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# About Time

By Richard Curtis

I always knew we  
were a fairly odd family.  
First there was me.  
Too tall. Too skinny.  
Too orange.  
My mum was lovely,  
but not like other mums.  
There was  
something solid about her.  
Something rectangular,  
busy and unsentimental.  
Her fashion icon was the Queen.  
Dad, well, he was more normal. He always  
seemed to have time on his hands.  
After giving up teaching university  
students on his 50th birthday,  
he was eternally available  
for a leisurely chat or  
to let me win at table tennis.  
Yes.  
And then there was Mum's  
brother, Uncle Desmond.  
Always impeccably dressed. He  
spent the days just, well,  
being Uncle Desmond.  
He was the most charming and least  
clever man you could ever meet.  
His mind was on other things,  
though we never found out what.  
And then,  
finally there was Catherine.  
Katie. Kit Kat. My sister.  
In a household of sensible jackets  
and haircuts there was this,  
well, what can I call her,  
nature thing.  
With her elfin eyes, her purple  
T-shirts and her eternally bare feet,  
she was then,  
and still is to me,  
about the most wonderful  
thing in the world.  
All in all, it was a pretty good childhood.  
Full of repeated rhythms and patterns.

By the time I was 21,  
we were still  
having tea on the beach  
every single day.  
Skimming stones and  
eating sandwiches,  
summer and winter,  
no matter what the weather.  
And every Friday evening,  
a film,  
no matter what the weather.  
And then once a year, the  
dreaded New Year's Eve party.  
Yeah, I might just get one.  
You're absolutely gorgeous.  
I'm Katie. What am I drinking?  
This is very expensive stuff.  
Cheers. Cheers.  
Come on, it's nearly midnight.  
We're all going through.  
We're going through.  
Look, I've gotta find you a...  
God!  
Everyone makes little mistakes.  
It's fine. Come on.  
6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.  
Happy New Year!  
Happy New Year.  
Sorry.  
And so I woke up  
the next morning,  
hung-over, ashamed of myself,  
and not realising  
it was the day  
that would change  
my life forever.  
Get up, stupid.  
Dad wants you.  
Hello. Sexy pyjamas.  
Tim, come in.  
Do  
sit down.  
That's very formal.  
Well, um, yeah.

This is an odd moment for me  
because I had  
the same moment with my  
father when I'd just  
turned 21, and after it,  
my life was never the same, so I  
approach it pretty, um, nervously.  
Okay.  
When you're ready.  
It's all very mysterious.  
Right.  
Tim, my dear son, the...  
The simple fact is  
the men in this family  
have always had  
the ability to...  
This is going to sound strange,  
be prepared for strangeness.  
Get ready for spooky time,  
but there's this family secret.  
And the secret is that  
the men in the family can  
travel in time.  
Well, more accurately,  
travel back in time.  
We can't travel  
into the future.  
This is such a weird joke.  
?t's seriously not a joke.  
So you're saying that you and  
granddad, and his brothers  
could all travel back in time?  
Absolutely.  
And you still do? Absolutely.  
Although it's not as dramatic as it sounds.  
It's only in my own life.  
I can only go to places where I  
actually was and can remember.  
I can't kill Hitler or shag  
Helen of Troy, unfortunately.  
Okay, stop.  
Um...  
if it's true, which it isn't.  
Although it is.

Although it isn't, obviously. But if  
it was, which it's not. Which it is.  
Which it isn't.  
But if it was, how would I...  
The ?'How?' is  
the easy bit, in fact.  
You go into a dark place,  
big cupboards are  
very useful generally.  
Toilets, at a pinch.  
Then you clench  
your fists like this.  
Think of the moment  
you're going to  
and you'll find yourself there.  
After a bit of a stumble  
and a rumble and a tumble.  
Wow.  
Is as good a reaction as any.  
I think I plumped for ?'fuck!?'  
but it was the '70s.  
No, this is  
so obviously a joke.  
?t's not a joke.  
Why would I lie to someone I'm  
fairly fond of?  
Okay.  
But, when I come  
back downstairs  
after standing in a cupboard  
with my fists clenched,  
you're gonna be  
in so much trouble.  
Well,  
let's see, shall we?  
And, Tim, try and  
do something interesting.  
So much trouble.  
I mean it. Really.  
Right.  
Wow!  
You all right, Tim?  
Yes. Yeah. Good, ace. Yeah.  
Good, come on. it's nearly

midnight and we've got to find...  
Whoa, whoa, whoa!  
Whoo! Midnight.  
10, 9, 8, 7,  
6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.  
Happy New Year!  
Thank you, Tim.  
You're welcome, Polly.  
Does Mum know?  
Not a whistle.  
Strange. And what about the whole...  
Butterfly effect thing. What can I say?  
We don't seem to have  
messed up civilisation yet.  
?t's gonna be  
a complicated year.  
?t's gonna be  
a complicated life.  
What have you  
done with it?  
For me,  
it's books, books, books.  
I've read everything  
a man could wish to.  
Twice. Dickens three times.  
Any first thoughts?  
Well, I suppose apart from getting  
a slightly better haircut... Yeah.  
Money would be  
the obvious thing.  
Very mixed blessing.  
Utterly screwed up  
your grandfather's life.  
Left him without  
love or friends.  
I've never bumped into a  
genuinely happy rich person.  
?t would be nice  
not to have to work.  
No, that's a real  
recipe for disaster.  
Look what happened to Uncle Fred.  
What happened to Uncle Fred?  
Absolutely sod all.

Wasted his life.  
You have to use it for  
things that you really think  
will make your life  
the way you want it to be.  
Come on,  
really think about this.  
Well,  
to be honest,  
I suppose, at the moment,  
it would be just great if it  
could help me get a girlfriend.  
Wow.  
Massive. Yeah.  
The mothership.  
For me, it was always  
gonna be about love.  
And that summer I walked  
into the eye of the storm.  
Her name was Charlotte.  
Cousin of Kit Kat's  
handsome but  
nasty boyfriend Jimmy.  
And she was staying  
for two whole months.  
Just one. Not both of them.  
Tim,  
will you do my back?  
Absolutely!  
Very keen!  
Whoa! No. No.  
No. No, no. No, no, no.  
Is it in my hair? Yes!  
Tim. Will you do my back?  
Sure. Just give us a sec.  
Okay.  
Thank you.  
Now...  
Ooh. Nice.  
?t's my area.  
it was a summer of  
suntan and torture.  
I invited my foolish friend  
Jay around for tennis

because I thought  
he'd make me look good.  
I was wrong!  
What are you doing? No.  
Charlotte just made both  
of us look like idiots.  
Bad luck, Tim.  
How the hell are you meant  
to concentrate on your game?  
How are you meant  
to live your life  
with this sort of  
shit going down?  
It never got better  
until suddenly  
it was almost too late.  
Well, Charlotte,  
our final lunch.  
No!  
And it's been really, really  
lovely having you all summer.  
it has.  
Thank you.  
Thank you.  
?t really has.  
Hasn't it, Desmond?  
Beg your pardon?  
Lovely having  
Charlotte here all summer.  
Charlotte? Who's Charlotte?  
Come on, darling. Charlotte,  
sitting next to you.  
Yes, of course. Of course.  
Charlotte. Hi.  
Lovely to meet you.  
Have you enjoyed having  
Charlotte here all summer, Tim?  
Yeah.  
There goes August.  
I've introduced him to  
most things, haven't I?  
You did. You were  
much more sophisticated.  
In a quiet way,



