

SCRAPS FROM THE LOFT

FILM TELEVISION COMEDY BOOKS ○

TRANSCRIPT

We Live in Time (2024) – Transcript

Published December 10, 2024

An up-and-coming chef and a recent divorcée find their lives forever changed when a chance encounter brings them together, in a decade-spanning, deeply moving romance.

FILM

We Live in Time

YEAR

2024

ARCHIVE

Movie Transcripts



WPS Office

Download



We Live in Time (2024)

Genre: Romance, Drama

Director: John Crowley

Writers: Nick Payne

Stars: Andrew Garfield, Florence Pugh, Grace Delaney

Free Download

Word\Sheet\PPT\PDF\Templates, work has never been more easy and unified.



Plot: A chance encounter changes the lives of Almut, a rising-star chef, and Tobias, newly divorced. Through snapshots of their life together—falling madly in love, building a home, becoming a family—a truth emerges that tests their relationship. As they navigate a journey dictated by time, they learn to cherish every moment of their love.

* * *

Andrew Garfield and Florence Pugh deliver unforgettable performances in a love story told in a non-linear way, blending romantic comedy, cancer drama, and tearjerking melodrama.



Free Download

Word\Sheet\PPT\PDF\Templates, work has never been more easy and unified.



by Lorenzo Ciofani



Nick Payne, the screenwriter of *We Live in Time*, comes from theater (notably *The Sense of an Ending*, adapted from Julian Barnes' novel—worth remembering), and it would be fascinating to see his story on stage. At times, the film feels like a play, with protagonists fluidly moving through time and space while always remaining in our view. It portrays the passage of time not

gestures that evoke habits—or their absence—and glances that say more than what we can infer ourselves.

But Payne—who made his mark in theater with works like *Constellations*, where a relationship is reinterpreted through string theory—wrote *We Live in Time* for the cinema and fully embraces its language. A surprising film, directed by John Crowley at his best, it makes editing the true protagonist of the story. What initially seems like a fleeting device, perhaps even a risky choice that could confuse the narrative, ultimately becomes its greatest strength, delivering remarkable fluidity.





We Live in Time (screened at the 19th Rome Film Fest after its world premiere in Toronto) tells the love story between Almut, a Michelin-starred chef used to being the best, and Tobias, who works for Weetabix. We first meet them already deep into their relationship, facing the cruelest of trials (no spoilers: she has cancer), then find them apart—he at his father's house, going through a divorce, she immersed in her own life. This alone is a test for the audience and a statement of intent: the film moves between past and present as a rule—take it or leave it.



More than fragments of a love story, *We Live in Time* is built on a system of echoes and connections, weaving together the key moments of a relationship not in chronological order but through emotion. Like *Scenes from a Marriage*, though without the bond of matrimony, it is pure melodrama—blending romantic comedy with a cancer movie—embracing a well-known yet always devastating lesson (*better to add life to days than days to life*), made all the more poignant by the complexity of its protagonists.

Andrew Garfield (whom Crowley first directed in *Boy A*) and Florence Pugh are unforgettable, if only for the unspoken truth that surfaces in every scene: they know they will lose each other. It's a rare and delicate quality—many actors can embody erotic attraction or the desire for a shared life, but fewer can capture love that defies eternity, love that must accept the loss of the other and survive in absence.





It's no coincidence that Garfield—brilliant in his awkward, proud *sad boy* demeanor—is a compulsive writer. Their first meeting is even sparked by a faulty pen. He always carries a notebook, filling its pages with notes on everything he doesn't understand, hoping to master it—numbers and data that, in the end, shape the meaning of their story.

Pugh is extraordinary in her total commitment to the role—whether pregnant

the *perfect* way to crack an egg and glides effortlessly on skates, always ready for another spin.

The film's time jumps may slightly undermine the emotional peaks of the penultimate scenes, but the final moments are devastating. Some images are unforgettable—the love confession via a pizza delivery guy, or the deeply tender moment when Tobias lets his father shave him.

Cinematografo, October 23, 2024

* * *

Transcript

(EXPECTANT MUSIC PLAYING)

(WOMAN PANTING)

(FOOTSTEPS RUNNING)

(CONTINUES PANTING)

(EXHALES)

(SNIFFS, EXHALES)

(SNIPPING)

(EXHALES)

Good morning, ladies.

(HENS CLUCKING)

Hello.



(HENS CLUCKING)

Thank you.

(INHALES, EXHALES DEEPLY)

(EGGSHELLS SPLAT)

MAN: Mmm. (MUMBLING)

(WHISPERS) Babe.

(MUMBLING)

I need a second opinion.

(MUMBLES)

Oh. Okay.

(MAN GRUNTS SOFTLY)

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

(WOMAN INHALES SHARPLY)

What is it?

(IN NORMAL VOICE) Um, it's a Douglas fir parfait.

Oh. (LAUGHS)

(CHUCKLES, EXHALES)

Darling, what time is it?

Please.



(EXPECTANT INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC CONTINUES)

(DOOR CREAKING)

(WOMAN BREATHING HEAVILY)

Hmm.

(MUSIC FADES)

(GRUNTS, EXHALES)

Okay.

(CLICKS PEN)

So no gush or trickle or fluid or unusual amount of dampness in your underwear?

Uh-uh.

Mucus plug?

(EXHALES)

Who even are you? (LAUGHS)

(CHUCKLES) Erm, okay.

(CHUCKLES)

Fluids?

Didn't you just ask me that question?

No, to drink. Have you...



(CHUCKLES) Jesus.

Make sure you keep drinking.

Okay.

(SLAMS BOOK CLOSE)

(INHALES DEEPLY)

So as and when you, erm... You have any...

Yeah, you'll be the first to know.

(BREATHES DEEPLY)

(MONITOR BEEPING)

MALE STAFF MEMBER: Good to go on that.

FEMALE STAFF MEMBER: Just a little more.

Table five.

Yes, Chef.

(BEEPS)

Sauce?

MALE STAFF MEMBER: Right, that's ready for service.

(CUTLERY CLINKS)

Don't look so terrified, Chef.

That's fucking majestic.



(CUTLERY CLATTERS)

(GROANS, WINCES)

FEMALE CHEF: Chef?

(GROANS)

Do you need anything?

No, I'm fine, I'm fine.

Leave me alone. Go back to your station.

(GROANS, PANTS)

WOMAN: *So what happens now?*

DOCTOR: I'm going to recommend starting with a course of chemotherapy.

Why not just remove it?

Sorry, I mean, why... Why can't we just operate?

Honestly?

Yeah.

It's too big.

(INHALES) The first thing we have to do is shrink it.

Slow it down.

Once we achieve that, then we can operate.

And then... And then what?



Once you recover from surgery, you'll need to complete another course of chemotherapy.

We really don't want to be leaving anything behind here.

WOMAN: Hmm.

Given this is a reoccurrence, we need an aggressive treatment plan.

Okay.

So...

Just to check that I... It would go...

A course of chemotherapy...

Mmm-hmm.

...followed by surgery, followed by another, hopefully final... course of chemotherapy?

DOCTOR: Correct.

MAN: Okay, great.

And what about work?

What about work?

Well, how much time off, do you think, realistically, we should be considering?

What do you think?

Well, given the physical nature of your profession, honestly, if you and your colleagues can find a workable solution, I would advocate stepping back.

WOMAN: Maybe it's time to finally get a dog.

I read somewhere that pets, dogs, are really good for children, helping them to cope with, like, big, life stuff.

MAN: Hmm.

Because once they've gone through the death of a pet, their ability to handle all the other terrible shit goes up.

MAN: So...

So you think we should procure a dog in order to end its life prematurely as a way of...

I'm obviously not suggesting we kill a dog.

Maybe just a really old one.

(SNORTS)

(INHALES SHARPLY)

What... (CLEARS THROAT)

What would you say if I said to you...

Erm, I'm not sure... I know how to go through all of that all over again?

Erm...

'Cos let's...

Let's just say...

Let's just say it goes to plan and...



MAN: Mmm-hmm.

...I receive the all-clear and it's great and all of a sudden, it feels, like, great.

Yeah.

Yeah.

That'd be great. Agreed, yeah.

But what happens if it doesn't?

All of a sudden you're in this weird position where instead of making the most out of those... six, seven, eight, maybe nine months, you're gonna realise that all you did was go bald and puke your guts up.

MAN: (SHAKILY) Mmm-hmm.

(CLICKS TONGUE) Okay. Yeah.

So you're saying that in that scenario, for you it would be...

(CLICKS TONGUE) Erm, more about quality than quantity?

I'm saying I'm not particularly interested in a treatment plan that accidentally wastes our time.

I'm saying, in that particular scenario, I'd much rather we...

We have six fucking amazing, fantastic, proactive months...

