (A bit scrawly)
Walter Q. Klinger - - - (Tight and precise)
Ralph Hillyer - - - (Very flourishing)

and beneath them the first page of the Time Traveller's record. Filby starts reading aloud.

FILBY'S VOICE

Monday, 2:00 A.M. The new century
is two hours old...

11 GROUP AT TABLE - MED. SHOT

Filby is reading while Bridewell. Klinger and Hillyer listen attentively. Mrs. Watchett at the sideboard turns around.

FILBY

I trust that my friends will recall
the circumstances under which
I asked them to place their signatures
on the page above. It was
December 31st, 1899 - New Year's
Eve ...

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. CALENDAR ON WALL - CLOSE SHOT - (NIGHT)

With a handsome print of the period: December 31, 1899. We hear INCREASING SOUNDS OF LAUGHTER. A hand reaches up and Jerks the calendar from the wall, replacing it with a brand new one. The full page is covered by the numerals: 1900.

A voice, happily intoxicated, cries out.

THE VOICE

Happ - - - - ppy New Year!

It was Bridewell's voice we discover as the CAMERA DRAWS BACK TO A FULL SHOT OF THE LIVING ROOM in the Time Traveller's home. Bridewell's usually smooth hair hangs over his temple. Filby at the piano with Hillyer, holding a cigar in his hand, and an unidentified man with his back turned are singing "THE LAND O' THE LEAL".

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED)

" ... Then dry chat tearfu' e'e,
My soul langs to be free,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal..."

Mrs. Watchett, her face wreathed in smilce, is moving across the room with a tray of drinks. Hillyer and Filby each take one without pausing in their singing. Klinger, drink in hand, moves to the opposite corner of the room toward Bridewell who lifts his glass high as he throws the old calendar into the fireplace and cries out again.

BRIDEWELL
(Feeling no pain)
Happy twentiesh shentury!

KLINGER
(Very positive)
But, Bridewell, it is not the
twentieth century yet. It's
only the last year of the nineteenth
century.

BRIDEWELL
(Happily)
The 19th century is gone. - Forever!

KLINGER
The twentieth century does not
start until this time next year!

In the background the SONG HAS ENDED.

BRIDEWELL
For me it's started!

While he drinks deeply the two are joined by Filby and Hillyer. Bridewell salutes them.

BRIDEWELL
Happy twentiech chentury!

Klinger turns to Hillyer in exasperation.

KLINGER
Dr. Hillyer, are we starting the
first year of the 20th century or
the last year of the 19th ?

DR. HILLYER
(Pontifically)
Well, now ... if you're a purist ...

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED - 2)

KLINGER
(Almost insulted)
Of course I'm a purist.

DR. HILLYER
Then I'd say that a century cannot
be one hundred years old until it
has completed its hundredth year.

KLINGER
(Triumphantly to
Bridewell)
There !

FILBY
(Baiting Klinger)
But doesn't it all depend upon when
we started the last century?

DR. HILLYER
No. Unless you're being purely
arbitrary.

The four increase their argument until their following
speeches overlap each other and only a few phrases come
out clearly.

FILBY
But time measurement is arbitrary.

KLINGER
Look now - I'm twenty-two years
old. I'm going on twenty-three.
I'm not twenty-three yet!

DR. HILLYER
On the contrary, time measurement
is very exact!

BRIDEWELL
He says he's not twenty-three yet.

KLINGER
And the century is only going on
one hundred!

FILBY
(He turns around)
I appeal to our host.

BRIDEWELL
(Echoing)
I second the appeal!

(CONTINUED)

12 (CONTINUED - 3)

All turn to face the same direction as Filby.

FILBY

(This speech comes
out clearly)

C'mon George, settle this argument.

13 UNIDENTIFIED MAN - LONG SHOT

He is standing across the room, his back to the others, filling his pipe from a humidor on a side table. As he hears Filby's request, he turns leisurely. It is the Time Traveller whom we have seen before in a state of dishevelment, but now we see him to advantage. He's a tall well-formed individual in his late thirties. The lamplight glows along the folds of his maroon smoking jacket. His thoughtful face compels respect and one senses his authority even before he speaks. The CAMERA ACCOMPANIES him as he, with a quiet smile, paces across the room to a book case where he extracts a small gold-embossed volume.

TIME TRAVELLER

(With a smile)

I do have something to say about time, and New Year's Eve seems the appropriate moment. In fact, that's why I invited you here tonight. Sit down, gentlemen, sit down.

He sits in a deep chair himself, places his pipe to one side and opens the book. Klinger and Filby sit while the other two remain standing.

TIME TRAVELLER

What is time, anyway? Fifteen hundred years ago Saint Augustine gave himself that same question. Hear what he wrote.

(He reads with reverence
and respect)

"For what is time? Who can readily and briefly explain this? Who can even in thought comprehend it? - My soul is on fire to know this most intricate enigma."

(He pauses, looking
up as he turns a page)

But he reached certain conclusions.

(CONTINUED)

13 (CONTINUED)

During the following the CAMERA MOVES IN TO A CLOSE SHOT.

TIME TRAVELLER

(He reads again)

"Who therefore denieth that things
to come are not as yet? And who
denies past things to be now no
longer? And who denieth that
present time hath no space, because
It passeth away in a moment?"

(He closes the book,
lays it aside and
picks up his pipe)

And there you have it. The past
still lingers where we left it
behind us; the future is already
there, awaiting our coming. Time
is only another dimension.

14 THE GROUP FAVORING HILLYER - FULL SHOT

DR. HILLYER

But a dimension in which it's
impossible to move.

TIME TRAVELLER

Are you so sure of that?

DR. HILLYER

Of course, I'm sure.

(Demonstrating each
movement, and being
a pompous man looks
comical)

Look now, I can move to the left ...
or the right - thus. One dimension.
I can move forward or back, like
this. Two dimensions. And I can
even move up and down a little - so.
That's three dimensions. Now suppose
you show me which way to jump
in order to move through time.

Bridewell lurches forward and stabs Hillyer in the paunch
with a forefinger.

BRIDEWELL

Ha! But you don't have to jump.
You can move through time while
you're standing still.

(Astonished at his
own brilliance)

(CONTINUED)

14 (CONTINUED)

DR. HILLYER

Oh, come now. You --

FILBY

(Cutting in)

Bridewell is right. Time has passed, hasn't it?

(to Hillyer)

Even while you were talking you were moving through time.

DR. HILLYER

That sort of time movement means nothing.

TIME TRAVELLER

I must contradict you. That is precisely the sort of time movement I mean. It is called duration, a true dimension, as real as any of the others. Without duration we couldn't exist at all. It carries us along from one second to the next.

KLINGER

But that's not a form of movement.

TIME TRAVELLER

But it is. The reason you don't notice it is because we're all moving at exactly the same speed. The present moment slides along the time dimension at the same rate for everyone, and until recently there was no way to escape from it.

There is a curious pause after this statement, then Filby leans forward.

FILBY

Did I hear you right? You said that until recently there was no way to escape from the present.

15 ON TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT
as he rises.

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER

You heard me right. Until recently we've all been imprisoned in this little instant or time called now. But, that is no longer the situation.

He crosses the room toward a handsome walnut cabinet, opens it and with extreme care and a touch of eager pride brings out a mechanical device of curious and intricate form. It glitters with crystal bars and is shaped along non-Euclidean curves and twisted planes. Holding it by its ivory handles, he places it on a table near the fireplace and looks down at it lovingly.

16 INSERT: MODEL OF THE MACHINE - CLOSE SHOT

It glitters and the MUSIC UNDERSCORES this.

17 BACK TO GROUP

They are standing in a semi-circle around the Machine, looking at it with interest.

DR. HILLYER

(To Filby and Klinger)

Light dawns! All this talk is simply a curtain-raiser for his latest invention.

TIME TRAVELLER

Yes! - But an invention I've kept secret until this first hour of the new century. After years of work I've perfected a device, a machine, capable of moving along the time dimension. It can move into the past or into the future. This is only a small experimental model, of course, But in a larger edition I intend to make a time journey myself.

DR. HILLYER

(Amused)

Preposterous!

FILBY

(Poker faced)

If you get into the future, aren't you likely to mess things up for the rest of us?

(CONTINUED)

17 (CONTINUED)

KLINGER

The future is already there, it's
irrevocable and can't be changed.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Thoughtfully)

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

There is an impressive pause which is broken by Hillyer.

DR. HILLYER

(Scowling)

See here, George - if you've lost
your mind, I forgive you. But if
you've made me waste New Year's
Eve listening to you talk about
some impossible notion that can't...

TIME TRAVELLER

(Cuts him off)

No, no. You're here as witnesses.
To see - not to listen.

DR. HILLYER

To see what?

TIME TRAVELLER

To see the experiment I'm about to
perform. But first let me explain
how it works.

18 INSERT: THE MODEL

The Time Traveller's hands indicate the various parts as
he explains.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

In this compartment you will notice
the saddle for the Time Traveller.
And here in front of him are the
controls ... wait, let's do it
right.
(the hand withdraws)

19 TWO SHOT

The Time Traveller reaches forward and takes a cigar from Hillyer's breast pocket.

TIME TRAVELLER

You can spare a cigar, I trust.

Without waiting for Hillyer's permission, he bends the cigar into an angle. Hillyer looks annoyed as the Time Traveller places his cigar on the driver's seat in the model of the Machine.

INSERT: THE MODEL

TIME TRAVELLER' S VOICE

(His hands indicating)

We'll suppose this cigar is the driver. Note these two levers - forward pressure on this one sends the machine into the future, backward pressure into the past. And the other lever controls the speed and makes the machine start and stop.

GROUP SHOT

TIME TRAVELLER

My big machine is about finished so I no longer need this model and am prepared to get rid of it.

KLINGER

Get rid of it? But you said you worked years on it.

TIME TRAVELLER

So I did. But this experiment can be performed only once. If it's a success, I lose my model forever. That's why I need witnesses.

(mocking magician's spiel)

Please examine the table to make sure there are no mirrors or trap doors.

They look at each other with raised eyebrows, still not sure whether their friend is joking or not. Bridewell stoops with difficulty to examine the table.

(CONTINUED)

21 (continued)

BRIDEWELL

It's the same table I fell over
last Christmas.

FILBY

Go ahead. We'll take your word
about no mirrors.

TIME TRAVELLER

You're ready then?

Despite disbelief there is a tense silence as the Time Traveller moves his hand out and places a finger on the starting lever. Then he pauses.

TIME TRAVELLER

No, wait. Dr. Hillyer - lend me
your hand.

Hillyer extends his hand hesitantly.

DR. HILLYER

You're sure I'll get it back?

TIME TRAVELLER

If not. I'll send you after it.

Hillyer smiles weakly.

22 INSERT: THE MODEL

As the Time Traveller uses Hillyer's forefinger to press the lever over toward the future. Immediately a HIGH-PITCHED HUMMING STARTS.

23 THE ROOM - FULL SHOT

The men stare in fascination at the Machine, while around them objects begin to vibrate.

24 INSERTS: SERIES OF FLASHES

As the HUMMING GETS HIGHER AND LOUDER:

(a) The gas lights in the ceiling chandelier jump and flicker violently.

(b) Some of the candles on the mantel are blown out.

(CONTINUED)

24 (CONTINUED)

(c) Several glasses on a silver tray rattle and clink against each other, while a solitary glass falls from the table.

(d) The curtains billow gustily into the room, revealing the snow patched garden in bright moonlight.

25 INSERT: THE MODEL

It is vibrating so rapidly that its edges are blurred and it gradually becomes transparent. This quality of transparency increases rapidly until within a few seconds the Machine and the cigar have vanished utterly. The HUMMING SOUND HAS REACHED A HIGH SHRIEK and stops abruptly as the Machine disappears.

26 GROUP SHOT

The lights have stopped flickering. Everyone stares at the now empty table. Hillyer touches his cigar pocket. Finally Filby is the one who breaks the silence.

FILBY

I'll be dammed!

TIME TRAVELLER

(Almost to himself)

It worked!

BRIDEWELL - CLOSE SHOT

He has been staring wordlessly at the table. Now he looks at the glass of liquor in his hand and places it on the mantelpiece as far out of his reach as he possibly can. He's had it! - Then suddenly reversing his decision he retrieves this glass and gulps it.

GROUP - MED. CLOSE

KLINGER

Where did it go?

TIME TRAVELLER

(Recovering)

Go? It's gone nowhere in the usual sense! It's right here.

(Continued)

(CONTINUED)

28 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER (cont'd)
(He passes his hand
through the air where
the Machine previously
stood)

Right here where you saw it. But
It's no longer here in our present.
It's travelling through time - to
the future!