I like to think.  
Come in.  
Charlotte. Yeah!  
As it's your last night,  
can I ask you a question?  
Yeah. Ask away.  
No, wait.  
?t's not going to  
be about love, is it?  
Love? What?  
Well, it's just that Kit Kat warned me that  
if you were to ever mention it, I should be  
very firm with you and tell you  
you must treat me  
like your sister  
and not be stupid.  
Or have I just made  
a total fool of myself  
and you were actually  
going to ask me for  
late night last  
minute tennis tips?  
No, it was the love thing.  
Well.  
That's very sweet of you.  
?t's just a shame you  
left it till the last night.  
You should have tried creeping along  
the corridor while we still had time.  
Okay, the ?'last night?'  
was a bad idea?  
Very bad idea. it feels like an ever  
so slightly insulting afterthought.  
?'Last night?' was  
never going to work.  
All right. Good. I've got it.  
Come in.  
Tim. Hi. Charlotte.  
Hi. Sit down.  
I know you've  
probably suspected this,  
but over the last month I've fallen  
completely in love with you.  
Now obviously

this was gonna happen  
because you're  
a goddess with that face  
and that hair,  
but even if you  
didn't have a nice face,  
and even if you had  
absolutely no hair  
because of some  
bizarre medical reason,  
I'd still adore you,  
and I...  
I just wondered whether, by any  
chance, you might share my feelings.  
Wow.  
I tell you what.  
Why don't we see  
how the summer goes  
and then you ask me  
again on my last night?  
Your last night? Yes.  
Try me on the last night. See  
what happens then, shall we?  
?t's exciting.  
Right.  
No, it's a perfect plan. That's  
absolutely perfect. Last night.  
Last night.  
Thanks very much.  
Night-night, Timmy.  
Big lesson number one,  
all the time travel in the world  
can't make someone love you.  
Bye!  
So the love of my life  
just drove away.  
And the very next day  
it was my turn to leave.  
There you go. Don't  
spend it all at once.  
Thanks.  
Don't call too often, your mother  
doesn't like to be disturbed.  
Okay. Thanks.

I caught the train to London in  
search of a future and a girlfriend.  
I was staying in St John's  
Wood, near Abbey Road,  
with a playwright friend  
of my dad's called Harry.  
It's always nice to have family connections  
when you're a new kid in town.  
What the fuck do you want?  
I'm James's son.  
Who?  
James Lake. What about him?  
He said you had a room.  
Go in there and wait.  
Quietly. I mean it,  
don't make a sound.  
Or I'll kill you.  
I was actually having the first  
good idea I've had for a decade  
when you rang on the doorbell.  
But now it's gone.  
You little shit.  
How's your dad?  
Weird cock, I always thought.  
Something weird about him.  
Really?  
Yeah, I never really  
liked him, actually.  
Your mum still  
look like Andy Warhol?  
What?  
That, by the way, is my wife.  
Nice.  
Yeah, you wouldn't  
like her at first.  
Sarcastic cow.  
But eventually  
you'd realise that  
she's the best human  
being in the world.  
Which is why she  
left me, of course.  
Here you go.  
Try not to make too much noise,

particularly when having sex.  
No chance of that.  
Christ,  
two losers in one house.  
That is my daughter.  
Have sex with her if you like.  
Apparently everyone else has.  
It wasn't a hopeful  
set-up for romance.  
And work didn't help  
on that score either.  
The world of law seems to  
be entirely full of men.  
Hello. I'm Rory. Very pleased to meet you.  
A real thrill.  
Well, who knows, we might become,  
you know, pals, et cetera.  
Who the hell are you? Tim Lake.  
Well, I hope you're  
better than this clown.  
Come on, Roger.  
?t's Rory, actually.  
I've been here  
a year and a half.  
I'm just saying that to be nice.  
It's two years actually.  
So six lonely months went by  
and it was still just me and Harry.  
Me lawyer-ing every hour  
of the day and night.  
And him putting the finishing  
touches to his new play.  
No matter how many girls  
there were in the world,  
I always seemed to  
end up with Rory.  
Hello.  
Until, out of the blue,  
on a dodgy night out with dodgy  
Jay, something miraculous happened.  
The waiters are,  
wait for this,  
right, they're blind.  
You're kidding me?

I'm kidding you not.  
No, as bats. As bats!  
Very good to  
have you here, gentlemen.  
I hope you enjoy  
your experience.  
Carlo will show  
you to your table.  
Great. Lead on, maestro.  
Can I have your right hand on  
my right shoulder, please?  
And your friend hold on to your shoulder.  
Thank you.  
Mind the stairs and  
be prepared because  
it's completely dark.  
Okay, gentlemen,  
if you don't mind,  
I can sit you here beside  
these two young ladies.  
No, no.  
Sounds absolutely perfect!  
God,  
you sound very perky.  
I am. And very handsome.  
Someone's there.  
Hi. Hi. I'm Mary.  
I'm Tim. Mary's my  
mother's name, actually.  
Does it suit her? Sort of.  
Although she's sturdy, so Bernard  
might have been a better fit.  
Okay.  
Something just  
touched my elbow.  
Okay, that wasn't me.  
No. Well, that just makes it worse.  
If it wasn't you, who was it?  
it wasn't me because I'm  
touching something else.  
Yes, and you'll stop  
that right away, thank you.  
So, girls, be honest,  
who is more beautiful?

- I am.  
- Yeah. She is.  
Excellent!  
Actually,  
I look like Kate Moss.  
Really?  
No. I sort of  
look like a squirrel.  
Do you like Kate Moss?  
I absolutely love her.  
In fact, I almost wore one of  
her dresses here tonight. You?  
No, no, her clothes  
look terrible on me.  
I cannot believe that it's  
your birthday next week as well.  
Your friend Jay is  
quite enthusiastic.  
I actually hate him.  
What's Joanna like?  
- She's basically a prostitute.  
- Yeah.  
I think it's strawberry mousse.  
Ooh!  
Do you want some?  
Um... Okay. I'll try it.  
Okay, where's your mouth?  
?t's...  
it's here.  
Okay. There?  
My God, what was that?  
That's my eye.  
I think there's a lot of...  
I've got quite a lot of  
strawberry mousse  
in my eye now!  
I'm so sorry.  
No. Thank you. That's  
a new sensation for me.  
So, maybe I'll see  
you outside or...  
Yeah. Yeah, great.  
Great. Scary.  
Yeah, it's a bit scary.

My God, I'm so in there.  
What about you?  
I don't know,  
but she sounded wonderful.  
Shh!  
Joanna? Jay.  
Christ, you're a babe.  
How do you fancy  
stretching the night  
out a bit?  
I can ditch the loser.  
We've got to rush, but help me find a  
cab and I might give you my number.  
Of course. Yeah.  
Or I might not.  
Haven't decided yet. So...  
I have. it's not gonna happen.  
Hi. Hi.  
Where's... She  
and Jay just...  
She took him to...  
I don't know.  
Right.  
Well, I guess I'd better...  
Would it be very wrong if I  
asked you for your number?  
No.  
Just in case I ever  
had to call you about...  
Stuff? -  
Okay.  
Would you...  
it's Mary.  
Mary.  
Okay.  
I thought this phone  
was old and shit,  
but suddenly it's my most  
valuable possession.  
You really like me?  
Even my frock?  
I love your frock.  
And my hair?  
It's not too brown?

I love brown.  
My fringe is new.  
The fringe is perfect.  
Fringe is the best bit.  
Mary!  
We have to go! I found a cab and his  
dodgy friend is about to assault me.  
Okay, I'm coming.  
Two seconds.  
I hope I see you again.  
You will.  
Okay. Good.  
Goodnight.  
What's happened?  
What have you done,  
you poor thing?  
Nothing.  
It's just a flesh wound.  
Here. Thank you.  
You may remember,  
my play opened tonight.  
My God, yes. How did it go?  
Well. it went well.  
You could tell in the room a  
masterpiece was being unfurled.  
Really? Really.  
Until, and this is the  
crucial plot point, I think,  
until the lead actor had the most  
massive dry in the history of theatre.  
No, no, no. Yes, yes, yes.  
He didn't just  
forget his lines.  
He forgot his lines  
to the extent  
that no actor has ever  
forgotten their lines  
before in  
the annals of dramatic art.  
The reviews won't say, ?'Major masterpiece  
gets unveiled, ?'  
they'll say, ?'Major  
actor gets Alzheimer's.?'  
it's a disaster.