Than 12 really, really shitty passive ones.

I'm not saying I don't want to do the treatment.

I'm just saying... (BREATH TREMBLES)

(SOLEMN MUSIC PLAYING)

(EXHALES SOFTLY)

(MOBILE PHONE VIBRATES)

(ALARM CLOCK RINGING)

(FAST-PACED GUITAR MUSIC PLAYING)

(ALARM SWITCHES OFF)

(WATER RUNNING)

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

Knock, knock.

(EXHALES)

Breakfast. You got time?

Yeah.

Kumquats or eggs?

Mmm.

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

You tell me.

Then dealer's choice it is.

(LAUGHS)

Nice threads, by the way.



Thanks, Dad.

(SIGHS)

Hello, my name is Tobias Durand.

And I'm part of the Weetabix IT team,
fulfilling the role of Master Data Steward.

WOMAN: Fabulous.

If you could just go ahead and tell me
what you had for breakfast this morning.

Honeyed kumquats on toast.

Followed by a bowl of Weetabix.

Okey-dokey.

(FAST-PACED GUITAR MUSIC CONTINUES)

TOBIAS: *I think the thing that I enjoy most
about working here at Weetabix*

is the feeling of family.

*Despite the fact that we're all of us
part of a very large, global brand,
there's...*

There's still a real family feeling.



(EXHALES)

(GROANS)

(BREATHES HEAVILY)

(PAPER RUSTLING)

(EXHALES HEAVILY)

(SIGHS)

(SIGHING)

(PEN NIB SCRAPING)

(TAPPING)

(SIGHS)

(EXHALES) Okay.

(INHALES DEEPLY)

(WHISPERS) Okay.

(WHIMSICAL MUSIC PLAYING)

(CASH TILL BEEPING)

(KEYPAD BEEPS)

Divorce.

(WHIMSICAL MUSIC CONTINUES)

(MACHINE SCRATCHING)



(GRUNTING)

(MUSIC STOPS)

(FAINT RINGING)

WOMAN 1 OVER PA: *Patient number 14.*

(FAINT RINGING)

(DISTANT INDISTINCT CHATTER)

(WOMAN 2 SIGHS)

(FAINT RINGING CONTINUES)

(SIGHS)

(GASPS)

(RINGING STOPS)

They needed the bed back.

(WHISPERS) What's happened to my underwear?

(GASPS, WHISPERS) Oh, I literally have no idea.

(IN NORMAL VOICE) This, erm... This was all you...

All you had on you.

The Chocolate Orange was pronounced dead at the scene.

Er... Erm... (CHUCKLES)

I'm Almut, by the way.



Almut.

Tobias.

So sorry, but do we know each other?

Oh. (INHALES)

Yeah... No. Erm...

Sorry. I...

I... I ran you over.

(EXHALES) Oh.

WOMAN 1 OVER PA: *Patient number 17.*

Sorry.

It's all right.

(COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYING ON SPEAKERS)

Hello and welcome to Red Wagon Diner.

Here at Red Wagon Diner, we pride ourselves on offering our customers a taste of the classic '50s American diner here on the great British roadside.

All our burgers are made to our special recipe using 100% British beef and our top dollar shakes are made with real dairy ice cream to die for.

What can I get you?

TOBIAS: (CLICKS TONGUE) I work for Weetabix.

ALMUT: As in the breakfast cereals?

Well, the company...

Sorry. The company also own...

Weetos, Alpen, Ready Brek. But, yeah.

Wow.

You must be really regular.

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

Ow, ow.

(LAUGHS)

Um, how... How about yourself?

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

I'm a chef/restaurant owner.

Oh.

Er, what kind of cuisine do you, er...

(CHUCKLES)

...do?

Er, modern European takes on classic Alpine dishes.

So, basically, Anglo-Bavarian.

Well, that's the plan, anyway.

Supposed to open in a few weeks. ▼

How's it going?

Er...

(CHUCKLES)

Oh.

(LAUGHS)

Oh, no.

No, it's going fine.

It's gonna be great.

You should come.

No, honestly, I feel like that's the least I could do.

Oh.

And your wife too.

(UPBEAT POP SONG PLAYING ON SPEAKERS)

ALMUT: Darling?

Yeah?

ALMUT: Yeah.

There is something that your daddy and I...

Something that mommy and me want to...

We want to talk to you about.



A little bit important, actually.

It's a bit serious, though.

TOBIAS: Yeah.

(IN ADULT VOICE) Yeah, a bit serious

and a bit grown-up.

Yeah.

A bit serious, a bit grown-up, a bit important.

ALMUT: Yeah.

(IN NORMAL VOICE) So mommy didn't realize it but mommy's... mommy's actually been feeling quite ill.

Got a bit of a tummy ache, kind of a pretty nasty tummy ache.

And the doctors have basically said...

Hi, there! What a delicious looking ice cream sundae.

Yummo! (CHUCKLES)

My name's Noel. What's your name?

Ella, and I'm three.

BOTH: So sorry, we're actually in the middle...

How would you like to see me make this entire bottle disappear?

Yes, please.



We can't do this right now.

This is not a good time.

Will you help me say the magic words?

Noel!

Go... Go away. Go away.

Sorry, it's just not the time.

(TOBIAS SMACKS LIPS)

ALMUT AND TOBIAS: So...

Where were we?

(BOTH LAUGH)

TOBIAS: Mmm-hmm!

(IMITATES CARTOON PLAYFULLY)

(ELLA LAUGHS)

(BOTH LAUGHING)

TOBIAS: That's too much tea.

Can I make you one?

ALMUT: *All right, you two.*

It's bath time and it's bedtime for both of you.

TOBIAS: No. (CHUCKLES)



TOBIAS: No.

Are you nodding?

I'm gonna come and get you!

TOBIAS: Grab Teddy.

What are we gonna do? Do you want me to...

Oh, I don't know if I can...

Oh!

Sorry, mommy. (YELLS)

ALMUT: No!

You tricked me!

(ELLA LAUGHS)

(ALMUT GROWLS PLAYFULLY)

TOBIAS: We're going all the way. We're going...

I like her best.

Yep.

Yeah.

And I like her best.

I know you do.

She has great hair, doesn't she?



Yeah, well...

Yeah, I'm... I'm glad we decided just to talk to her
instead of killing a dog.

(BOTH LAUGH)

ALMUT: Yeah.

(SNORTS)

(SOMBRE MUSIC PLAYING)

So...

I was thinking...

Maybe, erm,

we...

Should have some sex

before my treatment begins.

Now?

Mmm-hmm.

(*I DARE YOU* BY THE XX PLAYING)

♪ *Oh, oh-oh* ♪

♪ *Go on, I dare you* ♪

♪ *Oh, oh-oh* ♪



♪ *I can hear it now Like I heard it then* ♪

♪ *I can hear it now Like I heard it then* ♪

♪ *I can hear it now Like I heard it then* ♪

♪ *I can hear it now Like I heard it then* ♪

(ALMUT CHUCKLES)

♪ *Singing, oh, oh-oh* ♪

♪ *Go on, I dare you* ♪

(TOBIAS SIGHS, INHALES)

(SONG FADES)

I meant to say,

I got the weirdest message from Simon.

(GRUNTS SOFTLY)

(INHALES) You know, Simon Maxson, my old boss?

Well, he, erm...

He wanted to know if I...

If I was interested in trying out for the Bocuse d'Or.

(INHALES DEEPLY)

(EXHALES)

As soon as all this is over,



the opportunity and the time

to take on whatever it is you want.

But I really...

I really think that right now we ought to just slow down

and focus on get...

Relax.

I said no.

(INHALES) Just thought it was interesting,

that's all.

(EXPECTANT MUSIC PLAYING)

(GRUNTS, CHUCKLES)

ALMUT: Yes! (LAUGHS)

Come on.

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

(LAUGHS) That was perfect!

(CHUCKLES)

That's a perfect throw.

(SQUEALS)

RADIO PRESENTER: *Thank you for joining us*

What are you up to tonight? Are you going out...

(GASPS) Oh! ...*to watch some fireworks?*

Staying in with the kids?

ALMUT: Mmm.

Have you got friends coming round?

ALMUT: Mmm! *Ring in and let us know*

what you're planning to do...

ALMUT: Thank you.

Mmm!

(CRUNCHES)

Oh, fuck! Mmm, motherfucker! (INHALES SHARPLY)

Oh! (MOANS)

(BEEPS)

They're definitely getting stronger, you know.

TOBIAS: Mmm.

(MOANING)

(CLICKS STOPWATCH)

(ALMUT CONTINUES MOANING)

Lasting a minimum now of 60 seconds✓

(EXHALES HEAVILY)

Great. Thank you.

See you very soon.

(SNORTS)

(CHUCKLES)

(DOG BARKING IN DISTANCE)

That's fine.

