

Precognition: the alleged ability to perceive of future events before they happen and typically limited to those that relate to the 'seer'. Described as a kind of 'memory' of the future, precognition is often be partial and unreliable.

EXT. PAVEMENT - DAY

We watch, for a while, a toddler tightrope along the cracks and lines of pavement tiles. An older man limps past. A teenager moves semi-awkwardly, wired headphones in.

Then ARTHUR (27) slinks through, phone slammed against his ear talking to his FRIEND. As he talks, he fidgets with a button on his shirt collar.

ARTHUR
(into phone)
Mate, I'm not telling you the numbers until you promise to split it...yes, I know what you're going to say but I want to hear you say it...thaaaank you...okay, you ready?...30. 41. 26. 27. 13...what's the jackpot again?...bloody hell...transfer me my half as soon as you have it. Yep, see you tomorrow. Bye, bye.

He drops the phone into his pocket as he approaches a crossing.

EXT. ROAD CROSSING - CONTINUOUS

He thumbs the 'pedestrians' button. Nothing. Thumbs it again. Nothing.

EVE
It's broken.

Arthur turns. On the other end of the tactile paving there's a woman who we will learn is EVE (29).

ARTHUR
I know.

They smile softly at each other.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
In nine years from now, she will go from Holborn on the Central Line to Lancaster Gate. After a ten minute walk she'll arrive at Paddington and purchase a ticket for the 3:09 through Reading - miss it - get the 3:39 and arrive in Truro that evening.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

We'll hug briefly in the morning,
say goodbye and never see each
other again...but before that day
we will fall in love and have the
most magical relationship.

(beat)

She doesn't know this - yet. So
let's not think about it.

Silence between them.

EVE

But you pressed it?

ARTHUR

Well - I didn't know it was broken
until I pressed it.

She chuckles.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

I did.

The red man on the traffic light still glares. No cars have
passed, however. They wait by an empty road.

ARTHUR

(as though rehearsing, not
looking at her)

Arthur.

EVE

Pardon?

ARTHUR

Bollocks. Sorry. Wrong way round -
I mean - ignore me. Sorry.

Beat - she realises.

EVE

(playful, mock sincerity)

What's your name?

ARTHUR

Arthur.

EVE

Whaaat. That's crazy. I was
literally just about to guess that.

ARTHUR

Haha.

They share a little moment. Still no cars.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
Her name is Evelyn.

Beat.

ARTHUR
What's your name?

EVE
Eve...
(has he got it wrong?)
Well, I was born Evelyn, but I go
by Eve.

Arthur leans over with an outstretched hand. Both charmed and surprised by this formality she takes it and shakes.
No cars. Just them and the red man.

ARTHUR
Should we cross? There won't be any
cars.

EVE
...I like to be sure.

ARTHUR
Oh. Okay.

They wait in silence. A silence now which is impregnated with all sorts of romantic tension -

EVE
Fine. Let's cross.

As they walk their paths gently come towards one another.

EXT. ROAD CROSSING. OTHER SIDE - CONTINUOUS

EVE
Which way are you going?

Arthur flails an arm behind him.

ARTHUR
That kinda way.

EVE
(with flirty frustration)
I'm this way.

She points down the opposite side. Arthur freezes, unsure of what to say. Eve watches, waiting for him to say something. But after a bit more than a cute moment -

EVE (CONT'D)
(a touch disappointed)
Well, Arthur. It was lovely to meet
you.

ARTHUR
Lovely to meet you, Eve.

Eve pivots and trundles down the road. Arthur stays planted,
watching, waiting, regretting, thinking, deciding -

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Eve.

She turns - with a smile.

EVE
Yes, Arthur?

ARTHUR
I'm in no rush. I'm sure I could
add a detour to my journey. As long
as it wouldn't bother you?

EVE
Quite the opposite.

ARTHUR
Great.

She waits for him to catch up to her.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
I'll tell her. I promise.

EXT. LEAFY STREET PAVEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The first few steps are in silence, both trying to figure out
what to say.

ARTHUR
I like your shoes.