Is an understatement.  
?t's the Titanic of play  
openings, but with no survivors.  
No women, no children,  
not even Kate Winslet.  
All dead.  
Okay. I'll see what I can do.  
What does that mean?  
What are you gonna do?  
Ring up every critic  
in London and  
offer them a blow job  
if they ignore the fact that we sat  
in total silence for half an hour  
waiting for a moron to  
remember one single line?  
Not quite that.  
Hello.  
Hello, Sir Tom. I'm a friend of Harry's.  
How's it going with the lines?  
I'm sorry,  
what do you mean ?'the lines?'  
?t's just, you know,  
in the court scenes,  
some of those lines  
are pretty complex.  
And I just thought maybe it  
might be worth, you know,  
having one last  
look at the lines  
before you go on.  
A little refresher.  
Fuck off out of here.  
You arsing lunatic. Get out!  
You ginger twerp. Go on!  
Patronising piece of...  
And now the Defence.  
I have lived  
many weary years...  
it's brilliant... but never,  
in that long catalogue  
of wasted time,  
have I ever seen such an atrocious  
miscarriage of justice.

Do the Prosecution have  
anything final to add?  
Sorry, excuse me. Sorry.  
Do the Prosecution have  
anything final to add?  
Psst!  
Gentlemen...  
Gentlemen,  
I regard today's proceedings  
with the utmost gravity.  
Nevertheless,  
let us be clear of one  
simple and salient thing.  
?t is the life  
of a guilty man!  
One of the actors appeared  
to have actually fallen asleep...  
Here's the little prick who  
walked out halfway through.  
You missed the best scene,  
you little twerp.  
Sorry.  
What did you think of the set?  
I thought it was incredible.  
Did you? I didn't. Too brown.  
Mary!  
No.  
She's gone.  
Two girls in earlier tonight. One of  
them the prettiest girl in the world.  
The other one like a  
sort of nice prostitute.  
Did you get their names?  
Yes. They left  
a while ago. Let's see.  
No, I'm afraid  
they were walk-ins  
and it appears  
they paid by cash.  
Sorry, sir.  
That's okay.  
That's fine, it's brilliant.  
?t's just the end of my life.  
Thanks so much.

Cheer up, mate.  
Apparently, you're living with  
Britain's greatest living playwright.  
I don't usually  
read them, obviously,  
but I couldn't resist this one.  
'Harry Chapman  
found guilty of genius.?'  
I have to go out. Right now.  
Why?  
She loves Kate Moss.  
Thanks for keeping  
me company, Kittle.  
Nothing better to do.  
How's Jimmy?  
Dumped me.  
Not again.  
And work? They've sacked me.  
Idiots.  
Coffee? Please.  
I've only just noticed this cat  
in this picture. See that cat?  
I do see that cat.  
It's very good.  
My God.  
My God!  
What?  
it's her.  
't's her!  
That's her!  
Shh!  
You go, girl.  
Sorry.  
Hi. Hi.  
How are you?  
I'm... I'm fine.  
't's so good to see you.  
Um... We've never met before.  
No, fuck.  
No, of course we haven't. No.  
Sorry, I think you've  
mistaken me for someone else.  
No, no, no.  
Your name's Mary.

That's distinctly weird.  
How do you know that?  
Well, you look like a Mary.  
In what way?  
My mum's called Mary.  
I look like your mother?  
No. You're much prettier.  
?t's a nice fringe, by the way.  
God, it's new and  
probably too short but... No.  
Well, gee, thank you and  
listen, it was  
really nice to meet you.  
I should probably go because  
my friend's waiting for me  
and you're a,  
you're a total stranger.  
Total stranger.  
Yeah, it's crazy stuff.  
Yeah, kind of. Okay.  
Bye, Mary. Bye.  
No.  
How did it go?  
?t was very poor.  
Very poor indeed, yeah.  
You gotta go again.  
You can do it. Take two.  
She just always... She  
always looks different.  
Sorry. it's me again.  
Hi. Sorry.  
Joanna, this is...  
Tim.  
Hello. Nice to meet you.  
Tim is a total stranger whose  
mother's name is Mary.  
I just had a weird  
experience with Mary here  
of thinking she was someone else.  
But she wasn't.  
But I just wondered if I  
could walk round with you  
for a while because my sister  
Kit Kat is about to leave...

Yeah.  
Bye... and...  
And so,  
I'm about to be quite lonely.  
Right. Well, I think we  
should probably say no.  
No, yes. But on the other hand,  
he's got a quite nice smile  
and sort of,  
you know, fun hair.  
Yeah.  
All right.  
But you have to promise that you are  
not one of the following things.  
One, a lunatic.  
Yeah. No.  
Two, a fringe fetishist.  
I'm just Kate Moss's  
number one male fan.  
God. Really?  
Yeah. God, yeah.  
Do you agree that the magic  
of her lies in her history?  
That the informality  
of her early shots  
compared to this stuff  
so you just always know  
that, despite the high  
fashion, she's still just  
that cheeky normal  
naked girl on the beach?  
Couldn't have put  
it better myself.  
That's absolutely it.  
I agree with that profoundly.  
Milk?  
Yes.  
Sugar? No.  
Boyfriend?  
Yes!  
No. No, you don't  
have a boyfriend.  
Do I not look like  
I'd have a boyfriend?

Do I look like I'd never  
get a boyfriend? No.  
That's the rudest thing  
I've ever heard.  
I didn't mean it like that.  
I just didn't expect...  
Is it quite a new boyfriend?  
Yes.  
There he is. Rupert.  
Yes. He's so cute. Rupert?  
Hi, guys.  
Sorry I'm late, with my dad.  
Hi, Rupee.  
'Rupee'?'  
Well, this is Tim and  
we don't know him at all.  
Hey, I was thinking we could  
take in a film after this.  
Get some mixed popcorn,  
share a Coke,  
snuggle. Okay.  
Okay.  
When did you two meet? Exactly?  
Well, it was only  
a week ago, actually.  
't's all been a bit of a  
whirlwind, hasn't it, poochy face?  
I'm gonna have to teach you what you  
can and can't say in front of people.  
No ?'poochy face'?' No.  
No. Definitely not.  
Come on, then. More details about  
this wonderful first meeting?  
Okay, okay.  
't was, um, what... Joanna?  
June 17th.  
And Jo was  
having a little party.  
A living hell from which  
Rupert, thank God, rescued me.  
And where was  
this terrible party?  
My brothel of a flat.  
Which is where, though? That's

the question, isn't it.  
What are you, a detective?  
No, sorry, I've just got  
a very visual imagination.  
I like to imagine  
stuff completely.  
26 Courtfield Gardens,

**SW5. Around 8:**

Dress code, slutty.  
Will that do?  
Absolutely, yes.  
Although I am wondering  
when you got there, Rupert.  
Early, late?  
On time, I think.  
True love was calling.  
God.  
I actually feel a bit  
sick now. Just these  
muffins, I think.  
Never trust a blueberry.  
Okay, I'll be back in a tick.  
You two are such  
a lovely couple.  
Bit weird.  
He's cute.  
I like him.  
Yeah, me too.  
Hello. Do I know you?  
No, no, no.  
I'm a friend of Mary's.  
She has another friend? Gosh,  
you amaze me. But hooray.  
Ooh. Hotdog?  
Took me hours.  
Made them myself.  
Thanks.  
Disgusting.  
Totally undercooked.  
See you later.  
Why don't we go upstairs,  
it's a bit quieter?  
Hi. Hi.