All are silent, still staring at the table.

TIME TRAVELLER
Now would you like to see the
real thing -- The Time Machine
Itself?

They are all for it.

AD LIBS
All right ...
I'd certainly like to ...
I can take anything now ...
Etc.

So the Time Traveller turns to the mantel, with a match
re-lights the four tapers in the candlestick, picks it
up and leaves the room.

TIME TRAVELLER
Come, gentlemen, let's go to the
laboratory.

All follow except Dr. Hillyer. When the others have gone,
he curiously approaches the table and passes his hand
back and forth above and under it. Then he looks search-
ingly around the room. Finally when he realizes that
he's being left alone he scurries with a note of fear,
after the others.

29 INT. THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE LABORATORY - (NIGHT)

This will be recognized as the corridor which terminates
in the dining room where we first saw the Time Traveller.
But now he leads his friends in the opposite direction.
The CAMERA MOVES with the group and the candles throw
mysterious black shadows on the wall. Hillyer hurries
along overtaking the others. The Time Traveller opens a
door at the far end.

30 INT. LABORATORY - (NIGHT)

The door opens slowly as the Time Traveller and his companions enter. The laboratory has the appearance of having once been a green house attached to the main dwelling. The ceiling is of glass skylights which give back inverted reflections of the men below. Around the perimeter of the room are work benches and even a few potted plants. Numerous tools, sheets of drawings and scientific instruments are visible.

But the most conspicuous object in the room is the Time Machine. The men look at it in silence.

31 THE TIME MACHINE

Although it is a duplicate of the model already seen, its size gives it a majestic quality. Nickel, ivory, and crystalline quartz gleam in the wavering light.

32 AT THE BENCH

As the Time Traveller steps up to it. Before him are two crystalline bars and a journal. A clock points to 1:13 A.M. Shadows are sharp on his face as he touches the crystal bars and turns toward the others.

TIME TRAVELLER

I have only to install these reverse crystals and my work is done.

(Holds candles aloft to gaze at Machine)

Then upon that Machine, protected against age, I intend to explore time. Is that plain?

33 THE GROUP - MED. SHOT

FILBY

(Concerned)

But, George... you can't be serious?

34 BACK AT BENCH

TIME TRAVELLER

I was never more serious in all my life.

(He sets down the candles and picks up the journal)

And in this I shall record the story of my journey through time.

35 BACK TO GROUP

HILLYER
(Suspiciously)
Is this a trick?

36 BACK AT BENCH

TIME TRAVELLER
No. And to make certain you
won't think so when we next meet,
I want all of you to write your
names in my journal so you'll
recognize it when you see it
again.

He opens the journal, uncorks a bottle of ink and dips a pen. Holding it toward the men, he approaches them FOLLOWED BY THE CAMERA. They hesitate.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Smiling)
Come, come, gentlemen. I'm only
asking for your autograph.

The men look at one another self-consciously. Finally Filby steps boldly forward, takes the pen from the Time Traveller's hand and signs his name, He is followed very willingly by Bridewell and Klinger.

Then the Time Traveller holds the pen out to Hillyer. After a pause, he methodically puts out his cigar, seizes the pen and writes his name with a great flourish.

DISSOLVE TO :

37 EXT. THE TIME TRAVELLER'S HOME - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

The house is in the country at the foot of a snow-patched hill. The laboratory wing extends on one side and the whole house is shaded by majestic leafless oaks in the moonlight. The door opens and the guests wearing hats and coats walk toward a carriage that awaits them in the drive.

AD LIBS
Goodnight, George ...
Happy twentieth century ...
Enjoyed the evening ...
Happy New Year ...
Etc.

38 THE DOORWAY - LONG SHOT

The Time Traveller waves and calls out to them.

TIME TRAVELLER

Remember - I want all of you here
to dinner - eight o'clock, Friday.

39 THE CARRIAGE - FULL SHOT

Filby leans out and waves his hand.

FILBY

Don't worry, we'll be here!

The carriage moves off and reveals in the distance wintry
breakers pounding the shoreline near the mouth of a river.

40 BACK AT THE DOORWAY

The Time Traveller stops waving, then turns and enters
the house, closing the door slowly.

41 INT. THE CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT - (NIGHT)

As the Time Traveller, carrying a candlestick, walks
toward his laboratory.

42 INT. LABORATORY - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

The Time Traveller enters and steps to the work bench.
Setting down his candles, he looks at the signatures in
his journal, then closes it. The clock stands at 1:49.
Time for bed. But the Time Machine clamors for his
attention. With sudden resolution he picks up one of
the crystals and starts buffing it on an optical grinder.
Lost in his work, he starts WHISTLING the melancholy
strain of "The Land O' The Leal".

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

43 INSERT: THE JOURNAL - (NIGHT)

We see that the Time Traveller has written a large por-
tion in the journal which was read aloud by Filby in
Scenes 10 and 11. The candles beside the journal are
shorter than when we last saw them.

(CONTINUED)

43 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

(Fades in)

friends went home but I was
unable to go to bed, The Machine
was so nearly finished that I
couldn't leave it.

DISSOLVE TO:

44 INT. THE CLOCK - CLOSE SHOT - (NIGHT)

TICKING off the seconds - 2:31. THE CAMERA SWINGS ACROSS
the laboratory to reveal the Time Traveller setting the
last crystal bar into place. He looks the whole MACHINE
over, adds a drop of oil and tightens a screw. As he
glances at the clock his narration begins.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

At 2:31 A.M. I installed the last
crystal, and then the first of
all Time Machines was complete.

He stands back, looking at it.

45 ON THE TIME TRAVELLER - REVERSE SHOT, CLOSE

His face expresses excitement and anxiety.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

It was a moment of mixed emotions.
I felt anxiety, curiosity and even,
a touch of fear. I was probably
experiencing what Columbus felt
when he stood on his flag ship and
sailed from a flat world to a round
one.

With sudden determination he walks back to the bench
Where he picks up the journal and returns with It.

46 THE TIME MACHINE - MED. SHOT

He stands at the front of the Machine, hesitates, then
steps inside and settles into the saddle. During this
we hear the

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

In the last instance, curiosity and
fear wedded, and I decided on a brief
glimpse of tomorrow. This was to be
only a trial.

(continued)

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE (cont'd)
A run into the future and a mad
dash back. - I said a silent
prayer, and then...

Meanwhile the CAMERA HAS MOVED IN TO A CLOSE SHOT and we see the Time Traveller slip his journal into the side pocket of his smoking jacket. He lowers his head, then places his hand on the lever and slowly pushes it forward to take him into the future.

A HUMMING SOUND, similar to the one made by the model, only much LOUDER, starts and a soft glow wells up from within the Machine.

47 INSERT: THE CONTROL PANEL

The luminous dials show: 1 January 1900. The meters and indicators start to BUZZ and whirl. The glow increases.

48 TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT

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

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

49 INSERT: THE PANEL

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

50 BACK TO THE TRAVELLER

As he starts to look up and around, slowly.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
...I stopped.

51 WHAT HE SEES - MOVING SHOT

Starting at the WINDOW with frost around the edges and icicles outside, we move around the room PASSING THE WORK BENCH over to the DOOR. During this we hear the

(CONTINUED)

51 (CONTINUED)

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

THE CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO THE WORK BENCH, CLOSE, where
the clock is now showing 4:09 and the candle has burned
shorter.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
(Excited)
The clock said 2:31 when I started
and now it was 4:09...and the
candles, shorter by inches.

52 TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE

He looks amazed, then pulls his old-fashioned watch from
his pocket by its gold chain. It flips open showing
almost 2:32.

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

Pleased, he puts his watch away and reaches out for the
levers.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
So, I decided to give it another
try, slowly.

The HUMMING SOUND STARTS again as he pushes the levers,
looking off toward the

53 WORK BENCH

The flame of the candles flicker with the speed of a
bee's wing and the candles begin melting down, while
the hands of the clock are circling the dial. The
CAMERA MOVES back to the window where the frost has
spread and the icicles continue to grow, light comes up
behind so that the crystals glitter like gems. The sun
starts to rise.

54 TIME TRAVELLER IN THE MACHINE - MED. SHOT

The rays of the early morning sun slide down the labora-
tory wall and sweep across the Time Traveller and his
Machine. In the background, the door bursts open and

(CONTINUED)

54 (CONTINUED)

Mrs. Watchett seems to leap into the room. The Time Traveller watches her pause the briefest instant, look around in dismay and then with the speed of wind streak across the room.

55 MRS. WATCHETT - LONG SHOT (STOP MOTION)

She seems to do her dally chorea in seconds, ending with the quick watering of the flowers. Over this the

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Dear Mrs. Watchett... I suppose
I was invisible to her, yet, she
was still taking care of me in the
future as in the past --

Mrs. Watchett zips from the room.

56 ON TIME TRAVELLER

A trace of a smile -- and then, he looks up and squints.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

It was disconcerting to see the
sun...

57 SKYLIGHTS - MED. SHOT (STOP MOTION)

As the sun arches majestically across.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

--- arc in less than a minute.

57-A POT OF FLOWERS - (STOCK)

As they close.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

...to see my flowers closing their
eyes for the night, changes that
normally took hours, occurring in
seconds, was beautiful.

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

58 TIME TRAVELLER – CLOSE SHOT

His face is apprehensive and his brow beaded with perspiration.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

And as yet I was travelling very slowly!

(challenging)

What if I went faster?!

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

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

59 INSERT: CLOSE ON DIALS

They are spinning.

60 ON TIME TRAVELLER

As he looks up.

61 SKYLIGHTS – (STOP MOTION)

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

62 BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER

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

He turns toward the:

63 WINDOW – FULL SHOT

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

- (a) The sun hops swiftly across the sky.
- (b) The right falls, and the stars circle around the north-star.
- (c) The sun appears and disappears behind the whirling clouds.
- (d) At night the moon races through tumultuous clouds.
- (e) Next day the sky darkens with thunderheads. There is a cata-ract of lightning and THUNDER.

64 BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

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

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

65 WHAT HE SEES

- (a) Seacoast in the distance where the surf and the breakers pound frenziedly to the shore day and night. Meanwhile, at the eastern horizon sun and moon go through their natural changes, the moon passing through its phases and the sun shifting its position with the seasons.

(CONTINUED)

65 (CONTINUED)

- (b) River normally a slow stream is racing past now. Its appearance is altogether different from that of a fast moving torrent because it dashes around curves without the centrifugal effect of faster water.
- (c) An Apple Tree as shadows, thrown on the ground by the sun and the full moon, dance around the trunk, faster and faster while the fruit of the tree appears.
- (d) Apples on a branch – they grow, change from green to red and fall. Then the leaves turn amber and disappear.
- (e) The Apple Tree now bare, is covered with snow for a few seconds, then bursts into blossoms.
- (f) Countryside seen through the window. The trees grow and change like puffs of vapor – now brown, now green; they spread, shiver and pass away. Snow flashes across the country, vanishes and is followed by the brief bright green of spring. Suddenly a sheet of flame shoots across the screen and then goes out as fast as it came. The smoke whips away into the flickering sky and all that remains is ruins.

66 EXT. TIME TRAVELLER IN THE MACHINE – CLOSE SHOT

He is startled to find himself in the open air without roof or walls.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

(Puzzled)

What happened to my home? I wanted to know, so I slowed down.

As he speaks, his hand grabs and draws back slowly on the accelerating lever.

67 INSERT: THE DIALS

As the dials move slower.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Thirteen years had passed...
... fourteen... fifteen... six-
teen... and I stopped. In the year
nineteen hundred seventeen.

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

68 EXT. TIME TRAVELER IN MACHINE - MED. SHOT - (DAY)

The Time Traveller rises, looks curiously around. THE
CAMERA MOVES BACK TO A FULL SHOT revealing the ruins
overgrown with vines and flowers, of what once was his
home. He steps out of the machine and starts to wander
around, thinking, investigating. Meanwhile:

TIME TRAVELER'S VOICE
Apparently, at some future date
one of my experiments must have
gone wrong.
(And then)
I must remember to increase my
fire insurance when I return.

Suddenly the SOUND OF AN APPROACHING ENGINE catches his
attention. He looks puzzled o.s.

69 EXT. ROAD - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

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

70 TWO SHOT

TIME TRAVELLER
(Glibly)
Going to a masquerade. Walter?

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

KLINGER

(Puzzled]

were you addressing me, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER

I expected more of an enthusiastic greeting, Klinger. After all, it's been some...

KLINGER

(Smiles as he
interrupts him)

I'm afraid you have me confused with my father, sir. There was a remarkable resemblance.

TIME TRAVELLER

Was?

KLINGER

Were you a friend of father's?