(EXHALES HEAVILY)

TOBIAS: That's fine. ALMUT: Yeah?

TOBIAS: Yeah. Yeah.

ALMUT: Mmm, hang on a second. Hang on.

Ooh. Yeah, yeah, take a moment.

Take a beat, take a beat.

(ALMUT BREATHES DEEPLY)

Okay. (EXHALES)

(SEAT BELT PULLS TAUT)

Ready?

(SEAT BELT FASTENER CLICKS)

Okay.



Here we go.

(MUSIC FADES)

(ENGINE REVS)

(BRAKES SQUEAK)

(DOG BARKS IN DISTANCE)

(GEAR CLICKS)

(ENGINE REVS)

(BRAKE ENGAGES)

Sorry.

(BREATHES HEAVILY)

(ENGINE REVVING)

Shit. I'm sorry.

I'm fine to walk. Honestly. Honestly.

Fuck. I'm so sorry.

Honestly.

(ALMUT MOANS)

Fucking fuckface!

Oh, this is ridiculous!

(MOANS)



(CAR ALARM BLARING)

Very sorry. Sorry.

(ALMUT MOANING)

(ENGINE REVS)

(CAR ALARMS BLARING)

(ALMUT MOANING)

Oh, fuck!

(CAR ALARMS BLARING)

I'm sorry. Okay, okay. You okay?

Yeah.

NURSE: That's it. Well done. You're doing a great job.

Yes, you are.

Okay.

Well, good news is, mom and Dad,

the baby's heart rate is all good.

mom, same goes for your BP and pulse.

(ALMUT INHALES)

Bad news, I'm afraid, mom,

is that you're still only two centimetres,

So, I'm sorry, but you're going to have

to go back home again and wait.

(TOBIAS AND ALMUT CHUCKLE)

I'm sorry.

(CHUCKLES)

(KNOCK AT DOOR)

(CHUCKLES) You wanted to see me, Chef?

I did, yeah. Please.

Er, actually, would you...

Would you mind closing the door?

Oh, yeah, sure.

Wait, sorry. No, no. Sorry.

My fault.

Oh.

(DOOR CREAKS, CLOSES)

(ALMUT CLEARS THROAT)

Chef, is this about the thing with the scallops?

What? No, no.

Oh.



(CLEARS THROAT)

Tell me something, Chef.

What... What do you know about the...

(DOOR CREAKS OPEN)

Do you need the room?

‘Fraid so.

What do you know about the Bocuse d’Or?

Erm, I mean, it’s like the...

The culinary Olympics. (CHUCKLES)

There is no higher accolade.

Sorry, Chef. We are running low on celeriac.

Strictly between us, Chef,

and I mean that, not a word to another soul,

I, erm...

I’ve been asked if I would like to compete this year

to represent the UK, and I...

I’d like you to be my commis.

What?

But listen.



We have two heats to get through.

And you seriously really need to consider...

Chef, I'm in!

Time. Time, Chef.

You really need to think about time.

Chef, it's literally the easiest...

If we make it to the European heat,
that is three to four days a week minimum, training wise.

Make it to the final, that is five days a week.

Five days, full time.

Chef, I'm in.

And there'll be no let-up.

I'm in. 100%.

(SHIVERS)

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

(HEARTWARMING MUSIC PLAYING)

Let's get out of here.

(SCISSORS SNIPPING)

MAN: Mmm-hmm.



Yeah, I'm probably gonna have to wet-shave you back here.

It's looking a little furry.

Really?

Oh.

Lovely.

Yeah, that's the ticket.

(TICKET MACHINE BEEPING)

(HEARTWARMING MUSIC CONTINUES)

I'm jealous. You realize that?

Jay Rayner just published a rave.

(TOBIAS SIGHS)

Okay.

Okay.

Go on.

You'll be fine.

All right, thanks. Bye.

(EXHALES)

Hi. How are you doing this evening?

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)



Do you have a reservation with us?

Er, yeah. Tobi... Tobias Durand. I don't...

Oh, my God. Mr. Weetabix.

This is so great.

How's the arm? Poor thing.

(SCOFFS)

Oh.

Yeah.

Well, listen.

We're so excited to have you with us this evening.

We're gonna make sure you have the time of your life.

I have you down as a table for two, correct?

Erm, no.

Sorry, that's my fault.

Just me in the end.

Oh, don't apologize.

Follow me.

Okay.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER AND LAUGHTER)

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

A little something to get you started.

Oh.

Weisswurst amuse-bouche.

AKA Bavarian white sausage with a modern twist.

On top, we have for you a lemon mustard gel. Enjoy.

(SOFTLY) Thank you. Thank you.

(EXHALES)

Hi.

Hi.

(ALMUT CHUCKLES)

Marks out of 10 for my tiny sausage?

It's 10.

(GASPS)

(TOBIAS CHUCKLES)

I'm sorry to hear your wife couldn't make it.

Is everything all right?

Erm, we're actually not, erm...

Well, I mean...



we're also...

Divorced.

(UPBEAT POP SONG PLAYING)

(PANTING)

Mmm.

(TOBIAS MOANS)

The back of your neck is so smooth.

My dad shaved it for me.

(CHUCKLES)

Oh, is he some kind of barber?

Architect.

Mmm.

(SONG CONTINUES)

(TOBIAS GRUNTS)

Oh, how is the neck, by the way?

Yeah, it's, erm, get... Getting there.

(BOTH PANTING)

I don't think I've ever had the pleasure

of sleeping with an invalid before. ▼

(PANTING)

TOBIAS: Erm...

What?

(PANTING)

I suppose I'm a bit, erm, out of practice.

I'm also just suddenly aware I...

I don't... I don't have any kind of prophylactic on me.

(SCOFFS)

Such low expectations.

(GRUNTS, PANTS)

ALMUT: Also, by the way, erm...

My staff are desperate to know if you get free Weetabix.

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

Well...

(SHOE THUDS)

(EXHALES)

I can confirm to you

that on occasion,

I do have access



(BOTH LAUGHING)

(SONG FADES)

(CLICKING PEN)

Morning.

Oh, er...

(TOBIAS SIGHS)

Adrienne Duvall.

We worked together back in the day.

Oh. (CLEARS THROAT)

And it made me realise, well...

Quite so competitive? (CHUCKLES)

I probably ought to get going.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Why?

Who says?

I don't know.

Er, you're right. I don't know why I said that.

I mean, unless you have shit to do, then...

(CHUCKLES) I have nothing. ▼

I mean, have shit to do, then, you know...

I have nothing.

(DREAMY MUSIC PLAYING)

(BOTH LAUGH FAINTLY)

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATION)

(DREAMY MUSIC CONTINUES)

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATION CONTINUES)

Thank you.

ASSISTANT: Hello. How are you doing?

ALMUT: Good, thank you.

TOBIAS: Hi.

ALMUT: Right, tasting time.

(TOBIAS CHUCKLES)

Are you a cheese person?

(DREAMY MUSIC CONTINUES)

(TOBIAS MUTTERS)

Mmm.

Do you like tapenade?

Okay, I'll... Thank you.



ASSISTANT: Of course.

And do you want a coffee?

Sure, yeah.

(INDISTINCT CONVERSATION)

(DREAMY MUSIC CONTINUES)

(ALMUT LAUGHS)

Actually, that's not true.

(EXHALES)

(MUSIC FADES)

A lot of it was decidedly unhappy.

We were starting to maybe think about children.

Then she got a position

in Sweden, which was...

Great for her.

(CHUCKLES)

So then we discussed it and then we tried it,

me here, her there,

both of us going back and forth depending.

And then eventually, she just said, oh, ✓

I'm sorry.

(CHUCKLES SOFTLY)

(SNIFFLES) Adrienne really wanted us
to start thinking about family.

What did... What did you want?

(CHUCKLES) Erm, I...

I guess there's a world where...

Kids aren't really my thing.

Come on.

I'm gonna make you
the tastiest eggs of your life.

Right.

Do you know the best way to crack an egg?

(CHUCKLES)

Always on a flat surface.

What's the thinking behind the two bowls?

Practically speaking,
it's much easier to fish out a broken shell
from the one egg



Mmm.

(EGG TAPPING)

(EGG CRACKING)

The versatility of the egg knows no bounds.

(EGGS TAPPING)

(BOTH BREATHING HEAVILY)

Oh.

(TOBIAS GROANS)

(TOBIAS EXHALES)

(GENTLE MUSIC PLAYING)

(BOTH LAUGH)

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

(TOBIAS BREATHES DEEPLY)

(ALMUT INHALES)

(TOBIAS BREATHING DEEPLY)

(ALMUT CHUCKLES)

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

(GENTLE MUSIC CONTINUES)

(CHUCKLES)



(MUSIC FADES)

You said something to me, erm...