I'm Tim.  
Mary.  
That's my mother's name.  
Let's not get into that.  
Um... I know this is forward but  
your face tells me that you're finding  
this party to be a living hell.  
So, I just wondered  
if you might come  
and have a bite to  
eat with me instead?  
Right now.  
I'm sorry?  
Obviously, I should have  
thought this through more.  
Let's talk about Kate Moss.  
I love Kate Moss.  
I always think the key thing  
with her is the history,  
you know, the informality of her early  
shots compared to high fashion stuff  
so you always know that underneath  
she's still just the same  
cheeky normal girl  
naked on the beach.  
The beach.  
I agree with you completely.  
?f we leave now then we can have,  
you know, more than one starter.  
I love your eyes.  
And I love the rest  
of your face, too.  
More than one starter?  
10 amazing starters.  
After you. Thanks.  
Ten minutes is long enough  
for any party, I think.  
Yeah.  
Especially that one.  
Evening, all.  
God! What a dickhead.  
Yeah.  
So, what do you do?  
I'm a reader at a publisher.



No! You read for a living?  
Yes, that's it. I read.  
That's so great.  
?t's like someone asking,  
?'What do you do  
?'for a living??'  
?'Well, I breathe.  
?'I'm a breather,  
I get paid for breathing.?'  
How did you get that job? Okay,  
smart-ass, what do you do?  
I am a lawyer.  
Sort of. Sort of.  
That's sexy.  
Is it?  
I mean, I think so.  
In a suit, in a court, saving  
people's lives. Kinda sexy.  
I guess it is. Although it's  
not as sexy as reading.  
Sitting there in an office,  
in a little chair reading.  
Okay, stop. Ooh!  
Just wait right there,  
mister, because  
a lot of books get  
submitted to my publisher.  
So it's an immense  
responsibility.  
I bet it is.  
But when you do normal reading,  
is it ruined because it's your job?  
You know, like prostitutes?  
I always worry that when  
they stop being prostitutes  
that they can't  
enjoy sex any more.  
You always worry about that?  
No, I sometimes worry about it.  
Good. Okay.  
Because someone who always worried  
about that would be a bit of a worry.  
When you read a newspaper,  
do you think,?'Forget this, it's work?'

Have you interviewed  
a lot of prostitutes?  
When you read a menu,  
do you think,  
'No, I'm not reading this,  
unless you pay me hard cash.?'  
How many prostitutes will you need to  
talk to before this issue is solved?  
Are you planning to head to  
Eastern Europe and Thailand?  
Um... Would you like  
to walk me to my car?  
Yes. Why not? Okay.  
Sounds like a good idea.  
What about you?  
Yeah, I have  
three older brothers.  
God. Yeah.  
Where are they?  
Behind you.  
Did you have trouble parking?  
Pardon?  
't's just such  
a long way to your car.  
Well, my car's  
actually parked outside  
my house.  
I got a lift to the party.  
Okay.  
That's good. That's perfect.  
Okay.  
And here we are.  
My God. Yeah.  
Car, house. House, car.  
't makes perfect sense.  
't's very logical.  
Christ.  
Um...  
Keys!  
I'm gonna go into the bedroom  
and put on my new pyjamas.  
Right.  
And then in a minute you can  
come in and take them off.

?f you want to.  
One minute.  
Hi.  
God. Are you... Are you okay?  
Yeah.  
Sorry.  
That's okay.  
?t's a front opener.  
?t's a what?  
?t opens from the front.  
Yeah, no, yeah, of course.  
Thanks. Sure.  
Ooh! Well done.  
I'm sure it'll be  
better next time.  
I thought it was pretty lovely.  
Right, no,  
it was really lovely.  
In fact, can you  
just give me one minute?  
Okay.  
Hi.  
Dangerous.  
You really know your bras.  
I like to think so.  
Well done. Some people make a  
real mess of it the first time.  
Amateurs.  
Could you give me one second?  
Sure.  
I couldn't wait.  
My goodness.  
Best night of my entire life. And now  
I've got a suspicion I'm gonna have  
the best sleep  
of my entire life.  
So once is enough  
for my perfect guy?  
I'm not sure  
that's entirely fair.  
We're late. No, we're not.  
?t'll be fine. it's only...  
My God.  
Bye.

Don't worry,  
you're coming with.  
I'm taking you home!  
Bye. Bye. Bye.  
No!  
Okay. I have some bad news.  
You're dying? No, not that bad.  
I'm dying? No.  
My parents are in town. They're  
visiting and they're coming around.  
God. Parents?  
American parents?  
When? Now.  
They told me and  
I didn't tell you  
and I thought they'd cancel because  
they normally do and they didn't.  
Now now? Now now.  
So you should probably  
put on some pants.  
God. Okay, okay.  
I'm  
sorry, I'm sorry.  
Do  
they know I exist?  
Yeah. I've mentioned something  
like you, but nothing very specific.  
Yeah, they're quite conservative,  
so maybe not those pants.  
Okay. Yeah.  
God. Okay.  
Could you just stall them.  
Stall them.  
Come on up.  
What? I'm sorry, they  
don't like waiting.  
Okay. Do I live here?  
Definitely not.  
Are we having sex?  
Yeah. But not oral.  
I wasn't gonna mention oral.  
Okay, good, don't. How did you  
think that was gonna come up?  
Could you help me

with this, please?  
I don't know. if it does,  
just deny it completely.  
Who's gonna bring it up?  
Your dad?  
'Tim, had any cunnilingus  
with my daughter recently??'  
Well, you never know.  
Okay.  
Okay. Ready? Yeah.  
They're there.  
They are, yeah.  
Yeah, right behind you.  
Okay. Right, okay.  
Dad! Hello, sweet.  
Mom. Hi. Hi, honey.  
This is Tim.  
Hello, sir. Ma'am.  
Should we come back when you  
haven't got any company, or...  
Well, that would be  
quite difficult  
because Tim  
actually lives here.  
Really? With you?  
Yes. Yeah, but no  
oral sex, I promise you.  
I beg your pardon?  
Excuse me.  
So, Tim, tell us where are you  
from, which part of the country?  
He's from Cornwall.  
Yeah, it's really pretty.  
't's that little bit right at the  
end, sort of looks like a shoe.  
And you're a lawyer,  
is that right?  
Yep, that's right.  
And he never loses.  
You don't think he's gonna win, then he  
just pulls something out of the bag and,  
what do you know,  
he wins again.  
Do you ever answer

any of your own questions?  
I...  
Yes, he does. Usually he does,  
but not today because I'm doing  
all the talking  
because I'm really nervous  
and I kinda love him and I just...  
I want you to, too.  
Honey.  
Sorry. Tim. Over to you.  
Shoot.  
Yeah, I think my dad...  
Can I just say one more thing?  
Um...  
Thank God that's over.  
I got given two tickets  
for the National Theatre  
tomorrow. Do you wanna come?  
No, so not. I'm just  
gonna sleep all day.  
I don't see why going to the theatre  
should get in the way of that.  
Many of the best sleeps of my life have  
happened in the Royal Shakespeare Company.  
No, you take someone else.  
I really like bed and  
I really hate theatre.  
Quite right.  
But what kind of sad act is gonna  
be free on a Saturday night  
with no day's notice?  
Bravo.  
My God. it's Charlotte. Who?  
?t was my first love. Where?  
There. Under the ?'exit?' sign.  
- The old woman?  
- No, not the old woman.  
The astonishing blonde.  
The one with the dark hair?  
No, blonde.  
Blonde means  
blonde hair, doesn't it?  
Off the stage.  
Okay, you stay there.