She looks down at her ordinary brown summer shoes.

EVE
(she smiles, he's trying)
Thank you.

Arthur seems a touch restless.

EVE (CONT'D)
...I'm not making you late for
something?

ARTHUR

No no not at all. I've got nowhere to be.

EVE

Where were you walking to?

ARTHUR

Pardon?

EVE

(gesturing the other way)
You were going that way before, no?

ARTHUR

(unconvincing)
Oh right yes, yes, I suppose I was...just on a wander, really. No where specific.

Beat.

A man, looking oddly like JARVIS COCKER (who, if the singer is interested, would be him), walks past, aimless and tourist-like. Arthur does a brief double take, Eve doesn't register the likeness.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

I think that was Jarvis Cocker?

EVE

What? The guy who just passed us?

ARTHUR

Yeah I swear that was him.

EVE

Surely not.

Beat.

ARTHUR

So...what do you do?

EVE

As in for work?

ARTHUR

As in for work.

EVE

I'm a counsellor.

ARTHUR

Do you have to get voted in for that?

EVE
 (chuckles)
 The other type of counsellor. It's
 more listening, less...town halls.

ARTHUR
 That's quite...

EVE
 Quite...?

ARTHUR
 Meaningful, y'know. Feels real.
 (pause)
 Listening to people and whatnot.

EVE
 Pardon?

ARTHUR
 Listening to people and stuff.

EVE
 Pardon?

ARTHUR
 Listening to
 (realises)
 Oh ha ha ha.

She laughs and Arthur can't help but smile.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
 Very funny.

EVE
 I try...so what do you do?

ARTHUR
 I'm in insurance.

EVE
 Hmm, you don't seem like the
 insurance type. No gilet.

ARTHUR
 (dry, irreverent)
 No, I just happen to be rather good
 at assessing the likelihood of
 risk.

ARTHUR (CONT'D) (V.O.)
 Thanks to certain abilities.

Nothing. For a while. Just thick space between the two of
 them.

...then Arthur, head down and digging away at his thoughts, chuckles. Mostly to himself but loud enough for Eve to hear.

EVE

What?

ARTHUR

Oh no, it's nothing.

EVE

You laughed so it can't be nothing.

He stops. She stops. They face each other head on as he grins, knowing what he's about to say will make her fancy him just that little bit more.

ARTHUR

Back at the traffic lights, you told me they were broken.

EVE

I did.

ARTHUR

It's just occurred to me now that if they were broken, the green man was never going to appear. It was probably stuck on the red man.

EVE

I suppose that makes sense.

With a little flirty gleam in his eyes he asks -

ARTHUR

So how long were you waiting at the lights before I arrived?

It clicks.

EVE

Oh. Right.

They fold their words into laughs.

ARTHUR

How long?!

EVE

I don't want to say!

ARTHUR

How long were you waiting!?

EVE

Long enough!

ARTHUR
Haha that's brilliant.

A beat of sweet silence.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
By the way I'm totally following
you, you lead the way.

EVE
Hmm. Okay. I was going to a café?

ARTHUR
Sounds perfect.

EVE
There's a really cute one a few
minutes from here. It's got all
these lovely wood furnish-

A phone RINGS. Eve dives a hand into her pocket and brings a
phone to her ear.

EVE (CONT'D)
(to Arthur)
Sorry.
(into phone)
Hello...speaking...no...no thank
you, have a nice day.
(hangs up, pockets phone,
then to herself)
Bloody spam.

ARTHUR
Everything alright?

EVE
Yeah just a spam call. I'm waiting
on a fairly important phone call -
so basically I panic every time the
phone rings.

ARTHUR
May I ask what the phone call is?

EVE
Long story short, I entered this
music competition. My song has made
it onto the shortlist. If I win, I
get to play at this festival in
front of thousands of people.

ARTHUR
Oh wow. That's really cool...I hope
you win.

ARTHUR (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I could tell her.

EVE

Me too.

ARTHUR

What was the song about?

EVE

A stranger.

ARTHUR

A stranger? Very cryptic.

EVE

(chuckles)

No I literally mean someone I saw once in a Sainsbury's.