TIME TRAVELLER

Yes... Yes... - I've... I've been away.

KLINGER

He was killed in the first year of the war.

TIME TRAVELLER

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

(Pause, then hesi-
tantly points o.s.)

And the gentleman who used to live across the street?

KLINGER

Oh, him. The children hereabouts think the ruins are haunted. The ghost of some mad inventor who disappeared around the turn of the century.

A WOMAN'S VOICE

Paul?

KLINGER

My mother, Nice meeting you, sir.

(As he starts to enter)

Would you like to see her?

(CONTINUED)

70 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER
No. - No.

KLINGER

Goodbye.

(Looks at him for
a moment and then
quite amused)

If I may say so, sir, you look
more like a masquerade than I do.

With that Klinger Junior enters the department store.
The CAMERA PANS as The Time Traveller walks slowly
across the street. With the bitter taste of death in
his mouth for a friend, whom he left only moments ago,
he steps into his machine.

DISSOLVE TO:

71
and (OMITTED)
72

73 SWIRLING CLOUDS IN THE SKY - LONG SHOT

Accent on MUSIC, then the HUMMING OF THE TIME MACHINE
takes over.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

He adjusts the controls and the flickers of days and
nights slow, halting on a day, Over this:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

As I went along I gained experience
handling the Machine, I found that
I could stop for a day, an hour,
or even for a second to observe,
then go ahead for a year or two. -
Thus I was able to see the changing
world in a series of glimpses.

During this the flashes and the HUMMING INCREASE as the
Time Traveller races ahead. Then something catches his
interest, He pulls back the lever to SLOW DOWN.

75
thru (OMITTED)
82

83 EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT)

It is practically deserted and sparingly illuminated except for Klinger's show-window where the mannequin is now wearing the clothing of the "Roaring Twenties". A distant CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

84 TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT
Speaks surprised.

TIME TRAVELLER
Good heavens, that's a dress?

85 MANNEQUIN - MED. SHOT

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

86 BACK TO THE TIME TRAVELLER

A smile appears on his face.

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

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

BLUR TO:

87
thru

94 SERIES OF SHOTS OF THE MANNEQUIN - (DAYS AND NIGHTS)

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

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

95 ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

Suddenly he is being PITCHED, back and forth in his Machine. He looks down at the instruments.

96 INSERT: DIALS

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

The instruments vibrate.

97 BACK ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

He looks at the dials with much concern as he is TOSSED around.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Suddenly in nineteenhundredthirtynine I began to be buffeted from side to side. My first thought was that the Machine had a mechanical defect or a part had worn out. -

A smile of relief appears on his face as the BUFFETING SUBSIDES.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

However, It only lasted for a few moments. By nineteenortyfive it was over and then it was nineteen-hundredfiftysix when I looked at my silent, never aging friend again.

96 THE MANNEQUIN

In bikini bathing suit.

99 THE TIME TRAVELLER

Smiles.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Gentlemen, you'll never guess the wonders that the future holds. Frankly, I didn't want to waste my time in guessing, so I shoved the lever forward to see for myself.

As he does so the flashes and the HUMMING INCREASE.

100 INSERT: DIALS

The years are spinning: 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962 and stops on 1963.

101 THE MANNEQUIN

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

102 THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

He looks o.s.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

But wait. What's going on?

103 EXT. STREET IN 1963 - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

People are fleeing rapidly along the sidewalk. The SOUND OF MORE DEEP-THROATED SIRENS from all directions comes over. Driver's leave their cars in disorder.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Strange ... they're all running.

The running is purposive, however. All are entering particular buildings or, like those closest to the Time Traveller, are descending a stairway from the sidewalk down below street level. Some glance skyward. In a few seconds, the streets are deserted. There is a futuristic approach to everything.

104 TIME MACHINE AT EDGE OF PARK - FULL SHOT

As the Time Traveller gets out and looks around, very puzzled.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

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

He starts off toward the sidewalk. The CAMERA PANS with him. At the front of the descending subway stairway he stops and peers downward. But he sees no one below. Meanwhile, through a loudspeaker o.s., a melodious SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA is heard softly, until a BURST OF

(CONTINUED)

104 (CONTINUED)

CHORDS attracts the Time Traveller's attention. He walks to the window of Klinger's department store.

105 EXT. STORE WINDOW - MED. SHOT

First the Time Traveller looks at the mannequin, then at a TELEVISION CABINET on display. The set is operating, showing a huge symphony orchestra led by one of the popular conductors of the near future. The Time Traveller becomes very much interested, so he starts trying to find the entrance to the store. The CAMERA PANS WITH him and STOPS when he reaches the two broad glass doors. As he steps forward he intercepts the rays of electronic eyes and the door flies wide open.

He stops startled, looking about to see who opened it. Seeing no one, he starts slowly forward, but by this time the door is closing. He pauses as it shuts. Then he backs away from it to look the situation over and in so doing, intercepts the rays again. Once more the door flings open. The MUSIC gets LOUDER every time the door opens. But the Time Traveller is a perceptive man and makes the connection between the position of his body and the behavior of the door. He steps still farther back and watches the door close. Then cautiously he puts out a hand and waves it up and down. Sure enough, the hand intercepts the beam of light and the door springs open.

TIME TRAVELER
(Profound admiration)
Fantastic...

He lets the door close again. A delighted smile appears on his face, He then walks forward, intercepts the rays which open the door and enters the store with an expression of satisfaction.

106 INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LONG SHOT

Inside the store the MUSIC BLARES from the T.V. set in the window. Near the entrance the Time Traveller discovers a machine with glass window and dials not unlike those on the T.V. cabinet. He experiments with the knobs, expecting a picture, and is first startled, then amused as the SWIRL of soapy water and tumbling laundry acquaints him with his error. He turns his attention to other appliances - refrigerators, pop-up toasters, vacuum cleaners, reducing belts. As his keen mind grasps the

(CONTINUED)

106 (CONTINUED)

significance of each, he smiles with approval, proud of his fellow man. His delight increases until he is Interrupted by APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. He looks off.

107 REVERSE SHOT

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

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

The warden takes off his helmet. He is Klinger's son, in his mid-sixties, whom we saw in 1917.

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

TIME TRAVELLER
(Recognizing him)
Klinger!

WARDEN
My name is Mister Klinger. Didn't
you hear the air raid siren?

TIME TRAVELLER
You mean that horrible screeching?

WARDEN
(Sardonic)
As you well know, sir, it wasn't
constructed for its aesthetic
values, but to warn silly young
fools like yourself to get down
into the shelter.

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

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED)

WARDEN

(With personal pride)
Oh, thank you. - Well, we better
be going before the mushrooms
start sprouting, sir,
(Looks at him curiously)
That costume.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Smiles)
You've asked me before if I were
going to a masquerade. Remember?

WARDEN

(Amazed)
It's impossible.
(Afraid to believe)
It's some kind of a practical
joke.
(Takes a step forward)
Tell me it is!!

TIME TRAVELLER

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

There is an insistent, EAR PIERCING SIREN. It lasts
for three seconds. The Warden grabs the Time
Traveller by the arm and drags him out of the store.

WARDEN

The last alert... Hurry!

108 ON THE STREET - FULL SHOT

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

TIME TRAVELLER

Listen to me! It's important.

WARDEN

(Points to the sky)
Look! An atomic satellite zeroing
in!

The Warden runs for the open door of the shelter. He
looks over his shoulder, calling.

(CONTINUED)

108 (CONTINUED)

WARDEN

Hurry! Hide till the All Clear!

TIME TRAVELLER

(Puzzled)

All Clear?

(Yells)

Paul... I've got to talk to you!

The Warden reaches the door to the air-raid shelter. He looks at the Time Traveller. We can see him mutter "hurry" and then he pushes a button and a lead door slide across the opening. The Time Traveller looks up.

109 VIEW THROUGH THE STREETS - LONG SHOT - (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

A satellite travels across the city in the distance. There is a blinding blue flash, followed by an EXPLOSION and a giant mushroom begins to rise over the horizon.

110 THE TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT

The CAMERA PANS with him as he runs toward his Machine. More flashes and MORE EXPLOSIONS, finally the shock waves reach the Time Traveller and throw him to the ground. He looks back, desperately.

111 THE CITY - (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

The labor of centuries gone in an instant!

The ground shudders with an OMINOUS SOUND and suddenly a great rent opens in the wide street ahead as though the earth were being torn apart. The rent zigzags down the street as far as eye can see, and from the widening fissure clouds of smoke and steam start rising.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

But then Mother Earth aroused by man's violence, responded with volcanic violence of her own!

112 STREET IN RUINS - (PARTLY STOCK)

The smoke and steam give way to a spluttering of red hot lava which swells slowly at first in a rising tide and then begins exploding into the air.

113 BACK ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

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

114 THE SEACOAST - (STOCK)

Where the gigantic waves race toward the shore. The water towers terrifyingly above the land.

115 ANOTHER STREET - (PARTLY STOCK)

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

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

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

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

117 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

As he sees his great peril.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

But to go back was, to admit defeat.

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

118
thru (OMITTED)
127

128 THE ENCROACHING LAVA - (STOCK)

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

129 INT. TIME TRAVELLER IN THE TIME MACHINE - MED. SHOT

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

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

130 INSERT: THE DIALS

In the gradually fading red glow they are spinning too fast to distinguish anything.

131 TIME TRAVELLER - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

The molten rock cooled.
(He closes his burn-
ing eyes as the last
light vanishes)
Again I prayed ... wondering how
many centuries, how many eons must
pass before the wind and rain could
wear away the mountain that enclosed
me.

In the pitch darkness there are only the sounds of the HUMMING TIME MACHINE and the SLOW LABORED BREATHING of the Time Traveller,

Then a match flickers. The Time Traveller holds it in his hand, his face glistening with perspiration as he leans forward to look at the dials.

TIME TRAVELLER

(whispering)
Darkness - Darkness for centuries.

132 INSERT: DIALS

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

133 BACK TO THE TIME TRAVELLER

Once again there is only blackness and the WAVERING HUM of the Time Machine.

Then from the Time Traveller's left comes a faint CHATTERING SOUND that grows gradually LOUDER and then FADES away.

The Time Traveller stops his Machine and the HUMMING DIES away. A match flickers. The Time Traveller peers off into the blackness as he speaks.

TIME TRAVELLER

What was that?

A SLOW GRINDING SOUND begins off to his right. He looks in that direction as the match flickers and goes out.

134 WHAT HE SEES

In the blackness dead center ahead appears a tiny, faint blue glow which starts moving in a spiral motion, going around and around in increasingly large curves. THE GRINDING SOUND is associated with the motion of the blue light, RISING and FALLING at each twist of the spiral. Suddenly it STOPS, then after a few suspenseful seconds STARTS AGAIN. As the spiral expands, the blue light travels faster and faster until the entire field of vision is filled with the spinning blue spiral.

135 THE TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES on his face, illuminated by the blue light, as he starve into it.

TIME TRAVELLER

(With a cry)

Coming straight at me!

The GRINDING SOUND lies reached the intensity of a DEAFENING SIREN and the blue light from the spiral bears directly down on the frightened eyes of the Time Traveller.

Again the SOUND STOPS, the blue light quickly fades and is replaced by a poisonous green glow on the Time Traveller's face. We hear the SOUND OF FALLING ROCKS o.s.

136 WHAT HE SEES

A circular opening in the middle of the black screen gradually becomes a larger as ROCKS of various size FALL away, revealing a TUNNEL in dim green light. Thick smoke rolls down the passageway as a group of men drag a huge boring machine with a long spiral nozzle in which a faint blue light is whirling. The light is apparently a high temperature electric arc which vaporizes the rock. We can see only the backs of the stocky but powerfully built men, naked to the waist, but below that they are clothed in tight-fitting breeches of some metallic fabric.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

The lava had been tunnelled out
around me, and once again I was
free.

One of the men turns around. The CAMERA RACES ON his face. He has a bulging forehead, small eyes, big mouth and a nose so flattened that the nostrils are gaping holes. The MUSIC ACCENTUATES his shocking appearance.

137
thru (OMITTED)
140

141 ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

He is unable to control a start, he breathes deeply and makes an attempt to communicate.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Falteringly)

Can you help me...

142 ON THE MEN

The foremost shoots a long pointing arm at the Time Traveller, his voice its a hoarse croak.

THE UNDERGROUND MAN

spy!

The others instantly take up the cry.

ALL OF THEM

Spy! ... Spy! ... Spy! ...

Their VOICES bounce about in the tunnel, ECHOING as the men rush toward the Time Traveller.