I mean it, stay!  
Charlotte.  
My God. Tim.  
How fabulous to see you.  
Wow. I... This is  
my girlfriend Tina.  
No.  
That is so brilliant.  
Well, hello, Tina.  
Why is it brilliant?  
Well, you know. There are certain moments  
in your life that scar you for life.  
Charlotte's rejection of me  
was one of those moments,  
but now I know she's  
got a ?'girlfriend, ?' well,  
that's just a huge burden  
suddenly lifted off my mind.  
I can be a confident  
heterosexual all over again.  
Not that kind of girlfriend.  
What?  
You think I'm gay?  
No.  
No, of course not.  
No. it's girl friend.  
Yes. No. Wow.  
Yeah, friend who is a girl,  
which you so clearly are.  
I'm just gonna go and get my  
boyfriend, who is a boy...  
My God. Tim.  
How lovely to see you.  
Look at you. Wow.  
This is my girlfriend Tina.  
Hello, Tina.  
Although you should be  
a little careful  
with that, by the way.  
There are still quite a lot of  
us old fashioned types about  
who interpret  
'girlfriend?' as meaning 'gay.'  
So if you say that Tina's your girlfriend,

people will assume that you're ?'gay.?'

I am ?'gay.?'

Are you?

Do you have

a problem with that?

No, I don't. I love that stuff.

I'm just gonna...

Wow.

I've just seen the girl who broke

my heart three summers ago.

Let's go say hello.

No. Best let sleeping dogs lie.

Come on.

Best night of my life.

I always love this area.

?t's so bustling and I mean

those pictures, full of colour.

Just makes me so happy when I'm

round here, all the colour... Tim.

Charlotte!

Tim, how lovely to see you.

What a surprise.

Wow. Sorry. This is

my girlfriend, Tina.

She's gay. Shut up.

Hello, Tina.

Look at you!

?t just never

even occurred to me

you existed

outside of Cornwall.

We're about to

go and get dinner,

but it would be great

to hang out sometime.

Yeah, sure. I'd love that.

Send my love to little Kit Kat.

How is she?

She's okay. She's not finding

London totally easy actually.

Right. Well, Jimmy says

he sees her sometimes.

Really? Since when?

You knew there was



always something there.  
Sorry, you are?  
Very well, thank you.  
Well, she means your name.  
Roger. No, it's not.  
No, it's not. it's Rory.  
Nice to meet you, Rory. Yeah.  
Right. Sorry,  
we should get going.  
?t was really great to see you.  
I'll see you soon.  
You, too. Yeah.  
Bye.  
God, she is beautiful.  
She's so beautiful, if you had sex  
with her, you'd die. You'd just die.  
You'd open her shirt, see her breasts  
and your eyes would explode.  
You'd have to have sex with her blind.  
And then you'd die.  
You notice she didn't  
give me her number...  
I told Tina to go have dinner on her own.  
Are you hungry?  
Yeah. Of course. Great.  
Bye, Roger.  
Yeah, excellent.  
Thanks again for the play. Triumph.  
Where do you wanna go?  
Well, wherever you like really.  
I can't compete.  
You know,  
I'm starting to think we slightly  
wasted that summer holiday.  
?f we could  
travel back in time,  
maybe I wouldn't have said no.  
I'm...  
I'm just staying  
round the corner.  
Can you walk me home?  
Yeah.  
Yeah? Yeah, of course, yeah.  
Well, here we are.

it's a lot nicer  
inside.  
I'm sure it is.  
So... So...  
So...  
So,  
lovely  
to see you, Charlotte.  
What a night.  
Total joy, but I've gotta  
get back  
because there's something very important  
that I have to do. Right now.  
Wake up. Wake up. What?  
Mary.  
Would you like to marry me?  
Shh.  
Don't be so selfish,  
I'm sleeping. it's bad.  
Right.  
That went very well.  
Wake up.  
What?  
Wake up. Come and have a chat.  
Why?  
I've got something  
important to ask you.  
Can't it wait till morning?  
Not really.  
But I'm so comfy.  
I was having  
the loveliest dream.  
What is it?  
Why is there music on?  
?t's got something to do  
with what I want to ask you.  
Wait a minute.  
Romantic music.  
Guy with important question.  
Are you on your knees?  
On his knees.  
Were you so bored in  
the play you decided  
to ask me to

marry you afterwards?  
Something like that.  
Yeah. Exactly that.  
In fact,  
will you marry me?  
Any thoughts on the answer?  
'Yes??' 'No??' 'Get out of my life,  
loser.?' They're all possible.  
I think I'll go for  
'yes.?'  
Thank you for asking me.  
And thank you for not going for one  
of those melodramatic proposals  
with lots of people around.  
I hate other people.  
Me, too.  
Yeah.  
I'm just gonna  
turn off the radio.  
Okay. Good idea.  
Thanks, guys.  
Sorry, she's a bit tired.  
But we really appreciate it.  
Can you go?  
Wow!  
That's so beautiful.  
I don't think we'll be staying  
in the same room, somehow.  
Really?  
'f they offer you tea,  
just say no.  
Hello.  
Mum, this is Mary.  
Mary! Hi.  
Good Lord, you're pretty.  
No, it's just  
I've got a lot of  
mascara and lipstick on.  
Let's have a look.  
Yes. Good.  
't's very bad for  
a girl to be too pretty.  
't stops her developing a sense of humour.  
Or a personality.

Tea?  
I'd love a cup of tea.  
Christ,  
that's the whole day gone.  
She's a very special guest.  
Cup without the crack.  
Skipping stones.  
They've been doing this  
since he was about this high.  
And what are your faults?  
I mean, little weaknesses.  
I...  
Well, I'm very insecure.  
Sweet.  
Okay. I've a very  
bad temper sometimes.  
Crucial. How else are you gonna  
get a fella to  
do what you want?  
And, of course, I have...  
I have a weakness for your son.  
So do I.  
But best not to tell him.  
Don't want him getting cocky.  
Pow!  
I'm so good  
without the ball. Pow!  
What do you think of her?  
I like her more  
than you already.  
Look, I'd forgotten this.  
Jimmy Fontana Il Mondo.  
Greatest record ever  
recorded by an Italian  
who looks like he's got a  
dead badger on his head.  
And you've got the album.  
Yes!  
Check out those specs!  
Come on, on with the game!  
Right.  
And what an extraordinary  
game this is.  
For the first time

a father and son  
are playing each other  
in the World Table  
Tennis Final and  
neither of them are Chinese.  
Tremendous play from the old  
World Champion and his son,  
the first openly ginger  
British table tennis player  
but there are signs the  
youngster's beginning to crack.  
There are tears in his eyes.  
There are not!  
There soon will be!  
Hey.  
Hey!  
I didn't know you were here.  
Yeah. I just  
popped down for a while.  
Okay.  
What about the job?  
So how long have you been here?  
Couple of weeks.  
Gosh! So, life in London...  
Horrid.  
Okay.  
Is Mary here?  
Yes.  
Where? Downstairs.  
You be gentle.  
Be gentle!  
Careful!  
Yeah, nice to see you, too. I'm  
trying to make a good impression...  
Yeah, you make a good impression.  
Right, sorry. Sorry.  
I've got an important  
announcement to make.  
Exciting.  
We've decided, after a little  
bit of thought, to get married.  
That's wonderful news.  
Who are you getting married to?  
To Mary. Over there.

Thank God for that.  
Jolly embarrassing if it had  
been another girl. imagine that.  
We're so pleased.  
No, sorry. Yeah.  
By the way, the wedding  
will be quite soon  
because we're  
having a baby, too.  
You're pregnant?  
Yes.  
Who's the father?  
Well, Tim, I hope.  
Thank God for that. Jolly awkward  
if it had been another fellow.  
We have to decide tonight.  
What? Everything.  
The only thing  
you've decided about our  
wedding is that I'm  
coming down the aisle  
to the sound of  
some ltalian weirdo  
singing a song called Il Mondo.  
Excellent song.  
To which I've said  
a definitive ?'no.?'  
So here's the deal.  
I will take off one item of clothing  
for every decision you make.  
Okay. You have my attention,  
young lady.  
Right, um,  
where would you  
like to get married?  
Home. I'd hate anywhere else.  
Okay.  
My God. Good.  
Who should the priest be?  
?t'll have to be  
the local bloke  
with yellow teeth and  
the massive unibrow.  
Okay.