ARTHUR

Why write a song about them?

EVE

This will sound a bit neurotic but bear with me...

ARTHUR

Ah! That's a smelly fish.

EVE

What's a smelly fish?

ARTHUR

It's...no you go first...

EVE

Okay. Well. There's all these people we see in our day to day lives that probably we'll never see again. And even if we do, we wouldn't know it.

ARTHUR

Sure.

EVE

Like the Jarvis Cocker guy.

ARTHUR

That was definitely him.

EVE

Okay and the Pope's Muslim.

ARTHUR

Haha agree to disagree.

EVE

Deal. Anyway, all these strangers...we're left with the uncertainty of what happens to them, where they go, who loves them in 30 years time. Ya di ya di ya, and other sorts of questions. Point is, that's a whole lot of uncertainty about a whole lot of people.

A pause.

EVE (CONT'D)

When I write a song I get to imagine what the answers to the questions might be.

ARTHUR

It gives you certainty.

EVE

Yeah. I think it's quite calming.

ARTHUR

Even if it's a guess?

EVE

Maybe certainty and the truth don't always have to be the same thing.

Beat. Arthur stews.

ARTHUR

(cheeky, sarcastic)
Profound.

Eve chuckles, but that stings just a tiny bit.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(picking up on this)
Sorry.

Beat.

EVE

Your turn. What on earth is a 'smelly fish'?

ARTHUR

Ahahah okay...once upon a time I was in a music class and we were showing our teacher our compositions. This guy got up - I think his name was Yeong-su - and went over to the piano. Just before he started his composition he said "it's probably a bit shit."

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Immediately my teacher interrupted
and said..."*don't say the fish
smells before you sell it.*"

Again he stops, she stops.

EVE
Oh we're stopping.

They face each other head on, stood still on the pavement.
There's an intimacy to the sudden directness of it all.

ARTHUR
The warning is the smelly fish. If
you tell people that something is
bad, then they'll expect it be bad.

EVE
I see.
(beat)
I like that...okay, no more smelly
fishes.

Eve juts out her hand

ARTHUR
Agreed.

He shakes. They hold each other's hand for a little longer
than necessary.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Fish.

Still holding.

EVE
Pardon?

ARTHUR
The plural of fish is fish.

EVE
Is that definitely true?

ARTHUR
I'm pretty sure.

She lets go and they continue walking.

ARTHUR (CONT'D) (V.O.)
In about twenty years time, a
colleague and I get into a debate
about this. Turns out, fishes is
correct if you're referring to
multiple species of fish.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

We hold on Eve, waiting. She's sat at their table, by herself. After a while -

ARTHUR (O.C.)

Here we go...

Arthur sets down two coffees and sits down beside Eve. The table is small, and the seating cramped. The closeness isn't addressed - but most certainly noticed.

EVE

Thank you.

Just as Eve reaches for her coffee, Arthur lifts both mugs up.

ARTHUR

Oo hang on.

He raises them as a toddler comes careening and THWACKS into the table. The kid is fine, and runs off, but the table is left shaking.

Eve settles the table, and Arthur places the cups down again.

EVE

How did you know that was gonna happen?

ARTHUR

I had an inkling.

EVE

Hmm.

She takes a sip.

ARTHUR

So Eve, you're a counsellor but you also do music.

EVE

Mhmm.

ARTHUR

Can you sing me something?

EVE

Nooo, not here.

ARTHUR

Aw come on. Just something super short?

EVE

Look if you really want to hear me...I'm actually performing a gig tonight.

ARTHUR

Oh. I'd love to.

EVE

It's at The Old Pelican at eight o'clock.

ARTHUR

Great, I'll be there. So is music like your...dream or y'know that sort of thing?

EVE

I enjoy counselling, don't get me wrong, but, yes, I'd love to be a full-time musician. I even went to school for it, there's this an academy in Bosnia.

ARTHUR

In Bosnia?

EVE

It's one of the best. Let's hope it was worth it.

ARTHUR

I'm sure you'll be successful.

EVE

You don't know that.