143 (OMITTED)

144 INT. TIME MACHINE

As one of the underworlders grips the Time Traveller's shoulder trying to haul him out, he lugs over on the lever. The HUM of the Time Machine STARS UP and we see that the underworlder is in the Machine with the Time Traveller.

A desperate struggle follows. The underworlder is like a trapped tiger. Not only the Machine, but the life of the Time Traveller is endangered, finally he shakes off the underworlder, who falls out and away from the protection of the Machine. The Time Traveller looks after him.

145 CLOSE ON THE UNDERWORLDER - (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

In fast action he hits the floor of a cave, rocks fall, one striking his fatally. As light fades his figure rapidly deteriorates. The flesh falls away and the bones turn to dust. A breeze whips them away.

146 CLOSE ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

His face, a lather of perspiration, expresses horror. He breathes heavily and tries to calm down, while the Machine keeps on its MONOTONOUS HUM.

TIME TRAVELLER
(To himself, exhausted)
Spy! ... So there must still be
war above ground ... and was this
man's answer? ... To burrow, to
dig deeper and deeper into the
earth?

As he speaks the Time Machine goes faster and faster. HIGH PITCHED HUMMING increase. Darkness comes again and in this darkness we hear the

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
The centuries rolled by and I
stopped no more in the underworld.
It was safer to put my trust in
time and wait for the rock to wear
down around me ...

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

147. EXT. TIME MACHINE AND GROUND NEARBY - LONG SHOT - (DAY
(SPECIAL EFFECTS))

Everything is a blur except the Time Machine which becomes clearly visible as the black rock around it slowly melts away like vapor and the flickering sunlight returns. The Machine finally stands entirely above ground, with the Time Traveller inside, the only distinct objects in the whirling transparent landscape.

148 EXT. TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT

As the Time Traveller smiles gratefully up at the sunlight.

TIME TRAVELLER

I was free again!

He looks o.s.

149 INDISTINCT LANDSCAPE - LONG SHOT - (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

While the HIGH PITCHED HUMMING STILL INCREASES there is an impression of several great buildings set wide apart with a green landscape in between, a landscape which no longer changes color even though trees spring up like plumes of green smoke.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

Thousands of centuries passed.
The earth stayed green! There
was no winter! No wars! - Had
men finally learned to control
both the elements and themselves?
I had to know.

150 TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

The HUMMING SOUND IS UNHEARABLE EAR-SPLITTING. Eagerly he jerks back hard on the stopping lever. The dial freezes on: 23 November 802,701. THERE IS A CRASH LIKE THUNDER and the Machine suddenly goes into a spin. The CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO a FULL HIGH SHOT. The Time Traveller is whirled about, and as the whole Machine kneels over, his voice comes through:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

(A cry of despair)

I stopped too fast!

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

151 EXT. TIME TRAVELER - CLOSE SHOT - (DAY)

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

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

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

153 THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

He shakes the cobwebs out of his head and with difficulty he rises, still half-dazed he finds a handkerchief, presses it to his temple. He reaches into the machine and pockets the levers as he looks o.s.

154 LANDSCAPE - LONG SHOT - (MATTE)

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

In the distance we see a building that might once have been a temple. Vines mat the ancient walls.

155 BACK WITH THE TIME TRAVELLER

WHISTLING his favorite tune "The Land of the Leal", he starts off toward the building, looking around with interest.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
So, at Last I found a paradise.

156 WHAT HE SEES - MOVING SHOT

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

(CONTINUED)

156 [CONTINUED)

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

157 VARIETY OF FLOWERS – MOVING SHOT

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

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

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

The Time Traveller pauses and looks up at the building.

159 ACROSS FACADE – MOVING SHOT

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
(Surprised)
Unrepaired for centuries! Maybe
unlived in for as long.
(Then)
It would be no paradise if it
belonged to me alone.

160 INT. ENTRANCE – MED. SHOT

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

161 INT. THE GREAT HALL – FULL SHOT – (MATTE) – (DAY)

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

(CONTINUED)

166 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER
(Musingly, to himself)
And so this is man's future ...

167 THE POOL

The people, apparently without any care of the world,
are playing and swimming.

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)
... to bask in the sunlight, bath
in the clear streams and eat the
fruits of earth with all knowledge
of work and hardship forgotten ...

168 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

He pauses, thinking back on what he's just said.

TIME TRAVELLER
Well, and why not?

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

169 THE POOL

The Girl has swum out too far and is caught by the
torrent where it emerges from the pool. She CRIES OUT
PITEOUSLY.

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

170 CLOSE ON GIRL

She has caught a ledge of rock and clings.

171 TIME TRAVELLER

He comes to his feet, points toward the girl and tries
to attract the attention of those near her on the bank.

TIME TRAVELLER
(in alarm)
Hey! There's a ...

His alarm grows. He runs toward the shore.

172 BACK TO THE GIRL

As her fingers slip from the ledge of rock and she is washed into the current. She goes without a struggle, as though resigned to death.

173 TIME TRAVELLER

He strips off his jacket and dives into the turbulent stream.

174
thru SERIES OF SHOTS
177

The Time Traveller emerges in the torrent and swims toward – The Girl who is almost unconscious. – He seizes her and battles across the current. – Finally his feet reach ground and he wades to shore, drawing her after him.

178 BANK OF STREAM

The Time Traveller pulls the Girl onto the sandy bank beneath the trees, picks up his jacket and throws it around her shoulders. He looks at her and for the first time sees the almost ultimate in feminine beauty. She looks very appealing in his velvet Jacket.

TIME TRAVELLER
Are you all right?

THE GIRL
(Softly)
Yes.

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

Angrily points and looks o.s.

179 THE POOL – LONG SHOT

The people, now all dressed in multi-colored robes, are leaving the pool, disconcerted.

180 BACK TO SCENE – CLOSER SHOT

The Time Traveller still looks putted o.s., as Girl asks.

THE GIRL
Why did you?

TIME TRAVELLER
(Turns at her)
Why did I what?

THE GIRL
Come after me.

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

THE GIRL
(Simply)
It doesn't.

TIME TRAVELLER
A curious attitude – in a curious world – completely devoid of curiosity.
(Smiles)
Aren't you the least bit interested in what I am – where I come from?

THE GIRL
(Innocently)
Should I be?

TIME TRAVELLER
(Smiles)
Perhaps you'd better take me to someone a bit older I can talk to.

As Weena is about to rise, the Time Traveller realizes that she is wearing his short jacket only, so he gestures excitedly for her to remain.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Embarrassed)
Just stay seated... until I fetch your robe.

He exits hurriedly. She looks after him with an innocent expression on her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

181 INT. THE GREAT HALL - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

It is crowded now. The people of the future are sitting on cushions around the tables, having their evening meal, No one pays attention to Weena and the Time Traveller as they enter in the b.g.

182 AT THE MAIN TABLE - MED. SHOT

A score of attractive, beardless men are enjoying their dinner, They don't even look up as Weena and the Time Traveller sit down at the table. She hands him an orange sized raspberry. He takes it.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Directed to Weena but
meant for the entire
table)

I don't mind telling you, I'm quite
hungry. Been over eight hundred
thousand years since I've eaten.

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

183 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

He bites into the fruit. It's good. He strips the pod from another delicacy and while he is eating he searches for another way to bring up the subject.

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

184 GROUP SHOT

Again, here is no reaction, so he addresses a dignified MAN IN WHITE, who is sitting directly opposite him.

TIME TRAVELLER
Sir, perhaps curiosity has died,
perhaps even courtesy has died...
but I have come a long way and
there are things I must know.

MAN IN WHITE
(Considers a moment,
then)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

184 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER

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

MAN IN WHITE

Government ?

TIME TRAVELLER

(speaking as though to a child)

Yes... a king, a president, a maharajah, a senate, a parliament... a body of men who govern, pass and enforce the laws.

MAN IN WHITE

There are no laws.

TIME TRAVELLER

But...

(Pauses as a light dawns)

How stupid of me. Worse, how vainly naive.

(Turns to Weena)

Time Travel in your world must be as common as the horse and carriage in mine.

(Turns back to Man in White)

My apologies. You see, being the first man to attempt this grand adventure, using the first machine of its kind...

(Pause)

Primitive or not, my machine would be of great interest to your historians .

The Man in White looks at a YOUNG MAN beside him. They both shrug their shoulders.

MAN IN WHITE

(To the Time Traveller)

We have no historians.

(CONTINUED)

184 (CONTINUED - 2)

TIME TRAVELLER
(Looking at the ceiling)
And no carpenters, either, I should
say. Doesn't anyone work?

MAN IN WHITE
No.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Picks up fruit)
Than where does this come from?

MAN IN WHITE
It grows. It always grows.

TIME TRAVELLER
But it must be planted, cultivated,
nurtured... unless...
(with mistaken
insight)
Unless you have an economy so well
ordered that you can devote all
your time to study and experimentation.

MAN IN WHITE
We eat, we sleep, we swim, we walk...

TIME TRAVELLER
(Annoyed)
And sing and dance. It doesn't
leave much time for reading,
does it?

MAN IN WHITE
Reading?

TIME TRAVELLER
Books, you have books, don't you?

At this question the Young Man smiles.

YOUNG MAN
Of course. More books than a man
with ten lifetimes could count.

He rises. The Time Traveller's brow clears.

(CONTINUED)

184 (CONTINUED - 3)

TIME TRAVELLER

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

He gets up and follows the Young Man.

185 AT THE WALL - LOW SHOT

The Young man leading. He reaches the wall and seizes
an ancient curtain which covers it. With a tug of his
hand the curtain falls, almost crumbling as a cloud of
dust rises. Shelves and shelves of books are disclosed.
The books are old. The bindings of once-proud volumes
hang in brown tatters. The Time Traveller steps to the
books.

186 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

The realization of the true state of affairs dawns on
his face. Slowly he pulls a volume from the shelf.
Its binding breaks as he opens it and when his hand
touches the pages they crumple like ashes and drift to
the floor. He drops the book, turning to look back at
the people in the room. His voice is a shocked whisper.

TIME TRAVELLER

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

With a sudden violence he takes his fist and sends it
slamming into a whole shelf of books. His hand plows
through them and the dust swirls into the air. He turns.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Angrily)

What have you done to us?
Thousands of years of sweat and
work. Where's the reason for our
lives if we left nothing after
death? Thousands of years of
building, and rebuilding, creating
and re-creating so that you can let
it crumble to dust.

He grabs the Young Man and shakes him with anger.

(CONTINUED)

186 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER
Eons or sensitive men dying for
their dreams. For what?

He drops him and leaves.

187 THE HALL - MOVING SHOT

The Time Traveller stomps among his people, hating them for their dissipation. Finally he stands at the front of the main table.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Accusingly)
A million yesterdays of brilliance
has been darkened. A million
yesterdays of achievement has been
buried in you!

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

188 INT. ENTRANCE

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

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

He turns and strides toward the door.

189 EXT. ENTRANCE - (SUNSET)

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

DISSOLVE TO:

194 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER (cont'd)

(Returning the
levers to his
pocket)

They've moved it somewhere. -
That's it ... hidden it for a
joke.

At this thought, he turns back quickly, drops to his
knees and by the light of his torch scrutinizes the
grass.

195 THE GROUND

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

196 ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

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

197 BACK TO THE FOOTPRINTS

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

198 TIME TRAVELLER AT THE PEDESTAL - MED. SHOT

He pauses at the panel, then gives it an exploratory
knock. It responds with a HOLLOW SOUND.

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

Then he pauses, searching for a tool, and sees a loosened
flagstone. He picks it up. It is heavy. With this
weight he batters the panel. At each blow it RESOUNDS

(CONTINUED)

198 (CONTINUED)

LOUDLY LIKE A GONG. Four times he strikes, and then on the fifth blow the rock shatters in his hands. He stops in despair.

From within the pedestal he hears EVIL MOCKING LAUGHTER which gradually fades away.

199 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

Alarmed he whips around, then looks up.

200 WHAT HE SEES - THE SPHINX

The marble face looks baleful, almost smiling, in the torch light. Then the CAMERA SWINGS TO THE LAWN which itself is unoccupied, but in the shadows beyond reach of the light is a wide semicircle of luminous eyes, reflecting the flame of the torch.

201 THE TIME TRAVELLER - FULL SHOT

As he grabs his torch from the pedestal and strides forward.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Tensely)

Whoever or whatever you are ...
I want it back. - You hear
me?...

He pauses, waiting, but his only response is a RIPPLE of low EVIL LAUGHTER. Holding his torch high, he walks toward the nearest bush. But as he approaches, the glowing eyes vanish in the haze, followed by a ghostly impression of pale fleeing creatures.

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

Then he has an idea. Bending, he beats the torch against the dry grass and extinguishes it. In the darkness he straightens, and waits, peering around, then hears a twig CRACK and moves into the deeper shadow of a tall bush, looking off.