That's a lock for Hagrid.  
Um...  
Best Man?  
Damn.  
Best Man. Now.  
No, this is so hard. It's lose-lose you know  
You piss off all the  
ones you don't pick, and you end  
up hating the one you do pick  
because he makes a bad  
speech and ruins the day.  
Do you wanna see  
these puppies or not?  
Yes, I do.  
Jay. it's your choice.  
He's my best friend,  
but he's a moron.  
Yeah, he will  
mess up everything.  
Rory. Sure?  
No, Harry.  
Harry it is. Let's do this.  
Rory. Sorry.  
What? That's such a cheat.  
Okay, fine.  
Honeymoon?  
Bed and breakfast in Scotland.  
I am not taking  
my pants off for Scotland.  
But it's all we can afford.  
Take off your pants.  
I will not.  
Take off your pants!  
I want  
two weeks in Bali!  
Take off those pants!  
Have you planned a break? No.  
No! Is that you? ?t wasn't me.  
?t's for you.  
No, I'm caught!  
I've got it. I've got it!  
Help me!  
Yes!  
Right, follow me!

My gosh!  
My God!  
God!  
it's a joke!  
Here.  
Yes, come on.  
This way.  
My God!  
Hello,  
I'm Rory.  
When Tim asked me to  
be his Best Man, I was terrified.  
So I thought best  
thing is to find  
a book about speeches.  
And here it is.  
And it says think of  
really funny anecdotes.  
And there is a very hilarious  
story, actually from work.  
?t was quite a complicated  
case based on an issue of  
cross-amortisation  
of ownership of  
post-divorce  
properties and, um...  
Let me just explain the context.  
The Defendant...  
When Tim asked me  
to do his Best Man speech,  
my immediate reaction was,  
?'How much are you gonna  
pay me, you little shit?  
?'I don't write  
for free, you know.?'  
These were the girls available  
to him at that time.  
?'Hello, girls.?' And this is how  
far he got with each of them.  
Let me explain the code.  
5, blow job.  
8, full penetrative...  
and so a toast  
to the man with



the worst haircut  
but the best bride in the room.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
Tim and Mary.  
Tim and Mary.  
That's us.  
I wish I'd said '?l love you.?'  
You did, Dad.  
't was implied.  
I'm not sure '?implied?' is good  
enough for a wedding day, are you?  
No, don't do it, it's fine.  
I'm so happy with it as it was.  
You really don't have to.  
I'll do what  
I wanna do, young man.  
Will you excuse me  
for just one moment?  
later on I may tell you about  
Tim's many failings as a man  
and as a table tennis player.  
But,  
important first to say the one  
big thing, I've only loved  
three men in my life.  
My dad was  
a frosty bugger so that  
only leaves dear Uncle Desmond,  
B. B. King, obviously,  
and this young man here.  
I'd only give one piece of  
advice to anyone marrying.  
We're all quite  
similar in the end.  
We all get old and tell the  
same tales too many times.  
But try and marry someone  
kind.  
And this is a kind man  
with a good heart.  
I'm not particularly proud  
of many things in my life,  
but I am very proud  
to be the father of my son.

I'm so sorry to disturb you, but I  
wonder if I could have your autograph.  
No. No.  
I'm at a wedding,  
for God's sake.  
I'm here to  
celebrate true love not  
scribble my illegible  
signature on stupid  
bits of paper that  
you can flog on eBay  
so that at the next wedding you  
can wear a less hideous hat.  
I see you've met my Aunt May.  
God. People should  
wear name tags.  
You next, Kittle Kattle.  
I don't know, Uncle D.  
Boys aren't very nice.  
Aren't they, darling?  
Not in my experience.  
They're always  
taking liberties,  
not giving much back in return.  
?t's yummy. Yeah?  
I like the way you say 'yummy.'  
Do you wish we'd picked  
another less wet day?  
No.  
Not for the world.  
And so it begins.  
Lots and lots of types of days.  
Fun!  
Posy.  
Posy she is.  
The most beautiful  
girl in the world.  
You want your daddy.  
Yes, I know.  
Yeah.  
No one can ever  
prepare you for  
what happens when  
you have a child.

When you see  
the baby in your arms  
and you know that  
it's your job now.  
No one can prepare you for  
the love and the fear.  
She's lovely.  
You were such an ugly baby.  
More chimpanzee than child.  
I remember  
the first time I saw you,  
I thanked God we were in driving  
distance of London Zoo.  
Come on, hand over  
the little bugger,  
let's see if she bounces.  
Yeah,  
she definitely will bounce.  
Look.  
She can do anything.  
Look. Hello.  
Sweetheart.  
No one can prepare you  
for the love  
people you love  
can feel for them.  
And nothing can prepare you for  
the indifference of friends  
who don't have babies.  
Do you wanna  
go to Uncle Jay?  
No, thanks, it's fine.  
It's great.  
And it's a shock how  
quickly you have to move  
to a new place you  
completely can't afford.  
Look what we found.  
Look who it is!  
Honey!  
Sorry.  
Suddenly, time travel seems  
almost unnecessary,  
because every detail of

life is so delightful.  
What's his name?  
Horace, I think.  
Of course it is.  
Only one important thing  
for a godfather, I'm told,  
never bring a present  
smaller than the child.  
Shut up, you smug bastard.  
Don't worry, I didn't  
bring anything at all.  
She'll never know.  
Hasn't got a brain yet.  
I didn't expect to  
see you here, Harry.  
Children's party's  
not exactly your style.  
No, Mary, I was tricked. I was  
told there would be free booze.  
I hate kids, as you know.  
Where's Kit Kat, by the way?  
I don't know, she said  
she'd be here around 3:00.  
And you know we got purple  
cupcakes for her especially.  
Here she is!  
Speak of the devil,  
that will be her.  
We'll wait till  
Aunty Kit Kat gets here.  
Hey. Jimmy.  
Where's my sister?  
Thought she was here.  
No, she hasn't arrived.  
That's not good.  
What does that mean?  
Um... We had an  
argument this morning.  
Over nothing, but  
she'd been drinking, so...  
And then she ran out to get  
the car to come here and  
I told her to  
meet me here so...

There's a song by Baz  
Luhrmann called Sunscreen.  
He says worrying  
about the future  
is as effective  
as trying to solve  
an algebra equation  
by chewing bubble gum.  
The real troubles in your life  
will always be things that never  
crossed your worried mind.  
What happened?  
We had a fight.  
And,  
maybe I wasn't  
completely sober.  
How is she? Not good.  
When did she leave you?  
From where?  
I want it exact.  
Exact time. Exact address.  
Here we are. Sorry, sorry.  
Come on.  
God.  
Hi. There she is.  
Does a small baby live here?  
Yes, and she's so excited.  
She's downstairs.  
Happy birthday, Posy.  
I'm sorry.  
I had to pick up Kit Kat.  
I thought she was  
gonna drive herself.  
Turns out she couldn't.  
She okay? Later.  
I'm worried about Kit Kat.  
Yeah. I know.  
She was drinking wine  
while we were drinking tea.  
And Jimmy wasn't nice to her.  
And she spurned  
the purple cupcakes.  
We have to do  
something to fix it.

Yeah.  
But, you know,  
if it's gonna be fixed, I think she  
probably has to do it herself.  
Maybe.  
Maybe not.  
My darling. What's happened?  
You're the best  
person in the world.  
You're top equal with  
my wife. I don't get it.  
Maybe, just maybe,  
I'm the faller.  
Every family has,  
like, someone who falls,  
who doesn't make the grade,  
who stumbles,  
who life trips up.  
Maybe I'm our faller.  
No.  
Okay. I'm gonna  
tell you a secret.  
And you have to  
promise to keep it.  
We've always kept secrets.  
We have?  
You promise you  
won't ever, ever, ever,  
ever, ever, ever, ever,  
ever, ever, ever, ever tell?  
Yes.  
I can travel in time.  
Why are we standing in the  
cupboard under the stairs?  
Because we're gonna go back in time and  
you're gonna do some things differently.  
I love it when you're funny.  
Grab my hand. Close your eyes.  
My God! My God!  
My arsing God in a box.  
You're kidding?  
I can go anywhere in time and you bring  
me back to the worst party of all time.  
'Fraid so. Let's go.