He shrugs, we understand.

EVE (CONT'D)

I don't either and it really bothers me.

The kid runs past again.

EVE (CONT'D)

That's the thing with music, or film or art or anything like that. There's no structure or certainty to being successful.

ARTHUR

I think that can be exciting, no?

EVE

Sure. I suppose. But it kind of means there's an infinite list of things which may be beneficial to my career. How do I know which ones will be beneficial and which ones won't?

ARTHUR

Maybe it's more about making a decision. Most will probably lead to the same outcome anyway.

EVE

Which is?

ARTHUR

You being a mightily successful musician.

She laughs and touches his arm. Eve watches him for a moment.

EVE

...would you like to dance?

ARTHUR

(looks around)
...what...now?

EVE

No, not now. Just at some point today.

ARTHUR

Yeah. Okay. Sure. Why not, let's do it.

EVE

Yeah?

ARTHUR

Yeah.

EVE

Nice.

Eve's phone BLARES again.

EVE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Eve picks up her phone.

ARTHUR

Don't apologise.

ARTHUR (CONT'D) (V.O.)
She wins the competition. I could
tell her.

CAFÉ CUSTOMER (O.C.)
Hello?

They both turn to look at the CAFÉ CUSTOMER (55) who has her
phone to her ear. Eve notices her own mobile remains off.

EVE
Oh - that was her phone...urghh god
I wish they'd just tell me.

ARTHUR
Eve, you win the competition.

She pauses, then smiles at him tenderly.

EVE
That's sweet of you to say. Guess
we'll find out.

He smiles back, resigned after his weak attempt at telling
her of his *ability*.

ARTHUR
Can I ask you a question?

EVE
Does that count?

ARTHUR
Does what count?

EVE
Can I ask you a question?

ARTHUR
Yes.

EVE
No that was - never mind - sorry
keep going...

ARTHUR
...before you were talking about
not knowing what strangers do with
their lives and whatnot...

EVE
...yes.

ARTHUR
And now you mentioned your own
stuff with music.

EVE

Yes.

ARTHUR

What if you had a song that told
you exactly where your life was
going to go?

EVE

Hmm...I think that'd be useful.

A pause, Arthur sits on this.

EVE (CONT'D)

...are you religious?

ARTHUR

Pff...are you?

EVE

Maybe a bit. But not capital R
religious. Now you.

ARTHUR

No. Maybe spiritual, I don't know.

EVE

You don't have to know. At least
not yet.

(winks, then stands up)

I'm gonna go for a wee.

ARTHUR

Didn't know you spoke French?

EVE

What?

ARTHUR

As in a wee. Like in French - oui.
Sorry I was just trying -

EVE

(realising)

Oh! No. That was great. I'm gonna
use that.

She leaves for the toilets. We watch Arthur waiting.

He starts fidgeting with his shirt collar button.

ARTHUR (V.O.)

I feel like time has a way of
magnifying everything.

INT. OLD PELICAN - DAY (FUTURE)

Arthur and Eve dancing (inaudibly).

INT. UNIDENTIFIED KITCHEN - DAY (FUTURE)

Arthur and Eve making dinner together (inaudibly).

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It makes us dwell on small moments.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED KITCHEN - NIGHT (FUTURE)

Arthur and Eve at opposite ends of a small table, eating dinner. Eve (inaudibly) talks about something she is clearly very passionate about. Arthur finds great satisfaction in her joy.

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In nine years, Eve and I will part
ways and I will never see her
again.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED BALCONY - DAY (FUTURE)

Arthur and Eve watching the world, together.

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Telling her that I can see the
future is such a brief moment.

INT. OLD PELICAN - DAY (FUTURE)

Arthur and Eve dancing (inaudibly).

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But even when I'm old and an
inconvenience, I will still dwell
on it.

INT. CARE HOME - DAY (FUTURE)

OLD ARTHUR (90) in a worn-out care home room. A banner reading '**Happy Birthday Art!**' is behind him. A few family members (inaudibly) sing happy birthday. There's love and care in the room, but also that sadness in the feeling of something concluding in a small and insignificant way.