Couple weeks ago.

You said... You said kids aren't really your thing.

That's fine. I mean, no. (SCOFFS)

Of course, it... Of course it is. Just, erm...

Truthfully, kids kind of might be, maybe, or...

Are my thing.

And, erm...

At least I think they might be, anyway.

And I... I hate...

(SIGHS) Hate to even have to, erm...

It's just diff... It's just different, isn't it?

You know, meeting someone at our age.

Whether we like it or not,

the clock is ticking.

I'm sorry, but what the actual fuck

are you even talking about right now?

Well...



It would seem to me preferable
to have a moderately-awkward conversation right now
rather than a completely destructive one
in five to ten years' time.

Firstly, I'm thirty-four, not fifty-fucking-five,
so how about we ease the fuck up on...

On the whole biological clock bullshit thing?

And secondly,

I don't know, I'm, like, "Back the fuck off."

And calm the fuck down.

What... What... What's the rush?

Because I'm worried
that's there's a very distinct and real possibility
that I am about to fall in love with you.

I'm sorry, I'm just not someone
who's interested in making that kind of a promise.

(SNORTS)

And in fact, there's this little bit of me that thinks,

"Fuck you" for even asking.



(CLEARS THROAT)

(DOOR SHUTS)

(GENTLE SONG PLAYING SOFTLY IN ANOTHER ROOM)

(BAG THUDS ON TABLE)

(FLOORBOARDS CREAKING)

ALMUT: (CHUCKLES) Hi.

How was work?

Er...

Yeah.

(CLEARS THROAT)

How was bedtime?

Yeah. (SOFTLY) It was fine.

(IN NORMAL VOICE) We read *Julian Is A Mermaid*.

(SIGHS) A lot.

(CHUCKLES)

So...

You know, the day of your diagnosis,

you said something to me.

You said that you would rather have



Than 12 really shitty, passive ones.

Yeah, passive ones.

At that time, I was guilty of having

no coherent or cohesive response

but what you said has really, really stayed with me.

And I now do have a response

that I would like to share with you.

Okay.

Okay.

Erm...

(EXHALES) I'm sorry.

"Although...

"Although in the past,

"you have..."

Mmm.

Erm...

(SIGHS) What the...

It's all right.

(SIGHS)



I'm nervous.

It's okay.

Erm...

“Although...

“Although in the past, you have, erm...”

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

It's all right. Shall I...

I'm sorry.

(TOBIAS INHALES DEEPLY)

ALMUT: Here.

(PAGE RUSTLES)

(CLOSES BOOK)

(SONG FADES)

Fuck it. Let's do it.

Yeah, let's do it.

(ALMUT EXCLAIMS)

(GASPS)

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

That too much?



In for a heteronormative penny, in for a pound.

(*EVERYTHING I AM IS YOURS* BY VILLAGERS PLAYING)

♪ *Balanced on desire* ♪

♪ *I cannot control* ♪

♪ *These ever-changing ways* ♪

♪ *So how can I be sure* ♪

♪ *The feeling will remain?* ♪

♪ *It'll always change* ♪

♪ *But everything I am* ♪

♪ *Is yours* ♪

♪ *Everything I am...* ♪

Pizza.

(BUTTON CLICKS)

(INTERCOM BUZZES)

(WOMEN LAUGHING AND CHATTERING)

Er, did anyone order a man as well as a pizza?

WOMAN 1: I'll take him.

(WOMEN LAUGHING)

TOBIAS: I, er...



Hi.

Oh.

Hi.

Hi.

Well.

WOMAN 2: Welcome to my baby shower.

(WOMEN CHATTERING AND LAUGHING)

♪ *Find it hard to say* ♪

♪ *What's going on inside...* ♪

Apologies for the, erm...

Interruption?

(EXHALES)

(WOMAN CLEARS THROAT)

I saw you the o... The o... Last week,

I was passing by the restaurant.

Erm...

And it made me realize, well...

(CHUCKLES) ...two things.

First of which, I was still quite angry with you

you were rude to me, which, yeah, a lot, hurt.

And the second thing,

I was guilty of focusing on the wrong,

erm... (SLAPS BOXES)

...thing, aspect.

Looking ahead instead of right...

In front of me, at you.

(SIGHS)

(*EVERYTHING I AM IS YOURS* BY VILLAGERS CONTINUES)

I knew he was gonna do that.

TOBIAS: So are you gonna catch mommy's hair?

Perfect, yeah. Open your little box.

ELLA: Yeah.

(ELECTRIC RAZOR WHIRRS)

Aw, that felt like a good one.

Oh, yeah. Nice and clean.

That sounded like...

That's perfect!

It's nice and...



(LAUGHS)

How much hair do you wanna keep, mommy?

(BOTH LAUGH)

Yeah. Yeah, I got you.

(ALMUT GRUNTS)

We're getting chunky now.

Yeah, just do it.

We're getting chunky.

Oh, amazing.

Pat it down, Ells.

Good girl.

Hold that up there for me, darling. Thank you.

Well done, girly.

Oh.

(CHUCKLES)

Oh, lovely.

ELLA: Really nice.

Really nice?

Really nice.



(ALMUT EXCLAIMS)

TOBIAS: Whoa, okay.

(ALMUT LAUGHS)

Wow. Wow. Mmm.

(TOBIAS KISSES)

Ooh, ooh.

Aw.

ALMUT: Aw.

(ALMUT AND TOBIAS LAUGH)

(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS)

(ALMUT VOCALISES A NOTE)

ELLA: You look beautiful.

TOBIAS: Doesn't she look so beautiful?

ELLA: Sorry.

(SOLEMN MUSIC PLAYING)

TOBIAS: Yes? ALMUT: Happy?

Yes.

(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKS)

Anywhere from 200 to 600 seated guests,

Wow.

WOMAN: Along with its own secure car-parking area.

Marble flooring.

TOBIAS: Wow.

WOMAN: Roman nobles.

Around about 120 guests,

expanding to around about 140 for your evening reception.

And the great hall is licensed for music and entertainment.

(ALMUT GASPS) Hear that, Ells?

TOBIAS: Ooh.

Dancing.

(SOLEMN MUSIC CONTINUES)

Our conservatory is licensed for

up to and including 160 guests...

(ALMUT GASPS)

...for a seated dinner.

Or 200...

Touch his bum.

(ELLA LAUGHS)



Fairy lights, optional extra.

ALMUT: (WHISPERS) Have you seen the ceiling?

Though I should add that the use of drones
is strictly prohibited.

(ELLA GRUNTS)

(CAR DOOR OPENS)

(SIREN WAILS IN DISTANCE)

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

NURSE: This one's going to take 20 minutes,
give or take, then we'll flush out the system
and get you started on number two.

Okay, thank you.

Right. Give us a shout if you need anything.

Will do.

(MUSIC FADES)

(PAGES RUSTLING)

(SIGHS)

SIMON: Chefs, how are we all doing?

Sorry to keep you waiting.



Apologies, everyone, for the delay.

Good news is, audience is in, ready and raring.

So, er, just a little heads-up from me.

Erm, I'll kick things off, a little intro,

little bit about me,

little bit about my role as Bocuse d'Or UK head coach.

Overview of the rules, what's up for grabs today,

place at the European semi-finals,

so on and so forth.

General frenzy-whipping.

Excitement. Good.

Any questions? Excellent.

All right, Chefs. Onwards.

(WOMEN CHUCKLE)

(CHUCKLES)

Hello, you.

ALMUT: Hi! Hello.

(SIMON GROANS)

Good to see ya.



Congrats on the star.

Same to you.

Yeah, well, I think

I'm a little old hat at this point.

No.

This is Jade Khadime, my commis.

And the real deal.

Hello, Jade.

Well, best of luck out there.

Excellent hair, by the way.

Oh, thank you.

Yes.

(CHUCKLES)

Er, just gonna pop to the loo.

(DOOR SLAMS)

Oh, fuck!

(EXHALES)

(BREATHES HEAVILY)

(GROANING)



(GROANS, SNIFFLES)

(PANTING)

(GRUNTS)

(RETCHING)

(BREATHES SHARPLY)

(GAGS)

(DOOR OPENS)

JADE: Chef!

(DOOR CLOSES)

Chef, they're ready for us.

It's fine, honestly. Honestly, I'm fine.

I'm... I'm... I'm coming.

Chef, are you using?

What?

Chefs' circle of trust, Chef.

(SCOFFS)

No.

No, I have stage three ovarian cancer.

(JADE EXHALES)



No, I do not.

(SNIFFLES)

Thank you.

(CLOTHES RUSTLE)

(ALMUT EXHALES)

Let's do it.

MAN: That's okay. Is that right?

WOMAN: Yeah, it's fine.

MAN: That's brilliant.