We've got work to do.  
What work?  
Making sure you do  
not meet Jimmy Kincade.  
Quick, in here.  
But he's about to  
fall in love with me!  
Not this time he isn't.  
Who's the pretty looking girl?  
It's Jennifer, isn't it?  
Yeah.  
Wild!  
I like your skirt, Jennifer.  
Thank you.  
Right, I get it.  
?f he hadn't met me, he would have  
just had sex with someone else.  
Nip it in the bud?  
Excuse me, Jimmy.  
Sorry. Do I know you?  
Yeah, you do.  
Very well. Sorry.  
And this is what I should  
have done right at the start.  
Happy New Year, everybody.  
Happy New Year.  
And back to the cupboard.  
Amazing!  
What happens now?  
God knows.  
What I'm hoping is that from  
this moment on you avoid  
the sleazy bad guys because  
they're sleazy and bad.  
When did you get so serious?  
Since it occurred to me  
that I might lose you.  
Brace yourself,  
this could be weird.  
Things will have changed.  
My God.  
What?  
Jay.  
Jay Jay? Yes.

And he's adorable. My God.  
Right,  
let's do this.  
Come on, you two.  
Mum's just cracked open  
a packet of biscuits.  
I've got  
something in mind for you.  
I know  
what you're gonna say.  
Have a biscuit and  
come and help me.  
But leave the rest for Uncle D.  
?t's just tidying really.  
You all right? I missed you.  
Yeah.  
Your mum wants me to do  
some gardening. Okay.  
it's tidying up, it's  
all a bit out of control.  
Anything that looks dead, out.  
This is what we're looking for.  
Okay? All this.  
Dead stuff. See this.  
They've torn them  
to shreds, haven't they?  
How did everything go?  
Immensely satisfactory.  
I'm so happy. I wanna  
hear all about it.  
Will you do dinner for us  
because there's something  
I have to do before

**6:**

Yeah. I can't think of  
anything I'd love to do more.  
Okay, where is the most  
fabulous person in the world?  
Come to your dad and get mashed  
up food shoved into your mouth!  
Hello there, little boy.  
You just  
wait there and I'll



be back in a minute.  
Dad, can I have a quick word?  
Yeah. Sure.  
I can't go back past  
the birth again, can I?  
No. I should have  
mentioned that.  
You're okay till it  
comes out but the exact  
sperm at the exact  
moment got you this  
particular baby,  
so if you do anything  
the tiniest bit  
different, you'll  
have a different child.  
So, every day up 'til yesterday  
is as it will always be? Lost?  
Just like for everyone else.  
Okay. interesting.  
Tough. I love you, Dad.  
I've gotta go.  
No.  
We're not leaving  
this room until we find  
a way of making sure  
this never happens again.  
Will you go now?  
I have to leave Jimmy, don't I?  
For good.  
And I have to stop drinking.  
And stop leaving jobs.  
And I have to  
go out with someone  
nice and boring.  
Yay.  
And, you know, nice  
isn't necessarily boring.  
Like who?  
Matt Damon?  
Okay.  
I'll go out with Matt Damon.  
Tell me,  
have you seen Jay recently?

Your Jay? What, sticky-up hair Jay?  
Looks a bit like a muppet Jay?  
Yes.  
He just popped into my head.  
He's always had a crush on you.  
Really? Yeah.  
Weird!  
Thinking of asking him to dinner.  
Are you free?  
Might be. Might have to  
freshen up a bit first.  
Yeah. You look shit.  
Joanna.  
Thank Christ you're back.  
?t's been a total nightmare.  
I know. it's all fine anyway.  
Where is she?  
it was the single worst night of my life.  
Where's Posy?  
There she is! Hello!  
Hello! Hello.  
Darling, how are you doing?  
Let's have another one.  
Screw that. No.  
That hurt and I got fat.  
Like fat-fat.  
Got a little  
bit fat, didn't she.  
Tell Mummy you want a sister.  
No. Tell Daddy you're happy  
being an only child.  
Fortunately we are  
young and careless and  
it wasn't long before  
there were four of us.  
And this is incredible. Posy  
Lake, only 3 years old,  
is about to break the women's  
10 metre Olympic record.  
They're gonna do it. And here they  
are, they've done it! Fantastic.  
That was brilliant.  
You're so good.  
Sleeping right

through all that.  
Can you help me?  
I'm so nervous.  
What do I wear for dinner  
with our bestselling author?  
Let me finish up with the  
monsters and I'll come right up.  
Great. Thank you.  
Go again.  
Okay. How about this?  
That's gorgeous.  
Job done. Yeah.  
No. Take it seriously. it's...  
I don't know. No, I hate it.  
Yeah. it's boring and  
makes me look kind of lumpy.  
No, you're right. it is boring and lumpy.  
I hate it.  
Okay. What about this?  
Gorgeous. We did it.  
No, it's too breasty.  
Is it? Okay.  
?t's not too breasty.  
No. I'm not wearing these heels.  
I look like a prostitute.  
Not high heels, then.  
But then we have  
the short legs problem.  
Well, do you want to look  
like a prostitute or a dwarf?  
Warning. That's a warning.  
Yes!  
No.  
No!  
Now that I like.  
No, I'm just  
picking up the dress  
that this goes under.  
Such a bad boy.  
This one?  
Not bad.  
Or this one?  
?t's a trick question, isn't it?  
Same dress. No!

No?

Okay. I don't think  
this one's too bad.

Yeah, it's fabulous.

Really? Yeah.

Okay. Great. Good.

Um...

How about the blue one?

The blue one? Yeah.

The first one that you tried  
on that was boring and lumpy,  
but that wasn't actually  
boring and lumpy, that one?

Yeah, which do you prefer?

I don't know. I'm actually  
starting to go mad.

I think I like the blue one.

Okay. Yeah.

Okay. Okay, let's go  
with this one, then?

You look amazing.

Really? Yes.

Okay, thanks.

God.

Where's Posy?

I left her downstairs.

Not leaving the door open to the  
room with the manuscript in it?

I don't think so.

Look at me. Look me in  
And talk me through this.

Basically my life is over.

I really need to go out for just  
like two minutes, maybe one.

Don't you dare!

Don't you dare answer that!

What am I gonna do?

I think that we should  
really answer the phone.

?f you answer

the goddamn phone,

I will kill you with the phone.

I won't answer the phone,  
but I do need to get out.

No, no getting out,  
no getting out. No.  
Okay, right.  
Sorry, Mr McEwan.  
We read most of your book but,  
you see, the rest of it was  
coloured on or shredded.  
Yeah.  
I had no idea Posy  
actually knew how to use  
that machine.  
In a way that's impressive.  
What is it? How can I help you?  
Mary.  
No, everything... Sorry.  
Your son will explain.  
?t's your mother.  
Hi, Mum.  
No, no, it's okay. We'll...  
We'll come straight down.  
Okay, bye.  
Hello, darling.  
Mum. How are you?  
Honestly?  
Why not?  
I am fucking furious.  
I am so uninterested in  
a life without your father.  
Mary. Come on,  
let's make some tea.  
How are you?  
Yeah, I'm fine.  
Did you eat?  
Yes, of course.  
Desmond.  
How are you?  
I'm very well, thanks.  
Though a little hot.  
Your father,  
I think, is not so well.  
Cancer.  
Yes.  
I'm very unhappy about it, Tim.  
At your wedding

he said he loved me.  
He does. I know.  
That was  
the best day of my life.  
So this is probably the worst.  
Dad.  
For God's sake.  
Not you, too.  
What?  
Well, Kit Kat's just rolled up blubbing  
her eyes out and now you're here.  
What's Mum been saying?  
The truth.  
Yeah, well,  
apart from that?  
?t may have been the  
smoking but I couldn't  
undo that as it was  
before you were all born.  
And anyway, your mother definitely  
wouldn't have gone out with me  
if I hadn't been  
such a sexy smoker.  
I did get diagnosed as soon as  
possible, but it was too late.  
How long have we got?  
You know, it, it could be years.  
How long really?  
Weeks, I'm afraid.  
Have we had this  
conversation before?  
Yeah.  
What happened?  
I rather let myself down.  
I hugged you.  
Sorry.  
I think I just thought  
with the time thing...  
No, I never said  
we could fix things.  
I specifically never said that.  
Life's a mixed bag,  
no matter who you are.  
Look at Jesus.