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There's so many moments in life
that take longer than telling her.

INT. UNIDENTIFIED HOSPITAL - DAY (FUTURE)

Arthur holds his newborn CHILD. All the love in the world in his eyes. FRANCES (34) lies in the bed, Arthur passes the baby to her.

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And yet I'll always remember it so clearly.

INT. OLD PELICAN - DAY (FUTURE)

Arthur and Eve dancing (inaudibly).

ARTHUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I want to have a choice. But I know what happens, I know I tell her.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Arthur is more agitated.

EVE (O.C.)
Hey...

Eve standing by the table.

EVE (CONT'D)
Everything alright?

ARTHUR
Eve can I tell you something...it's gonna sound insane.

EVE
Ah smelly fish.

INT. CARE HOME - DAY (FUTURE)

Old Arthur by himself in his room, birthday banner still up.

ARTHUR (V.O.)
I can see the future.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Eve standing by the table.

She pulls a chair out from an adjacent table and sits opposite Arthur. We notice the distance.

EVE

...is this about the Jarvis Cocker thing? Cuz if you're that sure then I'm okay agreeing with you.

ARTHUR

No it's not the Jarvis Cocker thing. I'm being serious. I can see the future.

EVE

You can see the future?

ARTHUR

Yes.

EVE

Right. Erm...

She looks around.

EVE (CONT'D)

Is this some sort of joke I don't get?

ARTHUR

It's not a joke. I'm being serious.

EVE

As in you're seriously telling me that you can see the future?

ARTHUR

Yes. I am.

EVE

What the fuck.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry I should have told you earlier.

EVE

It's not that it's more the fact that no one can see the future.

ARTHUR

I know it sounds weird. At least let me prove it.

EVE

I think I'm going to go, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Just let me show you.

EVE

Sorry, Arthur. It was nice meeting
you etc etc but frankly this is
weird.

She gets up and heads for the door.

ARTHUR

(calling out)

Eve, watch out for the apples.

She swings the door open and leaves.

EXT. CAFÉ/PAVEMENT LEADING AWAY FROM CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Eve keeps walking - deflated, angry, confused.

A BURLY MAN (36) is coming down the opposite way, carrying
paper bags of shopping.

Her phone RINGS. She goes for it, but there's no energy.

EVE

(into phone)

Hello...

The distance closes between the man and Eve.

EVE (CONT'D)

...no of course I haven't been in
an accident that wasn't my fault.

As she hangs up -

BURLY MAN

Oh bollocks.

A paper bag rips. The contents drop out, including a
veritable orchard of loose apples. They blitz towards Eve.

She dodges out the way of some, others loll around her. Eve
looks down. She watches the apples as Arthur's warning slowly
dawns on her. How the hell did he know??

BURLY MAN (CONT'D)

(to himself)

My bloody crumble.

INT. CAFÉ - MOMENTS LATER

The door rattles open, Eve swells through and marches towards
Arthur, who remains sat at their table.

EVE

How did you do it?

ARTHUR

Do what?

EVE

Your little trick. Some bloke
dropped apples all around me.

ARTHUR

You think that was a trick?

EVE

Did you pay him?

ARTHUR

No, I've just been sat here.

EVE

I'm not kidding, Arthur.

ARTHUR

Neither am I, Eve.

She watches him, searching for the lie. After an
excruciatingly long time -

EVE

Are you genuinely telling me
you can see the future?

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Are you genuinely telling me
you can see the future?

EVE (CONT'D)

...right. Anyone could have guessed
I was gonna say that.

ARTHUR

Hmmm. Maybe.

A very, very long beat.

EVE

You actually believe yourself. This
isn't a joke, is it?

ARTHUR

I sorta wish it was...but no. No
joke.

EVE

...because now would be the time to
tell me. Like right now...

She leaves space for Arthur to say something - he doesn't.

Eve barely moves a muscle. Then -

EVE (CONT'D)

Hypothetically speaking...if I
asked you to prove it again, could
you?

ARTHUR

I could.

She pulls a chair for a nearby table, taking a seat. We notice the space between them.