202 THE PATH

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

203 THE TIME TRAVELLER

As he leaps forward.

TIME TRAVELLER

Now!

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

204 CLOSE ON THE FIGURE ON THE GROUND

It is Weena, her eyes closed, her face pale, wears the expression of helpless terror. She appears to be waiting for the inevitable end, but when it doesn't come, she slowly opens her eyes. She sees the Time Traveller and her face records a wave of relief.

The CAMERA WITHDRAWS TO TWO SHOT as the Time Traveller, embarrassed, helps her to her feet.

WEENA

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

TIME TRAVELLER

(Sharply)

How do you open that panel?

WEENA

No one opens it. Only the
Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER

Morlocks?

(With dawning
understanding)

Then there are others.

Weena nods. The Time Traveller grips her shoulder.

TIME TRAVELLER

And you came to warn me ...

(He smiles at her
warmly then glances
toward the pedestal)

We'll find a way to open that thing
in the morning. Meanwhile I'll
build a fire for the night.

He takes her arm.

205 THE LAWN AND THE BASE – LONG SHOT

The Time Traveller guides Weena to the Steps. She sits down while he starts to collect some dry grass and twigs. The lawn is suggestive of the spot where the Time Traveller's home once stood.

206 CLOSE ON WEENA

She is watching every move the Time Traveller makes.

WEENA

Where are you from?

207 THE TIME TRAVELER – MED. SHOT

As he picks up dry branches.

TIME TRAVELLER

As a matter of fact, I'm from right here.

(Gesturing)

There's where my house stood many thousands of years ago. Here – to that monument, was my laboratory. About there was my living room where I once sat talking with friends about my Time Machine.

208 BACK TO WEENA

She is listening.

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)

Yes, Weena, I hoped to learn a great deal, I hoped to take back the knowledge, the advancement, mankind made...

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

209 THE TIME TRAVELLER

With his back turned to Weena, he is still TALKING, while piling up the wood-sticks.

210 ON WEENA AGAIN

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

211 THE TIME TRAVELLER

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

TIME TRAVELLER

Get me a few more twigs.

There is no answer. He turns.

212 THE STEPS

Weena is gone. The CAMERA ZIPS TO LEFT and RIGHT and finally STOPS on a BUSH under which the limp legs of Weena are slowly disappearing.

213 THE TIME TRAVELLER

The CAMERA FOLLOWS the Time Traveller as he runs toward the bush. As he reaches it we hear quick diminishing footsteps. He helps Weena to her feet and back to the base of the statue. Quickly he strikes a match and lights the fire.

TIME TRAVELLER

Was that a Morlock?

WEENA

(Low)

Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Gestures at the fire)

Well, this seems to keep them away.

214 CLOSE ON WEENA

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

215 TWO SHOT

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

TIME TRAVELLER

(While examining
her hand)

What ever made you put your hand
in the fire?

WEENA

Fire?

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

TIME TRAVELLER

(After a long
silence)

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

(he looks at her)

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

(Turns to her)

Do you know what that is?

(She shakes her head)

Of course the wheel might have
become outmoded. In the past
thousands of years someone might
have come up with the instan-
taneous transportation of matter.

WEENA

You speak of strange things.
No one speaks as you do.

TIME TRAVELLER

Weena. I have a very poor talent
for words compared to Shakespeare,
Byron, Browning. - They wrote
emotions too deep for most of us
to feel.

WEENA

What did they write about?

(CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER

Well, some wrote of sailing ships
and some wrote of Grecian urns,
but most ... most wrote of love.

WEENA

Was love something like the wheel
or fire?

TIME TRAVELLER

Love, they say, is all fire.

WEENA

(Sighs)

I would like to see love. Love is
pretty words.

TIME TRAVELLER

And more.

WEENA

More?

TIME TRAVELLER

A look... a touch... a kiss.

WEENA

Do you have a kiss in your
pocket?

TIME TRAVELLER

(Amused)

Not in my pocket but I probably
have one on me.

WEENA

May I see one?

TIME TRAVELLER

I'm afraid not.

WEENA

(Disappointed)

Oh.

TIME TRAVELLER

You see, a kiss is something
you give someone...

(continued)

(CONTINUED)

215 (CONTINUED - 2)

TIME TRAVELLER (cont'd)

(She reaches out
a hand)

Though you don't actually give
them anything.

WEENA

you don't want to give me one.

He looks at her and she is radiant in the flickering
light of fire. He cups her chin in his hand and draws
her closer. He kisses her lightly, then with a little
more pressure. Suddenly she returns his kiss ardently.
Her arms circle around his neck and she melts into him.
At long last, they break, gasping. He leans back and
smiles.

TIME TRAVELLER

Like riding a bicycle, there are
some things, that are never for-
gotten.

WEENA

Less love words... more love
kisses.

She throws her arm around him and they kiss again as
we

DISSOLVE TO:

216 EXT. JOURNAL - CLOSE SHOT - (DAY)

The hand of the Time Traveller writes as we hear the

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

I was teaching them, but what
I really wanted was for them
to teach me. All I could learn
was that they called themselves
Eloi...

The CAMERA MOVES UP and reveals the Time Traveller sit-
ting on the lawn, at the front of the MONUMENT. He
continues his entries in the journal while the CAMERA
MOVES toward the WHITE SPHINX.

(CONTINUED)

216 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
The most important thing I could
not learn. The whereabouts of
my Time Machine.

The CAMERA STOPS ON THE FACE OF THE SPHINX. Its sight-
less eyes seem to watch.

DISSOLVE TO:

217 EXT. LANDSCAPE - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

A circular structure, something like a WELL, is in the
foreground. A few more are in the distance, each sur-
rounded by a low porcelain wall.

Approaching across the field are Weena and the Time
Traveller. He seems to be searching while WHISTLING
"The Land O' The Leal". As he passes it, the well
attracts his attention. Shoving his journal into his
pocket, he walks to the low wall and peers down, but
Weena stands back.

218 WHAT HE SEES - THE WELL - HIGH ANGLE

It descends into darkness, but near the top can be
seen handholds in an irregular pattern. Out of the
dark shaft comes the low THROBBING of some GIANT
MACHINES, pounding, beating monotonously.

219 THE MOUTH OF WELL - FULL SHOT

The Time Traveller turns to Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER
Listen!
(Pause)
Do you hear it?

WEENA
(Fearfully)
Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER
Machines!

(CONTINUED)

219 (CONTINUED)

WEENA
No... Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Amazed)
You mean those animals run
machines?

WEENA
They are Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLED
(As he walks to her)
I know, but have you seen the
machines?

220 TWO SHOT

The Time Traveller stops.

WEENA
No, only heard of them in stories.

TIME TRAVELLER
Stories?

WEENA
The kind people tell their
children ... and the children
tell their children and on and
on. About how once people
could fly through the air and
drop things on the people below.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Moves closer to her)
Drop what sort of things?

WEENA
(With a shrug)
Things that hurt ... that made
people die.

TIME TRAVELLER
Yes? - So what did they do?

(CONTINUED)

220 (CONTINUED)

WEENA

They dug great caverns under
the ground and most of them
went down there to live.

TIME TRAVELLER

Most of them ... not all?

WEENA

(With a trace
of pride)

No. The Eloi didn't go. They
said it is better to die in the
sunlight than to live in the
darkness.

TIME TRAVELLER

And what about the people who
went underground?

WEENA

They stayed there ... a long,
long time, and children were
born and grew old and died and
never saw the sun. And their
children too. They learned how
to keep the earth warm and how to
make everything grow. Until
finally when the skies were clear
they tried to come out.

TIME TRAVELLER

Yes?

WEENA

And couldn't ... they had changed.
They began to hate the sunlight ...
and those who lived in it.

TIME TRAVELLER

And those are the Morlocks.

WEENA

Yes.

221 ANOTHER, WIDER ANGLE

The Time traveller starts toward the well. Weena is
trying to hold him back.

(CONTINUED)

221 (CONTINUED)

WEENA

No... Don't go... Please.

TIME TRAVELLER

This is my only chance to get back.

He shakes her off.

222 TIME TRAVELLER AT MOUTH OF WELL - MED. SHOT

Into the well he drops a dry leaf which, instead of fluttering slowly down, is at once sucked out of sight by the current from the shaft. Then he looks around and finds a pebble, drops it down the well and listens.

TIME TRAVELLER

One... two..., thr...

Then a PLOP.

Quickly, in his head he multiplies the time against the speed of a falling body.

TIME TRAVELLER

About hundred feet.

He puts his arm down as far as it goes, feeling the surface, then throws his leg over the porcelain wall and starts to descend. Weena leaps at him and as though giving him a farewell present, thrusts several large blossoms into his pocket.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Smiling)

I'll be back.

Weena just shakes her head as he disappears.

223 IN THE THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE

Looking from below, the top of the well appears like a small blue disk with Weena peering down. The Time Traveller, with outstretched arms and legs, groping his way down.

Suddenly from the far distance, comes a LOW POWERFUL WHISTLE. Weena straightens up.

224 CLOSE ON WEENA

An expression of fear comes slowly over her face as the LOW WHISTLE is joined by another more distant one of HIGHER PITCH. The two make a grating dissonance. Slowly she turns in the direction of the sound.

225 BACK WITH TIME TRAVELLER

He looks up, concerned.

TIME TRAVELLER
What the devil's that?

226 BACK TO WEENA

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

During the above and through the following sequence the dirge-like WHISTLES continue mournfully.

227 REVERSE SHOT

Weena is walking forward as the Time Traveller emerges from the well in the b.g.

TIME TRAVELLER
Weena!

Without any response Weena keeps on walking. The Time Traveller starts to run after her.

228
thru (OMITTED)
233

234 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

Watching her. His face shows exasperation, bewilderment and alarm. Then he resolutely starts off after her.

TIME TRAVELLER

Weena! Wait.

235 FULL SHOT OF WEENA

She pays no heed to his cry, but continues to walk.

236 SHOT OF TIME TRAVELLER

The DIRGE-LIKE MELODY becomes LOUDER, pulsating. As he walks along, the Time Traveller looks off to his left and pauses to watch.

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

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

238 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

He looks ahead, then in another direction, and another.

239

thru

241 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS OF VARIOUS ELOI - SINGLY AND IN GROUPS

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

All are converging toward a single point somewhere ahead.

242 WEENA

She walks close to another Eloi. They pay no attention to one another. The only sound is the MELANCHOLY STRAINS OF THE WHISTLES.

243 TIME TRAVELLER

Looking off.

244 EXT. THE SMOKESTACK-LIKE COLUMNS - FULL SHOT-(DAY) (MATTE)

And we see the source of the sound. There are little bursts of vapor from the tops of the smokestacks as they repeat their given tones. The CAMERA PANS ACROSS LANDSCAPE revealing more stacks, each puffing little clouds of vapor. The effect is like a gigantic pipe organ concealed in the earth.

245 TIME TRAVELLER AND SEVERAL ELOI

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

The Time Traveller breaks into a run.

246 ON WEENA - MED. FULL

As the Time Traveller overtakes her, he seizes her arm and jerks her to a halt. Around them we see the shadows of the marching Eloi passing them.

TIME TRAVELLER
What's happening? Tell me!

Weena shows no emotion as she struggles to free herself. Her struggles are almost mechanical. Her manner unnerves the Time Traveller. He stares at her, releasing his grip.

TIME TRAVELLER
Weena!

The moment Weena is free from the Time Traveller she faces about and continues her slow march. The Time Traveller remains motionless, watching her go. The whistles, now getting on his nerves, compel him to momentarily clap his hands over his ears.

247 EXT. ENTRANCE OF THE BUILDING - LONG SHOT - (DAY)

From the front entrance the Eloi are coming, all of them moving with eyes straight ahead.

248 EXT. LANDSCAPE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - (DAT)

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

249 THE TIME TRAVELLER

He goes on again, fighting to retain command of his own reason. Over this the

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

I didn't know what it was ...
Madness ... mass hypnosis, but
it was contagious. I felt it
myself.

250 SEVERAL SHOTS OF THE PUFFING STACKS

- (a) At various angles - up,
- (b) sideways, tilted. The
- (c) WHISTLING IS DEAFENING.
- (d)

251 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

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

252 EXT. THE WHITE SPHINX ACROSS THE LAWN - FULL SHOT - (DAY)
(MATTE)

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

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

253 AT THE PEDESTAL - LONG SHOT

The first of the Eloi reach it, enter the wide opening and start descending into subterranean darkness.

Weena appears and marches on to the opening, without hearing the

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)

Weena! ...