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

(INHALES DEEPLY) All right.

Best of luck out there, everyone.

(*HOLD MY HAND* BY JESS GLYNNE PLAYING)

♪ *Darling, hold my hand* ♪

♪ *Oh, won't you Hold my hand?* ♪

(SONG STOPS)

(BREATHING DEEPLY)

(CHUCKLES)

(GRUNTS, CHUCKLES)



(CHUCKLES)

TOBIAS: (WHISPERS) Hi.

Penny for your thoughts.

ALMUT: (WHISPERS) Hi. Hi.

So.

TOBIAS: (SOFTLY) I think I like this one

but I suspect I'm pretty easy either way.

Could I sleep on it?

Yeah.

Yeah, absolutely.

What?

What's going on?

Tired.

(WHISPERS) Okay.

(GENTLE MUSIC PLAYING)

(TOBIAS EXHALES)

(ALMUT MOANS)

ALMUT: Okay. Huh, mmm-hmm.

(WATER SLOSHES)



(ALMUT MOANS SOFTLY)

(EXHALES)

Oh, don't forget your, erm...

(WHISPERS) Waterproof.

(LAUGHS)

(ALMUT MOANS SOFTLY)

(TOBIAS EXHALES)

(INTERCOM BUZZES)

(SEMI-UPBEAT SONG PLAYING ON SPEAKERS)

Hello.

WOMAN: *It's us!*

(CHEERS) Hi!

(CHEERING OVER INTERCOM)

Okay, I'm gonna buzz you up.

(INTERCOM BUZZES)

They're here.

TOBIAS: All right.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

(HANDS CLAPPING)



Hello!

(CHUCKLING)

MOTHER: I love that dress. ALMUT: Thank you.

WOMAN: Kind of matches, actually.

Sorry I haven't brought you anything.

It's okay. You brought me a baby.

WOMAN: I brought you a baby. MOTHER: Ben, how are you?

(BABY CRIES)

ALMUT: Oh, sorry, babies.

Babies want attention. Hi, hi.

(ALL CHATTERING)

MAN: Unbelievable.

Hi, loves. Come on in.

Wow!

Thank you. Wow!

It goes back so far.

I know, and I have a bath.

And a double bed.

Ah, hi.



Go on.

WOMAN: You've never been here. MAN: Really, so grown-up.

Have you? I've just realized.

It's so cool.

MAN: No, I haven't. No.

ALMUT: My goodness. Look at the little...

Hi! (CHUCKLES) Sorry, didn't mean to, er...

Hi, I'm so sorry.

MAN: Hi.

Hello.

Good to see you.

I'm Almut's sister, Leah.

I'm Reginald.

That's my dad, yeah.

REGINALD: Lovely to meet you.

Reginald, it's a pleasure to meet you.

MAN: It smells amazing. ALMUT: Thank you.

Likewise.

MAN: Hi, I'm Almut's brother, 

Welcome, welcome.

Thank you, thank you.

Well, it's not my home, but I'm welcoming everyone anyway.

Hey, I'm the other brother, Ben.

Hi. Hi.

Nice to meet you.

You too.

Thanks for this.

Oh, pleasure.

Bea said we had to go to Salt Lake.

(MOTHER CHUCKLES)

She said, "You'll love it," she says.

And so... And so we're there and it's winter.

It's... It's snowing.

It's beautiful and, erm,

we decide to visit the Tabernacle.

I don't know if you know it.

Oh, yeah.

(ALMUT'S SIBLINGS AGREEING) ▼

Well, I don't even know how late

and, er, we've watched the sun go down.

And it's been the most...

You know,

the most wonderful day of our entire fucking lives.

(CHUCKLES)

And I turned to her and I said... I say...

(CHUCKLING) "Bea, don't know about you,

"but I think this is how

"I'd like to spend the rest of my life."

(CHUCKLES)

No ring, nothing, just...

Said it.

And what did she say?

"Don't be so fucking sentimental."

(ALL LAUGHING)

"I don't need a roomful of people and a piece of paper

"to know I want to spend the rest of my life with you,"

she said.



Amen.

SYLVIA: Yeah.

So when were you... When were you all in Salt Lake?

Erm, 15 years ago.

Give or take.

Business or pleasure?

What? What's going on? (LAUGHS)

I... I just happened to be in a competition that year, so...

Happened, just...

Don't.

Competition?

What sort of a competition?

ALMUT: It was, erm...

I used to... I used to figure-skate.

LUCAS: Erm... ISU World Championships. (LAUGHS)

She was unbe-fucking-lievable.

I can't believe you haven't told these guys this.

ALMUT: Stop.

LUCAS: It was, it was.



No.

LUCAS: Check it out.

You have to see this,

Reginald, it's...

I'm speechless.

...absolutely remarkable.

LUCAS: Here she goes.

Here she goes. Here she goes.

(CROWD CHEERING ON PHONE)

(LUCAS CHEERS)

BROTHERS: Oh!

This is you?

LUCAS: Yeah, watch this.

(CROWD CHEERING ON PHONE)

(WHOOPS)

Oh!

Oh, my goodness me.

(CHUCKLES)

ALMUT: Stop. Stop, stop. Please. I said no.

You should be proud.

Yeah, bloody marvelous.

(SARCASTICALLY) Thanks, mom.

(CHUCKLES)

(SOFTLY) Yeah.

(IN NORMAL VOICE) Wine. Anyone for any wine?

You know it isn't even just you?

(PLATES CLATTERING)

Like, honest to God, no one knows about it.

TOBIAS: (SOFTLY) Thank you.

It was Dad who got me into skating.

(CUTLERY CLATTERS IN SINK)

I think he actually really wanted a sporty child and...

And I suppose I was his last chance.

And I guess...

He was right to push me

because it turned out I fucking loved it

and I was really good at it.

(BOTH LAUGH)



virtually every weekend.

TOBIAS: Hmm.

And then when he was ill, when he was sick, I...

I wanted to help out and...

I took some time off from it.

And then...

After that,

skating without him around was just joyless.

So you just stopped?

(INHALES DEEPLY)

I think it just really reminded me of him.

(EXHALES)

(WINCES)

You okay?

(GROANS)

What?

I think I'm gonna be sick.

Okay.

(GASPING IN PAIN)



I'm cautiously optimistic

we're dealing with an infection.

But, listen, once the fluid is out,

we're gonna run some tests,

and if we find anything, you'll be the first to know.

Okay.

In the meantime,

I'd like to get you started with some antibiotics,

just to help with the pain.

All right?

ALMUT: Mmm-hmm.

Okay?

ALMUT: Mmm-hmm.

Thank you.

Pleasure.

(ALMUT CLEARS THROAT)

(DOG BARKING IN DISTANCE)

ALMUT: *Tobias, I had a call from the hospital.*

They called to see if I could come in, and so I did.

They said it wasn't an infection.

What is it?

What is it?

I've made notes.

Erm,

they are recommending

either a partial or a full-blown hysterectomy.

(MOBILE PHONE SLAPPING)

Your note-taking is incredibly thorough, by the way.

(CLICKS TONGUE) Every cloud...

All right, so let me just check, I...

Mmm-hmm.

Option One would be...

If we ever want to conceive naturally...

Freeze embryos.

Mmm.

(CLICKS TONGUE)

Followed by...

Surgery.



Followed by...

Chemo. Shit.

Shit ton of chemo.

Followed by...

Shagging.

Or, well, yeah, whatever. IVF.

Oh, I... I vote shagging, but okay.

(CHUCKLES)

(SNIFFLES)

Alternatively, Option Two.

Way more invasive but way lower risk of relapse.

Ovaries and uterus, they take it.

They take it all.

(SOFTLY) Okay.

Okay.

(IN NORMAL VOICE) I think...

Listen... Oh, sorry.

No. Do you want...

No. No, you.



I guess...

I think, unless you think I'm...

Insane, I think I am inclined to say that I would... I would like to hang on to at least one of my...

Fucking addled cancer-ridden ovaries.

Because, well...

Just because I never, in a general sense, saw myself having kids, doesn't mean that there isn't a world where I couldn't see myself, in time, deciding to have them with you.

(ETHEREAL MUSIC PLAYING)

(TOBIAS SIGHS)

(IMPERCEPTIBLE)

(FEET SHUFFLING)

(PEOPLE CHEERING FAINTLY)

(MUSIC TURNS JOYFUL)

I'm in remission.

(BOTH LAUGH)

(BOTH CHUCKLE)

TOBIAS: *We should do something to celebrate.*

(ALMUT SQUEALS)



Come on! Come on!

(WHOOOPS)

(GRUNTS, LAUGHS)

(LAUGHS)

...the throne or something.

What? (LAUGHS)

No.

(SCREAMS, LAUGHS)

That serves you right.

Everything's great!