He was the Son of God,  
for God's sake, and look  
how that turned out.  
I know, but  
you must see  
I feel a bit cheated.  
Don't. In fact,  
feel the opposite.  
The only people who  
give up work at 50  
are the time travellers  
with cancer who want  
to play more table tennis  
with their sons.  
Right.  
So that's been the deal?  
I'm sorry we had to call.  
It's suddenly got very bad.  
And I have something very  
important to tell you.  
Or, let me check,  
do you want to  
know the big secret,  
or would you rather find it  
out for yourself like I did?  
Christ,  
there's another secret?  
Less dramatic.  
Much more important.  
The real mothership.  
No, go on. Tell me.  
Let's save some time.  
And so he told me his  
secret formula for happiness.  
Part one of the two part plan  
was that I should just get on  
with ordinary life,  
living it day by day,  
like anyone else.  
This is our current statement with a  
revised paragraph there, highlighted.  
Rupert. Rupert, is that  
the best you can do?  
No. Absolutely not.

We can change that.  
Item number two.  
Good afternoon, sir. Are you  
eating in or taking away today?  
Take away, please.  
Yeah? No problem.  
Lovely, that's 4.24 then, please, sir.  
Thank you kindly.  
Lovely. And there's your change, sir.  
76 pence change.  
Thanks. Thank you. Hello there.  
Are you eating in  
or taking away?  
Do you find the Defendant, John  
Welbeck, guilty or not guilty of fraud?  
Not guilty.  
And that is the verdict of you all? Yes.  
Thank you. You may be seated.  
Thank God.  
Let the Defendant  
be discharged.  
Be upstanding in court.  
Lights out? Yeah.  
Tough day.  
But then came  
part two of Dad's plan.  
He told me to live every day  
again almost exactly the same.  
The first time with all the  
tensions and worries that  
stop us noticing how  
sweet the world can be,  
but the second time noticing.  
Okay, Dad.  
Let's give it a go.  
What's our statement  
at the moment?  
This is it with the revised...  
Robert, this does not pass.  
Is this the best you can do?  
I'll leave you two  
to thrash this out.  
Ooh.  
Good afternoon, sir.



Good afternoon.  
Are you eating in or taking away today?  
Take away, please.  
Would you like a bag?  
That's fine.  
Lovely. That's 6.23 then, please.  
And enjoy the rest of your day.  
Thank you. Bye-bye.  
Hello, there.  
Look around you! What?  
Isn't this room beautiful?  
Yeah.  
Come on.  
Not guilty.  
Fantastic!  
So not such  
a bad day after all?  
No. it was pretty good really.  
Very good day, actually,  
as it turns out.  
Well, that's a relief,  
because if it had  
been a very bad day,  
I thought I might have had to have  
had sex with you to make up for it.  
Goodnight.  
It was a very, very bad day.  
It went very, very badly.  
I got fired from my job.  
And then I killed a man.  
That is a very bad day.  
It's terrible. Yeah.  
Like the worst day ever.  
So sorry.  
Some days, of course, though,  
you only want to go through once.  
You okay?  
Right, are we ready for this?  
'Course we're not. Hateful day.  
Just give me one minute.  
This is so brilliant.  
Dickens is so good on  
actual jokes, actual gags.  
Where have you come from?

?t's the...  
Okay.  
Big day.  
Thanks for dropping in.  
How's Uncle Desmond's suit?  
?mmaculate.  
Excellent.  
Did I mention I wanted  
the Nick Cave track?  
?t's taken care of.  
Thank you.  
Can I just read  
you this one bit?  
Read away,  
I've got lots of time.  
?'l think the Romans  
must have aggravated  
?'one another very  
much with their noses.  
?'Perhaps they became the restless  
people they were in consequence.  
?'Anyhow, Mr Wopsle's Roman  
nose so aggravated me...?'  
What do you  
think about the kids?  
What about them?  
Not many of them, are there?  
What?  
Well, I mean two?  
?t's more than  
the Chinese are allowed.  
I just thought  
that maybe, you know,  
it was time for  
the insurance baby.  
What?  
In case one of them  
is really smart,  
we don't want the other one to  
feel stupid their whole life.  
And if we had a third one, then  
we could have two happy dummies.  
What do you think?  
It was the toughest

decision of my life.  
Saying 'yes' to  
the future meant  
saying 'goodbye'  
to my dad. Forever.  
Why don't we wait a bit?  
Absolutely.  
You're right. Yeah.  
How about now?  
Or now?  
Now?  
Yeah,  
okay.  
Really?  
Dad always wished  
there had been more of us.  
So...  
Anyway, we might try  
and nothing happens.  
Exactly.  
Really could be tonight.  
And you cannot believe  
the detail in which  
I know the route  
to the hospital.  
Yay.  
Will you excuse me for a sec?  
Just have to go downstairs.  
and it's 17-20 in  
this incredibly tight contest  
being played by  
the two most physically  
perfect players in  
the history of the game.  
The crowd, enchanted by the  
younger player, are seduced  
by memories of the older  
player's illustrious past.  
My God, I've won.  
I haven't won in years.  
You finally got good.  
What's my prize? Apart from the  
Olympic gold medal, of course.  
A kiss will have to do.

A kiss?  
I get you.  
This is it, then?  
This is it.  
?t's my last bit of extra time.  
The baby is  
completely on the way.  
Congratulations.  
My son.  
My dad.  
Is there anything  
at all I can do?  
Is there anything  
you want to do?  
I don't know. There is this  
one thing.  
A quick little walk.  
Totally against the rules,  
of course,  
but if we don't change a thing,  
if we're very careful,  
it shouldn't do any harm.  
?t would be nice.  
I'm really trying.  
I'm really trying.  
Get down low.  
Total defeat.  
I'm tired.  
Thanks, Dad.  
So I'm almost  
up-to-date with my story.  
As all families do, we got  
used to life after death.  
And it was still fine.  
And things settled back into their  
traditional rhythms season after season,  
and are much as  
they have always been.  
And we've got used to  
Kit Kat being happy again.  
And then we got used  
to her being a mum.  
Albeit not a very  
good or even safe one.

And in the end,  
I think I've learned the final  
lesson from my travels in time.  
And I've even gone one step  
further than my father did.  
Okay, I'll do the kids.  
No, don't worry. I'll do them.  
Yeah, you do them,  
you lazy bum.  
The truth is, I now  
don't travel back at all.  
Not even for the day.  
I just try to  
live every day as if  
I've deliberately  
come back to this one day  
to enjoy it as if it  
was the full final day  
of my extraordinary,  
ordinary life.  
Hello, you're down already. That's great.  
Thank you so much for that.  
And in we go.  
Posy? Posy!  
That's fine.  
We're all travelling  
through time together  
every day of our lives.  
All we can do is do our best  
to relish this remarkable ride.  
Yes, yes, yes...  
Okay, I'll see you then.  
Bye-bye.  
See you later.