She passes through the entrance

254 THE TIME TRAVELLER

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

TIME TRAVELLER
(Shouts in despair)
Weena! ...

255 THE PANEL

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

256 THE ELOI

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

257 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

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

TIME TRAVELLER
Stop running!

258 BACK TO THE ELOI

They halt and stare back. The Time Traveller's voice comes over like a whip.

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)
What are you running from?

None of the Eloi answer.

259 TOWARD THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT

We are looking past several Eloi, toward the Time Traveller who stands in front of the White Sphinx.

(CONTINUED)

259 (CONTINUED)

But now he steps slowly forward onto the lawn, looking around the big semicircle of his audience.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Sharply, gesturing
back toward the
panel)

Where have they gone?

(No answer)

What happens to them?

(No answer)

Don't stand there like cattle!

Answer me! - What's wrong?

MAN IN WHITE

(Calmly)

There is nothing wrong. It is
all clear.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Puzzled)

What do you mean, all clear?

MAN IN WHITE

I don't know.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Thinking rapidly...
talking to himself)

Once... in the middle nineteen
hundreds I heard a man...

(It bursts upon him)

The falling bombs!

(To the Man in
White and the
assembled crowd)

That's over. Gone, dead, for
hundreds of thousands of years.
There are no more planes. No
bombs. No wars!

MAN IN WHITE

The story is told to us as
children...

TIME TRAVELLER

But you didn't listen - You didn't
learn anything... All that is left
is fear. A blind animal fear.

(continued)

(CONTINUED)

259 (CONTINUED - 2)

TIME TRAVELLER (cont'd)

Ages ago men were taught to
hide in the ground when the
sirens blew... taught to run
from a raining death... but
those men are dead! And so
are the men who slaughtered
them. Don't you understand?

(Looks around
pleadingly)

You are slaves of a dead past...
you don't even own your souls.
You're lead to a slaughter like
sheep!

MAN IN WHITE

But there is nothing to fear
now, it's all clear.

TIME TRAVELLER

What about those who went down.
How are they to come back?

260 MAN IN WHITE

He looks ominously at the Time Traveller.

MAN IN WHITE

They never come back. Nobody
can bring them back.

The others continue to retreat, the Man in White with
them.

261 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

He sees that the situation is hopeless.

TIME TRAVELLER

Well, somebody's got to try!

He rushes to the edge of the shrubbery where he dis-
carded his torch a few nights before. He picks it up.
thrusts it into his belt and starts off at a run.

262 SERIES OF SHOTS

- (a) The Time Traveller running through the forest --
- (b) He is laboring up the open hillside, stops and glances back to
- (c) The Eloi in a big semi-circle at the foot of the hill, silently watching.
- (d) The Time Traveller continues up the hill. Wells in the b.g.

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

Arriving, the Time Traveller pauses to catch his breath, then jumps over the wall and starts to descend.

Over this a faint THROBBING OF MACHINES can be heard.

264 MOUTH OF THE WELL - HIGH ANGLE

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

265 TIME TRAVELLER IN THE WELL

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

Suddenly a rock gives beneath his weight. He barely saves himself, then he pauses to rest, glancing upward.

266 IN THE THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE

Looking up he sees a couple of the curious Eloi peering down.

267 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

Darkness increases as a metal ladder fixed inside the wall brings him finally to the opening of a transverse passageway, He steps from the ladder into the tunnel and pauses to take the torch from his belt, but decides not to light it. He bends and peers ahead.

268 INT. PASSAGEWAY - FULL SHOT - (SPECIAL EFFECTS)

The corridor seems to widen ahead of him, and at its far end is a red glow of low intensity. The THROBBING OF MACHINES IS LOUDER during this Scene and the following Sequence.

The Time Traveller walks into the shot and the CAMERA MOVES WITH HIM to the termination of the passageway where the CAMERA PASSES HIM to reveal his view.

He is looking across and down into a SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER of awesome proportions where the gloom is relieved only by a wavering red glow that gives the impression of heat rather than light. Vague shapes like huge machines rise out of the dimness, casting grotesque shadows on the floor and walls.

Punctuating the sound of the machines are occasional SHRIEKS of pain and WAILS of desolation.

269 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

Surveying this inferno, he is moved to quote:

(CONTINUED)

269 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER
(His whispering is
ECHOED)
...."Into a place I came
Where light was silent all

270 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER - LONG SHOT

The CAMERA MOVES TO LOWER DEPTHS where pale spectral Morlocks, their indistinct bodies obscene in their mockery of the human form, labor endlessly tending the needs of their machines. During this the

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)
.... The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the
spirits on"
Here was the other half of man. -
The hidden part, living in a hell
of its own making. Here was the
soul's darkness, the dungeon of
all man's hopes and dreams.

271 ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

He stands in the mouth of the passageway high above. At his feet a narrow steel stairway slants downward along the sheer wall to the floor below. As he starts descending slowly, two Morlocks appear in the opening he has just left. They are half-human creatures with pale, chinless faces and great lidless pinkish-gray eyes, luminous in the darkness. Their long fingers are like tentacles. They glance at one another and then one of them points down the stairway after the Time Traveller. Silently they follow him.

272 THE FOOT OF THE STAIRWAY - FULL SHOT

The Time Traveller finds himself on a narrow walk with the wall behind him and a sheer drop into a faintly steaming caldron in front of him. He turns right toward the great chamber which he saw from above. A morbid glow comes from the rising vapor. Then a faint, metallic SQUEAKING makes him look up at the stairway he has just descended.

273 ON THE STAIRWAY

The two pursuing Morlocks are only darker patterns against the darkness above, but their eyes glow as they look down at the Time Traveller. Then, seeing themselves observed, they quicken their pursuit. They reach the base of the stairway and start toward him.

274 THE TIME TRAVELLER

He looks at them in horror, then whirls and starve running away from them along the ledge beside the caldron. In the darkness he stumbles over a large pipe. He arises to find two more Morlocks in front of him. He stops, trapped, looking first ahead, then back. He lifts his unlit torch, ready to use its resinous knob as a club.

275 ACROSS THE STEAMING CALDRON – FULL SHOT

As the Morlocks charge at the Time Traveller from either side. He selects the pair who are between him and the path he wants to take and leaps toward them, swinging his club. The path is so narrow that they can't attack abreast. He swings at the first one.

276 THE TRAVELLER AND MORLOCKS

The Time Traveller clubs the first one, who drops to the path, but the second one leaps over the body and seizes the club from the Time Traveller's hand, throwing it down beside his fallen companion. The movement gives the Time Traveller time to grapple with him. They close in a life and death struggle.

277 CHANGED ANGLE

The Time Traveller is desperate. He wrenches free and seizes the creature by a leg and arm. With a strength born of despair he lifts the Morlock above his head and hurls him at the two who are approaching. The Morlock's flying body strikes the other two across the breast and all three are toppled backward off the ledge and into the steaming chasm. As they fall, the air is rent with their SCREAMS OF TERROR.

The Time Traveller pauses only long enough to recover his club, then stumbles on.

278 GROUP OF MORLOCKS AT THE MACHINES

At the sound of the screams, they have stopped work. All of them look about. Their machines slow down and the THROBBING CHANGES TO A LOWER PULSATION. They point at the Time Traveller and start moving toward him.

279 THE TIME TRAVELLER

His path has widened and no longer skirts the caldron. He pauses, looking all about through the gloom of the vast chamber, then puts a hand to his mouth and calls.

TIME TRAVELLER
(Shouting)
Weena!

Only an ECHO is his answer. He looks up, stares as he sees the:

280 INT. THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY - LONG SHOT

It is like a great corkscrew suspended in space, its steel supports and braces like black threads. All around it is the dull red glow. And descending are the Eloi who entered the underground by way of the panel in the Sphinx. They walk down slowly as though resigned to whatever fate awaits them. Preceding them are several Morlocks while other Morlocks bring up the rear. Subterranean winds whip at their silken robes.

281 GROUP OF ELOI

Weena can be seen in the midst of them, walking down, her eyes straight ahead. The DISTANT CRY of the Time Traveller and its ECHO come over.

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)
Weena!

She lifts her head for a moment, but only for a moment.

282 GROUP OF MORLOCKS

Coming after the Time Traveller across the floor of the dark chamber.

263 THE TIME TRAVELLER

Starts running, looking up toward the Eloi.

264 INT. BRIDGE - FULL SHOT

The Eloi reach the point where the spiral stairway straightens out and the path leads them along a narrow suspension bridge high above the floor of the cavern.

Morlocks at the rear of the procession armed with whips, drive the Eloi on across the bridge to where it leads into a dark passageway.

265 THE TIME TRAVELLER

As he runs to the WALL which is studded with knobs, levers and pipes. He starts climbing toward the bridge. The Morlocks come into the scene and start climbing after him. The Time Traveller looks up to:

266 THE BRIDGE

The Eloi are crossing it and entering the dark passageway. Weena is among those still on the bridge.

287 THE TIME TRAVELLER

He pauses his climbing to call out again.

TIME TRAVELLER

Weena!

As his call dies in an ECHO, he goes on.

288 INT. ENTRANCE TO THE PASSAGE

The Eloi march on, and now Weena reaches the end of the bridge and enters the passage. Just as she disappears, the Time Traveller's hand grasps one of the cables supporting the bridge and he hauls himself onto it. He is now in the midst of the Eloi and enters the passageway to overtake Weena.

289 THE MORLOCKS AT THE WALL

They no longer pursue. Their evil countenances are twisted by cruel smiles.

290 IN THE DARK PASSAGE

The Time Traveller moves forward until he overtakes Weena. He seizes her arm and draws her to the side of the passage while the other Eloi continue to march by. Weena leans against the passage wall, her eyes shut fast, her face a picture of complete resignation. The Time Traveller gives her a rough shake.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Shouting)

Weena! Wake up!

(He turns and grasps a passing Eloi, giving him a hard shake)

Come to your senses! All of you!

Weena has opened her eyes and so does the Eloi Man, the same Young Man who was so unconcerned about Weena's drowning.

Weena steps forward and grasps the Time Traveller's arm.

WEENA

It's you!

But just as she speaks, the long lash of a whip strikes like a serpent and coils about the Time Traveller's shoulders. He whirls in pain, grasps the whip in his hand and jerks it.

291 ANOTHER ANGLE

Facing the Morlocks, the Time Traveller wrenches the whip free. Then wielding it fiercely, he drives the Morlocks back several paces before two of them leap forward and recover the whip. The Time Traveller can't see well enough in the darkness, to fight them, so he turns back. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him to Weena.

WEENA

(Frantically)

Make fire! Make fire!

TIME TRAVELLER

(Panting)

Then they'll see us.

WEENA

They see in the dark. It's light they hate!

(CONTINUED)

291 (CONTINUED)

She suddenly breaks into a series of short BLOODCURDLING SCREAMS as dark shapes swarm about them, followed by SCUFFLING AND LOW LAUGHTER. Then a match flares. In the glare of yellow light we see the leprous figures of four Morlocks. Two are grappling with the Time Traveller who has the burning match in one hand and fights with the other. The other two Morlocks are dragging Weena down the passage.

Those struggling with the Time Traveller leap back, blinded, their hands shielding their eyes. He springs after them and thrusts the blaze in the faces of those dragging Weena.

292 THROUGH A MORLOCK'S EYES

The Time Traveller's hand with the burning match rapidly zooms into the center of the picture in a BLINDING FLASH turning the screen momentarily white, then yellow and red. Slowly the colors reappear and we find ourselves back in the dark passage where Weena comes to her feet as the Time Traveller tries to light his torch, but the match has faded to a red wiggling worm in his hand. He jerks out his match box and extracts another match. The above action repeats and then still seeing through the Morlock's eyes the CAMERA ZOOMS CLOSE ON THE MATCH BOX and the scaly hand of a Morlock strikes the box to the floor. The Time Traveller retains a single match in his fingers.

293 BACK TO SCENE

The Time Traveller leaps back, but the Morlocks are on him again, fighting. Finally after he manages to shake them off he ignites the match on his thumbnail and holds it close to the knob of resin on his torch.

294 CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER

As he tries to light the torch. His face streams with sweat and is taut with apprehension as he mutters at the torch.

TIME TRAVELLER
Burn, will you!

He holds the match steady but it burns lower and lower without starting the torch. In despair he calls to Weena.

(CONTINUED)

294 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER
Quick, a piece of your robe !
It's my last match!

295 CLOSE ON WEENA

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

296 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

As the match is about to die, the Time Traveller swings it beneath the piece of cloth. The cloth flames up and he seizes it, dropping the dead match.