Everything's fine.

(JOYFUL MUSIC CONTINUES)

TOBIAS: Wait, wait, wait, wait!

(ALMUT SCREAMS)

(TIMER BEEPING)

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

Sorry, sorry, sorry, sorry.

(PANTING)

(ALMUT LAUGHS)



(ALMUT LAUGHS)

(PANTING)

(MUSIC SLOWS)

(KNOCKING)

(BREATHES DEEPLY)

(CHUCKLES)

(EXHALES)

(TIMER BEEPING)

(GASPS)

(MUSIC CRESCENDOS)

(BOTH LAUGHING)

(MUSIC FADES)

FEMALE VOICE ON SPEAKER: *Breathe in.*

(INHALES DEEPLY)

FEMALE VOICE: *Breathe out.*

(EXHALES DEEPLY)

TOBIAS: Ooh.

FEMALE VOICE: *Breathe in.*

(ALMUT MOANS)



One second.

(HORN TOOTS)

(HORNS BLARING)

(SIGHS) Oh, fuck me.

FEMALE VOICE: *Feeling relaxed and calm.*

(ENGINE RUNNING)

Almut?

Al? Almut?

(HORN BLARES)

(ALMUT MOANING)

(HORNS BLARING)

(IMPERCEPTIBLE)

(ALMUT MOANS)

(CASH TILL BEEPING)

(BREATHES HEAVILY)

(POP SONG PLAYING ON SPEAKERS)

TOBIAS: (WHISPERS) Come on, come on, come on, come on.

(ALMUT MOANS)

(EXHALES HEAVILY)



I'm gonna get a drink. (GROANS)

CASHIER: That is... Yes, £20 with the fuel.

(ALMUT MOANING)

CASHIER: Thank you. Cheers.

Thank you.

Hiya.

(GROANS) Oh, shit.

(FRIDGE DOOR CLOSES)

Sorry. Thank you.

Hiya.

TOBIAS: Hi, how are you?

Yeah, good, thank you.

There you go. Any fuel?

Er, no.

(CASH TILL BEEPING)

Sorry.

Al?

(CASH TILL BEEPS)

Al? Al?



(DOOR CLOSES)

(KNOCKING)

Al?

ALMUT: Mmm-hmm?

Hi. Everything okay?

ALMUT: Hmm. Kind of.

What?

ALMUT: Erm... (MOANS)

Well, you see, I thought... I thought I needed a poo.

Yeah.

And, er,

now that I'm in here...

Yeah?

...I think I might need to push.

No. No, no. No, no.

No! Okay?

Sorry, but you can't push.

If you let me in, I can... I can help.

We have biscuits now, Al. We have biscuits, okay?

Okay, come on. Let me in.

ALMUT: Oh, no, I can't.

(DOOR RATTLING)

What? Just un... Unlock it and open it.

I can't. It's not happening. It's not... It's not working.

Wait.

(DOOR RATTLING)

Sorry. I'm sorry. My, erm...

My partner is stuck in the, erm...

Do you have the... For the... The key for the...

Yeah.

So sorry, er...

(KEYS JANGLING)

Thank you.

Hey, Jane, I'll just...

Okay, Al, we have the key. We have the key, don't worry.

It's okay. Sorry about this.

(DOOR CLOSES)

No, no, it's fine.



Okay.

Okay, just... Just don't push, Al.

Whatever you do, just don't pu...

(METAL SNAPPING, CLINKING)

Erm, it's just... Got broken off.

Erm...

So, Al?

ALMUT: Yeah?

I'm gonna need you to stand back, okay?

ALMUT: What?

Standing... Standing back away from the door.

Wait, wait, wait. Why?

All the way back. Right the way back. All right?

ALMUT: Why?

I'm so, so sorry.

I think she might be about to give birth.

(GRUNTING)

(CONTINUES GRUNTING)

(DOOR POUNDING)



Maybe...

I'll... I'll... I'm gonna get Jane, 'cause she'll know...

Okay, get Jane. Jane? Jane?

Jane, pregnant lady stuck in the khazi.

(POUNDING CONTINUES)

Just bear with me.

Fine.

The key snapped in the...

How many weeks?

Forty.

Huh. Mazel tov.

(DOOR SLAMS)

(JANE GRUNTS SOFTLY)

(GRUNTS LOUDLY)

(TENSE MUSIC PLAYING)

(CONTINUES GRUNTING)

Okay.

(GRUNTING)

(DOOR POUNDING)



Shall I have a go?

Yeah, yeah.

(STRAINS, GRUNTS) No, it's not. Nah.

Okay. Okay, Al, still standing back?

Okay?

(STRAINS, GRUNTS)

(GRUNTS)

(HANDLE CLATTERS)

(TOBIAS BREATHES HEAVILY)

Hi.

I can't. I'm sorry.

What... What do you mean, you can't?

Move. I can't. I'm sorry.

I can feel it.

(HESITATING) No.

Mmm.

No, I know, but we can't.

Mmm.

We have to... We don't... Not... Not here.

Mmm, listen to me.

It's not safe.

It's just coming. It is.

It is. It's coming. I can feel it. I can feel it.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

I'm sorry but I... It's... This is...

It's it. It's it. It's it.

(ALMUT INHALES DEEPLY)

(MOANING)

TOBIAS: Yeah, it seems like we have almost everything we need.

Except for a midwife.

(LAUGHING)

Except for a midwife.

Yeah. (MOANS)

(EXHALES NERVOUSLY)

(GROANS)

Ooh. Ah. Ah.

OPERATOR ON MOBILE PHONE: *Is that a push I hear there?*

Yeah, I think this might... This might be a push.

Yeah.

Yes, she wants to push.

Yeah.

Watch your head. Watch your head. Watch your head.

(ALMUT GROANS)

Understood, yeah. She... She... She can push.

(GROANING)

Al, Al, I'm gonna have to check again to see if I can see any body parts. Is that okay?

I'm not exactly in a position to say no, am I?

TOBIAS: Okay.

(GROANS)

(PANTS, GROANS)

Yes, I can see the head.

ALMUT: Wait, what?

What? Tobias?

Shh. Erm... Sorry.

Wait, no, I'm sorry, no.

Tobias? Tobias?



Okay, listen to me. You've got this.

A head?

TOBIAS: Sorry, sorry.

I'm gonna put you on speakerphone.

Hold on one second. Can you, can you, can you...

JANE: Dig deep, babe.

CASHIER: I got it.

Thank you. Sorry, still here.

OPERATOR: *Hello?*

Can you say that last bit again, please?

With each contraction, place the palm of your hand...

JANE: Listen, you're doing brilliantly.

...against the vagina and apply firm but gentle pressure to keep baby's head...

To keep baby inside?

No.

No, Christ!

No, please do not do that.

No.

(ALMUT MOANS) *You do not want to keep the baby inside.*

You want to apply firm but gentle pressure to keep baby's head from delivering too fast and tearing.

Sorry. Sorry. Understood, yes. Understood.

Oh, my God. *Do you understand?*

Yes, yes, got it now. Sorry.

How is mom doing now?

(GROANS)

TOBIAS: How's mom doing now?

Oh. Tell her it feels like a huge fucking lump between my legs.

She says it feels like she's got a lump between her legs.

A huge fucking lump.

I'm sorry.

A huge fucking lump between her legs.

Yeah. (GRUNTS)

Is there anyone else there with you?

Yeah, we're actually... I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, I don't know their names.

Er, Sanjaya.

TOBIAS: Sanjaya.



Could one of you do me a favour and go and make sure...

(ALMUT MOANS)

...the front door is unlocked and open?

Yeah. It's a... It's a petrol station.

Yeah, it's a petrol station. You just walk straight in.

(GROANS LOUDLY)

Ooh, I can feel it, I can feel it.

The head, it's coming. It's coming.

(MOANING)

TOBIAS: Okay, here we go.

Here we go.

(ALMUT GROANS)

TOBIAS: Whoa-ho!

JANE: Lean into me. That's it.

There's a face! There's a face!

There's a face! I mean, a head.

There's a head! It's great.

Head's out.

(JANE LAUGHS)



You're amazing.

Yeah, she's doing great. She is. She's doing great.

You're doing great. You're doing so fucking great!

(MOANS)

TOBIAS: Oh, my God!

(EXHALES)

TOBIAS: All right, yes!

Got the shoulders. Shoulders are out.

(ALMUT STRAINING)

JANE: That's it.

Yes. That's it. That's it.

(YELPING)

TOBIAS: Ah. Oh. She's out.

TOBIAS: Yes, yes! You did it!

Oh! Oh, my God. She is?

OPERATOR: *That's great. That's fantastic.*

Is baby crying, Dad? Is baby breathing?

(BABY CRYING)

Both.



We did it!

We did it!

Wow!