EVE

Okay. I want you to prove you can see the future.

ARTHUR

At some point within the next few minutes you're going to get a phone call. It won't be spam, it'll be about the competition. They're going to tell you that you won.

EVE

Within the next few minutes?

ARTHUR

Thereabouts.

EVE

That's convenient.

ARTHUR

It's also true.

She smirks - just a little - then drags out her phone from her pocket and places it onto the table, square in the centre.

EVE

I'm in no hurry.

They stare down the phone.

Whilst they wait perhaps we drift towards the café customer, who is still having her conversation.

CAFÉ CUSTOMER

(into phone)

Frankly, that doesn't satisfy me...because I explicitly told you, Bertie, not to drink the wine...you said - and I quote - of course I won't drink the wine, Cassandra, I'm not a pillock...no I'm not saying you are a pillock, I'm just highlighting your inference that someone who did drink the wine *would be* a pillock...

Maybe we drift through the café some more, not stopping on anyone in particular. Perhaps the toddler runs past. We see people and families and lovers and friends and maybe a student or two with their laptops.

Finally, we return to Eve and Arthur. Still waiting.

EVE

How *thereabouts* are these 'few minutes'?

ARTHUR

Just wait. You asked me to prove it...this is me proving it.

EVE

And what happens if you're right?

ARTHUR

Nothing. It's just a thing that's true. You can decide what it means.

EVE

Hmm. I see.

ARTHUR

Do you want me to be right?

EVE

I want to win the competition.

They continue watching the phone. We see a little flash of doubt on Arthur's face.

BUZZING. RINGING. The phone BLARES into life. Eve freezes, she watches the phone.

ARTHUR

Well, answer it!

A quick beat later and she swoops down to grab it.

EVE

(answering, into phone)

Hello?

Arthur watches - there's a tenderness in his gaze. He's lived this moment before.

EVE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

...oh my god. Really?! Oh that's amazing!

She can't help but lock eyes with Arthur.

EVE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Thank you. I can't believe it...yes, absolutely...of course, yes...speak soon...thank you...bye.

She hangs up. The craziness of the past five minutes collide into this moment.

EVE (CONT'D)
You can...

He nods.

EVE (CONT'D)
I just won...

He nods.

EVE (CONT'D)
Oh. My.

A cup SHATTERS. It ruptures the ambient hum. Everyone thuds into SILENCE. They turn to see the café customer picking up pieces.

CAFÉ CUSTOMER
(to everyone)
Sorry. Sorry. Sorry.

Eve turns back. Arthur is smiling, she returns this.

EVE
Wait.

She rummages through her handbag and takes something into her closed fist.

EVE (CONT'D)
I'm going to show you what I'm holding. Does that mean you know already what it is?

ARTHUR
Yes.

EVE
Go on...

ARTHUR
A walnut, with the shell on

She chuckles and unfurls her palm to reveal a walnut with the shell on.

EVE
(returning the walnut)
Fuck.

ARTHUR
Why do you have a walnut in your bag?

EVE
I found it in my grandfather's
village.

ARTHUR
That's random.

EVE
Never mind that...

Eve leans in.

EVE (CONT'D)
(hushed)
...does...does the government know?

ARTHUR
(laughing)
No the government doesn't know!
It's not like the movies. No labs
and experiments. In reality, most
people wouldn't take me seriously.

EVE
So who knows about your... 'powers',
is that the right word?

ARTHUR
I hate 'powers'. Makes me sound
like I need spandex and a cape.

EVE
Yes, you do need spandex and a
cape.

ARTHUR
Anyyywaaay, not many people know.
You do. A few friends, my family.
It's not some huge secret, but I
also wouldn't go round telling
every stranger I meet.

EVE
You told me.

ARTHUR
Well you're not a - well - I mean -
never mind. Shall we go?

EXT. CAFÉ/PAVEMENT LEADING AWAY FROM CAFÉ - MOMENTS LATER

They bundle out of the café and start down the road, hands
occasionally brushing together. Perhaps Eve sees an apple
left over on the ground by the burly man.