He holds the burning cloth beneath the torch, and in this hotter flame the torch begins to sputter and then to burn. Once it starts, he swings it around his head to fan it to brighter intensity. The CAMERA MOVES BACK as the Time Traveller, grasping Weena's arm, plunges down the corridor after the Eloi.

297 INT. CIRCULAR CELL - LONG SHOT

Here the Eloi are huddled in darkness until approaching light heralds the Time Traveller. They spring to their feet at the sight of the light and come to life simultaneously.

CRIES OF ELOI
Light! ... Light again! ...

Then we hear o.s.

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)
Come on! Let's get out of here!

They stream out of the cell.

298 THE PASSAGEWAY

The Time Traveller and Weena lead the others, moving toward the opening of the passage in the b.g.

299 BRIDGE AND STAIRWAY - FULL SHOT

On it, blocking the way, are a half-score Morlocks. But as the Time Traveller rushes onto it waving his fiery

(CONTINUED)

299 (CONTINUED)

brand, they shield their eyes from the glare and retreat down a long ramp toward the floor below, leaving the spiral stairway unguarded. The Time Traveller runs on across the bridge and pauses, looking down at the fleeing Morlocks, then up the stairway.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Pointing)

Up there! This torch won't last long!

But as he waits for the Eloi to precede him, there is a GRATING SOUND and the entire stairway turns so that its lower step swings away from the landing and out into space. Two of the Eloi who started to mount it are flung off SCREAMING and fall into the gloom below.

LAUGHTER RISES from the hidden Morlocks.

The rest of the Eloi gather around the Time Traveller, who hesitates between descending the ramp or recrossing the bridge in search of another exit. But while he hesitates, the steel bridge likewise moves, pivoting on its far end like a gate so that the Time Traveller and the Eloi are left with no choice except to descend to the floor of the great chamber. Another BURST OF LAUGHTER from below.

300 ON THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT

He makes up his mind.

TIME TRAVELLER

All right. we go out the way I came in.

He starts down, followed by the others.

301 THE LONG RAMP - LOW ANGLE

As the Time Traveller leads the Eloi down.

302 SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER - LONG SHOT

The torch throws a flickering light over the gleaming machines and casts black shadows in which the Morlocks attempt to hide. The Time Traveller is heading for the route by which he came. Behind him the Eloi are strung out.

303 YOUNG MAN AT REAR OF PROCESSION - MED. CLOSE

He is hurrying along to keep close to the light when he stumbles and falls. The light dims as he leaps to his feet. A Morlock from the shadows attacks him. The Young Man reels back against the wall in terror, his arms before his face. The Morlock crouches, looking at him, then CHUCKLES VERY SOFTLY, and reaches a hand out slowly.

In an instinctive reaction of fear and horror, the Young Man flings out his arm, catching the Morlock across the face with the back of his hand. The Morlock drops to the floor.

The Young Man leaps over him to race after the others, then stops short, a look of wonder in his eyes as he turns to peer at the fallen Morlock. He looks at his own hand, then slowly he clenches it to make a fist, rubbing it thoughtfully with the palm of his left hand while his head and shoulders slowly become erect with an unfamiliar confidence. Then quickly, but without panic, he turns and goes briskly after the others.

304 THE TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA

They have crossed the chamber and have reached the narrow path between the wall and the long steaming caldron. Here the Time Traveller pauses to urge the Eloi on. He points.

TIME TRAVELLER

Along that stairway. Then up
through the shaft. Get moving!

He and Weena wait while the rest rush on. The last one to pass is the Young Man. He hesitates while he looks at the Time Traveller with new admiration. Then he follows his own people. The Time Traveller and Weena bring up the rear, using she torch to prevent pursuit.

305 THE STAIRWAY

The Eloi are well ahead of the Time Traveller and Weena. They ascend the stairs and vanish into the passageway by which the Time Traveller originally entered.

306 THE TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA

The Time Traveller is looking up. Suddenly he grasps Weena and jerks her back.

(CONTINUED)

306 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER

Look out!

They both leap back as a huge metal weight falls from the darkness high above and lands with a CRASH directly in front of them. Pieces of stone fly in all directions, one of them striking the Time Traveller and knocking the torch from his hand. A section of ledge is sheered away and falls into the steaming caldron, and several of the big pipes that line the base of the wall are broken open. From one of these a black liquid gushes.

307 ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

He has been knocked down and now struggles to his feet. He looks about wildly for his torch.

306 INSERT: THE TORCH

The barely burning end extends a few inches out over the broken ledge.

309 CLOSE ON WEENA AND BROKEN PIPE

Weena has been thrown back against the wall and moves feebly as she regains consciousness. In front of her is the broken pipe from which a thick stream of black liquid spouts. Drops of it spatter on her robe.

310 THE TIME TRAVELLER

As he stumbles toward the torch he is suddenly attacked by a group of shadowy Morlocks, taking advantage of the fading light. He fights them off and struggles on, only to be seized again and brought down.

311 INSERT: THE TORCH

Flickering, it is about to go out.

312 CLOSE ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

He gets his head off the ground just as a wave of black liquid reaches him. As he thrusts himself up with his hands, one hand slips. The sudden movement dislodges the Morlock and the Time Traveller leaps to his feet.

313 AT THE LEDGE

The black liquid is pouring over it into the caldron, below as the Time Traveller leaps forward to recover his dying torch. He lifts it and looks around.

314 WEENA - MED. SHOT

She opens her eyes and draws back to escape from the gushing liquid before her. Breathless from his struggle the Time Traveller comes to her side, looking back at the Morlocks. Then he puts out a hand and touches the black geyser. It is oil.

WEENA
(Sees the dying
torch)
Make fire!

TIME TRAVELLER
(Ruthlessly)
I'll make fire!

As he speaks he lifts the torch and hurls it.

315 THE TORCH IN THE AIR - MOVING SHOT

It arches over the ledge and drops into the caldron where most of the oil is going.

316 THE LEDGE ACROSS CALDRON - LONG SHOT

We see the Time Traveller and Weena in the center, the Morlocks to their right, the foot of the stairway to their left. Then all are obscured as a sheet of blue flame rises from the caldron with a RUMBLING SOUND, and black smoke begins rolling upward.

317 WEENA AND THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. CLOSE

They are close to the flames. Smoke shadows roll across their faces as the Time Traveller helps her across the break in the ledge to the foot of the stairway. Blinded Morlocks follow them, seeking escape -- not victims. One stumbles and falls into the flames.

318 INSERT: THE GUSHING PIPE

As flame climbs up the stream to the mouth of the pipe. The oil burns now as it gushes forth.

319 AT TOP OF STAIRWAY

Shoving Weena ahead, the Time Traveller pauses for a last look.

320 SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER – EXTREME LONG SHOT

Looking from the spot where the Time Traveller first saw it, but now the entire place is wreathed in flames, a true inferno where clouds of black smoke surge and roll like souls in torment. Morlocks run blindly in all directions.

321 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

As he disappears in the passage.

322 PASSAGEWAY – LONG SHOT

A circle of light can be seen on the floor far ahead. Smoke is thick as the Time Traveller and Weena run on.

323 CIRCLE OF LIGHT – LONG SHOT

Which comes straight down from above. Weena and the Time Traveller reach it and look up the shaft. Smoke follows them. The Time Traveller gives Weena a boost to start her up the ladder and then follows, clambering out of sight.

324 IN THE WELL

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Weena and the Time Traveller climbing up, COUGHING from smoke, as the daylight gets slowly brighter. He looks up.

325 FROM THE THROAT OF THE WELL – LOW ANGLE

The top of the well becomes visible through the smoke. The Young Man is peering down.

326 MOUTH OF THE WELL – HIGH ANGLE

As Weena and the Time Traveller climb upward. Both are near exhaustion. Far below them red flames can be seen.

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

The escaped Eloi are watching the black smoke pour from the well. The Young Man is tense as he leans downward and extends a hand. A moment later he draws Weena out. She COUGHS and falls to the grass. The Young Man again extends a hand into the well and this time helps the Time Traveller out. He is dark with soot.

The two men look at one another. Finally the Time Traveller grips the Young Man's shoulder and gives it a brief shake of approval. The Young Man smiles at him in gratitude, then walks back to the others.

YOUNG MAN
Come with me.

He starts off, followed by the Eloi.

The Time Traveller reacts with surprise and walks over to Weena, who points o.s.

328 EXT. THE STACKS - LONG SHOT - (SUNSET)

They are through whistling forever. From each of them gushes black smoke shot through with flame. The CAMERA PANS SLOWLY ACROSS other stacks near the forest, where some of them fall with a CRASH to the ground, and begin to spew smoke and flame into the forest undergrowth.

329 THE BUILDING OF THE ELOI - LONG SHOT - (SUNSET)

Smoke drifts out of its windows. The Eloi hurry out led by the Man in White.

330 EXT. THE BLAZING FOREST - FULL SHOT - (SUNSET)

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

331 WEENA AND THE TIME TRAVELLER

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

332 THE BLAZING FOREST

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

333 SERIES OF SHOTS - (DUSK)

- (a) A section of the earth sheers away and falls in an ever-widening rift.
- (b) A group of wells swallowed by the earth followed by a belch of steam.
- (c) The building of the Eloi collapses in flame.

334 EXT. LANDSCAPE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - (DUSK)

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

335 GROUP OF ELOI

Staring into the vast destruction.

336 TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
(Calmly)
The underworld of the Morlocks
was gone... and so was the life
of leisure for the Eloi.

He looks o.s.

337 GROUP OF ELOI

The Man in White, with others, approaches the group headed by the Young Man. The two men look at each

(CONTINUED)

337 (CONTINUED)

other, their gestures and expressions showing their joy at release from centuries of fear.

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

338 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA

He looks down to Weena and we hear:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Another night was coming, but
this night no Eloi needed to
fear.

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

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
But what of me? - I was im-
prisoned in a world in which
I did not belong.

DISSOLVE TO:

339 EXT. THE POOL - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

This is the same pool where the Time Traveller saved Weena's life.

There is no sign in the sky of old constellations, only the face of the full moon looks familiar. The Time Traveller sits on the white sand, with his journal in his lap, writing, and WHISTLING "The Land O' The Leal", accompanied by the RUSHING STREAM.

Weena sits on a large rock at the edge of the pool, her foot in the water while combing her wet hair into a new arrangement. She glances over to the Time Traveller.

WEENA
Are you sorry?

TIME TRAVELLER
(Stops whistling
and turns)
Sorry? - Sorry for what?

(CONTINUED)

339 (CONTINUED)

WEENA

That you have to stay.

TIME TRAVELLER

(He closes the
journal)

Yes. - I am sorry because I could
tell so much to the people of my
own age. I could tell them about
the happiness and sorrow the future
has in store for them. They could
learn from it. What to avoid and
what...

WEENA

(Paying no atten-
tion to what he says.
Suddenly)

Tell me, how do they wear their
hair?

TIME TRAVELLER

(Baffled)

Who?

WEENA

The women in your time.

TIME TRAVELLER

(After a thought)

Up!

WEENA

Up? - How?

TIME TRAVELLER

(Showing with awkward
movement)

Like this.

WEENA

Show me.

The Time Traveller puts his journal and the pencil in his
pocket, gets up and walks over to Weena.

340 WEENA - MED. SHOT

The Time Traveller appears behind her. He first hesitates
then gently lifts her hair. She smiles, then with an im-
pulsive move she turns her face toward him.

(CONTINUED)

340 (CONTINUED)

WEENA
(innocently)
Would I be pretty?

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

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

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

341 EXT. HILL - LONG SHOT - (MATTE)

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

342 TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA

He grabs Weena's hand and breaks into a run.

TIMES TRAVELLER
(Joyfully)
Come on!

343 GROUP OF ELOI

The Time Traveller and Weena arrive. The Young Man steps forward.

YOUNG MAN
(Pointing)
Over there!

The Time Traveller and Weena run through the haze that still rises from the glowing embers. The Eloi follow them.

344 EXT. THE LAWN BEFORE THE WHITE SPHINX - LONG SHOT

The face of the Sphinx is broken in half. It has only one eye and half a smile. The rest of the statue is on the ground beside the partial ruins of the pedestal. Beyond it the hill is gone and gray smoke fills the once green world. The Time Traveller and Weena come through the charred bushes onto the lawn. He pauses, beside himself with joy.

TIME TRAVELLER

Weena, we will go back! Look!

345 THE OPEN PANEL

The Time Machine sits in the midst of the swirling smoke.

346 THE TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA

The Time Traveller releases her hands to reach in his jacket pocket. He brings out the two levers without which the Machine will not function.

TIME TRAVELLER

Thank God, I still have these!

He walks toward the panel, Weena after him. But years of long habit make her stop as she reaches it. The Time Traveller goes on in.