You are incredible.

What I need you to do now, is get a clean towel and gently wipe and dry baby off, okay, Dad?

Yeah. Yeah. *Nose and mouth first.*

All right?

JANE: She's gorgeous.

TOBIAS: Yeah, okay.

JANE: She's gorgeous.

Can I see her?

TOBIAS: Yeah, she's coming.

Can you put that towel underneath for me?

ALMUT: Can I see her? I have to see her.

She's coming. She's coming.

Oh, my God. There she is.

Thank you, Sanjaya.

(BABY CRYING)



TOBIAS: That's your mommy.

That's your mommy.

I can hear her. You did say "her", didn't you, "she"?

Her. She. (LAUGHING)

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

Congratulations, Mom and Dad.

Now, I need you to make sure baby is wrapped in a towel, okay?

Yeah. Yeah, yeah. *Can you do that for me, Dad?*

ALMUT: Ah.

Without pulling the cord too tight, I want you to put baby in mom's arms, all right?

Al, Al, Al.

And I'm gonna need you to make sure that mom and baby are kept warm, okay?

Yeah.

ALMUT: Hi.

I've got you.

TOBIAS: Yeah.

Oh, my God. Hi!

Oh, she's beautiful

(BABY CRYING)

Shh.

Dad, I've got some good news.

Ambulance should be with you any minute now, all right?

Okay.

In the meantime, contractions might start up again, okay...

Do you want the... Yeah.

...because mom's got to deliver the placenta, so I'm going to need you to try and keep her nice and calm and warm. Okay?

Yeah.

Okay, I can do that.

(GENTLE PIANO MUSIC PLAYING)

Yeah.

(BABY COOS SOFTLY)

(HYDRAULIC RAMP WHIRRING)

(DOORS CLOSE)

(ENGINE STARTS)

(WHISPERS) Happy New Year.

(BOTH CHUCKLE)



RADIO PRESENTER: ...*Happy New Year*...

TOBIAS: (INHALES) Happy New Year.

Happy New Year.

(FIREWORKS FIZZING)

(MUSIC FADES)

DOCTOR: Not only have we been unable to shrink the tumor, but in fact the disease seems to have metastasised.

Which means, I'm afraid, we're still not in a position to operate.

But there are plenty of reasons to remain positive.

Other treatment options are still available.

Failure first time around has almost no bearing whatsoever on the likelihood of second-line success.

(ALMUT SIGHS)

It's fine. I'm fine.

I'm okay. It's okay, honestly.

(MOUTHS) Yeah.

It's okay not to be okay.

It's a lot.

You've been through a lot, both of you.

(STOMACH GURGLING) Gock. Ghist. ✓

(BOTH LAUGHING)

(CHUCKLES)

(DRAWER OPENS)

Oh, my God. Are you sure?

(TOBIAS LAUGHS)

Not exactly haute cuisine. (CHUCKLES)

Thank you.

(SWEET WRAPPER RUSTLES)

Oh. (MOUTHS) Thanks.

ALMUT: What did you go for?

(SOFTLY) Twix.

(IN NORMAL VOICE) Nice.

Yeah.

What about you?

Bounty.

(DOCTOR CHUCKLES)

(TOBIAS EXHALES)

When in Rome. (CHUCKLES)

Meant to ask, erm...



I don't suppose there's any chance you might be able to do pick-up?

Erm, only if you have the time.

Definitely.

Thank you. That'd be great.

Pleasure.

(CROWD CHEERING OVER SPEAKER)

SIMON: Okay, so that is 15 minutes over.

(SOFTLY) Fuck.

Sixteen.

Fuck, fuck. It's fucked. Stop.

It's fucked. It's... We're...

We're still far too fucking slow on the prep.

And this whole sous vide situation is fucking killing us!

All right. All right. Easy.

Let's take five.

No, I don't wanna take a break.

I don't wanna take five. I wanna go back to the start.

I need to look at the plans. I need to look at the timings.

I need to figure this shit the fuck out. ▼

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Yeah, you're right. Let's take a break.

Let's take five.

(SIREN WAILING FAINTLY)

(MOANS SOFTLY)

(GAGS, RETCHES)

(GROANS)

(GAGS)

(OPENS BOTTLE)

(INHALES)

(RAIN PATTERING)

(CROWD CHEERING ON SPEAKER)

(IMPLEMENTS CLATTER)

Right, what's next?

Octopus?

SIMON: Yep.

(CROWD CONTINUES CHEERING)

TOBIAS: Where the hell were you?

You said you were gonna do pick-up. ▼

Oh, my God.

No.

You weren't in the restaurant, cos I spoke to Skye.

She didn't know where the hell you were either.

Was everything okay with the... With the pick-up?

No, not particularly.

(CHUCKLES INCREDULOUSLY) Jesus.

I was this close to calling round A&E departments.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

Erm...

I'm in training for the Bocuse d'Or.

Hmm.

Beg your pardon?

Not... Not the final.

Just the Euros.

We, erm... We won the UK heat.

How long?

Huh?

How long have you been prioritising fucking cooking instead of getting better?

Er, the UK heat was back in October and the, er, Euro qualifiers are coming up soon.

Do... Do the hospital know? Did they, erm...

Did you... Please.

Please. Please tell me that...

That they, erm, and that you...

What difference does it make if they know?

Oh, grow up, will you, Almut?

You have cancer.

You have cancer, Al.

No, you grow up, you fucking dick.

The difference this could make is...

(BREATHING HEAVILY) It's vast.

Why? Why are you taking the risk?

Isn't it obvious?

No, actually, it's not.

Not to me.

I'm... I'm not exactly gonna get the chance again, am I?

What is that supposed to mean? In what reality...



Oh, okay.

So we're not... We're not enough for you?

Is that... Is that what it is?

(LAUGHS SARDONICALLY)

Award-winning chef cum-former figure-skating nutcase...

No, now you're just being mean.

No, no, no. No, I'm not.

I'm... I'm honestly... I'm trying to understand what it is that motivates an otherwise perfectly sane...

Of course you factor into my thinking, you fuck!

Okay, so, then, I don't understand.

I'm sorry.

But, I really... Honest to God, I don't.

Maybe... I mean, Jesus! (WHIMPERS)

I mean, did it ever occur to you that maybe I don't wanna just be someone's dead fucking mom?

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

I mean, at this point nothing terrifies me more than the thought of having her having nothing whatsoever to remember me by.

And it's like there's this... This bit of me that is fucking desperate for her to

And wouldn't it be quite the thing if maybe one day she decided to look back on this time, she actually chose to look back on this entire godforsaken episode and thought, "Wow, that's my mom"?

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

I don't... I don't want my relationship with Ella to be solely defined by my decline.

(BREATHING HEAVILY)

(FLOORBOARDS CREAK)

(PANTS)

(GROANS, SNIFFLES)

Or maybe I actually just can't bear the thought of being forgotten. (SNIFFLES)

I'm not sure which is worse.

(CHAIR DRAGS)

(STIFLES SOB)

Wanting us to remember your achievements is one thing.

Wanting us to somehow remember your achievements that we have absolutely no fucking knowledge of...

Okay, I get it, I fucked up. I fucked up. Please stop.

Please. Please stop going on about it.

(SNIFFLES)



(SIGHS) The thing?

The European qualifying, what... Whatever?

June.

June?

June the, erm...

It's the 5th and 6th of June.

(CHUCKLES)

Oh, right.

(CHUCKLES INCREDULOUSLY)

I'm so sorry, Tobias.

(SIGHS)

I am.

(SOMBRE MUSIC PLAYING)

(TOBIAS SIGHS)

(GATE LOCK CLICKS OPEN)

(RUSTLING)

(SIGHING)

(EXHALES)

(CHURCH BELL TOLLING)



(PANTING)

(CONTINUES PANTING)

(DOOR BELL RINGS)

Aerodynamic, innit?

(CROWD CHEERING)

(MALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN IN HALL)

(DOOR CLOSES)

(IN ENGLISH) Chef, I think I might be about to throw up.

(ALMUT LAUGHS)

Oh, shit. Erm, do you... Do you have a buck...

Can I have a bucket?

Like a cup, or...

(SIMON SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(IN ENGLISH) Okay, there you go.

(RETCHES)

Okay.

(ALMUT SPEAKS ITALIAN)

(EXHALES DEEPLY)

Better? *Oui*, Chef.



(CHUCKLES, EXHALES)

Sometimes, Chef, inside just wants out.

(BOTH LAUGH)

Okay?

Yeah.

JADE: Yeah.

ALMUT: Let's do it.

(MALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(*LEVELS BY AVICII PLAYING ON SPEAKER*)

♪ *I get a good feeling, yeah* ♪

♪ *Get a feeling that I never Never knew before* ♪

♪ *I get a good feeling, yeah* ♪

♪ *Oh, oh, sometimes...* ♪

(MALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(IN ENGLISH) *Please welcome the United Kingdom, Almut Bruhl and Jade Khadim.*

Come on, England! I can't hear you!

FEMALE HOST: *Impressive start with a plate presentation.*



Vigo Hansen and Soren Hansen.

(SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(FEMALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

AUDIENCE MEMBER: (IN ENGLISH) Come on, you Brits!

(CROWD CHEERING)

(SONG FADES)

(MALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(IN ENGLISH) Ready, go.

(EXCITING MUSIC PLAYING)

Here we go.

FEMALE HOST: *United Kingdom.*

(KLAXON BLARES) *Start!*

(WHISKING CONTINUES)

(CONTESTANT SPEAKING ITALIAN)

TOBIAS: That's your mom.

MAN 1: Team UK! Team UK!

WOMAN 1: Go on, Team UK!

MAN 2: Come on, GB!

(FOOD SIZZLING)



(CAMERA SHUTTERS CLICKING)

(WOMAN 2 SHOUTS IN CROWD)

(SPEAKS NORWEGIAN)

(MALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(TIMER BEEPING)

(FEMALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

SIMON: (IN ENGLISH) Okay, let's get them out.

ALMUT: Yeah, yeah, yeah, coming.

Here we go.

WAITER: Thank you.

Well done.

(CROWD CHEERING)

SIMON: Good.

TOBIAS: Let's go, mom! Let's go, Almut!

(WHOOPING)

(TIMER BEEPING)

(GROANS)

(TRUMPETS SOUNDING)

(MALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN) ▼

TOBIAS: (IN ENGLISH) Whoa.

(FEMALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(CAMERA SHUTTER CLICKING)

(CROWD CHEERING)

(IMPERCEPTIBLE)

MAN 3: (IN ENGLISH) Go, go, go...

FEMALE HOST: *Team United Kingdom, thirty seconds to finish.*

(CROWD CHEERING, APPLAUDING)

TOBIAS: Let's go, Almut!

(GROANS, WINCES)

WOMAN 4: Keep going!

MAN 4: Down to the wire, guys!

Couple more seconds. Come on!

FEMALE HOST: *Ten, nine, eight...*

CROWD: Seven, six, five, four, three, two, one.

Yes! All right!

(BELL GONGS)

SIMON: All right?

Yeah.



TOBIAS: Yeah.

SIMON: One, two, three.

FEMALE HOST: *United Kingdom!*

Well done, well done.

(MUTTERS, LAUGHS)

(TRUMPETS PLAYING *OH WHEN THE SAINTS*)

(SIGHS)

(FEMALE HOST SPEAKING ITALIAN)

She did it. She did it.

(MUSIC TURNS HEARTWARMING)

(EXHALES, SOBS)

I did it. (SOBS)

(CHEERING FADES)

(MOUTHS) Amazing.

(MOUTHS) I love you.

(INHALES, EXHALES)

(EXHALES)

(MUSIC TURNS GENTLE)

Chef?



(SNIFFLES)

(ALMUT EXHALES)

I'll see you soon, Chef. (INHALES SHARPLY)

(GENTLE MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING)

(IMPERCEPTIBLE)

(SPEAKING ITALIAN)

(IN ENGLISH) Oh. Hi.

Come on.

Let's go.

(ALMUT, TOBIAS LAUGH)

ALMUT: *Ready? And we're off.*

Turning.

(ALMUT IMITATES MECHANICAL WHINING)

(LAUGHING)

It's good.

It's good.

(GASPS) Ooh.

Ooh!

(ALMUT IMITATES ENGINE STUTTERING)

Okay. Watch mommy.

Okay.

TOBIAS: There she goes.

Bye, mommy!

Bye!

(SKATES SCRAPING ON ICE)

Mwah!

(MUSIC FADES)

(BIRDS CHIRPING FAINTLY)

TOBIAS: Okay.

(DOG PANTING)

Okay.

Let's put them on the table, yeah?

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Cos it's egg time.

Hi, Belinda. Hi, Barry.

(HENS CLUCKING)

How's that look?



Yeah. Yeah.

In the basket.

Yep.

In the basket, please.

Check that one for me, please, egg-checker.

How many eggs do you want, darling?

ELLA: Five.

TOBIAS: You can have as many as you want. Five is good.

ELLA: Yep.

Yep.

Oh, yeah, check that.

ELLA: Yep. Yep.

(TOBIAS WHISTLES MERRILY)

One, two, jump. What a jump!

(EXHALES)

Okay, do you remember the best way to crack an egg?

Always on a flat surface, yeah?

ELLA: Yeah.

And then in there.



(EGG SPLATS IN BOWL)

You want to try?

(EGGSHELL CRACKING)

(WHISPERS) You got it. You got it.

Open that a bit there.

Ah, yeah, you did it.

(LAUGHING)

(CHUCKLES)

Stop.

Perfect.

ELLA: No shells.

TOBIAS: (LAUGHS) There's no shells?

Okay, so next...

Yeah?

(GENTLE MUSIC PLAYING)

Bye-bye.

(BOTH LAUGH)

Bye.

(BOTH LAUGH)



(BOTH LAUGH)

(GENTLE MUSIC CONTINUES)

(*I'M ON YOUR TEAM* BY ROMY & SAMPHA PLAYING)

ROMY: ♪ *My defense is down* ♪

♪ *I want you to surround me* ♪

♪ *Anytime I go out* ♪

♪ *You're still the only sound that I hear* ♪

♪ *You've taken me to higher ground* ♪

♪ *I'm never coming down* ♪

♪ *Even when we're in a crowd* ♪

♪ *It's like there's no one else around* ♪

ROMY AND SAMPHA: ♪ *And I* ♪

♪ *Hope the way I feel tonight* ♪

♪ *Is the way I* ♪

♪ *Feel* ♪

♪ *For life* ♪

♪ *Is the way I* ♪

♪ *Feel* ♪

♪ *For life* ♪



♪ *We both know we're still learning* ♪

♪ *Still learning* ♪

♪ *Let your troubles out* ♪

♪ *They will never be a burden* ♪

♪ *You put your trust in me* ♪

♪ *I'll show you I deserve it* ♪

♪ *All I ever need* ♪

♪ *Is right under your surface* ♪

ROMY AND SAMPHA: ♪ *And I* ♪

♪ *Hope the way I feel tonight* ♪

♪ *Is the way I* ♪

♪ *Feel* ♪

♪ *For life* ♪

♪ *Is the way I* ♪

♪ *Feel* ♪

♪ *For life* ♪

SAMPHA: ♪ *Listen to me* ♪

♪ *Oh, me* ♪

♪ *There's something I've not told you* ♪~

♪ *Your team* ♪

♪ *But I can't always coach you* ♪

♪ *There's no in-between* ♪

♪ *Between* ♪

♪ *I want the truth only* ♪

♪ *Could you love me wholly* ♪

ROMY: ♪ *I know it gets hard* ♪

♪ *We both know we're still learning* ♪

(MUSIC FADES)

MORE [John Crowley](#) [Movie Transcripts](#) [We Live in Time \(2024\)](#)

Share this article

Leave a Comment

Your email address will not be published. Required fields are marked *

COMMENT *



NAME *

EMAIL *

POST COMMENT

Related movies & coverage



The Shrouds (2024)

Karsh, an innovative businessman and grieving widower, builds a device to connect with the dead inside a burial shroud.



Ordinary Angels (2024)

In Louisville, Kentucky, hairdresser Sharon Stevens rallies the masses to help widowed father Ed Schmitt save his critically ill 5 year old...





Friendship (2024)

A suburban dad falls hard for his charismatic new neighbor.



Waltzing with Brando (2024)

Marlon Brando pulls idealistic Los Angeles architect Bernard Judge from his ordinary life and persuades him to design the world's first ecologically...

Magazine of culture and entertainment

[CONTACT](#) [PRIVACY](#) [TERMS](#)

EXPLORE

- MOVIE TRANSCRIPTS
- TV TRANSCRIPTS
- STAND-UP COMEDY
- PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS
- MARVEL CINEMATIC UNIVERSE
- STAR WARS

PEOPLE

- WOODY ALLEN
- CHARLIE CHAPLIN
- FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA
- PAULINE KAEI
- STANLEY KUBRICK
- SERGIO LEONE
- PIER PAOLO PASOLINI
- MARTIN SCORSESE
- QUENTIN TARANTINO

COMEDIANS

- GEORGE CARLIN
- DAVE CHAPPELLE

Discover our weekly newsletter

Enter your e-mail

☐ I accept the privacy policy

SUBSCRIBE

[Privacy and cookie settings](#)

Managed by Google. Complies with IAB TCF. CMP ID: 300