347 INT. PEDESTAL - LONG SHOT

Shooting from inside the pedestal, the Time Traveller and his Machine are black silhouettes in the foreground, while beyond him Weena stands just outside, the moonlight flooding her radiant features. Farther off the Eloi are approaching.

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

348 TIME TRAVELLER AT THE MACHINE - REVERSE ANGLE

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

(CONTINUED)

348 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER
(A voice in darkness)
Hey!
(His fists pound the
panel)
Weena!

For a moment there is silence. Then from the right comes a hacking, weak COUGH. Another from the left. Then something STUMBLES OFF down the stairway. Then we hear the Time Traveller GASP AND COUGH while the narration comes over.

TIME TRAVELER'S VOICE
I was suffocating. Dying with the Morlocks. There was no time to lose and my only hope was to retreat toward the past...back to a time before the Sphinx was built.

349 CLOSE ON THE TIME TRAVELLER

He COUGHS WORSE as he crawls into the Machine. Then he hauls back on one of the levers to send himself into the past. There is a flicker of light on the luminous dials and the HUMMING SOUND COMES UP INSTANTANEOUSLY. The Time Traveller falls back.

350 INSERT: THE DIALS
Turning backwards.

351 CLOSE ON THE TIME TRAVELLER - (IN DARKNESS)

Suddenly the walls of the pedestal come down, stone by stone and the Time Traveller, his face pale, is bathed in the flickering sunlight. He has blacked-cut. HUMMING AT HIGH STEADY PITCH.

Slowly the Time Traveller opens his eyes and looks off.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Sunlight returned and the Sphinx was gone. The world of the Eloi faded as time ran backwards.

352 SERIES OF SHOTS - (SPECIAL EFFECTS) - STOP MOTION - (STOCK)

(NOTE: Those are shots, seen previously, now printed backward)

- (a) The flowers and vines on the buildings of the Eloi shrink to earth as the buildings become magnificently new. Then the walls start coming down.
- (b) The trees follow, sucked into the soil.
- (c) The water charging backwards, leaping from the pool up over the waterfall.
- (d) The wave a of the ocean running out to sea.
- (e) Suddenly all the lush green landscape is blanketed by snow first growing out of the ground, then rising, swirling skyward.

353 TIME TRAVELLER . MED. SHOT

He reels in the saddle. His lids are heavy and he closes his eyes. For a fleeting second, darkness comes again as the Time Traveller passes back through his captivity beneath the lava.

354 INSERT: DIALS

As they whirl backwards. We can barely distinguish the passing of the centuries: 400,000 ... 350,000 ... 250,000 ...

355 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

Coming from darkness a red glow engulfs the scene. The Time Traveller's face is covered with perspiration as the red hot lava leaps away from him and the daylight returns. He locks off and sees:

356 ANOTHER SERIES OF SHOTS - (SPECIAL EFFECTS) - STOP MOTION (STOCK)

(NOTE: These shots seen previously, now printed backwards)

(CONTINUED)

356 (CONTINUED)

- (a) The red hot lava withdraws through the street ruins and the great rents in the ground gulp it up quickly. Out of the ruins buildings are molded and then atomic explosions in reverse flash across the screen. The SOUND OF EXPLOSION, RUMBLING ETC. IN REVERSE AND SPEEDED UP join the HUMMING OF THE TIME MACHINE.

BLUR TO:

- (b) The sun and the moon chase each other alternately across the sky, gradually slowing.

357 BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER

As he straightens to readjust the lever, the HUMMING DECREASES. There is a sheet of flames and walls rise about him. He looks up.

TIME TRAVELLER
(With a weak smile)
My laboratory! ...

Then he looks down, watching his dials. Carefully he moves the lever. The flickers of the days and nights decelerate and, with a sudden pull he halts the Time Machine.

358 INSERT: DIAL

It stops on: 5 January 1900.

359 LABORATORY - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

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

(CONTINUED)

359 (CONTINUED)

In the gloom the Time Traveller clammers painfully from the Machine, looks about dazedly. His eyes stop on the clock. It is 8:04.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE

And so I returned. You have
heard the story ...

As he speaks, we

DISSOLVE TO:

360 INT. DINING ROOM - ON THE TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT -

He smiles and says:

TIME TRAVELLER

... And here I am.

The CAMERA MOVES BACK and we see that Mrs. Watchett, Klinger, Hillyer, Filby and Bridewell are with him in the room. The Time Traveller is puffing on his pipe as Mrs. Watchett steps forward to pour him a bit of brandy.

MRS. WATCHETT

I'll turn down your bed for you.
(She exits)

BRIDEWELL

(Condescendingly)
Really, George. I always knew
you were a good inventor, but I
never thought you were that
good. -

KLINGER

(With sarcasm)
At least it's a fairy story to
tell my son.

TIME TRAVELLER

(Smiling)
I understand your doubt. How
that I'm back I scarcely be-
lieve it myself. --
(A flash of
memory)
Except that ...

(CONTINUED)

360 (CONTINUED)

TIME TRAVELLER (cont'd)
(Groping in pocket)
... here are the flowers Weena
gave me when she thought she
was going to die.

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

361 ON FILBY AND THE BLOSSOMS - CLOSE SHOT

As he picks them up to examine.

TIME TRAVELLER (O.S.)
A present for you, Filby.

362 TIME TRAVELLER - MEL. SHOT

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

363 CLOSE ON FILBY

As he looks up, puzzled.

FILBY
I don't think I can.

364 GROUP SHOT

HILLYER
(Rising)
You look exhausted, George.
(In confidence)
Truthfully, where have you been
for the past week?

Bridewell, examining the brandy in his glass.

BRIDEWELL
(Voice of experience)
Shouldn't ask such questions,
Hillyer. It's not hard for a
man to lose a week now and
then.

(CONTINUED)

364 (CONTINUED)

The others chuckle.

TIME TRAVELLER
Have your jokes, gentlemen.
But if you'll come with me,
I'll show you an odd thing.

He picks up a candle holder from the center of the table and starts from the room.

365 INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT

As the Time Traveller with flickering candles leads the way, the others follow. He opens the door to the laboratory.

366 INT. LABORATORY - FULL SHOT

As the group enters, the Time Traveller in advance. They look about.

HILLYER
All right. What's odd?

TIME TRAVELLER
Don't you see it?

There's a pause while the men look about and at each other. Then Filby steps forward in surprise.

FILBY
I see it. You mean the Time
Machine. When you first showed
it to us, it was right there.
(Points at an
empty corner)
See, there's the imprint on the
floor where it stood.

367 INSERT: FLOOR

Not only the imprint, but also the color of the floor covering is preserved where the Time Machine once stood.

368 BACK TO SCENE

Filby points over at the opposite end of the room where the Time Machine now stands.

(CONTINUED)

368 (CONTINUED)

FILBY

And now it's In the other corner, over there. - Why?

The Time Traveller steps forward to the spot where the Machine formerly stood.

TIME TRAVELLER

This is where it was. And this is where the lawn was, with flowering trees around it.

(He paces across the floor to the Machine)

But the Morlocks moved it. They dragged it across the lawn and put it in the Sphinx ... right here.

(Turns back to face them and points)

And Weena was standing there when I last saw her the same space - in a different time.

KLINGER

(Depreciatingly)

And the poor girl's still standing there.

This snaps the Time Traveller out of his reverie.

TIME TRAVELLER

No! She's not standing there now. But she will stand there in the distant future.

For a moment everyone is silent and a little embarrassed. Then Filby, with the blossoms in his hand, turns to the others.

FILBY

It's late, my friends. And whether we believe George's story or not, it's plain enough he's had a rough experience. - Suppose we go and let him get some rest.

They start to leave. Hillyer hesitates and places a hand on the Time Traveller's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

368 (CONTINUED - 2)

HILLYER

Please don't take offense at anything I said, old man.

Filby urges Hillyer on.

FILBY

Come along.

They start out.

DISSOLVE TO:

369 EXT. FRONT OF THE TIME TRAVELLER'S HOME - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT)

The blizzard of earlier in the evening has spent its fury and now the snow falls softly, big flakes wobbling down from the sky. The four guests in hats and overcoats leave the house and walk out toward a waiting carriage. Filby is behind the others. He hesitates a moment, looking at the Time Traveller who stands in the doorway. Then he goes on.

Klinger and Hillyer help Bridewell get into the carriage. Filby at the step of the carriage turns back again and waves.

FILBY

Good night, George.

370 THE DOORWAY AND THE TIME TRAVELLER

He lifts his hand and waves back.

TIME TRAVELLER

Good night.

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

371 AT THE CARRIAGE

Those inside are waiting for Filby to get in but he still stands looking back at the house. Hillyer thrusts his head from the window.

HILLYER

What do you think, Filby?

(CONTINUED)

371 (continued)

FILBY
One thing is certain. Those
flowers didn't bloom in the
winter-time.

HILLYER
(His doubt fading)
You don't really think that story
was true?

Filby reaches a decision.

FILBY
look, you fellows go on. I'm
worried about him, and no matter
what really happened, he shouldn't
be alone tonight. I'll stay here.

He steps back and calls up to the driver.

FILBY
Take 'em home, Dave.

The WHIP CRACKS.

372 EXT. DRIVEWAY

As the carriage rolls off leaving Filby standing in the
quiet snowfall. He watches the carriage go, then re-
traces his steps to the front door where he RAPS. He
waits a moment, then uses the heavy knocker. There's
still no answer. He steps back and looks off toward
the laboratory wing of the house.

373 EXT. THE LABORATORY WING - FILBY'S VIEWPOINT

Light shining through the skylights and windows brightens
the falling snow.

374 BACK TO FILBY

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

375 INT. THE LIVING ROOM

As Filby enters. The fire still glows in the grate.
Filby pauses when the clock o.s, CHIMES ONCE. He
listens, then goes to the dining room door.

DINING ROOM - HIS VIEWPOINT

Brandy glasses and some of the silver are still on the table as well as the candles. The grandfather clock is TICKING lazily. The time is 10:30.

377 ON FILBY

He starts to return to the living room when an odd HUMMING SOUND brings him to stiff attention. The SOUND goes HIGHER and HIGHER as the entire house starts trembling. Then a violent gust of wind blows open the door to the laboratory corridor. The candles go out.

Filby crosses the room and runs down the corridor leading to the laboratory.

378 THE LABORATORY

As the door bursts open and Filby rushes in. He stops short, looking around, then walks slowly forward.

379 WHAT HE SEES

The CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the work bench to the corner where we last saw the Time Machine, It is not there! The CAMERA WHIPS to the other corner. Nor is it there!

380 CLOSE ON FILBY

He looks tense, then is startled by a SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS QUICKLY APPROACHING behind him. He whirls and Mrs. Watchett hurries in.

MRS. WATCHETT
(Relieved, breathless)
Oh, It's you, Mr. Filby.

FILBY
(Urgently)
Has George gone to bed?

MRS. WATCHETT
(Nervously)
No ... he ...
(Her eyes widen)
Where's the Machine?

Filby quickly comes to a conclusion.

(CONTINUED)

380 (CONTINUED)

FILBY
(With finality)
It's gone.
(Pointing)
See those grooves?

381 WHAT THEY SEE

The CAMERA IS MOVING ALONG parallel grooves scratched in the floor leading from the spot where the Machine was last seen to the other corner of the laboratory where it originally stood.

382 BACK TO SCENE

As Filby looks at Mrs. Watchett, he explains.

FILBY
They weren't there ten minutes ago! -
(His tone hushed)
Don't you see what he did? He moved it from here ...
(He steps to the corner)
inside the Sphinx ... back over here onto the lawn.

MRS. WATCHETT
(Faintly)
Where he left her! ...

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

383 INT. LIBRARY - FULL SHOT

Filby and Mrs. Watchett come into the room.

FILBY
It isn't like George. To return empty handed. To try to rebuild a civilization without a plan.
(To Mrs. Watchett)
He must have taken something with him.

(CONTINUED)

383 (CONTINUED)

MRS. WATCHETT

Nothing.

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

MRS. WATCHETT

Nothing except three books.

FILBY

Which three books?

MRS. WATCHETT

I don't know. - Is it important?

FILBY

(Smiles)

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

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

384 INI. ENTRANCE HALL

Mrs. Watchett stands beside Filby as he opens the door. Outside the snow is softly falling. He pauses, looking at the concerned Mrs. Watchett.

MRS. WATCHETT

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

FILBY

(Quietly)

One cannot choose but wonder.

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

385 TIME TRAVELLER'S HOME - LONG SHOT (NIGHT)

The snow falls quietly as Filby, a solitary figure in the night, pauses a moment, then selects a path and starts walking the long way home.

FADE OUT:

T H E E N D